THE WORKS
OF
VILLIAM SHAKS.
The text of the present Edition of Shakspere's Works is mainly that of Delius. Wherever a variant reading is adopted, some good and recognised Shaksperean Critic has been followed. In no case is a new rendering of the text proposed: nor has it been thought necessary to distract the reader's attention by notes or comments. The Glossary, with which is incorporated an index of names, subjects, and first lines (of the Songs and Sonnets), is mainly an abridgment of the Index to Shakspere's Works by Miss Evangeline O'Connor.
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THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.

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

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea. A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain, severally.

Master. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master; what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

Exit. 

Enter Mariner.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare. Take in the topsail; tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and Others.

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

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boson?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast abroad.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say.

Exit.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course.

A cry within.

A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

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

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

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

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

Enter Mariners, wet.

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

Exeunt.

Boats. What! must our mouths be cold?

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

Skb. I am out of patience.

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

The washing of ten tides!

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

A confused noise within. Mercy on us!—We split,
Scene II.—The Island: before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
   Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
   But that the sea, mounting to the welkin’s cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer’d
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
   Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash’d all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish’d.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sink’d the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow’d and
The fraughting souls within her.

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

Mir. O! woe the day.

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter! who
   Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Pros. More to know

Mir. Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. ’Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:
Lays down his mantle.

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

Pros. You have often
   Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp’d,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
   Concluding, ‘Stay; not yet.’

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

Pros. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house or person?
   Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. ‘Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But
how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?

If thou remember’st aught ere thou cam’st here
How thou cam’st here, thou may’st.

Mir. But that I do not

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year
   since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
   Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
A princess; no worse issued.

Mir. What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessed was’t we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl: 6
By foul play, as thou say’st, were we heav’d thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

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

Pros. My brother and thy uncle, call’d Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
   Be so perfidious! he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov’d, and to him put
   The management of my state; as at that time
   Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts.
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
   How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang’d them,
Or else new form’d them: having both the key
   Of officer and office, set all hearts i’ the state
To what tune pleas’d his ear; that now he was
   The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck’d my verdure out on’t. Thou attend’st not.

Mir. O good sir! I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
   To closeness and the bettering of my mind
   With that which, but by being so retir’d,
   O’er-priz’d all popular rate, in my false brother
   Awak’d an evil nature: and my trust,
   Like a good parent, did beget of him
   A falsehood in its contrary as great
   As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
   Not only with what my revenue yielded,
   But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
   Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
against what should ensue.

M.ri. How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water that

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

Out of his charity, being then appointed

Master of this design, did give us; with

Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries.

Which since have steaded much; so, of his
gentleness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me

From my own library with volumes that

I prize above my dukedom.

M.ri. Would I might

But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise.

Resumes his mantle.

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

Here in this island we arriv'd; and here

Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other princess' can, that have more time

For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

M.ri. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I

pray you, sir,

For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason

For raising this sea-storm?

Pros. Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,

Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies

Brought to this shore; and by my prescience

I find my zenith doth depend upon

A most auspicious star, whose influence

If now I count not but omit, my fortunes

Will ever after droop. Herecease more questions:

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,

And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

MIRANDA sleeps.

Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.

Approach, my Ariel: come!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail!

I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,

I flam'd amazement: sometimes I'd divide

And burn in many places; on the topmast,

The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,

Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the

precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

And shouting roaring were not: the fire and

cracks

Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune

Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble;

Yes, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil

Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad and play'd

Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners

Plung'd in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, then like reeds, not hair,
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle. 230
The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship

The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour

Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still- vex'd Bermoothes; there she's hid:
The mariners all under batches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,

Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge:

Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.

What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now? moody?

What is 't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? no more!

Ari. I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakes, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pros. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the oze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born?

speak; tell me.
SCENE II.

THE TEMPEST.

Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. Within. There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:

Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

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

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from wholsome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt
have cramps.

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall forth at vast of night that they may work
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first
Thou strok'dst me and mad'st much of me;
would'st give me
Water with berries in it; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.
Curse be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you! 340
Sor for I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, while you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho! O ho! would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else 350
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodwill wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee
Each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known; but thy
vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
good natures
Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,

Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

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

Pros. Hag-seed, hence! Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice? If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
'll all thy bones with aches, make thee roar, 370
That beast shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.
Aside. I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave; hence! Exit CALIBAN.

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing;

Ferdinand following him.

Ari. Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curt'ied when you have and kiss'd,—
The wild waves twist,—
Foot it fealty here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear. 380
Hark! Hark!

Burthen. Bow, wow.
The watch-dogs bark:

Burthen. Bow, wow.

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

Fer. Where should this music be? 'tis the air
or the earth?
It sounds no more; and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank, 390
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather: but 'tis gone.

No, it begins again.

Ari. Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade 400
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burthen. Ding-dong.

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

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

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

Miv. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir, 411
It carries a brave form: but 'tis a spirit.

Pros. No, wench: it eats and sleeps and hath
such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief that 's beauty's canker, thou might'st
call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows
THE TEMPEST.

[ACT II]

And strays about to find them.

Mir. I might call him

A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. Aside. It goes on, I see, 429
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll
free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my
prayer
May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech, 430
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mir. Alack! for mercy.

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke
of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

Pros. Aside. The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'were fit to do.' At the first sight 431
They have chang'd eyes: delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this! To FERDINAND.
A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a
word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

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

Pros. Aside. They are both in either's powers: but
this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest light golden
Make the prize light. To FERDINAND. One
word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on t.'

Fer. No, as I am a man.

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

Pros. Follow me.
Speak not for you; he's a traitor. Come. 433
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

He draws, and is charmed from moving.

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

Pros. What! I say:
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor; 47
Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy
conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father.
Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.

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

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

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

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

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

Pros. It works. To FERDINAND. Come of
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! To FERDINAND
Follow me.

To ARIEL. Hark what thou else shalt do me.

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

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

Ari. To the syllable.


Excun

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another Part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and Others.

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

Alon. Prithee, peace

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
THE TEMPEST.

Scene I.

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

Seb. Look! he's winding up the watch of his wit: by and by it will strike.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offered, comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiser than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. He, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue! 

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Seb. Well, I have done. But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adv. Though this island seem to be desert—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

Adv. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible—

Seb. Yet—

Adv. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adv. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adv. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True! save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

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

Gon. But the rarity of it, is which is indeed almost beyond credit—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

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

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

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

Seb. What if he had said widower Aeneas too?

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adv. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

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

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

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

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

Ant. And the rarest that ever came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.


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

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against the stomach of my sense. Would I had never married my daughter there! for, coming thence, my son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, who is so far from Italy remov'd I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him, and ride upon their backs: he trod the water, whose emnity he flung aside, and breathed the surges most swoln that met him: his bold head 'bove the contentious waves he kept, and car'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke to the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, as stooping to relieve him. I do not doubt he came alive to land.

Alon. No, no; he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss, that would not bless our Europe with your daughter.

But rather lose her to an African; where she at least is banish'd from your eye, who hath cause to wet the grief on.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to and import'n'd otherwise by all of us; and the fair soul herself weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son, I fear, for ever; Milan and Naples have more widows in them of this business' making than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My Lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.  
Sb. Very well.  
Ant. And most chirurgeonely.  
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.  
Sb. Foul weather?  
Ant. Very foul.  
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—  
Ant. He’d sow’t with nettle-seed.  
Sb. Or docks, or mallows.  
Ant. And were the king on’t, what would I do?  
Sb. ’Scape being drunk for want of wine.  
Gon. I the commonwealth I would by con- 

traries  

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic  
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;  
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,  
And use of service, none; contract, succession,  
Bourn, bound of land, tillth, vineyard, none;  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;  
No occupation, all men idle, all;  
And women too, but innocent and pure;  
And no sovereignty;—  
Sb. Yet he would be king on’t.  
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth for- 
gets the beginning.  
Gon. All things in common nature should 
produce  
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,  
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.  
Sb. No marrying ’mong his subjects?  
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.  
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
To excel the golden age.  
Sb. Save his majesty!  
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!  
Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?—  
Alon. Prithiee, no more: thou dost talk nothing  
to me.  
Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it  
to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who  
are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they  
always use to laugh at nothing.  
Ant. ’Twas you we laughed at.  
Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am  
nothing to you: so you may continue and laugh  
at nothing still.  
Ant. What a blow was there given!  
Sb. An it had not fallen flat-long.  
Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you  
would lift the moon out of hersphere, if she would  
continue in it five weeks without changing.  

Enter Ariel, invisible; solemn music playing.  
Sb. We would so, and then go a-bat-fowling.  
Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.  
Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure  
your discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me  
asleep, for I am very heavy?  
Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.  

All sleep but Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio.  
Alon. What! all so soon asleep? I wish mine  
eyes  
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts:  
I find  

They are inclin’d to do so.  
Sb. Please you, sir,  
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:  
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth  
It is a comforter.  
Ant. We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person while you take your  
rest, and watch your safety.  
Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.  
A lion. Sleep. Exit Ariel.  
Sb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!  
Ant. It is the quality o’ the climate.  
Sb. Why  

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not  
Myself dispos’d to sleep.  
Ant. Nor I: my spirits are nimble.  
They fell together all, as by consent;  
They dropp’d, as by a thunder-stroke. What  
might,  
Worthy Sebastian—O! what might—no more:—  
And yet methinks I see it in thy face  
What thou shouldst be. The occasion speaks  
thee, and  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.  
Sb. What! art thou waking?  
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?  
Sb. I do; and surely  
It is a sleepy language, and thou speakest  
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,  
And yet so fast asleep.  
Ant. Noble Sebastian,  
Thou let’st thy fortune sleep,—die rather; wink’st  
Whilest thou art waking.  
Sb. Thou dost strenue distinctly:  
There’s meaning in thy snores.  
Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you  
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do  
Trebles thee o’er.  
Sb. Well, I am standing water.  
Ant. I’ll teach you how to flow.  
Sb. Do so: to ebb  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.  
Ant. O!  
If you but know how you the purpose cherish  
Whilest you think it! how, in stirring it,  
You more invest it! Ebbling men, indeed,  
Most often do so near the bottom run  
By their own fear or sloth.  
Sb. Prithiee, say on.  
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed  
Which thros thee much to yield.  
Ant. Thus, sir:  
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,  
Who shall be of as little memory  
When he is earth’d, hath herealmost persuaded,—  
For he’s a spirit of persuasion, only  
Professes to persuade,—the king his son’s alive,  
’Tis as impossible that he’s undrown’d  
As he that sleeps here swims.  
Sb. I have no hope  
That he’s undrown’d.  
Ant. O! out of that ‘no hope’  
What great hope have you; no hope that way is  
Another way so high a hope that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
ut doubts discovery there. Will you grant
with me
hat Ferdinand is drown'd?

Sed. He's gone.

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

Sed. Claribel.

Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
en leagues beyond man's life; she that from
Naples
an have no note, unless the sun were post—
h' man i' the moon's too slow—till new-born
chins
be rough and razorable; she, from whom
Veal were sea-swallow'd though somecastagain,
and by that destiny to perform an act
whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
a yours and my discharge.

Sed. What stuff is this! How say you?
is true my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;
She is he'ir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
here is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
comes so cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
I pleasure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
and let Sebastian wake!'—Say this were death
that now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no
worse
than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
as well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
as amply and unnecessarily
as this Gonzalo; I myself could make
a rough as of deep chat. O! that you bore
his mind that I do, what a sleep were this
or your advancement. Do you understand me?

Sed. Methinks I do.

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

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

Ant. True: had look how well my garments sit upon me;
uch farther than before. My brother's servants
were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Sed. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kibe,
I would put me to my slipper; but I feel not
this deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
that stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
and melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
so better than the earth he lies upon,
he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obdient steel, three inches of it,
can lay to bed for ever; whilsts you, doing thus,
to the perpetual winks for eye might put
this ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
should not impute our course: for all the rest,
they'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;

They'll tell the clock to any business that
we say befts the hour.

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

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

Sed. O! but one word.

They talk apart.

Music. Re-enter Ariel, invisible.

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

Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

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

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king.

They wake.

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you
drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

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

Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a hummimg,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn. There was a noise,
That's verity: 'tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make
further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i't the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Exeunt.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done:

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

Exit.

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, with a burden of wood.

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bags, fans, flats, on Prospero fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I must needs curse; but they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me! the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle that they set upon me:
Sometimes like apes, that now and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedge-hogs which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. Lo, now! lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Enter Trinculo.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear
off any weather at all, and another storm brew-
ing; I hear it sing; the wind; yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombad
that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder
as it did before, I know not where to hide my
head; yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by
paifulls. What have we here? a man or a fish?
Dead or alive? A fish: he smails like a fish; a
very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of
the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I
in England now, as once I was, and had but this
fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would
give a piece of silver: there would this monster
make a man: any strange beast there makes a
man. When they will not give a doit to relieve
a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead
Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like
arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose
my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish,
but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a
thunder-bolt.

Thunder.

Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is
to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other
shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with
strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the
drags of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand.
I shall no more to sea, to sea.
Here shall I die ashore—

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

Drinks.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The grooms and his mate

Lov'd Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, 'Gang hang!'

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a sailor might scratch her where'er she did itch;
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my com-
fort.

Drinks.

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here?

Do you put tricks upon us with savages and men
of Ind? Ha! I have not 'scape drowning to be
afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been
said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs
cannot make him give ground: and it shall be
so again while Stephano breathes at nostrils!

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

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

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

Ste. He's in his fit now and does not talk after
the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he
have never drunk wine afore it will go near to
remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him
tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall
pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little harm; the
wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: no
Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth;
here is that which will give language to you, as
Open your mouth; this will shake your shakin;
I can tell you, and that soundly; you cannot
tell who's your friend: open your chaps again

Trin. I should know that voice. It should be
—but he is drowned, and these are devils. I
defend me.

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

Trin. Stephano!

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

Trin. Stephano! if thou beest Stephano, touch
me and speak to me, for I am Trinculo—be no
afraid—th' good friend Trinculo.

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

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

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

Cal. These be fine things an if they be no
spires.

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

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou
hither? Swoe by this bottle how thou camest
hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which
the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle
which I made of the bark of a tree with mine
own hands since I was cast a-shore.

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

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck. I can
swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

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

Trin. O Stephano! hast any more of this? 13

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a
rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How
now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

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

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee,
my mistress showed me thee and thy dog
and thy bush.

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

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow
monster! I afraid of him! a very weak monster!
THE TEMPEST.

SCENE II.—The moon a most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

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

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! When his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Col. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

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

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

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

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

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

Col. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow: And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how to pluck the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee Young scampions from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Sings drunkenly.

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish; Nor fetch in fishing At requiring; Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish; 'Ban, 'Ban, Ca Caliban Has a new master; get a new freedom.

Freedoom, hey-day! hey-day, freedoom! freedoom! hey-day, freedoom! Se. O brave monster! lead the way. Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness are nobly underwent, and most poor matters Point to rich ends. This my mean task Would be as heavy to me as odious, but The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead And makes my labours pleasures; O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed, And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove Some thousands of these logs and pile them up Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness Had never like executor. I forget: But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours, Most busiest when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance unseen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mir. You look weary.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fer. A thousand thousand!

Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda.

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Island.

Enter Caliban with a bottle; Stephano and Trinculo, following.

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

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

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

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

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue
in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me:
I swam ere I could recover the shore, five-and-
thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. Thou
shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no
standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur monster.

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

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

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

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I
am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou
deboshed fish thou, was there ever man a coward
that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day?
Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half
a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him,
my lord?

Trin. 'Lord,' quoth he! that a monster should
be such a natural!

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

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

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

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

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to
a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

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

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in
his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of
your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then and no more. To Caliban.

Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it: if thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'st;

But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

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

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

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee
asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy
patch!

I do beseech thee greatness, give him blows.

And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not
show him
Where the quick freshes are.

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

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that.

Strikes Trinculo.

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your
THE TEMPEST.

Scene II.—Another Part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

GON. By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir; My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience, I needs must rest me.

ALON. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weariness, To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest. Even here I will put off my hope and keep it No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd. Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTON. Aside to SEBASTIAN. I am right glad that he's so out of hope. Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose That you resolv'd to effect.

SEB. Aside to ANTONIO. The next advantage Will we take throughly.

ANTON. Aside to SEBASTIAN. Let it be to-night: For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance As when they are fresh.

SEB. Aside to ANTONIO. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.

ALON. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

GON. Marvellous sweet music! Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

SEB. A living drollery. Now I will believe That there are unicorns; that in Arabia There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix At this hour reigning there.

ANTON. I'll believe both; And what does else want credit, come to me, And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie, Though fools at home condemn them.

GON. If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me? If I should say I saw such islanders, For, certes, these are people of the island, Who, though they be of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. Aside. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, ex-
pressing.
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pros. Aside. Praise in departing. 40
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we
were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hang-
ing at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts! which now
we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to and feed, 50
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a
harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and,
with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.
Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't, the never-surfeted sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valor men hang and
drown
Their proper selves.
Seeing ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, etc., draw
their swords.
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-
ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,
For that's my business to you, that you three 70
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seashore islands, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingerling perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wrathes to guard you
from— 80
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls

Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter
The shapes again, and dance with mock and
moves, and carry out the table.
Pros. Aside. Bravely the figure of this harpy
last thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hast'd to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms
work
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and my lov'd darling.
Exit. Gon. I the name of something holy, sir, why
stand you
In this strange stare?
Alon. O! it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it:
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son 't the ooze is bedded; and so
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudd'd.
Exit. Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—Before Prospero's cell.
Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too anerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise, 10
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd
No sweet aspersions shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew 20
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
that you shall hate it both: therefore take heed, s Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Per. As I hope or quiet days, fair issue and long life, 'tis such love as 'tis now,—the murkies den, he most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion or worsest genius can, shall never melt one honour into lust, to take away he edge of that day's celebration then I shall think, or Phebus' steeds are founder'd, 

r Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke. 

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

Pros. Thou and thy manner follows your last service id worthily perform, and I must use you a such another trick. Go bring the rabble, 'er whom I give thee power, here to this place: cite them to quick motion; for I must estow upon the eyes of this young couple one vanity of mine art: it is my promise, nd they expect it from me. 

Ari. Presently? 

Pros. Ay, with a twink. 

Ari. Before you can say 'come' and 'go,' nd breathe twice and cry 'so so,' ach one, tripping on his toe, 'ill be here with mop and mow. o you love me, master? no? 

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

Ari. Well, I conceive. Exit. 

Pros. Look thou be true. Do not give dalliance o much the rein: the strongest oaks are straw the fire i' the blood. Be more abstemious, else good night your vow. 

Per. I warrant you, sir; he white cold virgin snow upon my heart bates the ardour of my liver. 

Pros. Well. ow come, my Ariel! bring a corollary, other than want a spirit: appear, and pertly, o tongue! all eyes! be silent. Soft music. 

Enter IRIS.

IRIS. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas f wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas; hy turfy mountains, where live sibbling sheep, nd flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep; hy banks with pioned and twilled brims, thich spongy April at thy best betrims, o make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy 

broom-groves; thine shadow the dismissed bachelor loves, eing lass-lorn; thy pole-clipse vineyard; nd thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard, threethou thyself dost air;—the queen of the sky, thine watery arch and messenger am I, ids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace ere on this grass-plot, in this very place, o come and sport: her peacocks fly amain: approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain. 

Enter CERES.

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

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

Iris. Of her society Be not afraid: I met her deity Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done Some wanton charm upon this man and maid, Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain, Mars's hot minion is return'd again: Her wansipish-headed son has broke his arrows, Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrow, And be a boy right out. 

Ceres. Highest queen of state, Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait. 

Enter JUNO. 

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be, And honour'd in their issue. They sing. 

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

Ceres. Earth's increase, foison plenty, Barns and garner's never empty; Vines with dust'reng bunches growing; Plants with kindly burden bowing; Spring come to you at the farthest In the very end of harvest! Scarcity and want shall shun you; Ceres' blessing so is on you. 

Per. This is a most majestic vision, and Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold To think these spirits? 

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

Per. Let me live here ever: So rare a wonder'd father and a wife Makes this place Paradise. JUNO and CERES whisper; and send IRIS on employment. 

Pros. Sweet, now, silence! Juno and Ceres whisper seriously; There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute, Or else our spell is marr'd.
Per. This was well done, my bird; Thy shape invisible retain thou still: The trampetry in my house, go bring it hither, For stale to catch these thieves.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all cet.

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

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is harmless fairy, has done little better than play the Jack with us.

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

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If should take a dis-pleasure against you, look you, Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

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

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,— Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

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

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I b'fore ears for my labour.

Cal. Pritical, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter Do that good mischief which may make this islan Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

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

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

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

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

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by thy hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what d'you mean

At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears, Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through Tooth'd briers, sharp furnes, tricking goss and thorns, Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them In the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell, There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake O'erstunk their feet.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary, Come hither from the furrow and be merry. Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on, And these fresh nymphs encounter every one In country footing.
THE TEMPEST.

To dote thus on such luggage? Let’s alone, and do the murder first: if he awake, from toe to crown he’ll fill our skins with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver, there it goes, Silver!

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

CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO are driven out.

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints with dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews with aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them than pard or cat o’ mountain.

Ari. Hark! they roar.

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou shalt have the air at freedom: for a little follow, and do me service. Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero’s cell.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes; and Ariel.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head: My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time goes upright with his carriage. How’s the day? Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord, you said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so, When first I rais’d the tempest. Say, my spirit, How fares the king and’s followers?

Ari. Confin’d together in the same fashion as you gave in charge; Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir, In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell; They cannot budge till your release. The king, His brother and yours, abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning over them. Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

Him that you term’d, sir, ‘the good old lord Gonzalo’;

His tears run down his beard, like winter’s drops From caves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works them,

That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall. Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not myself, One of their kind, that relish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindlier mov’d than thou art? Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick, Yet with my nobler reason ‘gainst my fury Do I take part. The rarer action is In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel: My charms I’ll break, their senses I’ll restore, And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I’ll fetch them, sir. Exit.

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves; And ye, that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him When he comes back; you demi-puppets that By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make, Whereof the even notes; and you whose pastime Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid, Weak masters though ye be, I have bedim’d the noontides sun, call’d forth the mutinous winds, And ‘twixt the green sea and the azure vault Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder Have I given fire and rifted Jove’s stout oak With his own bolt: the strong bas’d promontory Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck’d up The pine and cedar: graves at my command Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let them forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic I here abuse; and, when I have requir’d Some heavenly music, which even now I do, To work mine end upon their senses that This airy charm is for, I’ll break my staff, Bury it certain fathom in the earth, And, deeper than did ever plummet sound, I’ll drown my book. Sollem music.

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

A sober air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains. Now useless, boil’d within thy skull! Therestand, For you are spell-stopp’d.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man. Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine, Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves space, And as the morning steals upon the night, Melting the darkness, so their rising senses Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo! My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh
and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebasti-
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive
thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores
That now lie full and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me. Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
Exit Ariel.
I will disease me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire
PROSPERO.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROSPERO. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall
miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art;
There shall thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I prithee.
Ariel. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. Exit.
GON. All torment, trouble, wonder and amaze-
Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
PROSPERO. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
ALON. Wher'e thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
The dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should
PROSPERO
Be living and be here?
PROSPERO. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.
GON. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.
PROSPERO. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome! my friends all.
ASIDE TO SEBASTIAN AND ANTONIO. But you,
In brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

SCH. ASIDE. The devil speaks in him.
PROSPERO. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perchance, I know,
Thou must restore.
ALON. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours
Since Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.
PROSPERO. I am woe for't, sir.
ALON. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.
PROSPERO. I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
ALON. You the like loss?
PROSPERO. As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
ALON. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The King and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were muddled in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
PROSPERO. In this last tempest. I perceive, these
lords,
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most
strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Bestitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers FER-
DINAND AND MIRANDA playing at chess.
MIR. Sweet lord, you play me false.
FER. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
MIR. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle! Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are
merciful:
I have curs’d them without cause.
Ferdinand kneels to ALONZO.
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about! 180
Aris, and say how thou cam’st here.

Mir. O wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in’t!

Pros. What is this maid with whom thou wast
at play?
Your eldest acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever’d us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she’s mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv’d a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers.
But O! how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness.

Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrance
With a heaviness that’s gone.

Gon. I have inly wept, 200
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that hath found forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say amen, Gonzalo.

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
issue
Should become kings of Naples? O! rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

Alon. To FERDINAND and MIRANDA. Give
me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so: Amen.

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and BOATSAIN
amazement following.

O look, sir! look, sir! here is more of us,
I prophesied, if a gallow were on land.
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear’d grace o’erboard, not an oath on
shore!
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the
news?

Boats. The best news is that we have safely
found

Our king and company: the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg’d as when
We first put out to sea.

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

Pros. Aside to ARIEL. My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I’d strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep, 220
And, how we know not, all clapp’d under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And most diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak’d; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moaning hither.

Ari. Aside to PROSPERO. Was’t well done?

Pros. Aside to ARIEL. Bravely, my diligence!
Thou shalt be free.

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

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

Come hither, spirit:

Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. 231

Exit ARIEL.

How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company,
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.

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

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in
my head, here’s a goodly sight.

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

Seb. Ha, ha!

What things are these, my lord Antonio?

Will money buy them?

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

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my
lords,
Then say if they be true. This misshapen knife,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and
ebb’s,

And deal in her command without her power.

These three have rob’d me; and this demi-devil,
For he’s a bastard one, had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
THE TEMPEST.

[ACT 7, 3]

Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch’d to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

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

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where
should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded ’em? How cam’st thou in this pickle?

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

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pros. You’d be king o’ the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. Pointing to CALIBAN. This is a strange
thing as e’er I look’d on.

Pros. He is as disproportion’d in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

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

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

Exeunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I’ll waste
With such discourse as, I don’t doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn,

I’ll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized:
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

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

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

Exeunt.

EPILOGUE

spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o’erthrown,
And what strength I have ’s mine own;
Which is most faint: now, ’tis true,
I must be here confin’d by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon’d the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell:
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relief’d by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon’d be,
Let your indulgence set me free.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, Proteus, the two Gentlemen.
ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish Rival to Valentine.
EGLOMUR, Agent for Silvia in her escape.
SPEED, a clownish Servant to Valentine.

LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.
PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.
HOST, where Julia lodges.
Outlaws, with Valentine.
JULIA, beloved of Proteus.
SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.
LUCETTA, Waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE.—Sometimes in Verona, sometimes in Milan, and on the frontiers of Mantua.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Verona: an open Place.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus: one-keeping youth have ever homely wits. Here's not affection chains thy tender days o the sweet glances of thy honour'd love, rather would entreat thy company to see the wonders of the world abroad, ban, living dully sluggardiz'd at home, hear out thy youth with shapeless idleness. Is since thou lov'st, love still and thrive therein, even as I would when I to love begin. Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu! Blinkest thy Proteus, when thou haply seest one rare note-worthy object in thy travel: Wish me partaker in thy happiness when thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger, ever danger do environ thee, commend thy grievance to my holy prayers, or I will be thy bondsman, Valentine.


Val. That's on some story of deep love, few young Leander cross'd the Hellespont. 22

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love, for he was more than over shoes in love. Val. Tis true; for you are over boots in love, nd yet you never swum the Hellespont.

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

Pro. What? Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans; joy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights: haply won, perhaps a hapless gain; lost, why then a grieveous labour wound: however, but a folly bought with wit, else a wit by folly vanished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool. Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you evil at: I am not Love. Val. Love is your master, for he masters you; And he that is so yoked by a fool, Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

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

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud Is eaten by the canker ere it blow, Even so by love the young and tender wit Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud, Losing his verdure even in the prime, And all the fair effects of future hopes, But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee That art a votary to fond desire? Once more adieu! My father at the road Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And this will I bring thee, Valentine. Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.

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

Pro. All happiness be chance to thee in Milan! Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. Exit.

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

Enter Speed.

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

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.
Pro. Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

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

Pro. What! said she nothing?

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

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

Exit Speed.

I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. JULIA'S GARDEN.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unhack-fully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll show
my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

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

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

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

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

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

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

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

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

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

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love
on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small

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

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

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

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
"The Two Gentlemen of Verona"

Jul. 'To Julia,' Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.
Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

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

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

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Are you presume to harbour wanton lines? 40
'0 whisper and conspire against my youth!
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth
And you an officer fit for the place.
Here, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. Exit.
Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter:
't were a shame to call her back again
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'Ay.'
Lie, lie! How cowardly is this foolish love
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse
And presently all humbled kiss the rod.
How curiously I chid Lucentia hence,
And willingly I would have had her here:
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforce my heart to smile.
My penance is, to call Lucentia back
And ask remission for my folly past.

What ho! Lucentia!

Re-enter Lucentia.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

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

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rime:

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

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'

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

Jul. Heavy! believe it hath some burthen then?
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you
Sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song. How now, minion!
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:

And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Jul. The means is drown'd with your unruly bass.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation! Tears the letter.
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be
best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter.

Exit.

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

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injuries, wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'

Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter.

Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ,
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,'
To the sweet Julia: that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucentia.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
JUL. Well, let us go.

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

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

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.

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

Jul. Come, come; will't please you go?

Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Same. A Room in Antonio's House.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

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

Pant. Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?

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

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pant. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.
Pant. Twere good, I think, your lordship send him thither.
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd;
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it
The execution of it shall make known,
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso
With other gentlemen of good esteem
Are journeying to salute the emperor
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And in good time. Now will we break with him.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents.
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd
And daily grace'd by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish,
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go:

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

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

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

Exeunt Antonio and Panthino.

Pro. Thus have I shunned the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Re-enter Panthino.

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

Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers
'No.'

Exeunt. 94

ACT II.


Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

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

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine;
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

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

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

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

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

Val. Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

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

Speed. Marry, by these special marks. First,
you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malecontent; to relish a lovesong like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you
Enter Silvia.

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

Speed. Aside. O! give ye good even: here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. Aside. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter Unto the secret nameless friend of yours Which I was much unwilling to proceed in But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant. 'Tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off; For being ignorant to whom it goes I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam: so it steal you, I will write, Please you command, a thousand times as much. And yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel; And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not; And yet take this again; and yet I thank you, Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. Aside. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ, But since unwillingly, take them again. Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request, But I will none of them; they are for you. I would have had them writ more movingly.

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

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over: And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

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

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour: And so good morrow, servant. Exit.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master suing to her, and she hath taught her suitor, He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better, That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

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

Speed. Nay, I was ruminating: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia. Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure?

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made
you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

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

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

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I write to her friend.

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

Val. I would it were no worse.

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

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my virtues and would fain have meat. O! be not like your mistress: be moved, be moved.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Verona. A Room in JULIA'S House.

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

Giving a ring.

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

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour overslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not.
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell.

Exit JULIA.

What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

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

Pro. Go; I come, I come.

Ah! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Launce, leading a dog.

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping: all the kind of the Launcest have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigions son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sorest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing his hands, and all our house in a great perplexity yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble, and has not more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind in my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father; no, this left shoe is my father; nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, so is it; so is it; hath the worse sole. This shoe with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is a white as a lily and as small as a wand: this is Nan, our maid: I am the dog; no, the dog himself, and I am the dog; O! the dog is me and I am myself: ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; 'Father, your blessing': now should no shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother; O! that she could speak no like a wood woman. Well, I kiss her; why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark thon man she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Launce, away, away, abroad! thy mate is shipped, and thou art to post after with care.

What's the matter? why weephest thou, man?

Away, ass! you'll lose the tide if you tarry an longer.

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

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

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

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

Launce. For fear thou 'sh't lose thy tongue

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tale!

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

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was sent for to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go.

Exeunt.


Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sld. Servant!

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you

Val. Ay, boy, it is for love.

Speed. Not of you.
Scene IV.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father.

Enter Proteus.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends—Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman To be of worth and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy We have convers'd and spent our hours together: And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection, Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days: His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; And, in a word, for far behind his worth Come all the praises that I now bestow, He is complete in feature and in mind With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if hemake this good, He is as worthy for an empress' love As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me With commendation from great potentates; And here he means to spend his time awhile. I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he,

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio: For Valentine, I need not cite him to it. I'll send him hither to you presently.

Exit.

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind, How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself: Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Enter Proteus.

Sil. Have done, have done. Here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you, Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither. If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain him To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability. Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed. Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself. Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. Exit Servant.

Come, Sir Thurio. Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome: I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs; When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship, Val. Exeunt SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act II.

Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady, and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you; I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now: I have done penance for contemning love; Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs; For in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus! Love's a mighty lord, And hath so humbled me as I confess There is no woe to his correction, Nor to his service no such joy on earth. Now no discourse, except it be of love; Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep. Upon the very named of love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye. Was this the idol that you worship so?
Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint? Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon. Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her. Val. O! flatter me, for love delights in praises. Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills, And I must minister the like to you. Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine, Yet let her be a principality, Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth. Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any, Except thou wilt except against my love. Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own? Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too: She shall be dignified with this high honour,— To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss, And, of so great a favour growing proud, Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower, And make rough winter everlasting.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what bragging is this? Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing To her whose worth makes other worthless nothing. She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone. Val. Not for the world. Why, man, she is mine own, And I as rich in having such a jewel As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl, The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. Forgive me that I do not dream on thee, Because thou seest me dote upon my love. My foolish rival, that her father likes Only for his possessions are so huge, Is gone with her along, and I must after, For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our marriage-hour, With all the cunning manner of our flight, Determin'd of: how I must climb her window, The ladder made of cords, and all the means Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness. Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber, In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark Some necessaries that I needs must use, And then I'll presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will. Exit Valentine.
Even as one heat another heat expels, Or as one nail by strength drives out another, So the remembrance of my former love Is by a newer object quite forgotten. Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise, Her true perfection, or my false transgression, That makes me reasonless to reason thus? She's fair, and so is Julia that I love,— That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd, Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire, Bears no impression of the thing it was. Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold, And that I love him not as I was wont: O! but I love his lady too much; And that's the reason I love him so little. How shall I dote on her with more advice, That thus without advice begin to love her? 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld, And that hath dazzled my reason's light; But when I look on her perfections, There is no reason but I shall be blind. If I can check my erring love, I will; If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. Exit.

Scene V.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Launce. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

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

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

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

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

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

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

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

Speed. What thou sayest?

Launce. Why, and what I do too; look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

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

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

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.
Speed. The conclusion is then that it will.
Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret
of me but by a parable. 41
Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce,
how sayest thou, that my master is become a
stable lover?
Launce. I never knew him otherwise.
Speed. Than how?
Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest
im to be.
Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mis-
est me. 50
Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant
my master.
Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot-
er.
Laurence. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he
urn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me
the alehouse, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew,
and not worth the name of a Christian.
Speed. Why?
Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity
thee as to go to the ale with a Christian.
'lt thou go? 62
Speed. At thy service.

Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Verona. A Room in JulIa's
House.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta: gentle girl, assist me;
And e'en in kind love I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
To lesson me and tell me some good mean
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps; 10
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus,
Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.
Jul. O! know'st thou not his looks are my
soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words. 20
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hotfire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou dam'st it up the more
it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth
rage:
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtakeith in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go and hinder not my course.
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseech some well-reputed page.
Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your
hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your
breeches?
Jul. That fits as well as, 'Tell me, good my
lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'est, Lucetta.
Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-
piece, madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round lose, madam, now's not worth a pin, 
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on. 
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have 
What thou think'st meet and is most mannerly. 
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me 
For undertaking so unstaied a journey? 62 
I fear me, it will make me scandalis'd. 
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home and go not. 
Jul. Nay, that I will not. 
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go. 
If Proteus like your journey when you come, 
No matter who 's pleas'd when you are gone. 
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal. 
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear. 70 
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears 
And instances of infinite of love 
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus. 
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men, 
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect; 
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth: 
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles, 
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate, 
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart, 
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth. 
Luc. Pray heaven he prove so when you come to him! 82 
Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong, 
To bear a hard opinion of his truth: 
Only deserve my love by loving him, 
And presently go with me to my chamber, 
To take a note of what I stand in need of 
To furnish me upon my longing journey. 
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose, 
My goods, my lands, my reputation; 90 
Only, in lien thereof, dispatch me hence. 
Come, answer not, but to it presently! 
I am impatient of my tardiance. 

Exit. 

ACT III. 


Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS. 

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile: 
We have some secrets to confer about. 

Exit Thurio. 

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me? 

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover 
The law of friendship bids me to conceal; 
But when I call to mind your gracious favours 
Done to me, undeserving as I am. 
My duty pricks me on to utter that, 
Which else no worldly good should draw from me. 
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend, 99 
This night intends to steal away your daughter: 
Myself am one made privy to the plot; 
I know you have determined to bestow her 
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates; 
And should she thus be stolen away from you 
It would be much vexation to your age. 
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose 
To cross my friend in his intended drift, 
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head 
A pack of sorrows which would press you down, 
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave. 21 

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care, 
Which to requite, command me while I live. 
This love of theirs myself have often seen, 
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep, 
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid 
Sir Valentine her company and my court; 
But fearing less my jealous aim might err 
And so unworthily disgrace the man, 
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd, 
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find 
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me. 
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this, 
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested, 
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower, 
The key whereof myself have ever kept; 
And thence she cannot be convey'd away. 

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean 
How he her chamber-window will ascend 
And with a corded ladder fetch her down: 
For which the youthful lover now is gone 
And this way comes he with it presently; 
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him. 
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly 
That my discovery be not aimed at; 
For love of you, not hate unto my friend, 
Hath made me publisher of this pretence. 

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know 
That I had any light from thee of this. 

Pro. Adieu, my lord: Sir Valentine is coming. 

Exit. 

Enter VALENTINE. 

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast? 81 
Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger 
That stays to bear my letters to my friends, 
And I am going to deliver them. 

Duke. Be they of much import? 
Val. The tenour of them doth but signify 
My health and happy being at your court. 

Duke. Nay then, no matter: stay with me awhile, 
I am to break with thee of some affairs 
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret, 
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought 85 
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter, 
Val. I know it well, my lord; and sure, the match 
Wererich and honourable; besides, the gentleman 
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities 
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter. 
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him? 

Duke. No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, 
Froward, 
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty; 
Neither regarding that she is my child, 70 
Nor fearing me as if I were her father: 
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers, 
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her; 
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age 
Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty, 
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife 
And turn her out to who will take her in; 
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower; 
For me and my possessions she e'teens not. 
Val. What would your grace have me to do in this? 80 

Duke. There is a lady of Verona here, 
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy 
And nought esteem's my aged eloquence; 
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor,
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words, numb jewels often in their silent kind
fore more words do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best
contents her.
end her another; never give her o'er,
or scorn at first makes after-love the more.
I she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
at rather to beget more love in you;
I she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
'or why, the fools are mad if left alone.
ake no repulse, whatever she doth say;
'or 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'
latter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
ough he'er so black, say they have angels' faces,
at man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
into a youthful gentleman of worth,
left severely from resort of men,
hat no man hath access by day to her.
Val. Why then, I would resort to her by night.
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys
kept safe,
hat no man hath recourse to her by night.
Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber's aloft, far from the ground,
ld built so shelving that one cannot climb it
without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
ast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
could serve to scale another Hero's tower,
bold Leander would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
ise me where I may have such a ladder.
Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me
that.
Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
ong for everything that he can come by.
Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.
Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone:
shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
nder a cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the
turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
ll get me one of such another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord,
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
hat letter is this same? What's here? To Silvia!
ud here an engine fit for my proceeding!
ll be so bold to break the seal for once.
y thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me that send them flying,
ould their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.
y herd thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that hither them importune,
curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be.
What's here?
Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon, for thou art Merops' son,
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car
And with thy daring fully burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this more than for all the favours
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee:
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Begone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence.
Exit.

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

Enter Proteus and Launce.
Pro. Run boy; run, run, and seek him out.
Launce. Soho! soho!
Pro. What seest thou?
Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair
on's head but 'tis a Valentine.
Pro. Valentine?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?
Pro. Who would'st thou strike?
Launce. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Launce. Why sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you—
Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine,
a word.
Val. My ears are stopp'd and cannot hear good
news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable and bad. 210
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!
What is your news?
Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.
Pro. That thou art banished: O that's the news.
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. O! I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—
Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chatt'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was supplicant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of bribing there.
Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless doleour.
Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And stay thy help for that thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that
And manage it against despairing thoughts. 230
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me!
Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate.
Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!
Exit VALENTINE and PROTEUS.
Laurence. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave.
He lives not now that knows me to be in love:
yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian.

Pulling out a paper.
Here is the cate-loc of her conditions. Imprimis,
She can fetch and carry. Why, a horse can do more: ay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, She can milk; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.
Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?
Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.
Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?
Launce. The blackest news that ever thon heardest.
Speed. Why, man, how black?
Launce. Why, as black as ink.
Speed. Let me read them.
Launce. Fie on thee, jolthead! thou canst not read.
Speed. Thou liest; I can.
Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?
Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.
Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.
Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.
Launce. There, and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!
Speed. Imprimis. She can milk.
Launce. Ay, that she can.
Speed. Item, She brews good ale.
Launce. And thereof comes the proverb: 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'
Speed. Item, She can knit.
Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?
Speed. Item, She can spin.
Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?
Speed. Item, She can wash and scour.
Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scour'd.
Speed. Item, She can spin.
Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.
Speed. Item, She hath many nameless virtues.
Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.
Speed. Here follow her vices.
Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues. Speed. Item, She is not to be kissed fastening, in respect of her breath.
Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.
Speed. Item, She hath a sweet mouth.
Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.
Speed. Item, She doth talk in her sleep.
Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleeps not in her talk.
Speed. Item, She is slow in words.
Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

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

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

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

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

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee. For thou hast shown some sign of good desert, Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace Let me not live to look upon your grace. 21

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

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

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

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so. What might we do to make the girl forget The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio? 30

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent, Three things that women highly hold in hate. Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoken in hate. Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

Therefore I must with circumstance be spoken By one whom she esteemeth as his friend. Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him. Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:

'Tis an ill office for a gentleman, Especially against his very friend. Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him, Your slander never can endanger him:

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

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it By aught that I can speak in his displeasure, She shall not long continue love to him. But say this weed her love from Valentine. It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio. 50

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him, Lest it should ravel and be good to none, You must provide to bottom it on me; Which must be done by praising me as much As you in worth displease Sir Valentine. Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind, Because we know, on Valentine's report, You are already Love's firm votary And cannot soon revolt and change your mind. Upon this warrant shall you have access Where you with Silvia may confer at large; For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy, And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you; Where you may temper her by your persuasion To hate young Valentine and love my friend. Pro. As much as I can do I will effect. But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough; You must lay lime to tangle her desires By unlawful sonnets, whose composed rimes Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows. 70

Duke. Ay.

Much is the force of heaven-born poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart. C
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again, and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert: to their instruments
Tame a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
_Duke._ This discipline shows thon hast been
in love.
_Tr. And thy advice this night I'll put in
practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently.
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.
_Duke._ About it, gentlemen!
_Pro._ We'll wait upon your grace till after
supper.
And afterward determine our proceedings.
_Duke._ Even now about it! I will pardon you.
_Exeunt._

**ACT IV.**

**SCENE I.**—A _Forest_, between Milan and Verona. 
_Enter certain Outlaws._

_First Out._ Fellows, stand fast; I see a pas-
senger.

_Second Out._ If there be ten, shrink not, but
down with 'em.

_Enter Valentine and Speed._

_Third Out._ Stand, sir, and throw us that you
have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you.
_Speed._ Sir, we are undone; these are the
villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
_Val._ My friends,—
_First Out._ That's not so, sir: we are your
enemies.

_Second Out._ Peace! we'll hear him.
_Third Out._ Ay, by my beard, will we, for he's
a proper man.
_Val._ Then know that I have little wealth to lose.
A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habitments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

_Second Out._ Whither travel you?
_Val._ To Verona.
_First Out._ Whence came you?
_Val._ From Milan.

_Second Out._ Have you long sojourned there?
_Val._ Some sixteen months; and longer might
have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

_First Out._ What! were you banish'd thence?
_Val._ I was.

_Second Out._ For what offence?
_Val._ For that which now torments me to re-
hearse.
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

_First Out._ Why, ne'er repent it, if it were
done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
_Val._ I was, and held me glad of such a doom

_Second Out._ Have you the tongues?
_Val._ My youthful travel therein made me
happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

_Third Out._ By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's
fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

_First Out._ We'll have him. Sirs, a word.
_Speed._ Master, be one of them: It's an honour
able kind of thievry.
_Val._ Peace, villain!

_Second Out._ Tell us this: have you any thing
to take to?
_Val._ Nothing but my fortune.

_Third Out._ Know then, that some of us are
gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrusts in the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

_Second Out._ And I from Mantua, for a gentle
man,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

_First Out._ And I for such like petty crimes a
these.
But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want—

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

_Third Out._ What say'st thou? wilt thou be
of our consort?
Say 'ay,' and be the captain of us all.
We'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

_First Out._ But if thou scorn our courtesy
thou diest.

_Second Out._ Thou shalt not live to brag what
we have offer'd.
_Val._ I take your offer and will live with you.
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

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

_Exeunt._

**SCENE II.**—Milan. The Court of the DUKE'S _Palace._

_Enter Proteus._

_Pro._ Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
Enter THURIO, and Musicians.  

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus! are you crept before us?  
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love  
Will creep in service where it cannot go.  
Thu. Ay; but I hope, sir, that you love not here.  
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.  
Thu. Who? Silvia?  
Pro. Ay, Silvia, for your sake.  
Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,  
let's time, and to it lustily awhile.  

Enter Host and JULIA, behind; JULIA in boy's clothes.  

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're  
likeyholy; I pray you, why is it?  
Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be  
erry.  
Host. Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring  
'run where you shall hear music and see the  
gentleman that you asked for.  
Jul. But shall I hear him speak?  
Host. Ay, that you shall.  
Jul. That will be music.  
Music plays.  

[Enter Host with JULIA, as above.]  

Jul. Is he among these?  
Host. Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.  

Song.  

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.  

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness:  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.  

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
To her let us garlands bring.  

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were  
before? How do you, man? the music likes  
on not.  
Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.  
Host. Why, my pretty youth?  
Jul. He plays false, father.  
Host. How? out of tune on the strings?  

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves  
my very heart-strings.  
Host. You have a quick ear.  
Jul. Ay; I would I were deaf; it makes me  
have a slow heart.  
Host. I perceive you delight not in music.  
Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.  
Host. Hark! what fine change is in the music.  
Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.  
Host. You would have them always play but  
one thing?  
Jul. I would always have one play but one  
thing.  

But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on  
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?  
Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told  
me: he loved her out of all nick.  
Jul. Where is Launce?  
Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow,  
by his master's command, he must carry for  
a present to his lady.  
Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will so plead  
That you shall say my courting drift excels.  
Thu. Where meet we?  
Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.  
Thu. Farewell.  

Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.  

Enter SILVIA above, at her window.  

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.  
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.  
Who is that that spake?  
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's  
truth,  
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.  
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.  
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.  
Sil. What is your will?  
Pro. That I may compass yours.  
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this:  
That presently you lie you home to bed.  
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!  
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,  
To be seduced by thy flattery,  
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?  
Return, return, and make thy love amends.  
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,  
I am so far from granting thy request  
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,  
And by and by intend to chide myself  
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.  
Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;  
But she is dead.  
Jul. Aside. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;  
For I am sure she is not buried.  
Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend  
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,  
I am betroth'd; and art thou not ashamed  
To wrong him with thy importunity?  
Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.  
Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave  
Assure thyself my love is buried.  
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.  
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call hers thence;  
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.  
Jul. Aside. He heard not that.  
Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,  
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,  
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I’ll speak, to that I’ll sigh and weep;
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. Aside. If 'twere a substance, you would,
sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes, 131
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it.
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o’ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.

Exeunt Proteus and Silvia.

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

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

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch’d and the most heaviest. 14

Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Same.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in;
Madam, madam!

Enter Silvia above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.

According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in. 10

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd,
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died.
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with
plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you,
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell.

Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship.

Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—The Same.

Enter Launce, with his Dog.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the
her with him, look you, it goes hard: one that
I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from
drowning, when three or four of his blind
brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught
him, even as one would say precisely, 'thus
would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him
as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master
and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber
but he steps me to her treacher and steals his
cape's leg. 'Oh! 'tis a foul thing when a cu
cannot keep himself in all companies. I would
have, as one should say, one that takes upon
him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog
at all things. If I had not had more wit than
he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think
verily he had been hanged for 't: sure as I live
he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He
thrusts me himself into the company of three or
four gentlemanlike dogs under the duke's table.
he had not been there—bless the mark—a piss
while, but all the chamber smell him. 'Out
with the dog!' says one; 'what cur is that?
says another; 'whip him out,' says the third;
'hang him up,' says the duke. I, having been
acquainted with the smell before, knew it was
Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the
dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the
dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he, 'You do
him the more wrong,' quoth I; 'twas I did the
thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado,
but whips me out of the chamber. How many
masters would do this for his servant? Nay,
I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for pu
dlings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been
executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese
he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't;
thou thinknest not of this now. Nay, I remem
ber the trick you served me when I took my
leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee
still mark me and do as I do? When didst
thou see me heave up my leg and make water
against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst
thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well.
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. How now, thou whore
son peasant!

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia
the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?
Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the marketplace; and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again, or never return again into my sight.

Away! I say! stay'st thou to vex me here? A slave that still an end turns to shame.

Exit LAUNCE.

Sebastian. I have entertained thee.

Party that I have need of such a youth

That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to a grand foolish lout;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently and take this ring with thee:
Deliver it to Madam Silvia.

She lovéd me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token.

She's dead, belike?

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry 'alas'?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia,

The dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry 'alas!'

Pro. Well, give her that ring and therewithal

This letter: that's her chamber. Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, lie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. Exit.

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas! poor Proteus, thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas! poor fool, why do I pity him
That with his very heart desipeth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refus'd,
To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true-confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master.

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. [ACT V.

ACT V.


Enter EGLAMOUR.

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

Enter SILVIA.

See where she comes. Lady, a happy evening! 
Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour, out at the postern by the abbey-wall. I fear I am attended by some spies. 
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off; if we recover that, we are sure enough.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIET.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. Oh, sir, I find her milder than she was, and yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What! that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.
Jul. Aside. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair, and the old saying is, 'Black men are pearls in beautious ladies' eyes.'
Jul. Aside. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. Aside. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. Aside. True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. Aside. That such an ass should own them.
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Hownow, Sir Proteus! hownow, Thurio! Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then, she's fled unto that peasant Valentine, and Eglamour is in her company. 'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both, as he in penance wander'd through the forest: so him he knew well, and guessed that it was she. But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it; besides, she did intend confession at Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not these likelihoods confirm her flight from hence therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse, but mount you presently and meet with me upon the rising of the mountain-foot, that leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled, dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

Exeunt.

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl, that flies her fortune when it follows her. I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour than for the love of reckless Silvia.

Exeunt.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

Exeunt.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love than hate for Silvia that is gone for love.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Forest.

Enter SILVIA and OUTLAW.

First Out. Come, come.
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thousand more misanthropies than this or have learn'd me how to break this patiently.
Second Out. Come, bring her away.
First Out. Where is the gentleman that we with her?
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

SCENE III.]

Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us; but Mores and Valerius follow him. Go thou with her to the west end of the wood; there is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled:
The thicket is betest; he cannot 'scape.
First Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave. Fear not; he bears an honourable mind, and will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee.

Execut.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man! This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods, I better brook than flourishing peopled towns. Here can I sit alone, unseen of any, and to the nightingale's complaining notes Tune my distresses and record my woes. O thou that dost inhabit in my breast, Leave not the mansion so scantless, lest, growing ruinous, the building fall, and leave no memory of what it was! Repair me with thy presence, Silvia! Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain! What halloing and what stir is this to-day? These are my mates, that make their wills their law, Have some unhappy passenger in chase. They love me well; yet I have much to do To keep them from uncivil outrages. Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here? Steps aside.

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you, though you respect not aught your servant doth, to hazard life and rescue you from him that would have forc'd your honour and your love. Vouchsafe me, for my need, but one fair look; A smaller boon than this I cannot beg, And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give. Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear! Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am! Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came; But by my coming I have made you happy. Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy. Jul. Aside. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seiz'd by a hungry lion, I would have been a breakfast to the beast, rather than have false Proteus rescue me. O! heaven be judge how I love Valentine, whose life's as tender to me as my soul, and full as much, for more there cannot be, I do detest false perjur'd Proteus. Therefore be gone, solicit me no more. Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death, Would I not undergo for one calm look! O! this the curse in love, and still approv'd, when women cannot love where they're belov'd. Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love, For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths Descended into perjury to love me. Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'ist true. And that's far worse than none: better have none Than plural faith which is too much by one. Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus. Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words Can no way change you to a milder form, I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end, And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force you.

Sil. O heaven! Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire. Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch; Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine! Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love, For such is a friend now; treacherous man! Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say I have one friend alive: thou would'st disprove me.

Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus, I am sorry I must never trust thee more, But count the world a stranger for thy sake. The private wound is deepest. O time most accust! 'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst! Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me. Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow Be a sufficient ransom for offence, I tender't here: I do as truly suffer As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid.

And once again I do receive thee honest. Who by repentance is not satisfied Is nor of heaven nor earth; for these are pleas'd, By penitence the Eternal's wrath appeas'd; and, that my love may appear plain and free, All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy! Sceons.

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what is the matter?

Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How! let me see. Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O! cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook: This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But how canst thou by this ring? At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me: And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave him to all thy caths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart: 161
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush:
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest aimment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through
all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either.
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish
for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize! a prize! a prize!
Val. Forbear: forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thur. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands;
Take but possession of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thur. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Know then, I here forget all former grudges,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy,
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, what'er it be

Val. These banish'd men that I have kept withal
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord,

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them
and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushed.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd

Come, Proteus; 'tis your pencease but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

Exit
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir John Falstaff.
Fenton, a young Gentleman.
Shallow, a Country Justice.
Slender, Cousin to Shallow.
Ford, \{Two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
William Page, a Boy, Son to Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh Parson.
Doctor Caius, a French Physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.

Followers of Falstaff.

Page, Page to Falstaff.
Stall, Sergeant to Slender.
Servant, Servant to Doctor Caius.
Mistress Ford.
Mistress Page.
Anne Page, her Daughter, in love with Fenton.
Mistress Quickly, Servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, etc.

SCENE.—Windsor and the Parts adjacent.

ACT I.


Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

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

Slender. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and coroner.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and cust-ulorum.

Slender. Barn, Master person; who writes himself armiger, in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, armiger.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slender. All his successors gone before him hath done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white laces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

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

Shal. The lace is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slender. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

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

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my penance to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings gout discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

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

Evans. It is that fery person for all the oord, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed.—Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!—give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

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

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possiabilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I peseceh you, pe ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page.

Knock. What hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. Within. Who's there?

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

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

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do you your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill-killed. How doth good Mistress Page? and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do so Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

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

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

Page. A cur, sir.

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

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

Evans. It is spoken a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

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

Page. Here comes Sir John.

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

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

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

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight: I have done all this. That is now answered.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. "I were better for you if it were known in counsel; you'll be laughed at.

Evans. Pauea verba, Sir John; goot worts.

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

Slender. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catchers rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bardolph. You Banbury cheese!

Slender. Ay, it is no matter.

Pistol. How now, Mephostophilus!

Nym. Sliice, I say! paeoa, paeoa; slice! that's my humour.

Slender. Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace! I pray you. Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fory good: I will make a brief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pistol. He hears with ears.

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

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

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

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

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

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

I combate challenge of this latten bilbo:

Word of denial in thy labras here!

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest! 17

Slender. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass good humours. I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the nut-book's humour on me: that is the very note of it.

Slender. By this bat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John? 18

Bardolph. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentle man had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

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

Bardolph. And being sap, sir, was, as they say cashiered; and so conclusions passed the cares.

Slender. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter. I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick; if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not will drunken knaves.

Evans. So Get u'dge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentle men; you hear it.

Enter Anne Page, with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in we'll drink within.

Exit Anne Page.

Slender. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford?

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

Kissing her.

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

Exeunt all but Shallow, Slender and Evans.

Slender. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Scene I.

Enter Simple.

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

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

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that is that reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender.

I will description the matter to you, if you pe capacity of it.

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

Evans. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it, the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

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

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to please you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and disolutely.

Evans. It is a very discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort 'disolutely': the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely.' His meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne. Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

Exeunt Shallow and Evans.

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow.

Exit Simple.

A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneyes for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears in the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! Come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first: truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la!

Scene II.—The Same.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

[ACT I.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-ruok? Speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag: trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, Kears, and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph: he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector? n

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoken; let him follow. To Bard.

Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. Exit. Bard.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired. I will thrive.

Exit. 20

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink; is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filing was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a mimin's rest.

Pist. 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal'? fo! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff.'

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain, and 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious celliades: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scourch me up like a burning-glass. Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Giana, all gold and bounty. I will be chent to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, 80

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

Fal. To Robin. Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly:

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence! avant! vanish like hailstones, go;

Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,

French thrill, you rogues: myself and skirted page. Exit Falstaff and Robin.

Nym. I have operations which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her star!

Pist. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

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

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on. Exit.

Scene IV.—A Room in Doctor Caius's House.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, and Rugby.

Quick. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, i' faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. Exit Rugby.

An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tall-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way, but nobody but has his fault;
but let that pass. Peter Simple you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.
Quick. And Master Slender’s your master?
Sim. Ay, forsooth.
Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a grover’s paring-knife?
Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-coloured beard.
Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?
Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrenner.
Quick. How say you? O! I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?
Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.
Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.
Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet.

Shuts SIMPLE in the closet.
He will not stay long. What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home.

And down, down, adown-a, etc.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet an boiler vert, a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.
Quick. Ay, forsooth; I’ll fetch it you. Aéide. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man he would have been horn-mad. a
Caius. Pe, fe, fe, fe: ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m’en vais a la cour,—la grande affaire.
Quick. Is this, sir?
Caius. Ouy; maties le au mon pocket; dépechez, quickly. Vere is dat knife Rugby?
Quick. What, John Rugby! John!
Rug. Here, sir.
Caius. You is John Rugby, and you is Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court. a
Rug. ’Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.
Caius. By my troth, Iarry too long. Od’s me! Quay jàbile! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the world I shall leave behind.
Quick. Ay me! he’ll find the young man there, and be mad.
Caius. O diable! diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! Arrow! Pulling SIMPLEx out.
Rugby, my rapier!
Quick. Good master, be content.
Caius. Vefore therefore shall I be content-a?
Quick. The young man is an honest man.
Caius. Vat shall he honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.
Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic; hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.
Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—
Quick. Peace, I pray you.
Caius. Peace-a your tongue! Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.
Quick. This is all, indeed, la! but I’ll ne’er put my finger in the fire, and need not.
Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, ballez me some paper: tarry you a little a while.

 Writers.
Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I’ll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.
Sim. ’Tis a great charge to come under one body’s hand.

Quick. Are you avised o’ that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late; but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne’s mind, that’s neither here nor there.
Caius. You jack-nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge: I vill cut his trat in de Park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here: by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. Exit SIMPLE.
Quick. Alas! he speaks but for his friend.
Caius. It is no matter-a vor dat; do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host de de Jartiere to measure our weapon. By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.
Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer!
Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby.
Exeunt Caius and Rugby.
Quick. You shall have An fool’s-head of your own. No, I know Anne’s mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne’s mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.
Fent. Within. Who’s within there? ho!
Quick. Who’s there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?
Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.
Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?
Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.
Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to show to the contrary. O Mistress Page! give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

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

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

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldest not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight: here, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproofs all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fiend of lust had melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first for I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, sure more, and these are of the second edition. He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put not two: I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere on chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have bearded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatchets, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lend him on with a fine-bated delay, till he hat pawned his horses to mine host of the Garder.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act an villainy again him, that may not sully the char- ness of our honesty. O! that my husband say this letter; it would give eternal food to his jealousy.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he’s as far from jealously as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let’s consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. They retire. 110

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, and Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor.

Both young and old, one with another. Ford. He loves the gallimarty: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife!

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou.

Like Sir Actaeon, with Ringwood at thy heels. O! odious is the name. 122

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye, for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away, Sir Corporal Nym!

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. Exit Ford. Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this. Nym. To Page. And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I shoulđ have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there’s the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym: I speak, and I avouch ’tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there’s the humour of it. Adieu. Exit Page.

Page. ‘The humour of it,’ quoth a! ’s here’s a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawing, affecting orage.

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. I will not believe such a Catalaian, though the priest o’ the town commanded him for a rue man.

Ford. ’Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now, Meg!


Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.

Get you home, go.

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

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You’ll come to dinner, George? Adieu to Mistress Ford. Look who comes wonder; she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her; she’ll fit it.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?
the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats. 22: Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag? Page. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight.

Exit Host, SHALLOW, and PAGE.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nywm; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour than hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go; a short knife and a throng! to your manor of Pickthatch! go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensonce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you. 20

Pist. I do relent: what would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship. Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn, 40

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears: mine own people, mine own people.

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

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford; what of her?

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

Fal. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary; yet there had been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such allian terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any man's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myse twenty angels given me this morning; but defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there had been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but I warrant you, all is one with her.

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

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

Fal. Ten and eleven?

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

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

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; and he tell you in your ear, she's as:artuous a civic modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will no miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any in Windsor, whose'er be the other; and she bad me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come time. She never knew a woman so dote upon man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no othe charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?
Quick. That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she lists, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will. 139

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in my case have a nay-word, that you may know me another's mind, and the boy never need to understand anything: for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness; old 'folk, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. 140

Exit Mistress QUICKLY and ROBIN. This news distracts me.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers, Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights: fire live! She is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! 141

Exit.

Fal. Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after he expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them say 'tis grossly done; so if be fairly done, no matter. 150

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below will fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. 142

Exit BARDOLPH.

Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I uncompassed you? go to; via! 143

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir; would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? give us leave, drawer. 144

Exit BARDOLPH.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you. 150

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours; not to harge you; for I must let you understand I hink myself in better plight for a lender than for are; the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion, for they say, if mone go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here doubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford. 29

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; feed'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given. Briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistake the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlarge her merit so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admissance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, courtly, and learned preparations. 240

Fal. O! sir.

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.
Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so secretly on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am best in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not. Yet I wrong him to call him poor: they say the jealous wittol knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, the mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will save him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, know him for a knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night.

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is imprudent jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawed at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! Names! Amonion sounds well; Lucifier, well; Barbarison, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but Cuckold! Wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vite bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour: I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

Exit. 329

Scene III.—Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir!

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so I will kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you how I will kill him.


Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor!

Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

Page. Now, good Master doctor!

Sten. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foie, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Esculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, King Urinal, Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Master doctor; he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodkins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Maste
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, Master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice: a word, Mounsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman. Seury jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He vill clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully—but first, Master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

Aside to them.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal, and Slen. Adieu, good Master doctor.

Execut Page, Shalhow, and Slennder.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience: throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting, and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de carl, de knight, de lords, de gentle-men, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

Execute.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's servingman, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physiose?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pity-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most vehemently desire you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. Retiring.

Evans. Pless my soul! how full of chokers I am, and trembling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholy I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the ork: pless my soul!

Sings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.

To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Paphion,—
And a thousand vagran posies.

To shallow—

Sim. Coming forward. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Evans. He's welcome.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shalhow, and Slennder.

Shal. How now, Master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Aside. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Evans. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, Master parson?

Page. And youthful still in your doublet and hose! this raw rheumatic day!

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, Master parson.

Evans. Farry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hippocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.


Shal. It appears so by his weapons. Keep them asunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good Master parson, keep in your weapon.
Shal. So do you, good Master doctor.
Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let—a me speak a word vit your ear; vefere will you not meet—a me?
Evans. Aside to Caius. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.
Evans. Aside to Caius. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men’s humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. Aloud. I will knock your urinals about your knave’s cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby; mine host de Jartiere; have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?
Evans. As I am a Christians soul now, look you, this is the place appointed. I’ll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.


Caius. Ay, dat is very good: excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.


Exeunt Shallow, Slender, Page, and Host.
Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make—a de sor of us? ha, ha, ha!

Evans. This is well; he has made us his villiani-stog. I desire you that we may be friends, and let us knock our brains together to be revenge on this same scal, scoury, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vek is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—A Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master’s heels?
Rob. I had rather, försooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O! you are a flattering boy: now I see you’ll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?
Scene II.]

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. 'Have I caught my heavenly jewel?' Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead. I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valliant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kercchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courter; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not. Nature thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lispang hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou dost savour it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the neck of a lime-kin.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. Within, Mistress Ford! Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me. I will ensonce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.

Falstaff hides himself.

Re-enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford! what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrow, you're undone for ever!

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither,

her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent; and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well; we shall have the freer woom at Master Page's.

Exit Shallow and Slender.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

Exit Rugby.

Host. Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

Exit.

Ford. Aside. I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentle?

All. Have with you to see this monster.

Exit.

Scene III.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert?

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the broughouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-meal, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

Exit Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyes-musket! what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it, for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'lt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me. Mistress Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone.

Exit Robin.

Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee: if I do not act it, blass me.

Exit.

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humility, this gross watery pumition; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.
woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone. 114

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one: I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever. 124

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand 'you had rather,' and 'you had rather': your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O! how have you deceived me. Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet-meal.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see 't, let me see 't! O! let me see 't. I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee: help me away; let me creep in here; I'll never—

He gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! 130

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet-meal; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. Exeunt Servants with the basket.

Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night: I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first: Locking the door, so, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. Exit.

Evans. This is very fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen: see the issue of his search.

Exeunt PAGE, CAIUS, and EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better; that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it: let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen!


Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too, dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Evans. You suffer for a mad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'oman as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well; I promised you a dinner. Come come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will heretofore make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page: pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.
Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock you. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together: I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Evans. A lousy knave! to have his gibes and his mockeries!

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—A Room in Page's House.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object I am too great of birth, And that my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth. Besides these, other bars he lays before me, My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come! Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither! They converse apart.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't. 'Slid, his but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye! Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. Aside. This is my father's choice. O! what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hast a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.
physician? Look on Master Fenton.' This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night.

Give me sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! Exit FENTON.

A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! Exit.

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. Exit BARDOLPH.

Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slipt me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i the litter; and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned but that the shore was shelly and shallow; a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH with sack.

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water, for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave, I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a bottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. Exit BARDOLPH.

How now!

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearm your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.


Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her. Quick. Peace be with you, sir. Exit.

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O! here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual alarum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knives, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have searched it: but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether;
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SCENE V.

THE answer Thou he genitivo, think it that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to escape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glazed, hot in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that, hissing hot, think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more? Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etua, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed, and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall eckold Ford. Exit. 142

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a dream? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married: this 'tis to have linen and back-baskets. Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet be to what I would not shall not make me tame; i have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me: I'll be horn-mad.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, thinkest thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently; but truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by: I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his accident.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns? Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'Od's nouns.'

Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is fairest, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity oman: I pray you, peace. What is lapis, William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is lapis: I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapiz.

Evans. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hae, hoc.

Evans. Nominativo, hie, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitiro, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hine.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child: accusativo, hang, hony, hyp.

Quick. Hang-hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prubbles, oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O vocative, O.

Evans. Remember, William; focative iscaret.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Evans. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitivo case?

Evans. Ay.

Will. Genitivo, horum, harum, horum.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, 'oman!

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words. He teaches him to lick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call 'horum,' fie upon you!

Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is qui, quae, quod; if you forget your quiis, your quiare, and your quods, you must be preeches. Go your ways and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh.

Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long.

Exit Sir Hugh.
Scene II.—A Room in Ford’s House

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair’s breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He’s a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Fal. What ho! gossip Ford! what ho!


Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who’s at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!


Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: be so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve’s daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, ‘Peer out, peer out!’ that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own folly.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly ashamed, and he’s but a dead man. What a woman are you! Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I’ll come no more i’ the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas! three of Master Ford’s brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I’ll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.

Mrs. Page. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I’ll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman’s gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid’s aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she’s as big as he is; and there’s her thrummed hat and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we’ll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. Exit Falstaff.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she’s a witch; forbade her my house and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband’s cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We’ll try that; for I’ll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he’ll be here presently: let’s go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I’ll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I’ll bring linen for him straight.

Exit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We’ll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too: We do not act that often jest and laugh; ‘Tis old but true, ‘Still swim eat all the draft.’

Exit.

Re-enter Mistress Ford with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly; dispatch.

Exit.

First Serv. Come, come, take it up.

Second Serv. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

First Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Cajus, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villains. Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket! O you panders rascals! there’s a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be
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Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll pray her. Out of my door, you witch, beats him, you hang, you baggage, you polecat, you rouyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

Exit Falstaff.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her mussler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trial, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further. Come, gentlemen.

Execute Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar: it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge? I do think you, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed, and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool.

Scene III. — A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Host. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlewomen; they speak English?

Host. Bardolph, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay; I'll 'lave them then: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll 'lave them. 'Come.

Exeunt.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Ford's House

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of an 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold

Than thee with wantonness; now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,

As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more. Be not as extreme in submission

As in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives

Yet once again, to make us public sport,

Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow;

Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers, and has been grievously peaten as an old 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,

Sometimes a keeper here in Windsor forest,

Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,

Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner:

You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know

The superstitious idle-headed eld

Received and did deliver to our age

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.

But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;

That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,

Disguised like Herne with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come:

And in this shape when you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page, my daughter, and my little son,

And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress

Like urchins, ophuses and fairies, green and white,

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads

And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,

As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,

Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once

With some diffused song: upon their sight,

We two in great amazedness will fly:

Then let them all encircle him about,

And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;

And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,

In their so sacred paths he dares to tread

In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,

Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound

And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being know

We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit

And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must

Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do it.

Evans. I will teach the children their b'haviours; I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy the vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies.

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy. Aside. And I will tire

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,

And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook

He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get your properties

And tricking for our fairies.

Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and very honest knaverys.

Even as Page, Ford, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,

Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

Exit Mistress Ford.

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,

And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.

That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;

And he my husband best of all affects:

The doctor is well money'd, and his friends

Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,

Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

Exit.

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what thickskin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, shot, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castl

his standing-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh as new.

Go knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, got up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, till she come down; I come to speak with he indeed.
Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be abed: ’Tis I will. Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou so? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. Above. How now, mine host! 19

Host. There was, mine host, an old fat woman in now with me, but she’s gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was ’t not the wise woman Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what aid did you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to see her go through the streets, to know whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of hair, had the chain or no.

Fal. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Sim. Marry, she says that the very same man beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the man herself: I had other things to have with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick. 41

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about stress Aine Page; to know if it were my master’s fortune to have her or no.

Fal. ’Tis, ’tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, or no. Go; say the woman d’me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. 46

Exit. Host. Thou art clerky, thou art clerky, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that taught me more wit than ever I learned more in my life: and I paid nothing for it; but was paid for my learning. 62

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage! Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, detto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so on as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off on behind one of them in a slough of mare: diset spurs and away, like three German devils, we Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, lain. Do not say they be fled: Germans are nest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: I am a friend of mine come to town, tells me there are three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise and full of gibes and volting-stops, and ’tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. Exit.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteiere?

Host. Here, Master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de Jarmyng: by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. 91

Exit.

Host. Ete and cry, villain! go. Assist me, knight; I am undone. Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

Exeunt Host and BARDOLPH.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fisherman’s boots with me: I warrant they would whine me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I foreswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconsistency of man’s disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Ye, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell’st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i’ the stocks, i’ the common stocks, for a witch. 125

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me: my mind is heavy; I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I’ll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.
Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Pent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who mutually hath answer'd my affection,
So far forth as herself might be her choice.
Even to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the show of both; wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, sir, her mother, ever strong against that match
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds;
And at the denary, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white,
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
Sheshall go with him; her mother hath intended
The better to denote her to the doctor,
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand; and on that token
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Pent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Pent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense.

Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Prithhee, no more prattling; go: I'll hold
This is the third time; I hope good luck lies
in odd numbers. Away! go. They say there
is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity,
chance or death. Away!

Quick. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do
what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your
head, and minece. Exit Mistress Quickly.

Enter Ford.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, matter
will be known to-night, or never.
you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir,
you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you;
like a poor old man; but I came from Master Brook, like a poor old woman.
The same knave Ford, her husband, hath the
first mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook
that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you:
be me grievously, in the shape of a woman
for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I am
not Goliath with a weaver's beam, because
know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste;
along with me; I'll tell you all, Master Brook.
Since I plucked geese, play'd truant, and whipped top, I know not what 'twas
to begin till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you
a strange things of this knave Ford, on whom
night I will be revenged, and I will deliver
wife into your hand. Follow. Strange this
in hand, Master Brook! Follow. Exit.

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come, we'll couch i'the grass-ditch till we see the light of our fairies.

Shal. Ay, forsooth: I have spoke with her; we have a day word how to know one another.

Scene. So come to her in white, and cry 'mum'; she shall give 'budget'; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your 'mum' or her 'budget' but the white
she decipher her well enough. It hath struck o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits shall
become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! man means evil but the devil, and we shall
know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

Exit.

SCENE III.—The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress PAGE, Mistress FORD, and
Doctor Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is green: when you see your time, take her by
hand, away with her to the denary, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park:
two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. Exit Caius.

My husband will not rejoice so much at
abuse of Falstaff, as he will chaste at the doc-
tor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis no mat-
er; better a little chiding than a great deal
heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her trio
of fairies, and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit by
Herne's oak, with obscured lights; within
the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting,
they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze me.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will
scenel]

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, like a Satyr; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and Others, dressed like Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Anne. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moonshine revelers, and shades of night, You orphan heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office and your quality. Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Hobgoblin. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys!

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shall leap't: Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unsweet, There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry: Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery. Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:

I'll wink and cough: no man their works must eye. Lies down upon his face.

Evans. Where's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said, Raise up the organs of her fantasy, Sleep she as sound as careless infancy; But those that sleep and think not on their sins Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and shins.

Anne. About, about!

Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out: Strew good luck, uphues, on every sacred room, That it may stand till the perpetual doom, In state as wholesome in as state 'tis fit, Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour With juice of balm and every precious flower: Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest, With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing, Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring: The expressature that it bears, green let it be, More fertile-fresh than all the field to see; And Honi soit qui mal y pense write In emerald tufts; flowers purple, blue, and white; Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery, Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee: Fairies the flowers for their character.

Away! dispere! But till 'tis one o'clock, Our dance of custom round about the oak

Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set; And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be, To guide our measure round about the tree. But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese! Hobgoblin. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end: If he be chaste, the flame will back descend And turn him to no pain; but if he start, It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Hobgoblin. A trial! come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire? They burn him with their tapers.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire! About him, fairies, sing a scornful rime; And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.
Song.

Pie on sinful fantasy!
Lust and luxury!
Lost is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unquenchable desire.
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and star-light and moonshine be out.

During this song the Fairies pinch Falstaff,
Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away
A Fairy in green; Slender another way, and
takes off a Fairy in white; and Fenton comes,
and steals away Anne Page. A noise of hunt-
ing is heard within. All the Fairies run away.
Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, and Mistress Ford. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think we have watch'd you now:
Will none but Horne the hunter serve your turn?
Mrs. Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher. 140
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wights?
See you these, husband? do not these faire yokes
Become the forest better than the town?
Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave;
here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but
his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook;
his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook. 145
Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we
could never meet. I will never take you for my
love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.
Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs
are extant.
Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three
or four times in the thought they were not
fairies; and yet the guiltness of my mind, the
sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness
of the follyper into a received belief, in despite
of the teeth of all rime and reason, that they
were fairies. See now how wit may be made a
Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!
Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve God, and leave
your desires, and fairies will not plague you.
Ford. Well said, fair Antony.
Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.
Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till
thou art able to woo her in good English.
Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it,
that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-
reaching as this? Am I riddens with a Welsh
goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis
time I were chocked with a piece of toasted
cheese.
Evans. Seese is not good to give putter: your
pelly is all putter.
Fal. 'Seese' and 'putter'! have I lived to
stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of

English? This is enough to be the decay of lust
and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think
though we would have thrust virtue out of our
hearts by the head and shoulders and have given
ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the
devil could have made you our delight?
Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flux
Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable
entrails?
Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan.
Page. And as poor as Job?
Ford. And as wicked as his wife?
Evans. And given to fornications, and to
taverns, and sack and wine and meegilins, and
to drinkings and swearings and staries, and pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the
start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to
answer the Welsh flannel. Ignorance itself is
a plummot over me; use me as you will.
Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor
to one Master Brook, that you have cozened
money, to whom you should have been a pandar;
over and above that you have suffered, I think
I may repay that money will be a bitting affliction.
Mrs. Ford. Nay, master, let that go to make
amends;
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.
Ford. Well, here's my hand: all is forgiven
at last.
Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat
a posset to-night at my house; where I will
desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs
at thee. Tell her Master Slender hath married
her daughter.
Mrs. Page. Aside. Doctors doubt that in
Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this
Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whon, ho! ho! father Page?
Page. Son, how now? how now, son! have you dispatched?
Slen. Dispatched! I'll make the best in Glostershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else
Page. Of what, son?
Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress
Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: if
it had not been i' the church, I would have
swinged him, or he should have swunged me. I
did not think it had been Anne Page, would
might never stir! and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong
Slen. What need you tell me that? I think
so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been
married to him, for all he was in woman's
apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did no
I tell you how you should know my daughte
by her garments?
Slen. I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,
and the cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had
appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a
postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry:
know of your purpose; turned my daughter into
green; and indeed, she is now with the docto
at the deaney, and there married.
Measure for Measure.

Dramatis Personæ.

Vincentio, the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputy.
Escalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a young Gentleman.
Lucio, a Fantastic.
Two other like Gentlemen.
Proserpina.
Thomas, Two Friars.
Peter, A Justice.
Verrius.

Elbow, a simple Constable.
Froth, a foolish Gentleman.
Pompey, Servant to Mistress Overdone.
Abhorson, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolute Prisoner.
Isabella, Sister to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Juliet, beloved of Claudio.
Francisca, a Nun.
Mistress Overdone, a Bawd.
Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.


Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, and Attendants.


Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold, could seem in me to affect speech and discourse; since I am put to know that your own science excels, in that, the lists of all advice strength can give you: then no more remains, it that to your sufficiency.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace’s will, I come to know your pleasure.

Exit an Attendant.

What figure of us think you he will bear? For you must know, we have with special soul Elected him our absence to supply, Lent him our terror, dress’d him with our love, And given his deputation all the organs Of our own power: what think you of it? Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth To undergo such ample grace and honour, It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter Angelo.
Duke. There is a kind of character in thy life, 
That to the observer doth thy history 
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings 
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste 
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee. 
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do, 
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues 
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike 
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely 
touch'd  
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends 
The smallest scruple of her excellence, 
But, like a thirsty goddess, she determines 
Herself the glory of a creditor, 
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech 
To one that can my part in him advertise; 
Hold therefore, Angelo: 
In our remove be thou at full soall; 
Mortality and mercy in Vienna 
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus, 
Though first in question, is thy secondary. 
Take thy commission. 

Ang. Now, good my lord, 
Let there be some more test made of my metal, 
Before so noble and so great a figure 
Be stamp'd upon it. 

Duke. No more evasion:  
We have with a heaven'd and prepared choice 
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours. 
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition 
That it prefers itself, and leaves inquest'd Matters of needful value. We shall write to you, 
As time and our concerns shall importune, 
How it goes with us; and do look to know 
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well: 
To the hopeful execution do I leave you 
Of your commissions. 

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord, 
That we may bring you something on the way. 

Duke. My haste may not admit it; 
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do 
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own, 
So to enforce or qualify the laws 
As to your soul seems good. Give me your 
hand; 
I'll privily away: I love the people, 
But do not like to stage me to their eyes. 
Though it do well, I do not relish well 
Their loud applause and Aves vehement, 
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion 
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well. 

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes! 

EscaL. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness! 

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. Exit. 

EscaL. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave 
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me 
To look into the bottom of my place: 
A power I have, but of what strength and nature 
I am not yet instructed. 

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together, 
And we may soon our satisfaction have 
Touching that point. 

EscaL. I'll wait upon your honour. —Exeunt.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Overdone. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.
      First Gent. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.
      Overdone. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him
      restred, saw him carried away; and, which is
      sure, within these three days his head to be
      hopped off.
      Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not
      have it so. Art thou sure of this?
      Overdone. I am too sure of it; and it is for
      getting Madam Julietta with child.
      Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised
      me two hours since, and he was ever so
      recise in promise-keeping.
      First Gent. But most of all agreeing with the
      proclamation.
      Lucio. Away! let's go learn the truth of it.
      Exit Lucio and Gentlemen.

Enter Pompey.

Pompey. How now! what's the news with you?
      Overdone. Yonder man is carried to prison.
      Overdone. Well: what has he done?
      Pompey. A woman.
      Overdone. But what's his offence?
      Pompey. Fortrouts in a peculiar river.
      Overdone. What is, there a maid with child
      him?
      Pompey. No, but there's a woman with maid
      him. You have not heard of the proclaima-
      tion, have you?
      Overdone. What proclamation, man?
      Pompey. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna
      must be plucked down.
      Overdone. And what shall become of those in
      the city?
      Pompey. They shall stand for seed: they had
      me down too, but that a wise burgher put in
      them.
      Overdone. But shall all our houses of resort in
      the suburbs be pulled down?
      Pompey. To the ground, mistress.
      Overdone. Why, here's a change indeed in the
      commonwealth! What shall become of me?
      Pompey. Come; fear not you; good counsellors
      seek no clients: though you change your place,
      on need not change your trade; I'll be your
      usher still. Courage! there will be pity taken
      you; you that have worn your eyes almost
      out in the service, you will be considered.
      Overdone. What's to do here, Thomas tapster?
      Let's withdraw.
      Pompey. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by
      no provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet.
      Exit.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus
to the world?

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
at from Lord Angelo by special charge.
Claud. Thus can the demi-god Authority
take us pay down for our offence by weight.

The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so: yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes
this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio,
liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the inordinate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under
an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors.
And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the
popery of freedom as the morality of imprison-
ment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it murder?
Claud. No.
Lucio. Lechery?
Claud. Call it so.
Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word
with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good.
Is lechery so looked after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true
contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the annunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for procuracion of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unsound'd armour, hung by the
wall.

So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name.
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands
tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she
be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke
and appeal to him.

Claud. There done so, but he's not to be found.

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation;
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous
art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may: as well for the en-
couragement of the like, which else would stand
under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying
of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus
foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Clau. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Clau. Come, officer; away! 200

SCENE III.—A Monastery.

Enter DUKE and Friar THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that
thought:
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have stor'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. Glady, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting
laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; my decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd;
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment. Therefore indeed, my
father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office,
Whomay, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me

Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those chee-
roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead in
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why 'her unhappy brother'? let me as
judge
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kind
greets you.
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be I
judge
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make not me your story.

Lucio. It is true.
I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,
Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and snainted;
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocks me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and tru
'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd;
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming ti
That from the secessity the bare fallow bring
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous wor
Expresseth his full tith and husbands.

Isab. Some one with child by him? My con
Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school maids change their
names
vain though apt affection. She it is.

Lucio. Ask, if he let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point: the duke is very strangely gone from hence; are many gentlemen, myself being one, hand and hope of action; but we do learn those that know the very nerves of state, and that the knightly blood and the profits of the mind, study and fast. To give fear to use and liberty, and, for long run by the hideous, mice by lions, hath pick’d out an act, and whose heavy sense your brother’s life into forfeit: he arrests him on it, and follows close the rigour of the statute, make him an example. All hope is gone, less you have the grace by your fair prayer soften Angelo; and that’s my pith of business, knit you and your poor brother.

Sub. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur’d him eady; and, as I hear, the provost hath warrant for his execution.

Sub. Alas! what poor ability’s in me do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Sub. My power, alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors, I make us lose the good we oft might win, fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo, let him learn to know, when maiden sue, I give like gods; but when they weep and kneel, their petitions are as freely theirs they themselves would owe them.

Sub. I’ll see what I can do.

Sub. I will about it straight; longer staying but to give the Mother of my affair. I humbly thank you; send me to my brother; soon at night send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.


ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in ANGELO’S HOUSE.

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provoost, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law, ing it up to fear the birds of prey, let it keep one shape, till custom make it ir perch and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet us be keen and rather cut a little, no fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman, om I would save, had a most noble father. but your honour know, om I believe to be most strait in virtue, t, in the working of your own affections, 10 Had time coher’d with place or place with wishing, Or that the resolute acting of your blood Could have attain’d the effect of your own purpose, Whether you had not, sometime in your life, Err’d in this point which now you censure him, And pull’d the law upon you. Ang. ’Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus, Another thing to fall. I not deny, The jury, passing on the prisoner’s life, May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two Guiltier than him they try; what’s open made to justice, That justice seizes: what know the laws That thieves do pass on thieves? ’Tis very pregnant, The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it Because we see it; but what we do not see We tread upon, and never think of it. You may not so extenuate his offence For I have had such faults; but rather tell me, When I, that censure him, do so offended, Let mine own judgment pattern out my death. And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die. Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio Be executed by nine to-morrow morning: Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar’d; For that’s the utmost of his pilgrimage.

Exit Provost.

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, and Officers with Froth and POMPEY.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir. What’s your name, and what’s the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I’m the poor duke’s constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorius benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well: here’s a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pompey. He cannot, sir: he’s out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcell-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she presse a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—
Esca. How! thy wife? 79
Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman.

Esca. Dost thou detest her therefore?
Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life; for it is a naughty house.

Esca. How dost thou know that, constable?
Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Esca. By the woman's means?
Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spits in his face, so she defied him.

Pompey. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Esca. To ANGELO. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pompey. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not china dishes, but very good dishes.

Esca. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pompey. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right; but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pompey. Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Pompey. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past care of the thing you wrought, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pompey. Why, very well then,—

Esca. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pompey. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Esca. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pompey. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas. Was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallow'nd eve.

Pompey. Why, very well: I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open room and good for winter.

Pompey. Why, very well then: I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, 114
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave.

And leave you to the hearing of the cause,
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Esca. I think no less. Good morrow to you, lordship.

Exit ANGELO.

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pompey. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pompey. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Esca. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Pompey. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentle man's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth you honour mark his face?

Esca. Ay, sir, very well.

Pompey. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Esca. Well, I do so.

Pompey. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Esca. Why, no.

Pompey. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm I would know that of your honour.

Esca. He's in the right. Constable, what seest thou to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is respected house; next, this is a respected fellow and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pompey. By this hand, sir, his wife is a most respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest: thou liest, wicked varlet. The time is yet to come that she shall ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pompey. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Esca. Which is the wiser here? Justice Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou calf! O thou varlet! O th' wicked Hannibal! I respected with her befo' I was married to her! If ever I was respect with her, or she with me, let not your worst think me the poor duke's officer. Prove th' thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine act of battery on thee.

Esca. If he took you a box o' th' ear, y might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do w' this wicked calf?

Esca. Truly, officer, because he hath so offences in him that thou wouldest discover thou couldst, let him continue in his courses thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Th' seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come up thee: thou art to continue now, thou var'-thou art to continue.

Esca. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Esca. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Esca. So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pompey. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Esca. Your mistress' name?
Pompey. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pompey. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last. Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth, Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well: no more of it, Master Froth; farewell. Exit FROTH.


Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest bung about you, so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pompey. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pompey. If the law would allow it sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pompey. Does your worship mean to geld and play all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pompey. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to’t then. If your worship will take order or the drabs and the knives, you need not to ear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pompey. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you’ll be had to give out a commission for more heads. This law hold in Vienna ten year, I’ll rent the finest house in it after three-pence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey old you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, et me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your ent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you. In plain pleading, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pompey. I thank your worship for your good counsel; Aside; But I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart’s not whipt out of his trade.

Exit. 270

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you, They do you wrong to put you so oft upon’t. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish. Elb. To your worship’s house, sir? Escal. To my house. Fare you well. Exit ELBOW.

What’s o’clock, think you? Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me. Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there’s no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful: Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so; Pardon is still the nurse of second woe. But yet, poor Claudio! There is no remedy. 290 Come, sir.

Exit.

SCENE II. —Another Room in the Same.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He’s hearing of a cause: he will come straight:

I’ll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. Exit Servant. I’ll know His pleasure; may he will relent. Alas! He hath but as offended in a dream:

All sects, all ages, smack of this vice, and he To die for it!

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what’s the matter, Provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash, Under your good correction, I have seen,

When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o’er his doom.

Ang. Go to: let that be mine:

Do you your office, or give up your place,

And you shall well be spard.

Prov. I crave your honour’s pardon. What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet? She’s very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn’d Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, And to be shortly of a sisterhood,

If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. Exit Servant. See you the fornicateuress be remov’d;

Let her have needful, but not lavish, means: There shall be order for’t.
Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Proo. God save your honour!

Ang. Stay a little while. To Isabella. You're welcome: what's your wish?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour, but please your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor. And most desire should meet the blow of justice, for which I would not plead, but that I must for which I must not plead, but that I am at war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter? Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die: I do beseech you, let it be his fault, and not my brother.

Prov. Aside. Heaven give thee moving graces! Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?

Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done. Mine were the very cipher of a function, To fine the faults whose fine stands in record, And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law! I had a brother then. Heaven keep your honour! Lucio. To Isabella. Give 't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him; Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown; You are too cold; if you should need a pin, You could not with more tame a tongue desire it. To him, I say!

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy. Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do. Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong.

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentence'd: 'tis too late.

Lucio. To Isabella. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word, May call it back again. Well, believe this, No ceremony that to great ones longs, Not the king's crown, nor the decreed sword, The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, Become them with one half so good a grace As mercy does. If he had been as you, and you as he, You would have slip't like him; but he, like you, Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency, And you were Isabella! should it then be thus? No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,

And what a prisoner.

Lucio. To Isabella. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law, And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas! Why, all the souls that were forfeit once; And He that might the vantage best have took, Found out the remedy. How would you be, If He, which is the top of judgment, should But judge you as you are? O! think on that, And mercy then will breathe within your lips, Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid; it is the law, not I, condemns your brother: Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son, It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O! that's sudden. Spare him, spare him! He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven With less respect than we do minister To our gross selves? Good, shall good my lord, be think you: Who is it that hath died for this offence? There's many have committed it.

Lucio. To Isabella. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept: Those many had not dar'd to do that evil, If the first that did the edict infringe Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake, Takes not of what is done, and, like a prophet, Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils, Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd, And so in progress to be hatch'd and born, Are now to have no successive degrees, But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice For then I pity those I do not know, Which a dismiss'd offence would after gait, And do him right, that, answering one foue wrong, Lives not to act another. Be satisfied: Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence, And he that suffers. O! it is excellent To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous To use it like a giant.

Lucio. To Isabella. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet For every pelting, petty officer Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder. Merciful heaven! Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bol Splitst the unweageable and gnarled oak Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man, Drest in a little brief authority, Most ignorant of that he's most assur'd, His glassy essence, like an angry ape, Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven As make the angels weep; who, with our spleen, Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. To Isabella. O! to him, to him wench. He will relent:

He's coming; I perceive't.


Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ours. Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. To Isabella. Thou'rt in the right girl: more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. To ISABELLA. Art avis do' that? more on't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
 Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself, that
 Skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
 Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
 That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
 A natural guiltiness as is his,
et it not sound a thought upon your tongue
 Against my brother's life.
Ang. Aside. She speaks, and 'tis such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me. Come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark how I'll brieve you. Good my lord,
turn back.
Ang. How, brieve me? Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. To ISABELLA. You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
'r stones whose rates are either rich or poor
's fancy values them; but with true prayers
 That shall be up at heaven and enter there
're sunrise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maid's whose minds are dedicate
'o nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.
Lucio. To ISABELLA. Go to; 'tis well: away!
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!
Ang. Aside. Amen: for I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.
Isab. At what hour to morrow
will I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour!

**Exit LUCIO, ISABELLA, and Provost.**

**Ang.** From thee; even from thy virtue!
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
he tempter or the tempted, who sins most? ask she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I, hat, lying by the violet in the sun,
o as the carrion does, not as the flower, 170
rupt with virtuous season. Can it be
hat modesty may more betray our sense
han woman's lightness? Having waste ground
ough, shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
nd pitch our evils there? O! fie, fie, fie.
hat dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
est thou desire her? tell how far these things
hat make her good? O! let her brother live.
ieves for their robbery have authority
hen judges steal themselves. What! do I love
hat I desire to hear her speak again,
nd feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
ning enemy! that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook. Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth good us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.

**Exit.**

**Scene III.---A Room in a Prison.**

**Enter Duke, disguised as a friar, and Provost.**

**Duke.** Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
**Prov.** I am the provost. What's your will,
good friar?

**Duke.** Bound by my charity and my blessing,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

**Prov.** I would do more than that, if more were needful.


**Enter JULIET.**

**Duke.** When must he die?

**Prov.** As I do think, to-morrow.

**To JULIET.** I have provided for you: stay awhile,
And you shall be conducted.

**Duke.** Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

**Juliet.** I do, and bear the shame most patiently.

**Duke.** I'll teach you how you shall arraign
your conscience.

**Juliet.** I'll gladly learn.

**Duke.** Love you the man that wrong'd you?

**Juliet.** Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

**Duke.** So then it seems your most offensive act
Was mutually committed?

**Juliet.** Mutually.

**Duke.** Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

**Juliet.** I do confess it, and repent it, father.

**Duke.** 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,

**Juliet.** As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

**Juliet.** I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

**Duke.** There rest.

**Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.**

**Grace go with you! Benedicite!**

**Exit.**

**Juliet.** Must die to-morrow! O! injurious love,
That respite me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

**Prov.** 'Tis pity of him. **Exit.**
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE IV.—A Room in ANGELO’S House.

Enter ANGELO.

ANG. When I would pray and think, I think
And pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty
Words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on ISABEL; heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, wherein I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sordid and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein, let no man hear me, I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle rhyme,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let’s write good angel on the devil’s horn,
’Tis not the devil’s crest.

Enter a Servant.

How now! who’s there?

SERV. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
ANG. Teach her the way. Exit Servant.

OH! heavens!
Why does my blood thus master to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts.
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish thongs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish’d king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

ISAB. I am come to know your pleasure.
ANG. That you might know it, would much
Better please me
Than to demand what ’tis. Your brother cannot
Live.

ISAB. Even so. Heaven keep your honour!
ANG. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

ISAB. Under your sentence?
ANG. Yea.

ISAB. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

ANG. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as
Good
to pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven’s
Image
In stamps that are forbid; ’tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

ISAB. ’Tis set down so in heaven, but not in
Earth.

ANG. Say you so? then I shall pose you
Quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother’s life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain’d?

ISAB. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
ANG. I talk not of your soul. Our compell’d
Sins
Stand more for number than for accomplish.
ISAB. How say you?

ANG. Nay, I’ll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I now the voice of the recorded law,
 Pronounce a sentence on your brother’s life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother’s life?

ISAB. Please you to do’t.
I’ll take it as a peril to my soul;
It is no sin at all, but charity.

ANG. Pleas’d you to do’t at peril of your soul.
Were equal paws of sin and charity.

ISAB. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit.
If that be sin, I’ll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

ANG. Nay, but hear me
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are
Ignorant,
Or seem so craftily; and that’s not good.
ISAB. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good
But graciously to know I am no better.

ANG. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most
Bright.
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an ensnared beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display’d. But mark me;
To be received plain, I’ll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

ISAB. So.

ANG. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

ISAB. True.

ANG. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister
Finding yourself desir’d of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of all the building law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your bod
To this suppos’d, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

ISAB. As much for my poor brother as myself.
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I’d wear as rubi
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I’d yield
My body up to shame.

ANG. Then must your brother do
ISAB. And ’twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

ANG. Were not you then as cruel as the senten
That you have slander’d so?

ISAB. Ignominy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
Ang. You seem’d of late to make the law a tyrant; And rather prov’d the sliding of your brother A mercenary rather than a vice. Isab. O! pardon me, my lord, it oft falls out, To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean. I something do excuse the thing I hate, For his advantage that I dearly love. Ang. We are all frail. Isab. Else let my brother die, If not a feedary, but only he Owe and succeed thy weakness. Ang. Nay, women are frail too. Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves, Which are as easy broke as they make forms. Women! Help heaven! men their creation mar In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail, For we are soft as our complexions are, And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well; And from this testimony of your own sex, Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger Than faults may shake our frames, let me be bold: I do arrest your words. Be that you are, That is, a woman; if you be more, you’re none; If you be one, as you are well express’d By all external warrants, show it now; By putting on the destin’d livery. Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord, Let me entreat you speak the former language. Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you. Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me That he shall die for’t. Ang. He shall not, Isabella, if you give me love. Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in’t, Which seems a little fouler than it is, To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour, My words express my purpose. Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ’d, And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming! I will proclaim thee, Angelo! look for’t: sign me a present pardon for my brother, Or with an outstretch’d threat I’ll tell the world aloud What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel? My unsold’d name, the austereness of my life, My vouch against you, and my place i’ the state, Will so your accusation overweigh, That you shall stifle in your own report And smell of calumny. I have begun, And now I give my sensual race the rein: Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite; Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes, That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother By yielding up thy body to my will, Or else he must not only die the death, But thy unkindness shall his death draw out To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow, Or, by the affection that now guides me most, I’ll prove a tyrant to him. As for you, Say what you can, my false o’erweighs your true.

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this, Who would believe me? O perilous mouths! That bear in them one and the self-same tongue, Either of condemnation or approbation, Bidding the law make court’sy to their will, Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite, To follow as it draws. I’ll to my brother: Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood, Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour, That, had he twenty heads to tender down On twenty bloody blocks, he’d yield them up, Before his sister should her body stoop To such abhor’d pollution. Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die: More than our brother is our chastity. I’ll tell him yet of Angelo’s request, And fit his mind to death, for his soul’s rest.

Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter Duke, as a friar, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine But only hope: I have hope to live, and am prepar’d to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing That none but fools would keep: a breath thouart, Servile to all the skyey influences, That do this habitation, where thou keep’st, Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death’s fool; For him thou labour’st by thy flight to shun, And yet rumm’d toward him still. Thou art not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear’st Are nurs’d by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep, And that thou oft provok’st; yet grossly fear’st Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;

For thou exist’st on many a thousand grains That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;

For what thou hast not, still thou striv’st to get, And what thou hast, forget’st. Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects, After the moon. If thou art rich, thou’rt poor; For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows, Thou bear’st thy heavy riches but a journey, And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none; For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire, The mere effusion of thy proper joins, Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum, For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner’s sleep, Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms Of paled old; and when thou art old and rich, Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Clau. I humbly thank you. If
To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. Within. What, ho! Peace here; grace
and good company!

Pro. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves
a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Clau. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Pro. And very welcome. Look, signior; here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Pro. As many as you please. 

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed.

Exeunt DUKE and PROVOST.

Clau. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good,
most good, indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leisur:
Therefore your best appointment make with
speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Clau. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as to save a head
To cleave a heart in twain.

Clau. But is there any? 

Isab. Ay, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Clau. Perpetual duration?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual duration, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Clau. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Clau. Let me know the point. 

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal suffrance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Clau. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spoke my brother: there my
father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base applauses. This outward-sainted
deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth unnew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Clau. The princely Angelo.

Isab. O! 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damnedest body to invest and cover
In princely guards. Dost thou think, Claudio?
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.

Clau. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this
rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Clau. Thou shalt not do't. 

Isab. O! were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Clau. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to
morrow.

Clau. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Clau. If it were damnable, he being so wise
Why should he for the momentary trick
Be perjuredly fin'd? O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Clau. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Clau. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;
To lie in cold obstructions and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Clau. Sweet sister, let me live.

Isab. What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast! O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Will thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should
think?

Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprove thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Clau. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O! fie, fie, fie.

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd: Tis best that thou diest quickly. Going, Claud. O hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word. Isab. What is your will? Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: he satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit. Isab. I have no superfluous leisure: my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile. Duke. Aside to Claudio. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue and practise his judgment with the disposition of affairs. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive; I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die. Go to your knees and make ready. Claudio. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so ut of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it. Duke. Hold you there: farewell. Exit Claudio.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. What's your will, father? Duke. That now you are come, you will be one. Leave me awhile with the maid; my mind promises with my habit no loss shall much her by my company. Prov. In good time. Exit. Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath ade you good: the goodness that is cheap in vanity makes beauty brief in goodness; but age, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his failing, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother? Isab. I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But O! how much the good duke deceived in Angelo. If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my ps in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he made trial of you only. Therefore, sten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited merit, redeem your brother from the angry law, no stain to your own graciou person, and much case the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business. Isab. Let me hear you speak further. I have dirt to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who misconceived at sea? Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name. Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was allied to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combine husband, this well-seeing Angelo. Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her? Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake, and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail? Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it. Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, and now follows all, we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Hast you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.

Exeunt. 280
Scene II.—The Street before the Prison.

Enter Duke, as a friar; to him Elbow, Pompey, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you willneeds buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pompey. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lambkins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir. Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir; he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done, That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a man or clothe a back From such a filthy vice: say to thyself, From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live; Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pompey. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

Pompey. I spy comfort: I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Caesar! Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter and method? Is 't not drowned? Is 't the last rain, ha? What savest thou, Troth? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words, or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pompey. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; i must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pompey. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Fare well. Go, say I sent thee thither. For debt Pompey, or how?

Duke. For being a bawd, for being a bawd. Lucio. Well, then imprison him. If imprison ment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewell, good Pompey. Command me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good hus band now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pompey. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.


Pompey. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go.

Execute Elbow, Pompey, and Officer.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but what is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary I was never born to. Lord Angelo duke it we in his absence; he puts transgression to t.

Duke. He does well in t.

Lucio. A little more lenity to leechery would do no harm in him: something too embayed this way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severi must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of great kindred; it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating a drinking be put down. They say this Angel was not made by man and woman after it downright way of creation: is it true, thou?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-nymph spawned him some, that he was begot between two stoc fishes. But it is certain that when he mak water his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true; and he is a motion generative; that infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak appear

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take aw the life of a man! Would the duke that absent have done this? Ere he would be hanged a man for the getting a hundred bauds, he would have paid for the nursing thousand: he had some feeling of the spot he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.
Duke. I never heard the absent duke much
ted for women; he was not inclined that
day.
Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.
Duke. 'Tis not possible.
Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar
fifty, and his use was to put a ducat in her
back-dish; the duke had crotchet's in him. He
would be drunk too; that let me inform you. 190
Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy
allow was the duke; and I believe I know the
use of his withdrawing.
Duke. What, what, I prithee, might be the cause?
Lucio. No, pardon: 'tis a secret must be locked
within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let
understand, the greater file of the subject
old the duke to be wise.
Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was. 200
Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing
fellow.
Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mis-
taking: the very stream of his life and the
uniness he hath helmed must upon a warrant
led give him a better proclamation. Let him
but testimonied in his own bringings-forth,
and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a
statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak
askingly; or, if your knowledge be more, it is
much darkened in your malice.
Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.
Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and
knowledge with dearer love.
Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.
Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you
now not what you speak. But, if ever the duke
is in our prayers, by my faith, let me desire
him to make your answer before him: if it be
onest you have spoke, you have courage to
maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and,
pray you, your name? 230
Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to
us.
Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may
so to report you.
Lucio. I fear you not.
Duke. O! you hope the duke will return no
more, or you imagine me too unfruitful an
opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm;
ou'll forswear this again. 231
Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived
me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou
kill if Claudio die to-morrow or no?
Duke. Why should he die, sir?
Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-
ish. I would the duke we talk of were returned
gain: this ungeniture agent will unpeople
his province with continency; sparrow's must
not build in his house-eaves, because they are
cereous. The duke yet would have dark deeds
arkly answered; he would never bring them to
glit: would he were returned! Marry, this
lawful is condemned for untruth. Farewell,
ood friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke,
say to thee again, would eat mutton on
ridays. He's not past it yet, and I say to
ee, he would mouth with a beggar, though
he smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I
aid so. Farewell.
Exit. 250
Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with
Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Go: away with her to prison!
Overdone. Good my lord, be good to me; your
honour is accounted a merciful man; good my
lord.
Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still
forfeit in the same kind! This would make
mercy swear and play the tyrant. 272
Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance,
may it please your honour.
Overdone. My lord, this is one Lucio's in-
formation against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown
was with child by him in the duke's time; he
promised her marriage; his child is a year and
a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob; I have
kept it myself, and see how he goes about to
abuse me! 273
Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license:
let him be called before us. Away with her to
prison! Go to; no more words.

Exeunt Mistress Overdone and Officers.

Provost. My brother Angelo will not be altered;
Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be fur-
nished with divines, and have all charitable
preparation; if my brother wrought by my pity,
it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with
him, and advised him for the entertainment of
death.

Escal. Good even, good father.
Duke. Bliss and goodliness on you!
Escal. Of whence are you?
Duke. Not of this country, though my chance
is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?
Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever
on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure
it: novelty is only in request; and it is as
dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as
it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking.
There is scarce truth enough alive to make
societies secure, but security enough to make
fellowships accused. Much upon this riddle
runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old
enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you,
sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, con-
tended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry,
then merry at any thing which professed to
make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temper-
ance. But leave him to his events, with a
prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me
desire to know how you find Claudio prepared.
I am made to understand that you have lent
him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister
measure from his judge, but most willingly
humbles himself to the determination of justice;
yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction
of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die. 269

Esc. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the strictness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Esc. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well. 290

Duke. Peace be with you! Exeunt Escalus and Provost.

He who the sword of heaven will bear Should be as holy as severe; Pattern in himself to know, Grace to stand, and virtue go; More nor less to others paying Than by self-offences weighing. Shame to him whose cruel striking Kills for faults of his own liking! Twice treble shame on Angelo, To weed my vice and let his grow! O! what may man within him hide, Though angel on the outward side; How may likeness made in crimes, Making practice on the times, To draw with idle spiders' strings Most ponderous and substantial things! Craft against vice I must apply: With Angelo to-night shall lie His old betrothed but despised: So disguise shall, by the disguised, Pay with falsehood false exacting, And perform an old contracting. Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The moated Grange at St. Luke's.

Enter Mariana and a Boy. Boy sings.

Take, O take those lips away, That so sweetly were foreworn; And those eyes, the break of day, Lights that do mislead the worn:

But my kisses bring again, bring again,

Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Marian. Break off that song, and haste thee quick away:

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. Exit Boy.

Enter Duke, disguised as before.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish You had not found me here so musical: Let me excuse me, and believe me so, My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm. I pray you tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? Much upon this time have I promised here to meet.
MARI.

Fear me not. 71

DUKE. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all, for
he is your husband on a pre-contract: to bring you thus together, 'tis no sin, think but the justice of your title to him shall flourish the deceit. Come, let us go: our court 's to reap, for yet our tithe 's to sow.

EXECUT.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Pompey.

PROVOST. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

POMPEY. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; and if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

PROVOST. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and I will give you a direct answer. To-morrow morning to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in your prison a common executioner, who in his lice lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your yres; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an untied whipping, for you have been a notorious wvd.

POMPEY. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd me out of mind; but yet I will be content to an lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive your instruction from my fellow partner.

PROVOST. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, here?

Enter Abhorson.

ABHORSON. Do you call, sir?

PROVOST. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, you shall be with him by the year, and let him know where you are; if not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his tinnation with you; he hath been a bawd.

ABHORSON. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

PROVOST. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather shall turn the scale.

EXECUT. Pompey, Pray, sir, by your good favour—for, surely, a good favour you have, but that you are a hanging look—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

ABHORSON. Ay, sir; a mystery.

POMPEY. Painting, sir, I have heard say is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my application a mystery; but what mystery there could be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I must imagine.

ABHORSON. Sir, it is a mystery.

POMPEY. Proof?

ABHORSON. Every true man's apparel fits your tief.

POMPEY. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: every true man's apparel fits your thief.

RE-ENTER PROVOST.

PROVOST. Are you agreed?

POMPEY. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find ur hangman is a more penitent trade than ur bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

PROVOST. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

ABHORSON. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

POMPEY. I do desire to learn, sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

PROVOST. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

EXECUT. POMPEY AND ABHORSON.

The one has my pity; not a jot the other. Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death: 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

CLAUDIO. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

PROVOST. Who can do good on him?
WELL, go; prepare yourself. Knocking within.

But hark, what noise?

Heaven give your spirits comfort!

Exit CLAUDIO.

By and by,
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

DUKE. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

PROVOST. None, since the curfew rung.

DUKE. Not Isabel?

PROVOST. No.

DUKE. They will, then, ere 't be long.

PROVOST. What comfort is for Claudio?

DUKE. There's some in hope.

PROVOST. It is a bitter deputy.

DUKE. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice: He doth with holy abstinance subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he mean'd with that Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous:
But this being so, he's just.

Knocking within.

Now are they come. Exit PROVOST.

This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeld goater is the friend of men.

Knocking.

How now! What noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

RE-ENTER PROVOST.

PROVOST. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

DUKE. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

PROVOST. None, sir, none.

DUKE. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Happily you something know; yet I believe there comes no countermand; no such example have we. Besides, upon the very siege of justice, Lord Angelo hath to the public ear professed the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man. Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon. 

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; or, as I take it, it is almost day.


Duke. Aside. This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in; Hence hath offence his quick celerity, When it is borne in high authority, When vice makes mercy, mercy 's so extended, That for the fault's love is the offender friend.

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray, let's hear.

Prov. Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. This fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril. What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian, born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprimess for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubted proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awakened him, as to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: he hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit: the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifest effect, I crave but four days' respite, for that which you are to do me both a present and dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the holy limited, and an express command, under penalty to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you if my instructions may be your guide. Let it Barnardine this morning executed, and I head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and we discover the favour.

Duke. O! death's a great disguiser, and you in add to it. Shave the head and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to such sinned before his death: you know the crown is common. If anything fall to you upon thine more than thanks and good fortune, by a saint whom I profess, I will plead against with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father: it is again my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offer if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Since I see you fearful, that neither my clemency, nor persuasion can with ease attain you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck fears out of you. Look you, sir; here is hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find within these days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letter of strangestouch; perchance of the duke's idea perchance entering into some monastery; by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, unfolding star calls up the shepherd, not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a press shift and advise him for a better place. Yet are amazed, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. Exit.
Senior Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown waxer and old ginger, nine score and seventeen sounds, of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then's there here one Master Cappe, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier-and-dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Padding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and first Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are ow 'for the Lord's sake.'

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pompey. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!


Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that nickly too.

Pompey. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pompey. He is coming; sir, he is coming; I ear his car rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pompey. Very ready, sir.

Enter Barnardine.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap to your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's on. Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for t.

Pompey. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks at night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look, you, sir; here comes your ghostly ther: do we jest now, think you?

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing you hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard last night, and I will have more time to prepare, or they shall beat out my brains with billets; will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go. Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any an's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will I to-day.

Exit.

Enter Provost.

Duke. unfit to live or die. O grave heart! After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

Exit Abhorson and Pompey.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death; and to transport him in the mind he is. We were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father.

There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head Just of his colour. What if we do omit This reprobe till he were well inclin'd, And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O! 'tis an accident that heaven provides. Dispatch it presently: the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done, And sent according to command, whilst I persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently; But Barnardine must die this afternoon; And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done:

Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To yonder generation, you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. Exit Provost.

Now will I write letters to Angelo,— The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents Shall witness to him I am near at home, And that, by great injunctions, I am bound To enter publicly: him I'll desire To meet me at the consecrated fount A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and well balanced form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return, For I would commune with you of such things That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. Exit. Isab. Within. Peace, ho, be hear! Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know If yet her brother's pardon be come hither; But I will keep her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of despair, When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho! by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man. Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world. His head is off and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter.

Isab. O! I will to him and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel! Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot; Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven. Mark what I say, which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful verity.

The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry your eyes:

One of our Covent, and his confessor, Gives me this instance: already he hath carried Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch, Grace of the duke, revenge to your heart, and

And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to Friar Peter give; 'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:

Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Hark! Be just and yours I'll perfect him truthful, and he shall bring you

Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self, I am combined by a sacred vow,

And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:

Command these fretting waters from your eyes

With a light heart: trust not my holy order, if

If I pervert your course. Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine

heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

Exit Isabella.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouchéd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness; pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and redeem our authorités there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have a power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed; Betimes, I the morrow I'll call you at your house. Give notice to such men of sort and suit As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well.

Ang. Good night. Exeunt Escalus.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me un

pregnant

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid

And by an eminent body that enforce'd

The law against it! But that her tender shan

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,

How might she tongue me! Yet reason dar

er no:

For my authority bears a credent bulk,

That no particular scandal once can touch

But it confounds the breathers. He should ha

live'd,

Save that his riotous youth, with danger

sense,

Might in the times to come have ta'en reveng

By so receiving a dishonour'd life

With ransom of such shame. Would yet he ha

live'd!

Alack! when once our grace we have forgot,

Nothing goes right: we would, and we won

not.

Scene V.—Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

Giving letters.

The provost knows our purpose and our plot,

The matter being afoot, keep your instructor,

And hold you ever to our special drift,

Though sometimes you do brench from this that,

As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius

house,

And tell him where I stay: give the like note

To Valentine, Rowland, and to Crassus,

And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:

But send me Flavius first.

Fri. Pet. It shall be speeded well.
Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste.

Now, we will walk: there's other of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate.

Enter Isabella and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath; would say the truth; but to accuse him so, that is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it; 'tis says, to veil full purpose.

MARI. Be rul'd by him. Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure he speak against me on the adverse side, should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic hat's bitter to sweet end.

MARI. I would Friar Peter—

Isab. O! peace, the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Fri. Pet. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,

Here you may have such vantage on the duke, 'e shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded:

He generous and gravest citizens have hent the gates, and very near upon he duke is out'ring; therefore hence, away!

Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public Place near the City Gate.

ARIANA veiled, ISABELLA, and Friar Peter, at a distance.

Inter Duke, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers and Citizens, at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met! My old and faithful friends, we are glad to see you. 

Anglo. ESCAL. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both. We have made inquiry of you; and we hear such goodness of your justice, that our soul annot but yield you forth to public thanks, overrunning more requital.

Anglo. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O! your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it o lock it in the wards of covert bosom, that it deserves, with characters of brass, forsed residence 'gainst the tooth of time and natures of oblivion. Give me your hand, and let the subject see, to make them know hat outward courtesies would fail proclaim hows that keep within. Come, Escalus, on must walk by us on our other hand; no good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and ISABELLA come forward.

Fri. Pet. Now is your time: speak loud and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard pon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a mad! worthy prince! dishonour not your eye By throwing it on any other object, Till you have heard me in my true complaint, And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: in what? by whom?

Be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:

Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy duke!

You bid me seek redemption of the devil, 

Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak Must either punish me, not being believe'd, 

Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not fain: She hath been a suitor to me for her brother Cut off by course of justice,

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.

That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,

An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;

Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange;

Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her! poor soul,

She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince! I conjure thee, as thou believest

There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion

That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible

That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible

But one, the wicked'st traitor on the ground.

May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute

As Angelo; even so may Angelo,

In all his dressings, characters, titles, forms,

Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince:

If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,

Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,

If she be mad, as I believe no other,

Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,

Such a dependancy of thing on thing, As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious duke! Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason For inequality; but let your reason serve To make the truth appear where it seems hid, And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad

Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,

Condemn'd upon the act of fornication

To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo.

I, in probation of a sisterhood,

Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio,

As then the messenger—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:

I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her

To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo

For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed,
Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord; nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. Pray you, take note of it; and when you have a business for yourself, pray heaven you then be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself: take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong to speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went to this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it:

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter; proceed.

Isab. In brief, to set the needless process by, how I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd, how he refell'd me, and how I replied,—For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion I now begin with grief and shame to utter.

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body To his concupiscible intemperate lust, Release my brother; and, after much debate, My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour, and I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes, His purpose surfetthing, he sends a warrant For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O! that it were as like as it is true.

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not what thou speak'st, or else thou art suborn'd against his honour In hateful practice. First, his integrity Stands without blemish; next, it imports no reason That with such vehemency he should pursue so Faults proper to himself; if he had so offended, He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself, And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on: Confess the truth, and say by whose advice Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, O you blessed ministers above! Keep in me patience; and with ripen'd time Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up In countenance. Heaven shield your grace from woe.

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelived go!

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer! To prison with her! Shall we thus permit A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall On him so near us? This needs must be a practice. Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar; I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord, for certain words he spake against your grace In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! This a good friar belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here Against our substitute! Let this friar be found,

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar, I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar, A very scurvye fellow.

Fri. Pet. Bless'd be your royal grace I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute, Who is as free from touch or soil with her, As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

Fri. Pet. I know him for a man divine and holy Not scurvye, nor a temporary meddler, As he's reported by this gentleman; And, on my trust, a man that never yet Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Fri. Pet. Well; he in time may come to clean himself, But at this instant he is sick, my lord, Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request, Being come to knowledge that there was complaint

Intended against Lord Angelo, came I hither, To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know Is true and false; and what he with his oath All probation will make up full clear, Whene'er he's converted. First, for this woman, To justify this worthy nobleman, So vulgarly and personally accus'd, Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes, Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

ISABELLA is carried off guarded; or MARIANA comes forward.

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo? O heaven! the vanities of wretched fools. Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo; In this I'll be impartial; be you judge Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar? First, let her show her face, and after speak. Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, y

Are nothing then; neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for most of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married.

And I confess besides I am no maid; I have known my husband, yet my husband knows not That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then my lord: it can no better.
Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou
ert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord:
that he accuses him of fornication,

a selfsame manner doth accuse my husband;
and charges him, my lord, with such a time,
then, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms
with all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,

Tho' he knows that he never knew my body,

it knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let's seeth face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

Unclothing. 220

his is that face, thou cruel Angelo,

Thick once thou swore'st was worth the looking on:

his is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,

'as fast belo'k'd in thine: this is the body

hat took away the match from Isabel,

and did supply thee at thy garden-house

for her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more!

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman;

ad five years since there was some speech of

marriage

twixt myself and her, which was broke off,

truly for that her promised proportions

me short of composition; but in chief

or that her reputation was disvalued

levity: since which time of five years

never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,

on my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,

there comes light from heaven and words from breath,

there is sense in truth and truth in virtue.

an allane'd this man's wife as strongly

words could make up vows: and, my good lord,

it Tuesday night last gone, in's garden-house

knew me as a wife. As this is true,

me in safety raise me from my knees,

else for ever confided into marble monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now:

ow, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;

patience here is touch'd. I do perceive

these poor informal women are no more

it instruments of some more mighty member

that sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,

find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;

id punish them to your height of pleasure.

you foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,

empet with her that's gone, think'st thou thy

oaths,

tough they would swear down each particular

saint

ere testimonies against his worth and credit

that's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escauls,

with my cousin: lend him your kind pains

To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.

There is another friar that set them on;

Let him be sent for.

Fri. Pet. Would he be here, my lord; for he

Hath set the women on to this complaint:

Your provost knows the place where he abides

And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go do it instantly. 

Exit Provost.

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,

Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;

Do with your injuries as seems you best,

In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;

But stir not you till you have well determin'd

Upon these slanderers.

Escauls. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.

Exit Duke.

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that

Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. Ceceullus non facit monachum: honest in

nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath

spoken most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escauls. We shall entreat you to abide here till

he come and enforce them against him. We

shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escauls. Call that same Isabel here once again:

I would speak with her. 

Exit an Attendant.

Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question;

you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escauls. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her

privately, she would sooner confess: perchance,

publicly, she 'll be ashamed.

Escauls. I will go starkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way: for women are light

at midnight.

Re-enter Officers, with Isabella.

Escauls. Come on, mistress; here's a gentle

woman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the masque I spoke

of; here with the provost.

Escauls. In very good time: speak not you to

him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mummy.

Re-enter Duke, disguised as a friar, and Provost.

Escauls. Come, sir. Did you set these women

on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed

you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escauls. How know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let

the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.

Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escauls. The Duke's in us, and we will hear you

speak:

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O' poor souls,

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone?

Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,

Thus to retort your manifest appeal,

And put your trial in the villain's month.

Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the masque: this is he I spoke of.
Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice? Take him hence;
To the rack with him! We'll touse you joint by joint,
But we will know his purpose. What, 'unjust'!
Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, 'tis the strong
statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.
Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!
Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?
Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate: do you know me?
Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.
Lucio. O! did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?
Duke. Most notably, sir.
Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?
Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.
Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?
Duke. I protest I love the duke as I love myself.
Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasnable abuses.
Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal:
Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? Away with him to prison! Lay bolts enough upon him, let him speak no more! Away with these gigglots too, and with the other confederate companion.

The Provost lays hand on the Duke.

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.
Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh! sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying mascal, you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will not off?

Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that ever made a duke.
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.
To Lucio. Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.
Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. To Escalus. What have you spoke pardon; sit you down:
We'll borrow place of him. To Angelo. Sir
by your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.
Ang. O my dear lord!
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscoverable.
When I perceive your grace, like power divine
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good providence
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then and sequent death
Is all the grace I beg.

Say, wast thou o'er contracted to this woman
Ang. I was, my lord.
Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost
Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter,
Escalus, and Provost.

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his di
honour
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isab. Your friar is now your prince: as I was then Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O! give me pardo
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.
Duke. You are pardon'd, Isab.
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your hear
And you may marvel why I obsess'd myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rath
Make rash remembrance of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid!
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with his.
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it yo
comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.

Duke. For this new-married man approachi
here.
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake. But as he adjudg'd ye
brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!' Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure.
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
Then, Angelo, thy fault thus manifested,
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Duke. O my most gracious lord! I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband, desiring to the safeguard of your honour, hought your marriage fit; else imputation, that he knew you, might reproach your life, and chok'd your good to come. For his possessions, though by confiscation they are ours, I do instate and widow you withal, buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord! crave no other, nor no better man. Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege!—Kneeling.

Duke. You do but lose your labour, say with him to death! To Lucio. Now, sir, to you.

Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take me your knees, and all my life to come lend you all my life to do you service. Duke. Against all sense you do importune him. Lord, she kneel'd down in mercy of this fact, her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, her knee's hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel, sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me: Abd up your hands, say nothing. I'll speak all say, best men are moulded out of faults, for, the most become much more the better it being a little bad: so may my husband, Isabel! will you not lend a knee? Duke. He dies for Claudia's death.


ok, if it please you, on this man condemn'd, if my brother liv'd. I partly think the sincerity govern'd his deeds, he did look on: since it is so, him not die. My brother had but justice, that he did the thing for which he died: Angelo, act did not o'ertake his bad intent, d must be buried but as an intent at perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no subjects, ents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Surely, my lord. Dukc. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say, ave bethought me of another fault. 

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed? Pro. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office: go up your keys.

Pro. Pardon me, noble lord: I taught it was a fault, but knew it not, did repent me, after more advice; testimony whereof, one in the prison, it should by private order else have died, I have reserv'd alive.


Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise As you, Lord Angelo, have still app'red. Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood, And lack of temper'd judgment afterward. Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure; And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart That I crave death more willingly than mercy: 'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio muzzled, and Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine? Pro. This, my lord. Dukc. There was a friar told me of this man. Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul, That apprehends no further than this world, And squar's thy life according. Thou canst not demand;

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all, And pray thee take this mercy to provide For better times to come. Friar, advise him: I leave him to your hand. What muzzled fellow's that?

Pro. This is another prisoner that I saw'd, That should have died when Claudio lost his head, As like almost to Claudio as himself.

Unmuzzles Claudio.

Duke. To Isabella. If he be like your brother, for his sake Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake Give me your hand and say you will be mine, He is my brother too. But fitter time for that, By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe: Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye. Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well: Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours. I find an apt remission in myself, And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon. To Lucio. You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, One all of luxury, an ass, a madman: Wherein have I so deserve'd of you, That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after. Proclaim it, provost, round about the city. Is any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow, As I have heard him swear himself there's one Whom he begot with child, let her appear, And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd, Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a duke: good my lord, do not recom pense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her. Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison, And see our pleasure herein executed.
Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slaugtering a prince deserves it.

**Execut Officers with Lucio.**

She, Claudio, that you wound'd, look you restore.

Joy to you, Mariana! love her, Angelo:

I have confess'd her and I know her virtue.

Thanks, good friend Esclus, for thy much goodness:

There's more behind that is more gratulate.

Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:

We shall employ thee in a worthier place.

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:

The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,

I have a motion much imports your good;

Where'to if you'll a willing ear incline,

What's mine is yours and what is yours mine.

So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show

What's yet behind, that's meet you all shou know.

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**THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.**

**DRAMATIS PERSONAE.**

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.

ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, | Twin Brothers, Sons to
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, | Ægeon and Amilia.

DROMIO of Ephesus, | Twin Brothers, Attendants
DROMIO of Syracuse, | on the two Antipholuses.

BALTHAZAR, a Merchant.

ANGELO, a Goldsmith.

Gaolers, Officers, and other Attendants.

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse
A Merchant trading with Angelo.

PUNCH, a Schoolmaster.

EMILIA, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus
ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

LUCIANA, her Sister.

LUCÉ, Servant to Adriana.

A Courtisan.

**SCENE.—Ephesus.**

**ACT I.**

**SCENE I.—A Hall in the Duke's Palace.**

Enter Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.

I am not partial to infringe our laws:

The enmity and discord which of late

Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke

To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,

Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,

Have seal'd their rigorous statutes with their bloods,

Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.

For, since the mortal and intestine jars

Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,

It hath in solemn synods been decreed,

Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,

To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:

Nor, more, if any born at Ephesus

Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs;

Again, if any Syracusan born

Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,

His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;

Unless a thousand marks be levied,

To quit the penalty and to ransom him.

Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,

Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;

Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan; say in brief the cause

Why thou departedst from thy native home,

And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus,

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have be impos'd

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;

Yet, that the world may witness that my end

Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,

I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracusa was I born, and wed

Unto a woman, happy but for me,

And by me too, had not our hap been bad.

With her I liv'd in joy: our wealth increas'd

By prosperous voyages I often made

To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,

And the great care of goods at random left,

Drew me from kind embraces of my spou.

From whom my absence was not six months

Before herself, almost at fainting under

The pleasing punishment that women bear,

Had made provision for her following me,

And soon and safe arrived where I was.

There had she not been long but she became

A joyful mother of two goodly sons;

And, which was strange, the one so like the other

As could not be distinguishing'd but by names.

That very hour and in the self-same inn,

A meaner woman was deliver'd

Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.

Those, for their parents were exceeding poor

I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.

My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys

Made daily motions for our home return:

Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon

We came aboard.
league from Epidamnum had we sail'd, 
before the always-wind-obeying deep 
ave any tragic instance of our harm:
but longer did we not retain much hope;
or what obscured light the heavens did grant 
did but convey unto our fearful minds 
doubtful warrant of immediate death;
'Nch, though myself would gladly have embrac'd, 
et the incessant weepings of my wife, 
keeping before for what she saw must come, 
nd pitious plainings of the pretty babes, 
hat morn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear, 
rc'd me to seek delays for them and me. 
nd this it was, for other means was none: 
no sailors sought for safety by our boat, 
nd left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us; 
y wife, more careful for the latter-born, 
nd fasten'd him unto a small spare mast, 
ich as seafaring men provide for storms; 
nd one of the other twins was bound, 
'hist I had been like heedful of the other. 
ne children thus dispos'd, my wife and I, 
xing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd, 
sten'd ourselves at either end the mast; 
nd floating straight, obedient to the stream, 
ere carried towards Corinth, as we thought. 
length the sun, gaz ing upon the earth, 
ispers'd those vapours that offended us, 
nd by the benefit of his wished light 
seas wax'd calm, and we discovered 
vo ships from far making again to us; 
'd Corinth that, of Epidaurus this: 
nd ere they came,—O! let me say no more; 
ther the sequel by that went before. 
Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break 
sa; 
we may pity, though not pardon thee. 
Ege. O! if I had the gods done so, I had not now 
forthly term'd them merciless to us, 
nd, ere the ships could meet by twice five 
leagues, 
were encounter'd by a mighty rock; 
ich being violently borne upon, 
helpful ship was splitted in the midst; 
that in this unjust divorce of us 
time had left to both of us alike 
hat to delight in, what to sorrow for. 
er part, poor soul! seeming as burdened 
ith lesser weight, but not with lesser woe, 
as carried with more speed before the wind, 
nd in our sight they three were taken up; 
fishermen of Corinth, as we thought. 
length another ship had seiz'd on us; 
nd, knowing whom it was their hap to save, 
ave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd 
guests; 
nd would have rett the fishers of their prey, 
ad not their bark been very slow of sail; 
ad therefore homeward did they bend their 
course. 
hus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss, 
hat by misfortunes was my life prolong'd, 
tell sad stories of my own mishaps. 
Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrow-
est for, 
om the favour to dilate at full 
hat hath befall'n of them and thee till now. 
Ege. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care, 
ete eighteen years became inquisitive 
After his brother; and importun'd me 
That his attendant—so his case was like, 
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name— 
Might bear him company in the quest of him; 
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see, 
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd. 
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece, 
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia, 
nd, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus, 
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought 
Or that or any place that harbours men. 
But there must end the story of my life; 
And happy were I in my timely death, 
Could all my travells warrant me they live. 

Duke. Hapless Egeon, whom the fates have mark'd 
To bear the extremity of dire mishap! 
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws, 
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity 
Which princes, would they, may not disannul, 
My soul should sue as advocate for thee. 
But through thou art adjudged to the death, 
And passed sentence may not be recall'd 
But to our honour's great disparagement. 
Yet will I favour thee in what I can: 
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day 
To seek thy life by beneficial help: 
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus; 
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sun, 
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die, 
Gaoler, take him to thy custody. 

Goat. I will, my lord.

Ege. Hopeless and helpless doth Egeon wend, 
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. 

Scene II.—The Mart.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Merc. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum, 
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate. 
This very day, a Syracusan merchant 
Is apprehended for arrival here; 
And not being able to buy out his life, 
According to the statute of the town, 
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west. 
There is your money that I had to keep. 
Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host, 
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. 
Within this hour it will be dinner-time: 
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town, 
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings, 
And then return and sleep within mine inn, 
For with long travel I am stiff and weary. 
Get thee away. 

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word, 
And go indeed, having so good a mean. 

Exit. 

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft, 
When I am dull with care and melancholy, 
Lightens my humour with his merry jests. 
What, will you walk with me about the town, 
And then go to my inn and dine with me? 
Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants, 
Of whom I hope to make much benefit; 
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock. 
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart, 
And afterwards consort you till bed-time: 
My present business calls me from you now.
Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.  
Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.  
Exit.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late.
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach having broke your fast;  
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray
Are penitent for your default day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir. Tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O!—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now.
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come; these jests are out of season:
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir! why, you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner.
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both,
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress slave hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress a
the Phoenix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dine.
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What! wilt thou flout me thus unt my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave

S. Stripes him.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake hold your hands.
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or othe
The villain is o'errault of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd
That in such haste I sent to seek his master.
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dine.
Good sister, let us dine and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master, and, when they see time,
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out of door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O! know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls.
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwoe.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage be

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would be some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some oth where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd! no marvel thoug she pause:
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand? Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and at my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay; he told his mind upon mine ear, shrow his hand, I scarce could understand it. Luc. Speak he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too ill feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, at I scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home? seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain! Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner, I ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold; is dinner-time, quo'th I; 'my gold!' quo'th he: 'our neat doth burn,' quo'th I; 'my gold!' quo'th he: 'Wilt thou come home?' quo'th I; 'my gold!' quo'th he: 'where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?' he pig, quo'th I, 'is burn'd; 'my gold!' quo'th he: 'mistriss, sir, quo'th I; 'hang up thy mistrelss! now not thy mistress: out on thy mistrelss!'

Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master: 'know,' quo'th he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'

That my errand, due unto my tongue, hank him, I bear home upon my shoulders; or, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home? or God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:

'tween you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me, bat like a football you do spurn me thus? spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither: last in this service, you must case me in leather. Exit. Luc. Fie, how impatiently lowereth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace, Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit? if voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault; he's master of my state:

What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair;

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
And feeds from home: poor I am but his state.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie! beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere, Or else what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain:

Would that alone, alone he would detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed! I see, the jewel best enamelled

Will lose his beauty; and though gold hides still,

That others touch, yet often touching will,

Wear gold; and no man that hath a name,

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

Exeunt.

Scene II.—A public Place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.

By computation, and mine host's report,

I could not speak with Dromio since at first,

I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?

As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold?

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?

My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad, That thus so madly thou diest answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou diest deny the gold's receipt,

And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;

For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein: What mean'st this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

Beating him.

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do you for my fool and chat with you, 
Your sauciness will set upon my love, 
And make a common of my serious hours. 
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport, 
But creep in caverns when he hides his beams. 
If you will jest with me, know my aspect, 
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head and ensconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and, then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,

When, in the why and the wherefore is neither rime nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something, that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amend next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. If I drust have denied that, before you were so cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.
Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God, our cheer May answer my good will and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish, A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common, for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:

But though my mates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen!
Dro. S. Within. Mome, mait-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master: b them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, the we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if you garments were thin.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I'll break o the gate.

Dro. S. Within. Break any breaking her and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you sir, and words are but wind;

Ant. E. Go and break it in your face, so he break not behind.

Dro. S. Within. It seems thou wantest breaking: Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much 'out upon thee I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Within. Ay, when fowls have feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in. Go borrow m a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? maes mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a cro together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone: fetch me an ice crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O! let it not be so

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against ye

Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;

And about evening come yourself alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it,

And that supposed by the common rout

Against your yet ungalled estimation,

That may with foul intrusion enter in

And dwell upon your grave when you are dead

For slander lives upon succession,

For ever hounded where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart quiet.

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,

Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle:

There will we dine: this woman that I mean

My wife,—but, I protest, without desert,—

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:

To her will we to dinner. To Angelo. Go you home

And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis mad

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;

For there's the house: that chain will I besto

Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,
He gains by death that hath such means to die:  
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink.  
Luc. What! are you mad, that you do reason so?  
Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.  
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.  
Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.  
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.  
Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.  
Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.  
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.  
Luc. That's my sister.  
Ant. S. No;  
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;  
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;  
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,  
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.  
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.  
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.  
Thee will I love and with thee lead my life:  
Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife.  
Give me thy hand.  
Luc. O! soft, sir; hold you still:  
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.  

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse lastly.  
Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! wherunnest thou so fast?  
Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?  
Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.  
Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides myself.  
Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?  
Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.  
Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?  
Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast; not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.  
Ant. S. What is she?  
Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such as one as a man may not speak of without he say 'sir-reverence.' I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.  
Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?  
Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter; if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.  
Ant. S. What complexion is she of?  
Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; for why, she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.  
Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.  
Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A public Place.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know since Pentecost the sun is down
And since I have no much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll att'ch you by this officer.

Off. Even just the sum that I do owe to y
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain : at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house;
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPOHLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save: see where comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house,
I buy a rope's end, that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But soft! I see the goldsmith: Get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year,
I buy a rope!

Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusteth
you:
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long.
If it were chain'd together, and therefore end not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost strength.
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fastness.
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more.
Than I stand indebted to this gentleman:
I pray you see him presently discharge'd,
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.
Scene I. — The Comedy of Errors.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money. Besides, I have some business in the town. Food signor, take the stranger to my house, and with you take the chain, and bid my wife disburse the sum on the receipt thereof. 'Tis chance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have, or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain: both wind and tide stay for this gentleman, and I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dailiness to excuse our breach of promise to the Porpentine should have chid you for not bringing it, but, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me: the chain!

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come; you know I gave it you even now, either send the chain or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath, some, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dailiness, good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me or no: if not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it: consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation. Either consent to pay this sum for me, or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had! Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fée: arrest him, officer: would not spare my brother in this case, if he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail. But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear as all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus, for your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum that stays but till her owner comes aboard, and then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
My heart prays for him, though my tongue doth curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go: the desk! the purse! sweet now, make haste.

Inc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast. 30

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough:
A wolf, nay, Worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks and narrow lands:
A hound that runs counter and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. Exit Luciana.

This I wonder at;
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain. Do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back: that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes: if any hour meet a sergeant,
a turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and thief, and a sergeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio: there's the money, hear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—A public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnes;es
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for,
What have you got the picture of old Adam
new-apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam does thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise
But that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal: he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a bass-viol, in a case of leather: the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, give them a sob and rests them; he, sir, that takes pit-on decayed men and gives them suits of durance he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed and says 'God give you good rest!' 2

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery.
I there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to night; and then were you hindered by that sergeant to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The follow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtesan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, temp me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse. she is the devil's dam, and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say 'God damn me'; that's as much as to say 'God make me a light wench.' It is written they appear to men like angels of light: light:

And light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? we'll mendi

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-men or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon
that must eat with the devil.
Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping? thou art, as you are all, a sorceress: conjure thee to leave me and be gone. Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, for my diamond the chain you promised, and I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you. Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nails, rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, nut, a cherry-stone; at she, more covetous, would have a chain. faster, be wise: an if you give it her, he devil will shake her chain and fright us with it. Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain: hope you do not mean to cheat me so. Ant. S. Avant, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go. Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock; mistress, that you know.

**Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.**

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad, he would never so demean himself. ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, nd for the same he promised me a chain: oth one and other he denies me now. he reason that I gather he is mad, besides this present instance of his rage, a mad tale he told to-day at dinner, his own doors being shut against his entrance, like his wife, acquainted with his fits, a purpose shut the doors against his way. y way is now to hie home to his house, nd tell his wife, that, being lunatic, e rush'd into my house, and took perforc y ring away. This course I fittest choose, r forty ducats is too much to lose.

**SCENE IV.---A Street.**

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and the Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away: Il give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money, warrant thee, as I am rested for. y wife is in a wayward mood to-day, nd will not lightly trust the messenger. ant I should be attach'd in Ephesus, tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end. ere comes my man: I think he brings themoney, ow now, sir! have you that I sent you for? Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay em all.

Ant. E. But where's the money? Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave it for the rope. Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope? Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at a rate. Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee me? Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end I returned. Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. Beats him.

Off. Good sir, be patient.


Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain! Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows. Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass. Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he beats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar won't her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along: my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtezan, and PINCH.

Dro. E. Mistress, respect fines, respect your end; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'Beware the rope's end.'

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? Beats him.

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less. Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; Establish him in his true sense again, And I will please you what you will demand. Luc. Alas! how fiery and how sharp he looks. Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy! Pinch. Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. Stripes him. Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hons'd within this man, To yield possession to my holy prayers, And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight: I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven. Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad. Adr. O! that thou wert not, poor distressed soul. Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face Revel and feast it at my house to-day, Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut And I denied to enter in my house? Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home; Where would you had remain'd until this time, Free from these slanders and this open shame! Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou? Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home. Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out? Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street before an Abbey.

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder’d ye. But, I protest, he had the chain of me, Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteemed’er here in the cit? Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir, Of credit infinite, highly belov’d,

Second to none that lives here in the city:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor, And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it Good Master doctor, see him safe convey’d Home to my house. O most unhappy day! in Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter’d in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry ‘the devil!’

Luc. God help, poor souls! how idly do they, talk.

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me Execute PINCH and Assistants with ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but he did not.

Cour. When as your husband all in rage, to do Came to my house, and took away my ring, The ring I saw upon his finger now, Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it. Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier, drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again. Adr. And come with naked swords. Let call more help, To have them bound again.

Off. Away! they’ll kill a

Exeunt ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and Officer.

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of sword

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ra from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our staff from thence: I long that we were safe and sound aboard. Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they w surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us false, give us gold; methinks they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fie that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the tow Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

Exeunt.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil’d you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn’d you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did: my bones bear witness, That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is’t good to soothe him in these contraries? Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein, And yielding to him humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn’d the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you, By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;

But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went’st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I delivered it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness

That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistresses, both man and master is possessed:

I know it by their pale and deadly looks. They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth-to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv’d no gold;

But I confess, sir, that we were lock’d out.

Adr. Dissembling villain! thou speak’st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all, And art confederate with a damned pack

To make a lossthain abject scorn of me; But with these nails I’ll pluck out these false eyes That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Adr. O! bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company! the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me! poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Enter three or four, and bind ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

They bind DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer? Hast thou delight to see a wretched man Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go, The debt he owes will be requir’d of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck
hich he foresaw most monstrously to have,
and, sir, put me, I'll speak to him.

Dro. Sir, if you would put me to this shame and trouble;
I had not without some scandal to yourself,
the circumstance and oaths so to deny
his chain which now you wear so openly:
I did hoist sail and put to sea to-day.

Ang. You had of me: can you deny it?

Ant. Sir, I think I had: I never did deny it.

Mcr. Yes, that you did, sir, and foresware it too.

Ant. Sir, who heard me to it or foresware it?

Mcr. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.

Dro. Sir, we get within him, take his sword away:
and Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Adr. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house!

Adr. This we have been heavy, sad, sad.
And much different from the man he was;
it till this afternoon his passion
'te break into extremity of rage.

Adr. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck
of sea?

Adr. Aye, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Adr. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Adr. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it.
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Adr. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

Adr. It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Luc. Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy up-obrading.

Unquiet meals make ill digestion:
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred:
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Luc. Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,

And at their heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life!

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is then thy jealous fits

Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproach.

Good people, enter and lay hold on him.

Adr. No; not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Adr. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Luc. Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Adr. Dost not; nor will I let him stir.
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,

With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

To make of him a formal man again.

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order;

Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband here:

Adr. And ill doth beseech your holiness

To separate the husband and the wife.

Adr. Be quiet and depart; thou shalt not have him.

Exit. Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,

Luc. By this, I think, the dial points at five:

Luc. I'm sure, the duke himself in person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
Enter Duke attended; Ægeon bare-headed; with the Healdsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly, \(193\)
If any friend will pay the sun for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbeys!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady: It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus,
my husband,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters, this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desperately he hurried through the street,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he, \(141\)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himself, \(159\)
Each one with irdel passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again and madly bent on us
Chas'd us away, till raising of more aid
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in
my wars,
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.

Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistresst mistress! shift and save yourself.

My master and his man are both broke loose,
Bitten the maids a-row and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaze'd they threw on him
Great pads of pudd'll mire to quench the hair.

My master praches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are
here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you and vows, if he can take you,
To scourch your face and to disfigure you.

Cry within
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing
Guard with halberds!

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke! O! grant me justice,
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestriid thee in the wars and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Adr. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That had abused and dishonour'd me.

Even in the strength and height of injury! \(24\)
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er'may I look on day, or sleep on night
But she tells to your highness simple truth! \(21\)

Adr. O perjurd woman! They are both for sworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them!

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say:
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then; \(22\)

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman,
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
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of vile confederates: along with them they brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain, mere anatomy, a mountebank, thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller. needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch, living-dead man. This pernicious slave, orsooth, took on him as a conjurer, and gazin in mine eyes, feeling my pulse, nd with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me, ries out, I was possess'd. Then all together hey fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence, nd in a dark and dankish vault at home here left me and my man, both bound together; ill, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder, gain'd my freedom, and immediately an hither to your grace, whom I beseech! to give me ample satisfaction or these deep shames and great indignities.

Ant. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him, that he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no? Ant. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here, these people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine card you confess you had the chain of him after you first forswore it on the mart; nd thereupon I drew my sword on you; nd then you fled into this abbey here, rom whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls, or ever didst thou draw thy sword on me: never saw the chain, so help me heaven! this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this! think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.

here you houn'sd him, here he would have been; he were mad, he would not plead so coldly; ou say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here enies that saying. Sirrah, what say you? Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cuir. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here? Cuir. Ass'ure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither. think you are all mated or stark mad.

Exit an Attendant.

Ant. E. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word.
uply I see a friend will save my life, id pay the sum that may deliver me.


Ant. E. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus, id is not that your bondman, Dromio? Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir; he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords: now am I Dromio and his man unbound.

Ant. E. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you; lately we were bound, as you are now.

Ant. E. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Ant. E. O! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last, And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand, Have written strange adventures in my face: But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice? Ant. E. Neither.

Ant. E. Dromio, nor thou? Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ant. E. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ant. E. Not my knowe voice! O time's extremity, Hast thou so crack'd and splintered my poor tongue In seven short years, that here my only son Knows not my feeble key of untim'd cares? Though now this grained face of mine be hid In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow, And all the conduits of my blood froze up, Yet hath my night of life some memory, My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left, My dull deaf ears a little use to hear: All these old witnesses, I cannot err, Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Ant. E. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy, Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son, Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke and all that know me in the city Can witness with me that it is not so: I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years Have I been patron to Antipholus,

During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:

I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracusa and Dromio of Syracusa.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd. All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;

And so of these. Which is the natural man, And which the spirit? who decipher the same? Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Augeon art thou not? or else his ghost? Dro. S. O! my old master; who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds, And gain a husband by his liberty.

Speak, old Augeon, if thou be'st the man That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia, That bore thee at a burden two fair sons. O! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak, And speak unto the same Æmilia.

Ant. E. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.

If thou art she, tell me where is that son That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he and I, And the twin Dromio, all were taken up: But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth By force took Dromio and my son from them, And me they left with those of Epidamnum. What then became of them I cannot tell; I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right;
This two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea; 369
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which
is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious
lord.
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most
famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle. 369
Aed. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Aed. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. To Luciana. What I
told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Aed. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Aed. I think I did, sir: I deny it not. 378
Aed. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father
here.
Duke. It shall not need: thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for
my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned duke, vouche'safe to take the
pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
My heavy burden ne'er delivered.
The duke, my husband, and my children both.
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and joy with me
After so long grief such festivity!
Duke. With all my heart I'll gossip at this feast
Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Egeon, Courtesan,
Merchant, Angelo, and Attendant
Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
shipboard?
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast the
embark'd?
Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir,
the Centaur.
Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master.
Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him
Exeunt Antipholus of Syracuse, Antipholus
of Ephesus, Adriana and Lucian
Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's
house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
Dro. S. Methinks, you are my glass, and my
brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: then,
lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother,
And now let's go hand in hand not one before
another.  
Exeunt
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Aragon.
DON JOHN, his bastard Brother.
CLAUDIO, a young Lord of Florence.
BENEDICK, a young Lord of Padua.
LEONATO, Governor of Messina.
ANTONIO, his Brother.
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Don Pedro.
BORACHIO, \{ Followers of Don John.
MESSengers, Watch, Attendants.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's House.

LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others, with a Messenger.

LEON. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Aragon comes this night to Messina.

MESS. He is very near this: he was not seen leagues off when I left him.

LEON. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

MESS. But few of any sort, and none of name.

LEON. A victory is twice itself when the clever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on young Florentine called Claudio.

MESS. Much deserved on his part and equally merited by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath deed better bettered expectation than you expect of me to tell you how.

LEON. He hath an uncle here in Messina will very much glad of it.

MESS. I have already delivered him letters, and ere appears much joy in him; even so much at joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

LEON. Did he break out into tears?

MESS. In great measure.

LEON. A kind overflow of kindness. There are faces truer than those that are so washed: what much better is it to weep at joy than to y weep at weep!

BEAT. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

MESS. I know none of that name, lady; there as none such in the army of any sort.

LEON. What is he that you ask for, niece?

HERO. My cousin means Signior Benedick of adu.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

M. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

B. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

M. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

B. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

M. I will hold friends with you, lady.

B. Do, good friend.

L. You will never run mad, niece.

B. No, not till a hot January.

M. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and others.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

L. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace, for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

L. Her mother hath many times told me so.

B. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

L. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

B. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

B. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

B. What! my dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living?

B. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

B. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

B. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

B. God keep your ladyship still in that mind; so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

B. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

B. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

B. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

B. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But kee your way, i' God's name; I have done.

B. You always end with a jade's trick: know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick, my dearest friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain you longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

L. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. To Don John. Let me bid you we come, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of man words, but I thank you.

L. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.

C. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

B. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

C. Is she not a modest young lady?

B. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, a being a professed tyrant to their sex?

C. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

B. Why, I faith, methinks she's too lo for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being another but as she is, I do not like her.

C. Thou art wiser than I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

B. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

C. Can the world buy such a jewel?

B. Yea, and a case to put it into. Do you speak this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hurt finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

C. In mine eye she is the sweetest lad that ever I looked on.

B. I can see yet without spectacles and see no such matter: there's her cousin, and she were not possessed with a fury, exceedeth her much in beauty as the first of May doth till last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

C. I would scarce trust myself, though had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

B. Is't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his eye with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an the wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, we print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here that you followed not to Leonato's?

B. I would your grace would construe it to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.
Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be as crafty as a damned man; I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance: he is in love. With who? now that your grace's part. Mark how short his answer: with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered. Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: 'tis not nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord. D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought. Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be wed nor know how she should be worthy, is no opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I'll die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank: for that she brought me up, I likewise give most humble thanks: but that I will have re cheat winded in my forehead, or hang my gle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall do me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the hurt to trust none; and the fine is, for the fish I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee ere I die, look pale love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with grief, my lord; not with love: prove that ever the more blood with love than I will get again in drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-ker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a heel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from thy faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat; I shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try: time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the siblile Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead; and let me vilely painted, and in such great letters as you write 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them slyly under my sign 'Here you may see Benedict the married man.'

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou shalt be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his arrow in Venice, thou wilt quaver for this shortly. Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporise with theirs. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, air to Leonato's: commend me to him and him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: from my house, if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly based on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you.

Exit. 233

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O! my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand

Than to drive liking to the name of love;

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thro'ning soft and delicate desires,

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,

Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently, And tire the hearer with a book of words.

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,

And I will break with her, and with her father,

And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,

That know love's grief by his complexion!

But lest my liking might too sudden seem,

I would have sal'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.

Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest.

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have reveling to-night:

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then after to her father will I break;

And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.

In practice let us put it presently.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—A Room in LEONATO's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, meeting.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dream not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-
pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it.

Several persons cross the stage.

Cousins, you know what you have to do. O! I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea; but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any; in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper the prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroth himself to unquietness?

Bora. Merry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio.

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, at who? which way looks he?

Bora. Merry, on Hero, the daughter and he of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! He came you to this!

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince, and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference. I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard agreed upon that the prince should woo He for himself, and having obtained her, give it to Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come; let us thither: 'tis may prove food to my displeasure. That you start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: I can cross him any way, I bless myself eke way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: the cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Woe the cook were of my mind! Shall we go pro what's to be done?

Bora. We 'll wait upon your lordship.

Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE and others.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tardy that gentleman looks! never can see him but I am heart-burned hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy dispositi- Beat. He were an excellent man that were in just in the midway between him and Benedick the one is too like an image, and says nothing and the other too like my lady's eldest son evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Sigior Benedick's tongue Count John's mouth, and half Count John's malady in Sigior Benedick's face.—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a cou- get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never thea husband, if thou beso showd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curt.

Beat. Too curt is more than curt: I sti lessen God's sending that way; for it is so: 'God sends a curt cow short horns'; but a cow so curt he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curt, God will stri you no horns!

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for
rich blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure husband with a beard on his face: I had rather
in the woollen.
Leon. You may light on a husband that hath
beard.
Beat. What should I do with him? dress him
my apparel and make him my waiting-gentle-
man? He that hath a beard is more than a
thug, and he that hath no beard is less than a
man; and he that is more than a youth is not for
me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for
you; therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest
the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell. 42
Leon. Well then, you go into hell?
Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the
ill meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns
his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice,
be ye part of heaven; here’s no place for you
kids': so deliver I up my apes, and away to
int Peter for the heavens; he shows me
where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as
an e day is long. 51
Ant. To Hero. Well, niece, I trust you will be
led by your father.
Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin’s duty to make
urtes, and say ‘Father, as it please you’: you have
yet for all that, cousin, let him be a hand-
me fellow, or else make another courtesy, and
say ‘Father, as it please me.’
Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day
ted with a husband.
60
Beat. Not till God make men of some other
star than earth. Would it not grieve a woman
be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust?
make an account of her life to a clog of way-
ward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam’s sons
are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to
be such in my kindred.
Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you:
the prince do solicit you in that kind, you
how your answer.
70
Beat. The fault will be in the usucous, cousin,
you be not wooded in good time: if the prince
too important, tell him there is measure in
every thing, and so dance out the answer. For
ar me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting,
as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace:
e first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig,
d full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-
dest, as a measure, full of state and ancient;
d’then comes repentance, and, with his bad
gs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster,
I sink into his grave. 82
Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewly.
Beat. I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a
urch by daylight.
Leon. The revelers are entering, brother:
ake good room!

**Act I.**

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. 111

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your
end?

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

\[D. Pedro.\] I may say so, when I please.

\[D. Pedro.\] And when please you to say so?

\[Hero.\] When I like your favour; for God de-
defend the lute should be like the case!

\[D. Pedro.\] My visor is Philemon’s roof; within
the house is Jove.

\[Hero.\] Why then, your visor should be thatched.

\[D. Pedro.\] Speak low, if you speak love.

\[Takes her aside.\]

\[Balth.\] Well, I would you did like me.

\[Mary.\] So would not I, for my own sake; for
I have many ill qualities.

\[Balth.\] Which is one?

\[Mary.\] I say my prayers aloud.

\[Balth.\] I love you the better: the hearers may
cry, Amen.

\[Mary.\] God match me with a good dancer!

\[Balth.\] Amen.

\[Mary.\] And God keep him out of my sight
when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

\[Balth.\] No more words: the clerk is answered.

\[Urs.\] I know you well enough: you are Signior
Antonio.

\[Ant.\] At a word, I am not.

\[Urs.\] I know you by the wagging of your head.

\[Ant.\] To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

\[Urs.\] You could never do him so ill-well, unless
you were the very man. Here’s his dry hand up
and down: you are he, you are he.

\[Ant.\] At a word, I am not.

\[Urs.\] Come, come; do you think I do not know
you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide
itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will
appear, and there’s an end.

\[Beat.\] Will you not tell me who told you so?

\[Bene.\] No, you shall pardon me.

\[Beat.\] Nor will you not tell me who you are?

\[Bene.\] Not now.

\[Beat.\] That I was disdainful, and that I had
my good wit out of the ‘Hundred Merry Tales.’
Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

\[Bene.\] What’s he?

\[Beat.\] I am sure you know him well enough.

\[Bene.\] Not I, believe me.

\[Beat.\] Did he never make you laugh?

\[Bene.\] I pray you, what is he?

\[Beat.\] Why, he is the prince’s jester: a very
dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible
slander: none but libertines delight in him;
and the commendation is not in his wit, but in
his villany; for he both pleases men and angers
them, and then they laugh at him and beat him.
I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had
boarded me!

\[Bene.\] When I know the gentleman, I’ll tell
him what you say.

\[Beat.\] Do, do: he’ll but break a comparison or
two on me; which, peradventure not marked
or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy;
and then there’s a partridge wing saved, for the
fool will eat no supper that night. Music within.
We must follow the leaders.

\[Bene.\] In every good thing.

\[Beat.\] Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave
them at the next turning.

Dance. Then exeunt all but Don John,
Borachio, and Claudio.

\[D. John.\] Sure my brother is amorous on Hero,
and hath withdrawn her father to break with
him about it. The ladies follow her and but
one visor remains.
Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

Exeunt Don John and BORACHIO.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer’s chain; or under your arm, like a lieutenant’s scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that’s spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strive like the blind man: ‘twas the boy that stole your meat, and you’ll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I’ll leave you. Exit.

Bene. Alas! poor hurt fowl. Now will he creep into sedges. But that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince’s fool! Ha! it may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base though bitter disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I’ll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, Signior, where’s the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren. I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsoken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What’s his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird’s nest shows it its companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod might have bestowed on you, who, as I take I have stolen his bird’s nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, a restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quart to you: the gentleman that danced with me told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O! she misused me past the endurace of a block; an oak but with one green leaf or would have answered her: my visor beg to assume life and scold with her. She told not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince’s jester; that I was duller than a grathaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting me. She speaks poniards, and every word staid if her breath were as terrible as her termination there were no living near her; she would inf to the north star. I would not marry her, thou she were endowed with all that Adam had him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and he left his club to make the fire too. Come, is not of her; you shall find her the infernal in good apparel. I would to God some sorrows would conjure her, for certainly, while she here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose because they would go thither; so indeed, all disquise horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Look! here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service in the world’s end? I will go on a slightest errand now to the Antipodes that can devise to send me on: I will fetch you your toothpick now from the furthest inch of Asia bring you the length of Prester John’s for fetch you a hair of the Great Cham’s beard; you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather the hold three words’ conference with this hare.

You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here’s a dish I love not cannot endure my Lady Tongue.

E. D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have in the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhi, and I gave him use for it, a double heart in his single one: marry, once before he won it me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, if you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, lord, lest I should prove the mother of fo
have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor easy, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange; id something of that jealons complection.

D. Pedro. I faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I’ll be sworn, if he be so, his accent is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in my name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke it her father, and his good will obtained; name she day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and it her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: were but little happy, if I could say how much. Jill, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you and dole upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his oath with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry art.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it brows on the windy side of care. My cousin takes him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so sheoth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes ere one to the world but I, and I am sun-nit. I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father’s thing. Hath your grace ne’er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a id could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another working-days; your grace is too costly to ar every day. But, I beseech your grace, ron me; I was born to speak all mirth and matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and be merry best becomes you; for, out of ques-nam, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; t then there was a star danced, and under at was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I id you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace’s rdon.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited ly.

Leon. There’s little of the melancholy element her, my lord: she is never sad but when she eps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard daughter say, she hath often dreamed of happiness and walked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of husband.

Leon. O! by no means; she mocks all her eyes out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for nedick.

Leon. O Lord! my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules’ labours, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights’ watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhope-fullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

Exit.

SCENE II.—Another Room in Leonato’s House.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so: the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yeaa, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in dis-pleasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.


Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady’s chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio, whose estimation do you mightly hold up, to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?
Scene III.—Leonato’s Orchard.

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Boy! Enter a Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee here, and here again. Exit Boy.

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviour to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him: but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour: and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography: his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange díshes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not; I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster: but I’ll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that’s certain; wise, or I’ll none; virtuous, or I’ll never cheapen her; fair, or I’ll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or no I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour I please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love I will hide me in the arbour. Withdraw.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio, followed by Balthazar and Musicians.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music? Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still th’ evening is, As hush’d on purpose to grace harmony! D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hit himself? Claud. O’ very well, my lord: the music ende. We’ll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we’ll hear the song again.

Balth. O! good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellence, To put a strange face on his own perfection. I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing Since many a woorer doth commence his suit. To her heart thinks not worthy; yet he wooes, Yet will he swear he loves...

D. Pedro. Now, pray thee, come Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes; There’s not a note of mine that’s worth th’ noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchetts th’ he speaks.

Note, note, forsooth, and nothing! Music. Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished. Is it not strange that sheeps’ guts should he souls out of men’s bodies? Well, a horn tor a money, when all’s done.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more, Men were deceivers ever, One foot in sea, and one on shore, To one thing constant never. Then sigh not so, But let them go, And be you blithe and bonny, Converting all your sounds of woe Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more, Of dumps so dull and heavy; The fraud of men was ever so, Since summer first was leavy. Then sigh not so, But let them go, And be you blithe and bonny, Converting all your sounds of woe Into Hey nonny, nonny.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no; faith, thou sing well enough for a shift.

Bene. An he had been a dog that should b howled thus, they would have hanged him; I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief, had as lief have heard the night-raven, or what plague could have come after it.
D. Pedro. Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent aspic; for to-morrow night we would have it the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell.

Exeunt Balthazar and Musicians.

D. Pedro. Pray thee, where is Leonato? I told thee to-day, that thy niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick. 30

Claud. O! ay. Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl's I did never think that lady would have red any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful at she should do so on Signior Benedick, for the love she hath in all outward behaviours seemed to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell at to think of it but that she loves him with enraged affection: it is past the infinite of ought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit. There was never unquiet of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well: this fish'll bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit up; you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amazed I would have thought her spirit had been incible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; socially against Benedick.

I. I should think this a guilt, but that the bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath taken the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's torment.

Iaud. 'Tis true indeed; so your daughters: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft entered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty nghts, and there will she sit in her smock she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter 30 35 40 45

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

I. When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice beeing the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand frappes; raged herself that she should be so modest to write to one that she knew would not her: 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own \*\*; for should thou find him, if he write to me; I, though I love him, I should.'

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, stops, sobes, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O! my lord, wisdom and blood combatting in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daffed all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will hate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsover it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? Dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage,
and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show.

Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

_Exit DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONAT0._

_Bene._ Advancing from the armour. This can be no trick: the conference was badly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be required. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair: 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous: 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some old quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

_Enter BEATRICE._

_Beat._ Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

_Bene._ Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

_Beat._ I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

_Bene._ You take pleasure then in the message?

_Beat._ Ye, just as much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. _Exit._

_Bene._ Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;' there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me;' that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. _Exit._

**ACT III.**

**SCENE I.—LEONATO'S GARDEN.**

_Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA._

_Hero._ Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour; There shall thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the prince and Claudio: Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us, And bid her steal into the pleached bower, Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride

Against that power that vex'd it. There will I hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office; Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

_Mary._ I'll make her come, I warrant ye, presently.

_Hero._ Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick: When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit My talk to thee must be how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay.

_Enter BEATRICE, behind._

Now begin;
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, run Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

_Urs._ The pleasant'st angling is to see the Cut-with-her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait, So angle we for Beatrice; who even now Is couched in the woodbine overture. Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

_Hero._ Then go we near her, that her ear be nothing Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; I know her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock.

_Urs._ But are you sure That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

_Hero._ So says the prince, and my new-told lord.

_Urs._ And did they bid you tell her oft madam?

_Hero._ They did entreat me to acquaint it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick To wish him wrestle with affection, And never to let Beatrice know of it.

_Urs._ Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman Deserve as full as fortunate a bed As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

_Hero._ O god of love! I know he doth deserve As much as may be yielded to a man; But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, Misprising what they look on, and her wit Values itself so highly, that to her All matter else seems weak. She cannot loor Take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-endured.

_Urs._ Sure, I think so; And therefore certainly it were not good She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

_Hero._ Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man, How wise, how noble, young, how rarely feared, But she would spell him backward: if fair-fair, She would swear the gentleman should be his sister; If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance-ill-headed If low, an agate very vilely cut; If speaking, why, a vane blown with all wind
silent, why, a block moved with none.

turns she every man the wrong side out,

d never gives to truth and virtue that
ish simplicity and merit purchase.

70

Yet, sure, such carping is not commendable.

75

No, not to be so odd and from all

fashions

Beatrice is; cannot be commendable.

90

who dare tell her so? If I should speak,

would mock me into air: O! she would

laugh me

of myself, press me to death with wit.

before let Benedick, like cover’d fire,

sume away in sighs, waste inwardly:

were a better death than die with mocks,

is as bad as die with tickling.

80

Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

90

No; rather I will go to Benedick,

counsel him to fight against his passion.

100

I, truly, I’ll devise some honest slanders

stain my counsel with. One doth not know

much an ill word may empoison liking.

O! do not your counsel such a wrong;

cannot be so much without true judgment,

ving so swift and excellent a wit

she is priz’d to have, as to refuse

are a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

105

He is the only man of Italy,

ways excepted my dear Claudio.

110

pray you, be not angry with me, madam,

aking my fancy: Signior Benedick,

shape, for bearing, argument and valour,

is foremost in report through Italy.

Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

120

His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.

en or are you married, madam?

125

Why, every day, to-morrow. Come,

go in:

show thee some attires, and have thy counsel

ach is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

She’s lim’d, I warrant you: we have

caught her, madam.

135

If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:

ie Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

Exit Hero and Ursula.

145

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

and I condemn’d for pride and scorn so much?

attempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

a glory lives behind the back of such.

Benedick, love on; I will require thee,

aming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

bewost love, my kindness shall incite thee to

bind our loves up in a holy band;

others say thou dost deserve, and I

ev it better than reportedly.

Exit.

Scene II.—A Room in Leonato’s House.

Pedro, Claudio, Benedict, and

Leonato.

Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be

summate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I’ll bring you thither, my lord, if

I vouchsafe me.

Pedro. Nay; that would be as great a soil

he new gloss of your marriage, as to show a

d his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I

will only be bold with Benedick for his company;

for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his

foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut

Cupid’s bow-string, and the little hangman dare

not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a

bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what

his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there’s no true
drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with

love. If he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it

afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but

he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy

in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to

strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day,

a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two

countries at once, as, a German from the waist

downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip

upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to

this folly, as it appears he hath, he is no fool

for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman,

there is no believing old signs: a’ brushes his

hat o’ mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the

barber’s?

Claud. No, but the barber’s man hath been

seen with him, and the old ornament of his

cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did,

by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a’ rubs himself with civet;

can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That’s as much as to say, the sweet

youth’s in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his

melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the

which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is

now crept into a lute-string, and now governed

by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for

him. Conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant,

one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in

despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face

upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.

Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied

eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which

these hobby-horses must not hear.

Exit Benedick and Leonato.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him

about Beatrice,
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!
D. Pedro. Good den, brother.
D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.
D. Pedro. In private?
D. John. If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.
D. Pedro. What's the matter?
D. John. To Claudio. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?
D. Pedro. You know he does.
D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.
Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.
D. John. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!
D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?
D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.
Claud. Who? Hero?
D. John. Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.
Claud. Disloyal?
D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.
Claud. May this be so?
D. Pedro. I will not think it.
D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.
Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.
D. Pedro. And, as I woud for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.
D. John. I will disparage her no further till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.
D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!
Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting! I
D. John. O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—A Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?
Verg. Yon, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance on them, being chosen for the prince's watch.
Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desert man to be constable?

First Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or Goe Seacoal, for they can write and read.
Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. O God, have you with you a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

Second Watch. Both which, Master constable—
Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, God thanks, and make no boat of it; and in your writing and reading, let that appear which there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for constable of the watch; therefore bear you no lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrorn men; you are to bid any stand, in the prince's name.

Watch. How if a' will not stand?
Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.
Verg. If he will not stand when he is bid, he is none of the prince's subjects.
Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with me but the prince's subjects. You shall also note no noise in the streets: for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable and not too endured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunket them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?
Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the best answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well, sir.
Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; if, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, all we not lay hands on him?
Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but think they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do find a thief, is to let him show himself what he is a steal out of your company.
Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.
Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my bell much more a man who hath any honesty in him.
Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?
Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and leave...
child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Very. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Very. Nay, by 'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, he watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Very. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night; there be any matter of weighty chances, call me up. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: at us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I ray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; or the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great cool to-night. Adieu; be vigilant, I exeex you. 

Excunc DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE. 

Bora. What, Conrade! 


Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought wise would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this p unstee for it dripples rain, and I will, like a true uncard, utter all to thee. 

Watch. Aside. Some treason, masters; yet close.

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when villains have need of poor ones, poor ones ay make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, a cloak, is nothing to a man. 

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the oil. But seest thou not what a deformed thief is fashion is!

Watch. Aside. I know that Deformed; 'tis has en a vile thief this seven year; 'tis goes up and van like a gentleman; I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No: 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief is fashion is! how giddily 'a' turns about the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and- thirty sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's idlers in the rocky painting; sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window; sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leaves me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely;—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thoughtst thou Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over night, and send her home again without a husband.

First Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, stand!

Second Watch. Call up the right Master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him, 'tis wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters!

Second Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—First Watch. Never speak; we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you, Come, we'll obey you. 

Excunc.

Scene IV. A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise. 

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither, 

Urs. Well. Exit. 

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this. 

Marg. By my troth's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tare within excellently, if they were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O! that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, 's but a night gown in
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[ACT II]

respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and
laced with silver, set with pearls down sleeves,
side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with
a blush tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful,
and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

_Hero._ God give me joy to wear it! for my
heart is exceeding heavy.

_Mary._ 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight
of a man.

_Hero._ Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

_Mary._ Of what, lady? of speaking honourably?
Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not
your lord honourable without marriage? I think
you would have me say, 'saving your reverence,
a husband': an bad thinking do not wret true
speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm
in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think,
an it be the right husband and the right wife;
otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my
Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

_Enter Beatrice._

_Hero._ Good morrow, coz.

_Beat._ Good morrow, sweet Hero.

_Hero._ Why, how now? do you speak in the
sick time?

_Beat._ I am out of all other tune, methinks.

_Mary._ Clap us into 'Light o' love': that goes
without a burtin: do you sing it, and I'll
dance it.

_Beat._ Ye light o' love, with your heels! then,
if your husband have stable enough, you'll see
he shall lack no barns.

_Mary._ O illegitimate construction! I scorn
that with my heels.

_Beat._ 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin: 'tis time
you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding
ill. Heigh-ho!

_Mary._ For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

_Beat._ For the letter that begins them all, H.

_Mary._ Well, an you be not turned Turk,
there's no more sailing by the star.

_Beat._ What means the fool, trow?

_Mary._ Nothing I; but God send every one
their heart's desire!

_Hero._ These gloves the count sent me; they
are an excellent perfume.

_Beat._ I am studded, cousin, I cannot smell.

_Mary._ A maid, and stuffed! 'tis goodly
catching of cold.

_Beat._ O, God help me! God help me! how
long have you professed apprehension?

_Mary._ Ever since you left it. Doth not my
wit become me rarely?

_Beat._ It is not seen enough, you should wear
it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

_Mary._ Get you some of this distilled Carduus
Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the
only thing for a qualm.

_Hero._ There thou prickest her with a thistle.

_Beat._ Benedictus! why Benedictus! you have
some mortal in this Benedictus.

_Mary._ Moral! no, by my troth, I have no
moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle.
You may think, perchance, that I think you are
in love; nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to
think what I list: nor I list not to think what
I can; nor indeed, I cannot think, if I would
think my heart out of thinking, that you are in
love, or that you will be in love, or that you can
be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, as
now is he become a man: he swore he would
never marry; and yet now, in despite of his
heart, he eats his meat without grudging: at
how you may be converted, I know not, but
methinks you look with your eyes as other
women do.

_Beat._ What pace is this that thy tongue keep
_Mary._ Not a false gallop.

_Re-enter Ursula._

_Urs._ Madam, withdraw: the prince, the con-
Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the galla-
of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

_Hero._ Help to dress me, good coz, good M-
good Ursula.

_Exeunt._

SCENE V.—Another Room in LEONATOS'S Hou-

Enter LEONATOS, with DOGBERRY and VER-

Leon. What would you with me, hon-
neighbour?

_Doeg._ Marry, sir, I would have some confide-
with you, that decerns you nearly.

_Leon._ Brief, I pray you; for you see it is
busy time with me.

_Doeg._ Marry, this it is, sir.

_Verg._ Yes, in truth it is, sir.

_Leon._ What is it, my good friends?

_Doeg._ Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little
the matter; an old man, sir, and his wits not
so blunt; as, God help, I would desire the
were; but, in faith, honest as the skin betwixt
his brows.

_Verg._ Yes, I thank God I am as honest as
man living that is an old man and no honest
than I.

_Doeg._ Comparisons are odorous: palpable
neighbour Verges.

_Leon._ Neighbours, you are tedious.

_Doeg._ It pleases your worship to say so; we
are the poor duke's officers; but, truly,
mine own part, if I were as tedious as a kind
I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your
worship.

_Leon._ All thy tediousness on me? ha!

_Doeg._ Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound me
than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your
worship, as of any man in the city, and thought
be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

_Verg._ And so am I.

_Leon._ I would fain know what you have to

_Doeg._ Marry, sir, our watch to-night, except
your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple
of arrant knives as any in Messina.

_Doeg._ A good old man, sir; he will be talkin
as they say, 'When the age is in, the wit is
God help us! it is a world to see!' Well said:
faith, neighbour Verges: well, God's a good
man; an two men ride of a horse, one in front
ride behind. An honest soul, 't faith, sir: my
troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God's to
be worshipped: all men are not alike; a good
neighbour.

_Leon._ Indeed; neighbour, he comes too so-
y much of you.

_Doeg._ Gifts that God gives.

_Leon._ I must leave you.

_Doeg._ One word, sir. Our watch, sir, I
indeed comprehended two aspicious persons,
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Inside of a Church.

Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, etc.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief: only to plain form of marriage, and you shall recount particular duties afterwards.

Claud. You come hither, my lord, to marry this?

Leon. No. To be married to her, friar; you come marry her.

Claud. Lady, you come hither to be married to count?

Leon. None, my lord.

Claud. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer; none.

Claud. O! what men dare do! what men may what men daily do, not knowing what they do! How now! Interjections! Why then, be of laughing, as, ah! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave: you with free and unconstrained soul me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

Leon. Take her back again: not this rotten orange to your friend, but the sign and semblance of her honour. And how like a maid she blushes here, what authority and show of truth cunning sin cover itself withal.

Claud. Is not that blood as modest evidence To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear, All you that see her, that she were a maid, By these exterior shows? But she is none: She knows the heat of a luxurious bed; Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married, Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton:

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof, Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity—

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her.

You'll say she did embrace me as a husband, And so extenuate the forehand sin:

No, Leonato, I never tempted her with word too large; But, as a brother to his sister, show'd Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb, As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown: But you are more intemperate in your blood Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak? I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother? Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter, And, by that fatherly and kindly power That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset! What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name, Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero: Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue. What man was he talk'd with you yesternight Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one? Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden, Leonato?

I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour, Myself, my brother, and this grieved count, Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night, Talk with a Russian at her chamber-window: Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain, Confess'd the vile encounters they have had. A thousand times in secret,
Much Ado About Nothing.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady, I
am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed 101
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart.
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impurity, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.
Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
     Hero swoons.
Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink
     you down?
D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come
     thus to light.
Smother her spirits up.

Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and
Claudio.

Ben. How doth the lady?
Beat. Dead, I think: help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick!
Friar!
Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand:
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.
Beat. How now, cousin Hero!
Fri. Have comfort, lady.
Leon. Dost thou look up?
Fri. Yea; wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy
shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grie'd I, had I but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O! one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who smirch'd thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, 'No part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O! she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh.

Ben. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so affili'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.
Beat. O! on my soul, my cousin is belied.
Ben. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Beat. No, truly not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O! that is
stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness
Wash'd it with tears! Hence from her, her lend me a
Fri. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent
shames
In angel whiteness beat away those bluses;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be. 17
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of porjury: she not denies it.
Why seest thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?
Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Heroes. They know that do accuse me, I know
none.
If I know more of any man alive
Than that maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father! is
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature.
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
Fri. There is some strange misprision in the
princes.
Ben. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits till in frame of villanies.
Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of
her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Fri. Pause awhile, 2
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
Leon. What shall become of this? what will
this do?
Fri. Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travell look for greater birth.

She dying, as it must be so main'tain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd.
Of every hearer; for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost.

Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudia:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicacy and full of life.
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed: then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accus'd her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likeliness.

But if all aim but this be level'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her inflamy:
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life.
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudia,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Fri. 'Tis well consented: presently away,
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

Execut Friar, Hero, and Leonato.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason: I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin
Is wronged.

Beat. Ah! how much might the man deserve
Of me that would right her.

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well
as you: is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It
Were as possible for me to say I loved nothing
so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I
lie not: I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.
I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me: and

I will make him eat it that says I love not
you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it.
I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour:
I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart
That none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudia.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world,

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here: there is

no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than
fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudia thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain,
That hath slandered, scorn'd, dishonoured my
kinswoman? O! that I were a man. What!

Beat. Why, in hand until they come to take hands,

Beat. And then with public accusation, uncovered
shander, unmitigated rancour,—O God! that I

were a man. I would eat his heart in the market-
place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! A
proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is

shandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat.—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely
testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfed; a
sweet gallant, surely! O! that I were a man

Beat. For his sake, or that I had any friend would
be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted
into courtesies, value into compliment, and men
are only towed into tongue, and trim ones too:
he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a
lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wish-
ing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I

love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than
swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudia
hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge
him, I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you.
By this hand, Claudia shall render me a dear
account. As you hear of me, so think of me.

Beat. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead;

and so, farewell.

Exeunt. 430

SCENE II.—A Prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gums; and
the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dog. Is our whole assembly appeared?

Verg. O! a stool and a cushion for the sexton.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before LEONATO’S House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself.
And ’tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear.

But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine
Bring me a father that so lov’d his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm’d like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;

Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry ‘hem!’ when he should groan,
Patch grief with provers, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves do not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm aches with air and agony with words.

No, no; ’tis all men’s office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow.
But man’s manumit; nor is sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel.
My griefs cry louder than advertisements.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and suffrance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself.
Make those that do offend you suffer too.
Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

D. Pedro. Good day, good den.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling, one of us would lie low.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. Had I let so thine, thou, I thine, my brother.

I had let you, thou, so thine, I thine, I brother, VA i.3i

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Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord: re you so hasty now? well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. But he was as young as you.

Leon. You, thine, I say, I brother, VA i.3i

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Ant. Come, brother, away. I will be heard.

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon.

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Enter Benedick.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we—

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Antonio and Leonato.

Enter Benedick.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

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D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Antonio and Leonato.

Enter Benedick.
Dooby. Marry, sir, they have committed fals report; moreover, they have spoken untruths secondarily, they are slanders; sixth, and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verific'd unjust things; and, to conclude, the are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence, sixth, and lastly, why they are committed; and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, master, that you are thus bound to your answer? the learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count me kill. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; wherein the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard and saw me confound Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villainy have you upon record; which I have rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine own master's false accusation; and, briefly, desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on this?

Bora. Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd in treachery:

And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dooby. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do no forget to specify, when time and place you shew, that I am an ass.

Fery. Here, here comes Master Signior Leonato and the sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato, Antonio, and the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eye That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him: which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kild Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself Here stand a pair of honourable men: A third is fled, that had a hand in it. I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death. Record it with your high and worthy deeds.

'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Scene I.

[Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.]

Don Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I’ll mourn with Hero.

[Exeunt Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Leon. To the Watch. Bring you these fellows on. We’ll talk with Margaret, How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.—Leonato’s Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deserves it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound’s mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer’s foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put on the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons formaids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come.

Exit MARGARET.

The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rime; I have tried: I can find out no rime to ‘lady’ but ‘baby,’ an innocent rime; for ‘scorn,’ ‘horn,’ a hard rime; for ‘school,’ ‘fool,’ a babbling rime; very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rining planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would’st thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior; and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O! stay but till then.

Beat. ‘Then’ is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and therupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unsnubbed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his
right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must
tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge,
and either I must shortly hear from him, or I
will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee
now, tell me, for which of my bad parts dist
thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained
so politic a state of evil that they will not admit
any good part to intermingle with them. But for
which of my good parts did you first suffer love
for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet. I do suffer
love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think. Alas! poor heart. If you spit it for my sake, I will
spite it for yours; for I will never love that
which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's
not one wise man among twenty that will praise
himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that
lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man
do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies,
he shall live no longer in monument than the
bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question: why, an hour in clamour and
a quarter in rhem: therefore is it most expedient
for the wise, if Don John, his conscience, find
no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet
of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much
for praising myself, who, I myself will bear
witness, is praise-worthy. And now tell me, how
doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There
will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle.
Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved my Lady
Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and
Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the
author of all, who is fleed and gone. Will you
come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap,
and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will
go with thee to thy uncle's.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants,
with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

A Lord. It is, my lord.

Claud. Reads from a scroll.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guardian of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

Song.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight:
For the which, with songs of woe
Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moon;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily.

Gears, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters: put you
torchets out.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gent
day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each h
several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put o
other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier iss
speed's,

Than this for whom we render'd up this woe

Scene IV.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Be
Margaret, Ursula, Friar Franch and Hero.

Fri. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, wh
accus'd her

Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sortsow we

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc
to call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour:
To visit me.

You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughte
And give her to young Claudio.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd count
ance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I thin
Fri. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of the
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite h
Leon. The sight whereof I think you li
from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's ye
will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is your good wil
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

by Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:

Claudio: I here attend you. Are you yet determin'd o'-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother: here's the friar ready.

Exit ANTONIO.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter, hast thou such a February face, o' full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull, ush! fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold, and all Europa shall rejoice at thee, since Europa did at lusty Jove, then he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low; and some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow, and got a calf in that same noble feat, such like to you, for you have just his beatle.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you: hence come other reckonings, which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand for this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand: before this holy friar, my husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:

Unmasking, &c.

and when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certain: he Hero died defil'd, but I do live,.id, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that's dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles she slander liv'd.

Fri. All this amazement can I qualify; when after that the holy rites are ended, I tell you largely of fair Hero's death: meantime, let wonder seem familiar, ad to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

Beat. Answer to that name. Unmasking.

What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why then, your uncle and the prince and Claudio have been deceiv'd; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.

Beat. Why then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula, are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis so much matter. Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon 't that he loves her;

For here's a paper written in his hand, A halting sonnet of his own pure brain, Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another:

Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket, Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth.

Kisses her.

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou would'st have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First of my word; therefore play, music! Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is taken in flight.

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers.

Dance. Exeunt.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.
BEROWNE, Costard, a Constable.
LONGAVILLE, MOOTH, Page to Armado.
DUMAINE, A Forester.
BOYET, THE PRINCESS OF FRANCE.
MARCADIE, ROSALINE.
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, KATHARINE.
FRANCE, A fantastical Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a Curate.
LADIES attending on the Princess.
HOLOPHERNES, a Schoolmaster.
OFFICERS and Others, Attendants on the King and Princess.

SCENE.—Navarre.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The King of Navarre's Park.

Enter the King, Berowne, Longaville, and Dumaine.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity,
Therefore, brave conquerors, for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires;
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein.

If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:

To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.
Berowne. I can but say their protestation over
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which I hope is not enrolled there:
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night;
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these
Berowne. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please.
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Berowne, and to the rest.

Berowne. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in je
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know which else we should not know.

Berowne. Things hid and barr'd, you mean from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Berowne. Come on then; I will swear to study so.

To know the thing I am forbid to know;
As thus: to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath, 
Study to break it, and not break my troth. 
If study’s gain be thus, and this be so, 
Study knows that which yet it doth not know; 
Swear me to this, and I will ne’er say no. 

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite, 
And train our intellects to vain delight. 

Berowne. Why, all delights are vain; but that 
most vain, 
Which with pain purchas’d doth inherit pain: 
As, painfully to pore upon a book, 
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while 
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look: 
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile: 
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies, 
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes. 
Study me how to please the eye indeed, 
By fixing it upon a fairer eye, 
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed, 
And give him light that it was blinded by: 
Study is like the heaven’s glorious sun, 
That will not be deep-search’d with saucy looks; 
Mall have continual plodders ever won, 
Save base authority from others’ books, 
These earthly godfathers of heaven’s lights.

That give a name to every fixed star, 
Lave no more profit of their shining nights 
Than those that walk and wot not what they are. 
‘Oo much to know is to know nought but fame; 
And every godfather can give a name. 

King. How well he’s read, to reason against reading! 

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding! 

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Berowne. The spring is near, when green goose are a-breeding. 

Dum. How follows that?

Berowne. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Berowne. Something then in rime. 

King. Berowne is like an envious sneaping frost 
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Berowne. Well, say I am: why should proud 
summer boast

Before the birds have any cause to sing? 
Why should I joy in an abortive birth? 
At Christmas I no more desire a rose 
Than wish a snow in May’s new-fangled mirth; 
But like of each thing that in season grows. 
You, to study now it is too late, 
Limb over the house to unlock the little gate.

Long. Well, sit you out: go home, Berowne: 
Some nont. 

Berowne. No, my good lord; I have sworn to 
stay with you: 
And though I have for barbarism spoke more 
Than for that angel knowledge you can say, 
Yet confident I’ll keep what I have swore, 
And hide the prudence of each three days’ 
time I live me the paper; let me read the same; 
And to the strictest decrees I’ll write my name. 

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame! 

Berowne. Item, That no woman shall come within mile of my court. Hath this been proclaimed?
Beroene. This fellow: What wouldst thou?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.
Beroene. This is he.
Dull: Signior Arno—Arno—commends you. There's villain abroad: this letter will tell you more.
Cost. Sir, the contents thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificent Armido.
Beroene. How sover the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!
Beroene. To hear? or forbear laughing?
Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.
Beroene. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.
Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it, I was taken with the manner.
Beroene. In what manner?
Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form,—in some form.
Beroene. For the following, sir?
Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!
King. Will you hear this letter with attention?
Beroene. As we would hear an oracle.
Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.
King. Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron.
Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.
King. So it is,—
Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so,—
King. Peace! Cost. Be to me and every man that dares not fight.
King. No words! Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.
King. So it is, besiegéd with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when. About the sixth hour; when beasts must graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is yelded thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscure and most preposterous event, that dreweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdst, surveysest, or seest. But to the place where; it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth.
Cost. Me. King. that shallow vassal,—
Cost. Still me.
King. which, as I remember, hight Costard,—
Cost. O! me.
King. sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with,—with—O! with—but with this I passion to say wherewith.—
Cost. With a wench.
King. With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the need of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.
Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony Dull.
King. For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessels called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain:—I keep her as a vessel of thy late's fury; and shalt at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and hearty burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.
Beroene. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.
King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?
Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.
King. Did you hear the proclamation?
Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.
King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.
Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsels.
King. Well, it was proclaimed 'damsel.'
Cost. This was no damsels neither, sir: she was a virgin.
King. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed 'virgin.'
Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.
King. This maid will not serve your turn, sirs.
Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.
King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence you shall fast a week with bran and water.
Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.
King. And Don Armado shall be your keep. My Lord Beroene, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain. Beroene. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.
Sirrah, come on.
Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! 

SENE II.——The Same.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of good spirit grows melancholy?
Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look at...
LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST.

SCENE II.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvelan?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvelan? why tender juvelan?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvelan, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or, I apt, and my saying pretty? 21

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What! that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou seest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. Aside. He speaks the mere contrary: crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two. 50

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now, here is three studied, woe ye’ll thrieve winc; and how easy it is to put ‘years’ to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love; and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my word against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to my French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outwear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let him be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter; and he was in love.

Arm. Owell-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson’s love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father’s wit, and my mother’s tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pæthetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne’er be known,

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale white shown:

Then if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know,

For still her cheeks possess the same

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rime, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but I think now ’tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o’er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational kind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. Aside. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that’s great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke’s pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight nor no penance, but a must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid! Jog. Man?

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The King of Navarre's Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits; Consider whom the king your father sends, To whom he sends, and what's his embassy: Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem, To parley with the sole inheritor Of all perfections that a man may owe, Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight Than Aqutaine, a dowry for a queen. Be now as prodigal of all dear grace As Nature was in making graces dear When she did starve the general world beside, And prodigally gave them all to you. 

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean, Needs not the painted flourish of your praise: Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues. I am less proud to hear you tell my worth Than you much willing to be counted wise In spending your wit in the praise of mine. But now to task the tasker: good Boyet, You are not ignorant, all-telling fame Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow, Till painful study shall outwear three years, No woman may approach his silent court: Therefore to us seemeth it a meafull course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure; and in that behalf, Bold of your worthiness, we single you As our best-moving fair solicitor. Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, On serious business, craving quick dispatch, Importunes personal conference with his grace Haste, signify so much; while we attend, Like humble-visig'd suitors, his high will. 

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. 

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so

Exit Boyet.

Who are the notaries, my loving lords, That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke? 

First Lord. Lord Longaville is one. 

Prin. Know you the man. 

Mar. I know him, madam: at marriage-feasts Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heiress Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized In Normandy, saw I this Longaville, A man of sovereign parts he is esteemed; Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms: Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. The only soul of his fair virtue's gloss, If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil, Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will; Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will st" illustration: 

It should none spare that come within his power. 

Prin. Somemerry mocking lord, belike; is't so? 

Mar. They say so most that most his humour know. 

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as th'd grow. 

Who are the rest? 

Kath. The young Dumaine, a well-accomplish youth, Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd; Most power to do most harm, least knowing i For he hath wit to make an ill shape good, And shape to win grace though he had no wit. I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once; And much too little of that good I saw Is my report to his great worthiness. 

Ros. Another of these students at that time. 

Was there with him, if I have heard a truth; Berowne they call him; but a merrier man, Within the limit of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal. His eye begets occasion for his wit;
Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt;
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his uncoped house.
Here comes Navarre. The Ladies mask.

Enter King, Longaville, Dumaine, Berowne,
And Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. 'Fair' I give you back again; and
welcome! I have not yet; the roof of this court
is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide
fields too base to be nine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then: conduct me
thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.
Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, why, shall break it; will, and
nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseech me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I was away,
For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay.

Berowne. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Berowne. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then
To ask the question!

Berowne. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

Berowne. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast,
twill tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Berowne. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Berowne. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Berowne. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Berowne. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum
Disbursted by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in insue of which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.

But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine, so gilded as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word.

Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort
your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

Berowne. Lady, I will commend you to mine
own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I
would be glad to see it.

Berowne. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Berowne. Sick at the heart.
Ros. Alack! let it blood.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—The King of Navarre's Park.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warble, child: make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Singing.

Concordel—

Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years take this key, give enlargement to the swain bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French Moth. No, my complete master; but to jig o a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with you feet, humour it with turning up your eyelid; sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you sniffed up love by smelling love; with your hexa- house-like o'er the shop of your eyes; wit your hare oppressed on your thin belly-doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocke like a man after the old painting; and keep no too long in one tune, but a snip and away. The are complements, these are humours, these betro- nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note,—do ye note me?—that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. 'The hobby-horse is forgot.'
Arm. Cullst thou my love 'hobby-horse'?
Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a
bit, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have
you forgot your love?
Arm. Almost I had.
Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.
Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.
Moth. And out of heart, master: all those
recesses will I prove.
Arm. What will thou prove?
Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by in, and
thout, upon the instant: by heart you love
her, because your heart cannot come by her; in
art you love her, because your heart is in love
thither; and out of heart you love her, being
fond of heart that you cannot enjoy her.
Arm. I am all these three.
Moth. And three times as much more, and yet
thing at all.
Arm. Fetch this: the swain: he must carry
a letter.
Moth. A message well sympathized: a horse
be ambassador for an ass.
Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?
Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon
a horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.
Arm. The way is but short: away!
Moth. As swift as lead, sir.
Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
repeates me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
not thee at the swain.
Moth. Thump then, and I fly.
Exit.
Arm. A most acute juvenile; voluble and free
of grace!
Ev'ry favour, sweet wellkin, I must sigh in thy
face:
't rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTh with COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! there's a costard
broken in a shi
Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy
'movo; begin.

Cost. No eguna, no riddle, no l'envoy / no salve
he mail, sir. O! sir, plantain, a plain plantain;
l'envoy, no l'envoy / no salve, sir, but a plantain.
Arm. By virtue, thou enforcet laughter; thy
thought, my spleen; the heaving of my
's provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O! par-
me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take
e for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?
Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not
e salve a salve?
Arm. No page; it is an epilogue or discourse,
to make plain
the obscure preceedence that hath tofore been
sain.

il example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
re's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral
again.
Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
Moth. Until the fox came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow
with my l'envoy.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
Arm. Until the fox came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.
Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose.
Would you desire more?
Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
that's flat.
Sir, your pennyworth is good an your goose be
fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and
loose:
Let me see; a fat l'envoy; ay, that's a fat
goose.
Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did
this argument begin?
Moth. By saying that a costard was broken
in a shin.
Then call'd you for the l'envoy.
Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came
your argument in;
Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you
bought;
And he ended the market.
Arm. But tell me; how was there a costard
broken in a shin?
Moth. I will tell you sensibly.
Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will
speak that l'envoy:
I, Costard, running out, that was safely
within.
Fell over the threshold and broke my
shin.
Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.
Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.
Cost. O! marry me to one Frances: I smell
some l'envoy, some goose, in this.
Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee
at liberty, enfrancid the thy person; thou wert
immured, restrained, captivated, bound.
Cost. True, true, and now you will be my
purgation and let me loose.
Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from
durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing
but this: bear this significant
"Gives a letter
to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is re-
numeration: for the best reward of mine honour
is rewarding my Maith. Moth, follow.
Exit.

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard,
adien.
Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my
incony Jew!
Exit Moth.
Now will I look to his remuneration. Re-
umeration! O! that's the Latin word for
three farthings: three farthings, remuneration.
What's the price of this inkle? 'One penny':
'No, I'll give you a remuneration': why, it
carries it. Remuneration! why it is a fairer
name than French crown. I will never buy and
sell out of this word,
Enter Berowne.

Berowne. O! my good knave Costard, exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Berowne. What is a remuneration? 130

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Berowne. Why then, three-farthings worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship. God be wi' you! 132

Berowne. Stay, slave; I must employ thee; 133

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knife,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Berowne. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well. 161

Berowne. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Berowne. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Berowne. It must be done this afternoon.

Hark, slave, it is but this:

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her,
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy gaerdon:

Give him a shilling. 134

Cost. Gordon, O sweet garden! better than remuneration; a'leven-pence farthing better.

Most sweet garden! I will do it, sir, in print.

Garden! Remuneration! 135

Berowne. And I—

Forsworn in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh; 189

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable,

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpred, whining, purblind, wayward boy,

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rimes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,

Sole imperator and great general

Of trotting 'paritores: O my little heart!

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What, if! I love! I see! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right!

Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;

And, among three, to love the worst of all; 209

Aライトly wanton with a velvet brow,

With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed

Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague

That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

Exit.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—The King of Navarre's Park.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine,

Boyet, Lords, Attendants, and a Forest.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not

Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a most unkind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch.

On Saturday we will return to France.

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush

That we must stand and play the murderer in

For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder coppie

A stand where you may make the fairest shot

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that she

And thereupon speak'st the fairest shot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what! first praise me, and ag

say no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair! alack for you!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me no

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the by

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true.

Give me no

Fair payment for foul words is more than do.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you herit.

Prin. See, see! my beauty will be sav'd

merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair prin

But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill;

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise than purpose meant to

And out of question so it is sometimes,

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an out

part,

We bend to that the working of the heart;

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means n

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-

reignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we

afford

To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter Costard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the court

wealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, we

is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the

that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the high

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is

truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender an

wit,
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

139

We, as I doubt, may serve to make
thee the funniest of all the ladies.

Why, why? They did not mean to write
a love-letter.

The message is a mere jest, I dare say.

The prude's girdle for your waist should fit.

To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.

Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Shall I teach you to know?

Ay, my continent of beauty.

Why, she that bears the bow.

Put off your caps. Boyet.

My lady goes to kill horses; but if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck if horns that year miscarry.

Put off your caps, indeed!

You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,

that was a woman when King Pepin of France was a little boy,

as touching the hit it?

So I may answer thee with one as old,

that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench,

as touching the hit it.

Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it.

Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Come, come, you talk greedily; your lips grow foul.

She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

Boyet. Why, you must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. If my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incouy vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armado o' the one side, O! a most dainty man,
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly
a' will swear!
And his page o' the other side, that handful of wit! Ah! heavens, it is a most pathetical nit.
Sola, sola!

Shouting within. 10

Exit COSTARD, running.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly: and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguine, in blood; ripe as the pomegranate, who now hangeth like a jewel in the car of cælo, the sky; the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terris, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly. Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, hand credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a hand credo, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous inclination! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way of explication; fucere, as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my hand credo for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a hand credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, his octus!

O! thou monster Ignorance, how deform'd dost thou look.

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;
he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do frustrify in us more than he;
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
But, omne bene, say I; being of an old Father's mind,
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's
not five weeks old as yet?


Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phiœbo, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam
was no more;
And caught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed: the allusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the allusion holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside that, 'twas a pricket to the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an epitaph on the death of the deer? and humour the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good Master Holofernes, per it shall please you to abrogate scrull.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; fo argues facility.

The princess picta'd and prick'd a pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now in sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sore jot from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people a-hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sore a one.
Of one sore I am hundred made, by adding but more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he chews him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, sim a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figs, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motifs; revolutions: these are begot in the ventric memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is act, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and may my parishioners; for their sons are tutored by you, and their daughters profit greatly under you; you are a good membe the commonwealth.

Hol. Mikere! if their sons be ingenuous, shall want no instruction; if their daughters capable, I will put it to them. But vir sapientissimus loquitur. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JACQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, Master pa-

Hol. Master parson, quasi pers-on. An it should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, Master schoolmaster, he that likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! a good lusty conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is

Jaq. Good Master parson, be so good as me this letter: it was given me by Costard sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you to read it.

Hol. Fauste, precor ylida quando pecus omne umbra Rumanat, and so forth. Ah! good Mantuan. I may speak of thee as the true doth of Venice:

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede, non ti prega.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! who understand thee not, loves thee not. Ut, ve, sol, la, mi.
Under pardon, sir, what are the contents rather, as Horace says in his—What, my verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse, domine.
If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

My never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;

With all those pleasures live that art would command:

To love's sweet and, i' the place where thou art,

Witn all that is to see and to be, to thee or to others was bow'd.

Yet his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,

There all those pleasures live that art would command:

More edifying to see thee without wonder;

Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire.

Eye love's lightning bears, thy voice is dreadful thunder.

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.

Staid as thou art, O! pardon love this wrong,

I say heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

I do you not the apostrophes, and so the accent; let me supervise the canzonet.

Are only numbers ratified; but, for the
gacy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy,

Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, in
d, Naso, but for sounding out the odoriferous

Verse of fantasy, the jerks of invention? I

Is nothing; so doth the hound his master,

Ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But,

Hosanna virgin, was this directed to you?

Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Berowne, one

He strange queen's lords.

I will overglance the superscript. To the
two-hand of the most beautious Lady Rosaline

Will look again on the intellect of the letter,

The nomination of the party writing to the

Son written unto: Your ladyship's in all de
t employment, Berowne. Sir Nathaniel, this

Wine is one of the vortaries with the king;

There he hath framed a letter to a sequent

Young stranger's Queen's, which, accidentally, or

The way of progression, hath miscarried.

And go, my sweet; deliver this paper into

Royal hand of the king; it may concern much.

Not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty:

Ag. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God

Your life!

Ag. Have with thee, my girl.

Enter Costard and Jaquenetta.

Thir. Sir, you have done this in the fear of

And, as a certain Father h-

Thir. Tell not me of the Father; I do fear

Umbra. Colours. But to return to the verses:

They please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Thir. Marvellous well for the pen.

Thir. I do dine to-day at the father's a

Ain pupil of mine; where, if before repent

Hall please you to gratify the table with a

As I will, on my privilege I have with the

Offsends, as didst, I am under your ben venuto; where I will prove those

Ways to be very unlearned, neither savouring

Poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your

Thir. And thank you too; for society, saith

Text, is the happiness of life.

Thir. And, certes, the text most infallibly con-

cludes it. To Dull. Sir, I do invite you too:

You shall not say me nay: pauca verba. Away!

The gentle are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Same.

Enter Berowne, with a paper.

Berowne. The king he is hunting the deer; I

Am couring myself: they have pitched a toil;

I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defies:

Defile: a fool word. Well, sit thee down, sorrow!

For so they say the fool said, and so say I, and

I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this

Love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me,

I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I

Will not love; if she do, let me; i' faith, I will not.

O! but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye,

I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes.

Well, I do nothing in the world, but lie, and lie

In my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath

Taught me to rime, and to be melancholy; and

Here is part of my rime, and here my melancholy.

Well, she hath one o' my somnets already; the

Clown bore it; the fool sent it; and the ladies hast:

Sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By

The world, I would not care a pin if the other

Three were in. Here comes one with a paper:

God give him grace to groan!

Gets up into a tree.

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ay me!

Berowne. Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet

Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-

Bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King. So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not.

To those fresh morning dews upon the rose,

As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote

The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright.

Through the transparent bosom of the deep,

As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;

Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:

No drop but as a clown doth carry thee;

So rised thou triumphing in my toe.

Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will show;

But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep

My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O queen of queens! how far dost thou exceed

Of thought can think; nor tongue of mortal tell.

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the

Paper:

Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

Steps aside.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Enter Longaville, with a paper.

Longaville. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool

Appear!

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

Berowne. Why, he comes in like a perjurie,

Wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in

Shame!

Berowne. One drunkard loves another of the

Name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?
Beroine. I could put thee in comfort; not by two that I know.
Yet mak'st the trimmervir, the corner-cap of society.
The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.
Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.
Beroine. O! rimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.
Long. This same shall go
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
That being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Eclatst this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fault is so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?
Beroine. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose a goddess; pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out of the way.
Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.
Steps aside.
Beroine. All hid, all hid; an old infant play.
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens! I have my wish:

Enter DUMAINE, with a paper.

Dumaine transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!
Dum. O most divine Kate!
Beroine. O most profane corxomb!
Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Beroine. By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie.
Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted.
Beroine. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Beroine. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.
Dum. As fair as day.
Beroine. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.
Dum. O! that I had my wish.
Long. And I had mine!
King. And I mine too, good Lord!
Beroine. Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
Beroine. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!
Dum. Once more I'll mark how love vary wit.

Beroine. Once more I'll mark how love vary wit.
Dum. On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack! my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom even Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send, and something else more plenteous,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O! would the king, Beroine, and Longaville
Were lovers too. Ill, to example ill.
Would from my forehead wipe a purjer'd note
For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. Advancing. Dumaine, thy love is from charity,
That in love's grief desir'd society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

King. Advancing. Come, sir, you blush; as your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wretched arms athwart
His loving bosom to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did I
Hear your guilty rimes, observ'd your fash
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your pass
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's.

To LONGAVILLE. You would for paradise, for faith and troth;
To DUMAINE. And Jove, for your love, without
To infringe an oath.
What will Beroine say when that he shall
A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Beroine. Now stop I forth to whip hypocrisy.

Descends from the heavens:
Ah! good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me.
Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to reprove me.
These words do warm love; that art most in it.
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your teeth;
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, tis a hateful thing:
Tush! none but minstrels like of someting.
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his note; the king your note did
But I a beam to find in each of three.
Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?  

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?  

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither, 

e treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter beread: 

r person misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Berowne, read it over.

Berno. Gives him the paper.

Costard hadst thou it?  

Qg. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?  

Cost. Of Dun Adamadrio, Dun Adamadio.

Berowne tears the letter.

Berno. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.

Lyon. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dunn. Picking up the pieces. It is Berowne's writing, and here is his name.

Berowne. To Costard. Ah! you whoreson loggerhead, you were born to do me shame, filthy, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What!  

Berno. That you three fools lack'd me, fool, to make up the mess; 

he, and you, and you, my liege, and I, 

pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die. 

Dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dunn. Now the number is even.

Berno. True, true; we are four.  

Qf. these turtles be gone?  

King. Hence, sirs; away!  

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

Berno. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O! let us embrace.

As true we are as flesh and blood can be: 

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face; 

Young blood doth not obey an old decree: 

We cannot cross the cause why we are born; 

Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What! did these rent lines show some love of thine?  

Berno. 'Did they?' quoth you. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;  

She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Berno. My eyes are the other eyes, nor I Berowne: 

O! but for my love, day would turn to night.

Of all complexions the culd's sovereignty. 

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair check; 

Where several worthies make one dignity,

Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues.

Fie, painted rhetoric! O! she needs it not: 

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;  

She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

A witherd' hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye: 

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the craddle's infancy.

O! 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Berno. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O! who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons and the scowl of night;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Berno. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It morns that painting and usurping hair

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now;

And therefore red, that would avoid disgrace,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dunn. To look liker her chimney-sweepers black. 

Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dunn. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Berno. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;  
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
Than are the tender horns of cocked snails:  
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.  
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,  
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?  
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;  
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.  
Never durst poet touch a pen to write  
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs  
O! then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
And plant in tyrants mild humility.  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
They are the books, the arts, the academies,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.  
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.  
Then fools you were these women to forswear  
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools  
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,  
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,  
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women  
Or women's sake, by whom we are men,  
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,  
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.  
It is religion to be thus forsworn;  
For charity itself fulfils the law;  
And who can sever love from charity?  

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!  

Berowne. Advance your standards, and up them, lords!  
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd  
In conflict that you get the sun of them.  

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes  
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?  

King. And win them too: therefore let devise  
Some entertainment for them in their tents.  

Berowne. First, from the park let us confound them thither;  
Then homeward every man attach the band  Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon  
We will with some strange pastime solace the Such as the shortness of the time can shape  
For revels, dances, marks, and merry hours,  
Forewarned love, stirring her way with flowers  

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted  
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.  

Berowne. Allons! Allons! Sow'd cockle reap no corn;  
And justice always whirls in equal measure  
Light wench's may prove plagues to men unsworn;  
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.  

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The King of Navarre's Park.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dulcinea.

Hol. Satis quod subicit.  
Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your roads at dinner have been sharp and sententious; peaceful without surliness, witty without affectation.
idocious without impudence, learned without
union, and strange without heresy. I did
averse this quocdam day with a companion
the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or
called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. "Novi hominem tangam te; his humour is
fly, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,
"eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his
neral behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thras-
cal. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected,
'o odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may
ll it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

Draws out his table-book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his ver-
sity finer than the staple of his argument.
abor such fanatical phantasmes, such insoci-
ale and point-devise companions; such rackers
ography, as to speak dout, fine, when he
ould say doubt; det, when he should pro-
ence debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t; he cleareth
call, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour vocatur
bour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abomini-
able, which he would call abominable, it in-
meth me of insanie: anne intelligis, domine?
make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo, bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone? bone for bene: Priscian a little
atched; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Vidro, et gaudeo.

Arm. To MOTH. Shirrah!

Hol. Quare chirrah, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of
uages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O! they have lived long on the alms-
ket of words. I marvel thy master hath not
en thee for a word; for thou art not so long
ad the head as hominiseptadinitivatus: thou
asier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. To HOLOFERNES. Monsieur, are you not
tered?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book.
hat is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on
head?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba! most silly sheep with a horn. You
ar his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you
et them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them; a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it;

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Medi-
neum, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit! 
, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my
felt; true wit!

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; 
h is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip
y gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and

I will whip about your infancy circumsirca. A
gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world,
then should 'st have it to buy gingerbread. Hold,
there is the very remuneration I had of thy
master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou
pigeon-egg of discretion. O! an the heavens
were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard,
what a joyful father would'st thou make me. Go
to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends,
as they say.

Hol. O! I smell false Latin; dunghill for
unguem.

Arm. Arts-man, presaambula: we will be sungled
from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth
the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or mens, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure
and affecion to congratulate the princess at her
pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which
the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous
is, liable, congruent, and measurable for the
afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet
and apt, I do assure you, sir: I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and
my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend.
For what is inward between us, let it pass. I
do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I
beseech thee, apparel thy head; and among other
importante and most serious designs, and of
great import indeed, too, but let that pass; for
I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the
world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder,
and with his royal finger, thus, daily with my
excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart,
let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable:
some certain special honours it pleaseth his
greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man
of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that
pass. The very all of all is, but, sweet heart, I
do implore secrecy, that the king would have
me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some
delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or
antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that
the curate and your sweet self are good at such
eructions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as
it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end
to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine
Worthies. Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some
entertainment of time, some shown the posterior
of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,
at the king's command, and this most gallant,
illustrate, and learned gentleman; before the
princess, I say, none so fit as to present the Nine
Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough
to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gal-
Cgentleman, Judas Maccabaeus; this swain,
because of his great limb or joint, shall pass
Pompey the Great; the place, Hercules—

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity
enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so
big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present
Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be
strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

**Moth.** An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!' that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

**Arm.** For the rest of the Worthies?

**Hol.** I will play three myself. 

**Moth.** Thrice-worthy gentleman! 

**Arm.** Shall I tell you a thing?

**Hol.** We attend.

**Arm.** We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

**Hol.** Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

**Dull.** Nor understood none neither, sir.

**Hol.** Allons! we will employ thee.

**Dull.** I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play.

On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

**Hol.** Most dull, honest Dull. To our sport, away!

**Exeunt.**

**Scene II.** The Same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.

**Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.**

**Prin.** Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart.

If fairings come thus plentifully in; 
A lady would about with diamonds!
Look you what I have from the loving king.

**Rosaline.** Madam, came nothing else along with that?

**Prin.** Nothing but this! yes; as much love in rime
As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leave, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

**Rosaline.** That was the way to make his goodhead wax;

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

**Kath.** Ay, and a shred unhappy gallow too.

**Rosaline.** You'll ne'er be friends with him: a kill'd your sister.

**Kath.** He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died; had she been light, like you, Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died;

And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

**Rosaline.** What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

**Kath.** A light condition in a beauty dark.

**Rosaline.** We need more light to find your meaning out.

**Kath.** You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

**Rosaline.** Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

**Kath.** So do not you, for you are a light wench.

**Rosaline.** Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

**Kath.** You weigh me not? O! that's you care not for me.

**Rosaline.** Great reason; for 'past care is still past care.'

**Prin.** Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?

**Rosal.** I would you knew
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Berowne:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O! he hath draw'd my picture in his letter.

**Prin.** Any thing like?

**Rosal.** Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

**Prin.** Beautious as ink; a good conclusion.

**Kath.** Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

**Rosal.** 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die ye debtor,

My red dominal, my golden letter:

O! that your face were not so full of O's.

**Prin.** A pox of that jest! and I beseech you shrows!

But, Katharine, what was sent to you from Sir Du mains?

**Kath.** Madam, this glove.

**Prin.** Did he not send you twain?

**Kath.** Yes, madam; and moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover;
A huge translation of hypocrisy.

**Mar.** This, and these pearls to me sent Longville:

The letter is too long by half a mile.

**Prin.** I think no less. Dost thou not wish heart

The chain were longer and the letter short?

**Mar.** Ay, or I would these hands might new part.

**Prin.** We are wise girls to mock our lovers.

**Rosaline.** They are worse fools to purchase mock ing so.

That same Berowne I'll torture ere I go.
O! that I knew he were but in by the week.

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and serve.
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rime,
And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jest.

So pertinace-like would I o'ersway his state
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

**Prin.** None are so surely caught, when thy are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd.

Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school;

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

**Rosaline.** The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

**Mar.** Folly in fools bears not so strong a root As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

**Enter Boyet.**

**Prin.** Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

**Boyet.** O! I am stabb'd with laughter. Who's her grace?

**Prin.** Thy news, Boyet?

**Boyet.** Prepare, madam, prepare!

Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Edward in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
unfer your wits; stand in your own defence;
hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

**Prin.** Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
but charge their breath against us? say, scout,
say.

**Boyet.** Under the cool shade of a sycamore
thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,
then, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest.
award that shade I might behold address
his and his companions: warily
stole into a neighbour thicket by,
and overheard what you shall overhear;
and, by and by, disguised they will be here.

Heir herald is a pretty knavish page,
that well by heart hath con'd his embassage;
insinuation and accented did they teach him there;
you must then speak, and thus thy body bear:
and ever anon they made a doubt
of some majestical would put him out;
for, quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see;
et fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'

The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;
should have fear'd her had she been a devil.'

'In that all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the
shoulder,
aking the bold wag by their praises bolder.

One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and swore
better speech was never spoke before;
other, with his finger and his thumb,
y'd 'Tis! we will do 't, come what will come;
third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well.'
fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell,
that, they all did tumble on the ground,
such a zealous laughter, so profound,
that in this spleen ridiculous appears,
check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

**Prin.** But what, but what, come they to visit us?

**Boyet.** They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
novest Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess.

For their purpose is to parade, to court and dance;
every one his love-feat will advance
his several mistress, which they'll know
favour several which they did bestow.

**Prin.** And will they so? the gallants shall be
task'd;
and, ladies, we will every one be mask'd,
and not a man of them shall have the grace,
spite of suit, to see a lady's face.

Old, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
then the king will court thee for his dear:
old, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
shall Berowne take me for Rosaline.

change you favours too; so shall your loves
no contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

**Ros.** Come on then; wear the favours most
in sight.

**Kath.** But in this changing what is your intent?

**Prin.** The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
ye do it but in mocking merriment;
mock for mock is only my intent.

several counsels they unbosom shall
loves mistook, and so be mock'd within
on the next occasion that we meet,
with visages display'd, to talk and greet.

**Ros.** But shall we dance, if they desire us to t't?

**Prin.** No; to the death, we will not move a

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.

**Boyet.** Why, that contempt will kill the
speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

**Prin.** Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's nosuch sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,
To make theirs ours and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

**Trumpsounds within.**

**Boyet.** The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the
maskers come.

**Enter Blackamoors with music; Moth, the King, Berowne, Longaville, and Dumaine, in Russian habits, and masked.**

**Moth.** All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!
**Boyet.** Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

**Moth.** A holy parcel of the fairest dames;

The Ladies turn their backs to him.

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

**Berowne.** 'Their eyes,' villain, 'their eyes.'

**Moth.** That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

**Out—**

**Boyet.** True; ' out' indeed.

**Moth.** Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—

**Berowne.** 'Once to behold,' rogue.

**Moth.** Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
— with your sun-beamed eyes—

**Boyet.** They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes.'

**Moth.** They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

**Berowne.** Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue!

**Exit Moth.**

**Ros.** What would these strangers know their minds, Boyet.
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

**Boyet.** What would you with the princess?

**Berowne.** Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

**Ros.** What would they, say they?

**Boyet.** Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

**Ros.** Why, that they have; and bid them so
be gone.

**Boyet.** She says, you have it, and you may be
gone.

**King.** Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

**Boyet.** They say, they have measured many
a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

**Ros.** It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile? if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

**Boyet.** If, to come hither, you have measured
miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches do fill up one mile.

**Berowne.** Tell her we measure them by weary
steps.

**Boyet.** She hears herself.

**Ros.** How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Beroivne. We number nothing that we spend for you:

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,

That we may do it still without accord.

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,

That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,

Those clouds remov'd, upon our watery eyes.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;

Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure vouchsafe but one change.

Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music; then! nay, you must do it soon.

Music plays. 21

Not yet! no dance! thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands:—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends. 22

Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure: be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves? What buys your company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu:

Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

They converse apart.

Beroivne. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Beroivne. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,

Metheglin, wort, and maltmey: well rum, dice! There's half-a-dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu.

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Beroivne. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Beroivne. Thou griev'st my gait.

Prin. Gall! bitter.

Beroivne. Therefore meet.

They converse apart.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you, sir

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

They converse apart.

Kath. What! was your visor made without tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. Oh! for your reason; quickly, sir; I long to have you a double tongue within your mask.

And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. 'Veal,' quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady!

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, 'tis not my half.

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in the sharp mock.

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I do.

Kath. Blest softly then; the butcher hear you cry.

They converse apart.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,

Above the sense of sense; so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits how wings

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, though

Swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids: break off;

Berowne. By heaven, all dry-beaten with scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches: you have simp

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovite

Ere we part, Lords, Music and Attendance.

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breath

Buff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross

Fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flute!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves night?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Berowne was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases.

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Berowne did swear himself out of all sense;

Mar. Dumaine was at my service, and his s

'No point,' quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;

And try you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain state-

caps,

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn

Prin. And quick Berowne hath plighted faith to me.
Scene II.

Love's Labour's Lost.

Cath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Domained mine is, as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear. immediately they will again be here a their own shapes; for it can never be they will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows; and leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
herefore change favours; and when they repair, low like sweet roses in this summer air.
Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud: mask'd, their damask sweet.commodity shown, re angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
Prin. Avarant, perplexity! What shall we do return in their own shapes to woo?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd, et's mock them still, as well known as dis guis'd.
et us complain to them what fools were here, disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear; and wonder what they were, and to what end heir shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd, and their rough carriage so ridiculous, could be presented at our tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies; withdraw; the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

Excud PRINCESS, ROSALINE, KATHARINE, and MARIA.

Re-enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and ATTENDANTS.

Berowue. See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?
King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better: I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. Your nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke:
For virtue's office never breaks men's truth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O! you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; 'tis not so, I swear:
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game.
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam! Russians!
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady, to the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
Berowue. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is that of nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—
Berowue. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong.
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Berowue. O! I am yours, and all that I possess.
Ros. All the fool mine?
Berowue. I cannot give you less.
Ros. Which of the visors was it that you wore?
Berowue. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case
That hid the worse and show'd the better face.
King. We are descried: they'll mock us now
downright.
Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest. 

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

Ros. Help! hold his brows! he'll swoon.
Why look you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Berowne. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruse me with scorn, confound me with a fount;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance, 
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue,
Nor never come in visor to my friend,
Nor woo in rime, like a blind harper's song,
Taffeta phrases, silk-en terms precise,
Three-pill'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggots ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove,—how white the hand,
God knows,
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet years and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans "sans," I pray you.

Berowne. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft! let us see:
Write 'Lord have mercy on us' on these three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies; 
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Berowne. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so. For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Berowne. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Berowne. Speak for yourselves: my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace! peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it. Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me de
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lady
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? I by my life,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith and this the princess I do give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear.

And Lord Berowne, I thank him, is my dear.

What, will you have me, or your pearl again?

Berowne. Neither of either; I renit both twa.

I see the trick on't: here was a consent,
Knowing beforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slip-

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,

That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the tr
To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd
The ladies did change favours, and then we,
Following the signs, would but the sign of sir
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, in will and error,
Much upon this it is: To Boyet and mi

Not you
Forestall our sport, to make us thus un
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squi
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fir
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smack shall be your shr
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a ledain sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been r

Berowne. Lo! he is tilting straight. Per
I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou part'st a fair fray

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three Worthies shall come in on

Berowne. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara

For every one pursents three.

Berowne. And three times thricethis is n

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I
it is not so.

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, w
we know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thricethis, sir,—

Berowne. Is not

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know we
until it doth amount.

Berowne. By Jove, I always took three th
for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir! it were pity you should y
your living by reckoning, sir.
BEROWNE. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir! the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereunto it doth amount: or mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man, Pompée the great, sir.

BEROWNE. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of prominent the Great; for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand or him.

BEROWNE. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care.

KING. Berowne, they will shame us; let them not approach.

BEROWNE. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy to have one show worse than the king's and his company.

KING. I say they shall not come.

PRIN. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now.

Hat sport best pleases that doth least know how: Where zeal strives to content, and the contents lies in the zeal of that which it presents; their form confounded makes most form in mirth, When great things labouring perish in their birth.

BEROWNE. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

ARM. Anointed, I implore so much expense of my royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words. ARMADO converses with the KING, and delivers a paper to him.

PRIN. Doth this man serve God?

BEROWNE. Why ask you?

PRIN. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

ARM. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is ceasing fantastical; too, too vain; too, too thin: but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, cost royal couplement!

Exit. KING. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the vain, Pompée the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the peant, Judas Maccabæus.

If these four Worthies in their first show thrive, these four will change habits, and present the other five.

BEROWNE. There is five in the first show.

KING. You are deceived, 'tis not so.

BEROWNE. The pedant, the braggart, the hedgesmier, the fool, and the boy: hence throw at novum, and the whole world again cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

KING. The ship is under sail, and here she comes again.

Enter COSTARD armed, for Pompée.

COSTARD. You lie, you are not he.

BEROWNE. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I POMPEY am, Pompée surnam'd the Big,—

DUN. The Great.

Cost. It is 'Great,' sir; Pompée surnam'd the Great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet latch of France.

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompée,' I had done.

PRIN. Great thanks, great Pompée.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in 'Great.'

BEROWNE. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompée proves the best Worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL armed, for Alexander.

NATH. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander.—

BOYET. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

BEROWNE. Your nose smells 'no,' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

PRIN. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

NATH. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander,—

BOYET. Most true; 'tis right: you were so, Alisander.

BEROWNE. Pompée the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

BEROWNE. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. To NATHANIEL. O! sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror. You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alisander.

NATHANIEL retires.

There, an't shall please you: a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander,—alas! you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

PRIN. Stand aside, good Pompée.

Enter Holofernes armed, for Judas, and MOTH armed, for Hercules.

HOL. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club bedil'd Cerberus, that three-headed canine:
And, when he was a baby, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he stride serpents in his manus.

Quamvis he seemeth in minority, Ergo I come with this apology.

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

MOTh retires.

JUDAS I AM,—

DUN. A Judas!

HOL. Not Iscariot, sir.

JUDAS I AM, yeaped Maccabæus.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Dum. Judas Maccabeus clipt is plain Judas.

Berowne. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. Judas I am.—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir: you are my elder.

Berowne. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Berowne. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A citizen-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Berowne. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Caesar's falchion:

Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.

Berowne. Saint George's half-check in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Berowne. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Berowne. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-faced them all.

Berowne. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Berowne. For the ass to the Jude? give it him:—

—Jud-as, away!

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.

HOLOPERNES retires.

Prin. Alas! poor Maccabeus, how hath he been baited.

Enter ARMADO armed, for Hector.


Dum. Though my mocks come home by me.

I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-tembered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indned in the small.

Berowne. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almyghty,

Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Berowne. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almyghty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

Dum. That columbia.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Aside to DOMAINE. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. Aside to BOYET. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector for surmounted Hamnilar,—

Cost. The party is gone: fellow Hector, she gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Troya, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; this child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou inframone me among pote-
tates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquentetta that is quick by him, and hanged! Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Berowne. Greater than great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Berowne. Pompey is moved. More Ates, me Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Berowne. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in his belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge the Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like northern man; I'll slash; I will do by the sword I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-he lower.

Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat?

What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey has made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Berowne. What reason have you for 't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shi
go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome

want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, was none but a disheult of Jaquenetta's, as she bears in his next heart for a favour.

Enter Monsieur MARCADER, a Messenger.

Mar. God save you, madam.

Prin. Welcome, Marcade,

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mar. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The king your father-
Prin. Dead, for my life!
Mar. Even so: my tale is told.
Berowne. Worthies, away! The scene begins
cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath.
Have seen the day of wrong through the little
de of discretion, and I will right myself like a
idler.

Exeunt Worthies.

King. How fares your majesty?
Prin. Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, say.
Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious
lords,
or all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
at of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
a your rich wisdom to excuse or hide
the liberal opposition of our spirits,
over-boldly we have borne ourselves
in the converse of breath; your gentleness
as guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue.
xcuse me so, coming too short of thanks
or my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely
forms
Il causes to the purpose of his speed,
nd often, at his very loose, decides
hat which long process could not arbitrate:
d though the mourning brow of progeny
orbid the smiling courtesy of love
he holy suit which fan it would convince
et, since love's argument was first on foot,
et not the cloud of sorrow justle it
rom what it purpos'd; since, to wait friends lost
not by much so wholesome-profitable
s to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are
double.

Berowne. Honest plain words best pierce the
ear of grief;
nd by these badges understand the king,
for your sakes have we neglected time,
ay'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty,
ladies,
ath much deform'd us, fashioning our humour
ven to the opposed end of our intents;
nd what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
love is full of unfeiting straits
ll wanton as a child, skipping and vain;
ord'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
all of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
arving in subjects, as the eye doth roll
very varied object in his glance:
ich parti-coated presence of loose love
ut on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
ave misbecom'd our oaths and greatness,
hose heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
aggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
our love being yours, the error that love makes
likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
y being once false for ever to be true
o those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
nd even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
us purifies itself and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of
love;
our favours, the ambassadors of love;
nd, in our maiden council, rated them
courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
s bombast and as lining to the time.

But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dun. Our letters, madam, show'd much more
than jest.
Long. So did our looks.
Ros. We did not quote them so.
King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these
deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woeeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;-
Neither entitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Berowne. And what to me, my love? and what to
me?
Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are
rack'd:
You are attain'd with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dun. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
Kath. A wife? A beard, fair health, and
honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.
Dun. O! shall I say I thank you, gentle wife?
Kath. Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth and a
day
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say;
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.
Dun. I'll serve the queen and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.
Long. What says Maria?
Mar. At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is
long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Berowne. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me.
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Berowne,
Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without which the I am not to be won
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pain'd impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat
Of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit.
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. To the King. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Re-enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do Arm. Holla! approach.

Re-enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth Costard, and others.

This side is Hicenus, Winter, this Ver, the Spring the one maintained by the owl, the other the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

Spring:

I.

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he.

Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oatens straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,

Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter.

III.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

Tu-whit;

Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all alound the wind doth blow,
And coughing draws the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs kiss in the bool,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

Tu-whit;

Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way: we, this way.

Exeunt.
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.

EGEUS, Father to Hermia.

LYSANDER, in love with Hermia.

DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia.

PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.

QUINCE, a Carpenter.

SNUG, a Joiner.

BOTTOM, a Weaver.

FLUTE, a Bellows-mender.

SNOOT, a Tinker.

STARVELING, a Tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.

TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.

PUCK, or Robin Good-fellow.

PEASE-BLOSSOM, 

COBWEB, 

MOTH, 

MUSTARD-SEED, 

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE.—Athens, and a Wood near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. The Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour draws on apace; four happy days bring in another moon; but, O! methinks, how slow this old moon wanes; she lingers my desires, like to a step-dame or a dowager long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hipp. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night; our nights will quickly dream away the time; and then the moon, like to a silver bow new-bent in heaven, shall behold the night of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate, stir up the Athenian youth to merriments; awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth; turn melancholy forth to funerals; the pale companion is not for our pomp.

Exit Philostrate.

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword, and won thy love doing thee injuries; but I will wed thee in another key, with pomp, with triumph, and with reveling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke! The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint against my child, my daughter Hermia. Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord, this man hath my consent to marry her. Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke, this man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child.

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rimes, and interchang'd love-tokens with my child; Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung, With feigning voice, verses of feigning love; And stol'n the impression of her fancy With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits, Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth; With cunning hast thou fill'd my daughter's heart, Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me, To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious duke, Be it so she will not here before your grace Consent to marry with Demetrius, I beg the ancient privilege of Athens, As she is mine, I may dispose of her; Which shall be either to this gentleman, Or to her death, according to our law Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid.

To your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

_The._ Either to die the death, or to abjure  
For ever the society of men.  
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;  
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,  
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,  
You can endure the livery of a nun.  
For are to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
To live a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.  
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,  
To undergo such maiden pilgrimaje;  
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,  
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn  
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.  
_Herm._ So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,  
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up.  
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke  
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

_The._ Take time to pause; and by the next new moon,  
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me  
For everlasting bond of fellowship,  
Upon that day either prepare to die  
For disobedience to your father's will,  
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;  
Or on Diana's altar to protest  
For are austerity and single life.  

_Dem._ Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield  
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

_Lys._ You have her father's love, Demetrius;  
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.  
_Ege._ Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,  
And what is mine my love shall render him.  
And she is mine, and all my right of her  
I do estate unto Demetrius.

_Lys._ I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;  
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,  
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';  
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,  
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.  
Why should not I then prosecute my right?  
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

_The._ I must confess that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;  
But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;  
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me.  
I have some private schooling for you both.  
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself  
To fit your fancies to your father's will,  
Or else the law of Athens yields you up,  
Which by no means we may extenuate.  
To death, or to a vow of single life.  
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?  
Demetrius and Egeus, go along:  
I must employ you in some business  
Against our nuptial, and confer with you  
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.  
_Ege._ With duty and desire we follow you.

_Execut._ THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS,  
DEMETRIUS, and TRAIN.

_Lys._ How now, my love! Why is your cheek  
So pale?  
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?  
_Herm._ Belike for want of rain, which I could we  
betoom them from the tempest of mine eyes.  
_Lys._ Ay me! for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth;  
But, either it was different in blood,—  
_Herm._ O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to love.  
_Lys._ Or else disgraced in respect of ages,—  
_Herm._ O spite! too old to be engag'd to you.  
_Lys._ Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,  
_Herm._ O hell! to choose love by another's eye.  
_Lys._ Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night:  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

_Herm._ If then true lovers have been ever cross,  
It stands as an edict in destiny:  
Then let us teach our trial patience,  
Because it is a customary cross,  
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,  
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

_Lys._ A good persuasion: therefore, hear me.  
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:  
From Athens is her house remote seven league  
And she respects me as her only son.  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,  
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night  
And in the wood, a league without the town,  
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
To do observance to a morn of May,  
There will I stay for thee.

_Herm._ My good Lysander,  
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,  
By his best arrow with the golden head,  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,  
By that which knitteth souls and provers love  
And by that fire which burn'd the Cartha queen,  
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,  
By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke.  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

_Lys._ Keep promise, love. Look, here com Helena.

_Enter Helena._

_Herm._ God speed fair Helena! Whither away?  
_Hel._ Call you me fair? that fair again unsay!  
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!  
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue  
Sweet air  
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
When wheat is green, when hawthorn but appear.  
Sickness is catching: O! were favour so,  
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
year should catch your voice, my eye your eye, your tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

ere the world mine, Demetrius being bated, I rest I'd give to be to you translated.

teach me how you look, and with what art to sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O! that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill.

Hel. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O! that my prayers could such affection move.

Hel. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hate me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face; Lysander and myself will fly this place.

fore the time I did Lysander see, em'd Athens as a paradise to me: then, what grace in my love do dwell, at he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell.

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold a silver visage in the wat'ry glass, sinking with liquid pearl the bladed grass, time that lovers' flights doth still conceal, rough Athens' gates have we devise'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I son faint primrose-beds were wont to lie, up'tying our bosoms of their counsel sweet, ere my Lysander and myself shall meet; thence from Athens turn away our eyes, seek new friends and stranger companies.

ewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us; a good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

word, Lysander: we must starve our sight in lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

I, will, my Hermia. Exit HERMIA.

Helena, adieu:

you on him, Demetrius dote on you! Exit. Exit.

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be! rough Athens I am thought as fair as she; t what of that! Demetrius thinks not so; will not know what all but he do know; d as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,

I, admiring of his qualities.

ings base and vile, holding no quantity, we can transpose to form and dignity. we look not with the eyes, but with the mind, d therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind. rath Love's mind of any judgment taste; gg and no eyes figure unheedly haste: d therefore is Love said to be a child, nause in choice he is so oft beguiled.

waggish boys in game themselves forsaw, the boy Love is perjur'd every where; ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye, hail'd down oaths that he was only mine; l when this hail some heat from Hermia felt, he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt, ingo tell him of fair Hermia's flight: m to the wood he will to-morrow night sue her; and for this intelligence have thanks, it is a dear expense: herein mean I to enrich my pain, have his sight thither and back again. Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in Quince's House.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest; yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates:
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thysic, Thysic,' 'Ah! Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.
Quin. You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father. sung, the joiner, you, the lion's part; and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Sung. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son. 80

Bot. I grant you friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentlemanlike man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.

Bot. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight: there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.

Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens.

Enter A Fairy and Puck from opposite sides.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moone's sphere;
And I serve the fairest queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tali her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freightles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits: I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to night.

Take heed the queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:
But she, perfurse, withholds the loved boy,
Crown's him with flowers, and makes him a
her joy.

And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen.
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and make it quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish spirit
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That fright the maidens of the villagery
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the queen
And bootless make the breathless housewife
churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barn
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their barn.
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have go
luck:

Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright; I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile.
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal;
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her wether's dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest heart, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'tainer cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips a
laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sneeze
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that
were gone!

Enter Oberon from one side, with his Train, a
TITANIA from the other, with hers.

Oberon. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
Titania. What! jealous Oberon. Fairies, s'
hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Oberon. Tarry, rash wanton! am not I thy lord?
Titania. Then I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Philida. Why art thou here,
Come from the furthest steppe of India?
But that, forsooth, the bounding Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior low
Thesews must be wedded, and you come
give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ode. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
ince at my credit with Hippolyta,
owing I know thy love to Thesews?
For thou not lead him through the gimmer-
ning night
on Perigenia, whom he ravished?
d make him with fair Ege break his faith,
th Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
d never, since the middle summer's spring,
t we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
in the beached margen of the sea,
dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
ith thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
erore the winds, piping to us in pain,
in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
stigious fogs; which falling in the land
we every pelting river made so proud,
at they have overborne their continents:
 o ex hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in pain;
ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
throttled ere his youth attain'd a beard:
old stands empty in the drowned field,
crows are fatted with the murrain flock,
e nine men's morris is fill'd up with mad,
c the quaint mazes in the wanton green
ack of tread are undistinguishable:

human mortals want their winter here:
night is now with hymn or carol blest.
erore the moon, the governor of floods,
e in her anger, washes all the air,
erachnian diseases do abound:
ough this distemperature we see
asons alter; hoary-headed frosts
in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
childing autumn, angry winter, change
or wanted liversies, and the mazed world,
their increase, now knows not which is which.
d this same progeny of evils comes
on our debate, from our dissension:
s are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you,
you should Titania cross her Oberon?
but beg a little changeling boy,
be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest;
fairy land buys not the child of me.
mother was a votress of my order;
d, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
ill often hath she gossip'd by my side,
sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
cing the embarking traders on the flood;
hen we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
ilch she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
lowing—her womb then rich with my young
quire—
uld imitate, and sail upon the land,
fetch me trifles, and return again,
from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
t she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
d for her sake do I rear up her boy,
d for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. Howlong within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Thesew's wedding-
day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies,
away!

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

Exit TITA NIA, WITH her Train.

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from
this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back.
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throne'd by the west.
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

Exit.

Obe. Having once this juice
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll say, the other slyeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant:
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?
    Hec. And even for that do I love you the more.
    I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
    Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
    Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
    Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
And yet a place of high respect with me,
    Than to be used as you use your dog?
    Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
    For I am sick when I do look on thee.
    Hec. And I am sick when I look not on you.
    Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
    To trust the opportunity of night
    And the ill counsel of a desert place
    With the rich worth of your virginity.
    Hec. Your virtue is my privilege: for that
    It is not night when I do see your face,
    Therefore I think I am not in the night;
    Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
    For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
    Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
    And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
    Hec. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
    Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
    The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
    Makes speed to catch the tiger: bootless speed,
    When cowardice pursues and valour flies!
    Dem. I will not stay thy questions: let me go;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
    Hec. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
    You do me mischief. Pie, Demetrius! Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
    We cannot fight for love, as men may do.
    We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.
    Exit DEMETRIUS.
I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
    To die upon the hand I love so well.
    Exit. Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
    this grove,
    Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
    Puck. Ay, there it is.
    Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
    Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
    Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
    With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
    There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
    Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
    Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
    And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
    And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
    A sweet Athenian lady is in love
    With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
    But do it when the next thing he espies
    May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
    By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
    More fond on her than she upon her love.
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow
    Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

Scene II.—Another Part of the Wood.

Enter TITANIA, with her Train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
    Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
    Some with rere-mice for their leathern win:
    To make my small elves costs, and some keep be
    The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots a ponder
    At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.
    The Fairies sing.

I. You spotted snakes with double tongue,
    Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
    Neats, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
    Come not near our fairy queen.
    Philomel, with melody
    Sing in our sweet lullaby;
    Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullab
    Never harm,
    Nor spell nor charm,
    Come our lovely lady nigh;
    So, good night, with lullaby.

II. Weaving spiders, come not here;
    Hence, you long-tend'd spinners, hence;
    Beetles black, approach not near;
    Worm nor snail, do no offence.
    Philomel, with melody
    Sing in our sweet lullaby;
    Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby
    Never harm,
    Nor spell nor charm,
    Come our lovely lady nigh;
    So, good night, with lullaby.

A Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well.
    One afool stand sentinel.
    Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA slee

Enter OBERON, and squeezes the flower on
    TITANIA'S eyelids.
    Obe. What thou seest when thou dost we
    Do it for thy true-love sake;
    Love and languish for his sake;
    Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
    Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
    In thy eye that shall appear
    When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
    Wake when some vile thing is near.

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.
    Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in
    wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way
    We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
    And tarry for the comfort of the day.
    Her. Be it so, Lysander; find you out a be
    For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtly.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his sent on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.
Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O! wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

He more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Appy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
or she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
Ow came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
So, my eyes are often wsh'd than hers.
O, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
or beasts that meet me run away for fear;
herefore no marvel though Demetrius
O, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
That wicked and dissembling glass of mine
ade me compare with Hermia's spery eye?
at who is here! Lysander! on the ground! end? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. Awaking. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature shows art.

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O! how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword.

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.

What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia! No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd.

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, 'tis not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O! that a lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may 'st thou come Lysander near.

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive:
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!

And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. Exit.

Hel. Awaking. Help me, Lysander, help me!
do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.

Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!

Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smilling at his cruel prey.

Lysander! what! remov'd? Lysander! lord! What! out of hearing! gone! no sound, no word? Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear:
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No! then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death or you I'll find immediately. Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Wood. Titania lying asleep.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot
shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By 'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect: 'Ladies,' or 'Fair ladies, I would wish you,' or, 'I would request you,' or, 'I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were p'ly of my life: no, I am no such thing: I am an man as other men are'; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Smug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there are two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Both the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse you parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What, what a play now? is it not a play?—As true as truest horse that ever would never tire.

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. 'Ninus' tomb,' man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is 'never tire.'

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head.

Plute. O!—As true as truest horse, that ye would never tire.

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Plute. Masters! fly, masters! help!

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knave of them to make us afraid.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! the art translated.

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make a ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But will not stir from this place, do what they say I will walk up and down here, and I will sit that they shall hear I am not afraid.
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT’S DREAM.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well; that same cowardly, giant-like oxbeef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you your kindred hath made eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bowers: The moon and hawks looks with a watery eye; And when she weeps, weeps every little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love’s tongue, bring him silently.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Wood.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. I wonder if Titania be awak’d; Then, what it was that next came in her eye, Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Herecomes my messenger. How now, mad spirit! What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love. Near to her close and consecrated bower, While she was in her dull and sleeping hour, A crew of patches, rude mechanicals, That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

Were met together to rehearse a play

Intended for great Theseus’ nuptial day.

The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort, Who Pyramus presented in their sport, Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake, When I did him at this advantage take; An ass’s nowl I fixed on his head; Anon his Thysbe must be answered, And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy, As wild geese that the creeping Fowler eye, Or russet-pated stoups, many in sort,

Rising and cawing at the gun’s report, Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky; So, at his sight, away his fellows fly, And, at our stamp, here o’er and o’er one falls; He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.

Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong; For briers and thorns at their apparel scratch; Some sleeves, some hats, from Yielders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there; When in that moment, so it came to pass, Titania wak’d and straightway lov’d an ass.

Ober. This falls out better than I could devise. But hast thou yet hatch’d the Athenian’s eyes With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping, that is finish’d too, And the Athenian woman by his side; That, when he wak’d, of force he must be eyed.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ober. Stand close: this is the same Athenian. Puck. This is the woman; but not this the man.
Dem. O! why rebuke you him that loves you so? Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me case to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me. Would he had stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.

It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pier'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah! good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men! O!
one tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him when he was awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,
Nor is he dead, for naught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.

And from thy hated presence part I so;
See me no more, whether he be dead or not.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

Lies down and sleeps.

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistak'n quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforse ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helen of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woe one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should weep in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kills truth, O devilish-loy ly fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swor
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. Arising. O Helen! goddess, nymph,
Perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?
Crystal is muddy. O! how rife in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hol'd'st up thy hand. O! let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss.

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so:
To vow, and swear, and superlative my parts.
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts,
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise.
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so
For you love Hermia; this you know I know.
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

Her. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.
Look! where thy love comes: yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear can't thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

Lys. Lo! she is one of this confederacy.

Her. O, I perceive they have conjur'd all three to fashion this false sport in spite of me.

Lys. Injuries Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

Her. Give you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd to bait me with this foul derision?

Lys. All the counsel that we two have shar'd, the sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent, when we have chid the hasty-footed time for parting us, O! is it all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
And been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition:

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;

so, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;

Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
One but to one, and crowned with one crest.

And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?

Lys. Is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:

Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.

Lys. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
'to follow me and praise my eyes and face,
And made your other love, Demetrius,

Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander

Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,

But by your setting on, by your consent?

What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon love, so fortunate,

But miserable most to love unlov'd,

This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Lys. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;

Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:

This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.

If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.

But, fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Hermia! hear my excuse:

My love, my life, my soul, fair Hermia!

Lys. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entertain, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:

Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come!

Lys. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, he'll...

Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

Hang off, thou cat, thou bair! vile thing, let loose.

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude! what change is this?

Sweet love,—

Lys. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out! Out, loath'd medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Lys. Yes, so, and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive

A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Lys. What! can you do me greater harm than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? Ome! what news, my love?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:

Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee and love Helena.

SCENE II.]
Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom! You Thief of love! what! have you come by night And stol’n my love’s heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i’ faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What! will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie! fie! you counterfeet, you puppet you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes
the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare 250 Between our statures: she hath urg’d her height; And with her personage, her tall personage, Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail’d with him. And are you grown so high in his esteem, Because I am so dwarfish and so low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole! speak; How low am I! I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst; 300 I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong’d you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood. 350 He follow’d you; for love I follow’d him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten’d me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone. Who is’t that
hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind,
Her. What! with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius. 329
Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee,
Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O! when she’s angry, she is keen and shrewd.
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. ‘Little’ again! nothing but ‘low’ and ‘little’!

Why will you suffer her to float me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bezal, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious 380
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part, for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou darst, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! nay, I’ll go with thee, check by jole.

Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS.

Hel. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Her. I will not trust you, I, 340
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away.  Exit.

Her. I am amaz’d, and know not what to say.  Exit.

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mustak’s t,
Or else commit’s th thy knaverys wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have ‘pointed an Athenian’s eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort.
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight:
He therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry wekin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another’s way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime call thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o’er their bows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander’s eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wond’ed sight.
When they next wake, all this derision 370
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
While I in this affair do thee employ,
I’ll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster’s view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night’s swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora’s harbinger; 380
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must foray consort with black-brow’d night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning’s love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.  Exit.

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear’d in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
Scene I.—A Wood.

LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA AND HERMIA lying asleep. Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM. Fairies attending. OBERON behind unseen.

TITA. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed, While I thy amiable cheeks do coy, And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head, And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOT. Where's Pease-blossom?

PEASE. Ready.

BOT. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

COB. Ready.

BOT. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not: I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustard-seed?

MUST. Ready.

BOT. Give me your neif, Mounsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

MUST. What's your will?

BOT. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

TITA. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

BOT. I have a reasonable good ear in music; let's have the tongs and the bones.

TITA. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

BOT. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

TITA. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

Enter Puck.  

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own
fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take
hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad.
Trip we after the night's shade;

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of
dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your
people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep
come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

Exit Fairies.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O! how I love thee; how I dote on thee!

They sleep.

Enter Puck.

Obe. Advancing. Welcome, good Robin. Seest
thon this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
to bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That, he awakening when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see;
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O! how mine eyes do loathe his visage now.

Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music! such as charmed sleep.

Music.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own
fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take
hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad.
Trip we after the night's shade;

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and
Train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go
Dispacht, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hipp. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kin,
So flaw'd, so sand'd; and their heads are hun
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessallian
bulbs;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bell
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly;
Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymph
are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep.
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena;
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent.
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus, is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with
their horns.

Horns, and shout within. Demetrius,
Lysander, Hermia, and Helena
wake and start up

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

He and the rest kneel to Theseus.

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no eminence?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might
Without the peril of the Athenian law—
Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flute. If he come not then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flute. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flute. You must say 'paramour': a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scape sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what: for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen, and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away!

Exeunt.
ACT V.


Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe

These antick fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend

More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,

Are of imagination all compact:

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,

That is the madman; the lover, all as frantic,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination.

That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy;

Or in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together,

More witnesseth than fancy's images,

And grows to something of great constancy,

But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love

Accomp'y our hearts!

Lys. More than to us.

Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what dances

shall we have,

To bear away this long life of three hours

Between our after-supper and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?

What masque, what music? How shall we beguile

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe;

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

Gives a paper.

The. The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung

By an Athenian enchanter to the harp.

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,

In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd

When I from Thebes came last a conqueror,

The three wise Muses mourning for the death

Of Learning, late deceas'd in begovany.

That is some satire keen and critical,

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus

And his love Thaisa; very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!

That is, hot ice and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten wo long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,

Which makes it tedious; for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is,

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess

Made mine eyes water; but more merry treat

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now

And now have told't their unbreath'd memory

With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord;

It is not for you: I have heard it over,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world;

Unless you can find sport in their intents,

Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pen

To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;

For never any thing can be amiss,

When simplicity and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

Exit Philostrate.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness charg'd,

And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in a kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thank's nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake

And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect

Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have purport

To meet me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale

Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears.

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;

And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much as from the rattling tongue

Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity

In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter Philostrate.

Phil. So please your grace, the Prologue's address'd.

The. Let him approach.

{Flourish of trumpets}
Enter Quince for the Prologue.

If we offend, it is with our good will. 110
But if you think, we come not to offend,
with good will. To show our simple skill,
it is the true beginning of our end.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! 0 night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not! 0 night! O night! alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.

Enter Thisby.

This. O wall! full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice; now will I to the chink,
To spy on I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

This. My love! thou art my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. 0! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.
This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb-show.

Enter Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.

I wonder if the lion be to speak.

No wonder, my lord: one lion may,
a many ass's do.

In this same interlude it doth befall,
I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
such a wall, as I would have you think,
had in it a crannied hole or chink,
ugly which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby, whisper often very secretly.

Lion, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

Enter Juno.

Juno. 0, thus to love is a divine art,
0, to be true, a godlike part.
If men do so, they shall be wise;
Then shall they both be happy and wise.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, yow, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Enter Thisbe.

This. O wall! full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice; now will I to the chink,
To spy on I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

This. My love! thou art my love, I think.

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Pyr. 0! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.
This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb-show.
Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good con-
sience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that
e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot
carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry
his valour, for the goose carries not the fox. It
is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us
listen to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon
present:

Dem. He should have worn the horns on
his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are
invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present;

Myself the man 'tis the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest.
The man should be put into the lantern: how
is it else the man 'tis the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle;
for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hin. I am awearie of this moon; would he
would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion,
that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in
all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you
that the lantern is the moon: I, the man in
the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this
dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern;
for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here
comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?
Lion. Oh—

The lion roars. Thisbe runs off.

Dem. Well roared, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon
shines with a good grace.

The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.

The. Well moused, Lion.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.

But stay, O spite!

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What! stain'd with blood!

Approach, ye Furies fell!

O Fates, come, come!

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a
friend, would go near to make a man look

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the na-

Pyr. O! wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions f
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dam.

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pop of Pyramus:

Ay, that left pap.

Where heart doth hop:

Stabs his

This die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fed;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light!

Moon, take thy right!

Exit Moon.

Now die, die, die, die, die.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for

but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead

he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might
recover, and yet prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone by?

Thisbe comes back and finds her lover!

The. She will find him by starlight, or

she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a lover
for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be but

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, vid
Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better: he is a
man, God warrant us; she for a woman to bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with her
sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she means, videlicet:—

This.

Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise!

Speak, speak! Quite dam'd?

Dead, dead! A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These flow'rs I lay.

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip checks,

Are gone, are gone.

Lovers, make mourning!

His eyes were green as leeks.

O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me.

With hands as pale as milk;

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word:

Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbure;
And farewell, friends;
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.
Dies.

The Moonshine and Lion are left to bury a dead.
Dem. Ay, and Wall too.
Bot. Starting up. No, I assure you; the wall down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?
The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your plays no excuse. Never excuse; for when the ayers are all dead, there need none to be amended. Marry, if he that writ it had played amus, and hanged himself in Thisbe’s garter, would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, nly, and very notably discharged. But come, ur Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

A dance.
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve
Vers, to bed; ’tis almost fairy time.
Fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatch’d,
As palpable-gross play hath well beguil’d
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
Fortnight hold we this solemnity,
Nightly revels, and new jollity.

Enter Puck.
Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behows the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snares,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spirit,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate’s team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow’d house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania, with their Train.
Obe. Through the house give glimmering light
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

Song and dance.
Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true and loving be;
And the blots of Nature’s hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in natiuity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest,
Ever shall in safety rest.

Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and Train.
Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUKE OF VENICE.
PRINCE OF MOROCCO.
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, \\
ANTONIO, a Merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his Friend.
GRATIANO, \\
SALARINO, \\
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his Friend.
LAUNCLELOT GOBBO, a Clown, Servant to Shylock.
OLD GOBBO, Father to Launcelot.
LEONARDO, Servant to Bassanio.
BALTHAZAR, \\
STEPHANO, \\
PORTIA, a rich Heiress.
NERISSA, her Waiting-maid.
JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Goadler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad: It wearies me; you say it wearies you; But how I caught it, found it, or came by it, What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born, I am to learn; And such a want-wit sadness makes of me, That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean; There, where your argosies with portly sail, Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood, Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea, Do overpeer the petty traffickers, That court'ry to them, do them reverence, As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth, The better part of my affections would Be with my hopes abroad. I should still be still Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind, Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads; And every object that might make me fear Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt Would make me sad.

Salan. My wind, cooling my broth, Would blow me to an ague, when I thought What harm a wind too great might do at sea. I should not see the sandy hour-glass run But I should think of shallows and of flats, And see my wealthy Andrew, dock'd in sand, Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs To kiss her burial. Should I go to church And see the holy edifice of stone, And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks, Which touching but my gentle vessel's side, Would scatter all her spices on the stream, Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,

And, in a word, but even now worth this, And now worth nothing? Shall I have been thought To think on this, and shall I lack the thought That such a thing becahne'd would make me mad? But tell not me: I know Antonio Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune well My ventures are not in one bottom trusted Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate Upon the fortune of this present year: Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Sal. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, so! Sal. Not in love neither? Then let us see how you are sad, Because you are not merry; and 'twere as well For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry, Because you are not sad. Now, by two-heeler Janus, Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her eye! Some that will evermore peep through their eyes And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper; And other of such vinegar aspect That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile. Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman, Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well: We leave you now with better company. Salan. I would have stay'd till I had seen you merry, If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard. I take it, your own business calls on you, And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salan. Good morrow, my good lords.
ass. Good signors both, when shall we laugh?
  say, when?
   grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
alar. We'll make our pleasures to attend on
      your. Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO.
    My Lord Bassanio, since you have found
    Antonio,  two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
    you have in mind what we must meet.
  ass. I will not fuly you.
  ra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
    too much respect upon the world:
    lose it that do buy it with much care:
    love me, you are marvellously chang'd.
nt. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
    age where every man must play a part,
    mine a sad one.
ra. Let me play the fool:
  mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
  let my liver rather heat with wine
  my heart cool with mortifying groans.
  should a man, whose blood is warm within,
    like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
ra. When he wakes, and creeps into the jaundice
    being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
    thee, and it is my love that speaks.
  are a sort of men whose visages
    make and mantle like a standing pond,
    I do a wilful stillness entertain,
    purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
    wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
    who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
    when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'
    my Antonio, I do know of these,
    therefore only are reputed wise
    saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
    should speak would almost damn those ears,
    hearing them, would call their brothers
    fools.
    thee more of this another time:
    fish not, with this melancholy bait,
    this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.
ra. Good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
    and my exhortation after dinner.
or. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-
    time:
    but one of these same dull wise men,
    Gratiano never let me speak.
ra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
    shall not know the sound of thine own
    tongue.
ra. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.
ra. Thanks, 'tis faith: for silence is only
    commendable.
ra. Meat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.
    Gratiano and Lorenzo.
ra. Is that any thing now?
ass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of
thing, more than any man in all Venice. His
sons are as two grains of wheat hid in two
hulls of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you
  them, and when you have them, they are
  worth the search.
ra. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
  whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
ass. To-day promis'd to tell me of?
ra. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
  much I have disabled mine estate,
  something showing a more swelling port
  in my faint means would grant continuance:
  Nor do I now make man to be abridgd'\n    From such a noble rate; but my chief care
    Is to come fairly off from the great debts
    Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
    Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
    I owe the most, in money and in love;
    And from your love I have a warranty
    To unburden all my plots and purposes
    How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
    Ans. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
    And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
    Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
    My purse, my person, my extremest means,
    Lie all unlook'd for your occasions.
0. Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
    shaft,
    I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
    The selfsame way with more advised watch,
    To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,
    I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
    Because what follows is pure innocence.
    Owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
    That which I owe is lost; but if you please
    To shoot another arrow that self way
    Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
    As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
    Or bring your latter hazard back again,
    And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
    Ans. You know me well, and herein spend but
    time
    To wind about my love with circumstance;
    And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
    In making question of my uttermost.
    Than if you had made waste of all I have:
    Then do but say to me what I should do
    That in your knowledge may be done, and
    And I am prest unto it: therefore speak.
    Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
    And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
    Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
    I did receive fair speechless messages:
    Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
    To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia;
    Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
    For the four winds blow in from every coast
    Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
    Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
    Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchus' strand.
    And many Jasions come in quest of her.
    O my Antonio! had I but the means
    To hold a rival place with one of them,
    I have a mind presages me such thrift,
    That I should questionless be fortunate.
    Ans. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at
    sea;
    Neither have I money, nor commodity
    To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
    Try what my credit can in Venice do:
    That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
    To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
    Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
    Where money is, and I no question make
    To have it of my trust or for my sake. Exeunt.

Scene II.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
aweary of this great world.
Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If you do as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to do, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hate is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O no! no, on the word 'choose!' I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereby who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, 'If you will not have me, choose.' He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmanly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mockor; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for I understand not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a pennyworth in the English. He is a pre
man's picture, but, alas! who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I tell you he bought his doublet in Italy, his round is in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord's neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the earl of England, and swore he would pay him again when he was able; I think the Frenchman beats his surety and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when I sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is better than a beast. An the worst fall that fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform his father's will, if you should refuse to accept it.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I, to thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on a contrary casket, for if the devil be within that temptation without, I know he will cast it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I am married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having of these lords: they have acquainted me with the determinations; which is, indeed, to return their home and to trouble you with no more unless you may be won by some other sort to your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by manner of my father's will. I am glad this pack of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not among them but I dote on his very absence. I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soothsayer, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes: it was Bassanio; as I think he was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

How now! what news?

Serc. The four strangers seek for you, mean to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, brings word the prince his master will be to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with a good heart as I can bid the other four fairest, I should be glad of his approach: if he have a condition of a saint and the complexion of a man, I had rather he should strive me than were
Some, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

\[14\] While we shut the gate upon one woover, another
knocks at the door.

\[15\] 

\[16\] Exequit.

\[17\] 

\[18\] \[\textbf{Scene III.}\] Venice. A public Place.

\[19\] Enter \textbf{Bassanio} and \textbf{Shylock}.

\[20\] \textbf{Shy.} Three thousand ducats; well?
\textbf{Bass.} Ay, sir, for three months.

\[21\] \textbf{Shy.} For three months; well?
\textbf{Bass.} For which, as I told you, Antonio
will be bound.

\[22\] \textbf{Shy.} Antonio shall become bound; well?
\textbf{Bass.} May you stade me? Will you pleasure
me? Shall I know your answer?

\[23\] \textbf{Shy.} Three thousand ducats, for three months,
\textbf{Bass.} Your answer to that.

\[24\] \textbf{Shy.} Antonio is a good man.
\textbf{Bass.} Have you heard any imputation to the
 contrary?

\[25\] \textbf{Shy.} Oh, no, no, no; my meaning in saying
is a good man is to have you understand me
at he is sufficient.
Yet his means are in supposi-
tion: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis,
other to the Indies; I understand moreover
in the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a
urth for England, and other ventures he hath;
whereupon he wanders abroad. But ships are
but boards, flors but men: there be land-rats and
water-thieves, land-thieves, I mean rates:
and then there is the peril of waters, ads,
rocks. The man is, notwithstanding,
that which he will answer;
Three thousand ducats; I think I

\[26\] \textbf{Bass.} Be assured you may.

\[27\] \textbf{Shy.} I will be assured I may; and, that I may
assured, I will bethink me. \textbf{May I speak
in Antonio?}

\[28\] \textbf{Bass.} If it please you to dine with us.

\[29\] \textbf{Shy.} Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitat-
a which your prophet the Nazarene conjured
a devil into. I will buy with you, sell
with, talk with you, walk with you, and so follow;
but I will not eat with you, drink with you,
pray with you. What news on the Rialto?
ho is he comes here?

\[30\] 

\[31\] \[\textbf{Enter Antonio.}\]

\[32\] \textbf{Bass.} This is Signior Antonio.

\[33\] \textbf{Shy.} Aside. How like a fawning publican he
looks!

\[34\] Rate him for he is a Christian;

t more for that in low simplicity
lends out money gratis, and brings down
e rate of usance, here with us in Venice.
I can catch him once upon the lip,
fill fed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
lates our sacred nation, and he rails,
en there where merchants most do congregate,
me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, in
which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
I forgive him!

\[35\] \textbf{Bass.} Shylock, do you hear?

\[36\] \textbf{Shy.} I am debating of my present store,
d, by the near guess of my memory,
annot instantly raise up the gross
full three thousand ducats. What of that?
old, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

\[37\] Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? \textbf{To Antonio.} Rest you fair,
good signior;

\[38\] Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

\[39\] \textbf{Ant.} Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would?

\[40\] \textbf{Shy.} \textbf{Ay, ay}, three thousand ducats.

\[41\] \textbf{Ant.} And for three months.

\[42\] \textbf{Shy.} I had forgot; three months; you told
me so.

\[43\] Well then, your bond; and let me see. But
hear you;

\[44\] Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

\[45\] \textbf{Ant.} I do never use it.

\[46\] \textbf{Shy.} When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's
sheep—

\[47\] This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in l is behalf,
The third possessor: ay, he was the third,—

\[48\] \textbf{Ant.} And what of him? did he take interest?

\[49\] \textbf{Shy.} No; not take interest; not, as you would
say,

\[50\] \textbf{Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.}
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the canals which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the eves, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams;

\[51\] And, when the work of generation was

\[52\] Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peal'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome eves,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.

\[53\] This was a way to thrive, and he was best:
And thr'st is blessing, if men steal it not.

\[54\] \textbf{Ant.} This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;

\[55\] A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver eves and rams?

\[56\] \textbf{Shy.} I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

\[57\] \textbf{Ant.} Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,

\[58\] \textbf{Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,}
A kindly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

\[59\] \textbf{Shy.} Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good
round sum.

\[60\] Three months from twelve, then let me see the
rate.

\[61\] \textbf{Ant.} Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to
you?

\[62\] \textbf{Shy.} Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberline,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
Act One Scene One

A Room in Portia’s House

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco and his Followers; Portia, Nerissa, a others of her Train.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadow’d livery of the burnish’d sun, To whom I am a neighbour and near bred. Bring me the fairest creature northward born Where Phoebus’ fire scarce thaws the icicles, And let us make incision for your love, To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine Hath fear’d the valiant: by my love, I swear The best-regarded virgins of our clime Have lov’d it too: I would not change this h Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle que Por. In terms of choice I am not solely le By nice direction of a maiden’s eyes; Besides, the lottery of my destiny Bars me the right of voluntary choosing: But if my father had not scantled me And hedg’d me by his wit, to yield myself His wife who wins me by that means I told you Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair As any comor I have look’d on yet For my affection. Mor. Even for that I thank you Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the casket To try my fortune. By this scimitar, That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince That won three fields of Sultan Solymar, I would outstare the sternest eye that look. Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth! Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-b Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey, To win thee, lady. But, alas the while! If Hercules and Lichias play at dice Which is the better man, the greater throw May turn by fortune from the weaker hand So is Alcides beaten by his page; And so may I, blind fortune leading me, Miss that which one unworthy may attain And die with grieving. Por. You must take your char And either not attempt to choose at all, Or swear before you choose, if you choose wr Never to speak to lady afterward In way of marriage: therefore be advis’d. Mor. Nor will not: come, bring me unto chance. Por. First, forward to the temple: after dis Your hazard shall be made. Mor. Good fortune the To make me blest or cursed’st among men. Cornets, and ex

Scene II. Venice. A Street.

Enter Launcelot Gobbo.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve to run from this Jew my master. The fier at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to ‘Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot...
good Gobbo, or ‘good Launcelot Gobbo, use our legs, take the start, run away.’ My conscience says, ‘No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo’; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: ‘Fie! says the fiend; ‘away!’ says the fiend; ‘for the heavens, once up a brave mind; says the fiend, ‘and run.’ Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, ‘My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man’s son,’ or rather an honest woman’s son; for, indeed, my father did something snacker, something grow to, e had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says, Launcelot, budge not.’ ‘Budge,’ says the fiend: ‘budge not,’ says my conscience. ‘Conscience,’ say I, ‘you counsel well’; ‘fiend,’ say I, ‘you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I could stay with the Jew my master, who, God less the mark! is a kind of devil; and, to run way from the Jew, I should be ruled by the end, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil inhuman; and, in my conscience, my conscience is at a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my ells are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew’s?

Laun. Aside. O heavens! this is my true-better father, who, being more than sand-blind, gh gravel-blind, knows me not: I will try consenions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew’s?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning all of you; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no 15 and, but turn down indirectly to the Jew’s house.

Gob. By God’s sotties, ’twill be a hard way to. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? side. Mark me now; how will I raise the waters, shall you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man’s son: father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what at will, we 20 talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship’s friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I see you, talk you of young Master Launcelot? 25 Gob. Of Launcelot, an’t please your master-

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of 30 master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such la sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would y in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very aff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul! alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fall of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man’s son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let’s have no more fooling 65 about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew’s man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I’ll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got? thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then that Dobbin’s tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord! how art thou changed. How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master’s a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and other Followers.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the furthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. Exit a Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! Would’st thou thought with me?

Gob. Here’s my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew’s man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship’s reverence, are scarce.cater-cousins,—
Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the man, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain’d thy suit:

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day, And hath prepar’d thee, if it be prepar’d To leave a rich Jew’s service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak’st it well. Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out. Give him a livery

More guarded than his fellows: see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne’er a tongue in my head. Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to; here’s a simple line of life: here’s a small tripe of wives: alas! fifteen wives is nothing: a leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man; and then to ‘scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple ‘scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she’s a good wrench for this gear. Father, come; I’ll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

Exeunt Launcelot and Old Bobbo.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this. These things being bought, and orderly bestow’d, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

My best-esteem’d acquaintance: be thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. Exit.

Gra. Signior Bassanio!

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain’d it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice; Parts that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; But where thou art not known, why, there they show

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain To allay with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour I be misconstrued in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.
and whiter than the paper it writ on
; the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love news, in faith.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Lau. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the
ow, to sup to-night with my new master, the

Gra. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
will not fail her; speak it privately.

Lau. Sir, I shall take her from her father's house;
hat gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
that page's suit she hath in readiness.

e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
nd never dare misfortune cross her foot,
less she do it under this excuse,
that she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Lau. I, Jessica, will be your messenger.

Gra. Tis good we do so.

Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lau. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
ow I shall take her from her father's house;
hat gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
that page's suit she hath in readiness.

e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
nd never dare misfortune cross her foot,
less she do it under this excuse,
that she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Lau. Me, go with me: persuade this as thou goest.

Sir, Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. Exeunt.

ACT V.—Scene One.

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be
thy judge.

Lau. A difference of old Shylock and Bassoiano:—
hat, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
that thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
nd sleep and snore, and rend apparel out—
hy, Jessica, I say!

Lau. Why, Jessica!


Lau. Your worship was wont to tell me I did do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
ere are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
im not bid for love; they flatter me:
ret I'll go in hate, to feele upon
prodigal Christian, Jessica, my girl,
o to my house. I am right loath to go:
er is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Lau. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master
expect your reappr. 

Shy. So do I his.

Lau. And they have conspired together: I
not say you shall see a masque; but if you
then it was not for nothing that my nose fell
feeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock
the morning, falling out that year on Ash-
dnesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you
me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Chamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go. No you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Lau. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look
out at window, for all this;—
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring,

Jes. His words were, 'Farewell, mistress';
nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge
feeder.

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thirfty mind.

Shy. Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

Scene Six.—The Same.

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.

Gra. This is the penthouse under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he outdwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
to seallove's bonds new made, than they are wont
to keep obliged fate unfeared.

Gra. That ever holds; who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth unrend again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younger or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails.
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this
hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for
wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?
Enter Jessica above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty, Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue. Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love. Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed, For who love I so much? And now who knows But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours? 31 Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art. Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains. I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me, For I am much asham'd of my exchange; But love is blind, and lovers cannot see The pretty follies that themselves commit; For if they could, Cupid himself would blush To see me thus transformed to a boy. 39 Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer. Jes. What! must I hold a candle to my shames? They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light. Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love, And I should be obscure'd.  

Lor. So are you, sweet, Even in the lovely garnish of a boy. But come at once; For the close night doth play the runaway, And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast. Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself With some more ducats, and be with you straight. Exit above.

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew. Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily; 52 For she is wise, if I can judge of her, And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true, And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself; And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true, Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away! Our masquing mates by this time for us stay. Exit with Jessica and Salarino.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?  60 Gra. Signior Antonio!

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest? 'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you. No masque to-night: the wind is come about; Bassanio presently will go aboard; I have sent twenty out to seek for you. Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight Than to be under sail and gone to-night.  

Exeunt.

Scene VII.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

F Reward of Cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and their Trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover The several caskets to this noble prince. Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears:

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries:

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blun

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture prince;

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;

I will survey the inscriptions back again:

What says this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me shall give and hazard all he hath.

Must give: for what? for lead? hazard for lead. This casket threatens. Men that hazard all Do it in hope of fair advantages: A golden mind stoops not to show of dross; I'll then not give nor hazard aught for lead. What says the silver with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco And weigh thy value with an even hand. If thou be'st rated by thy estimation, Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough May not extend so far as to the lady: And yet to be afraid of my deserving Were but a weak disabling of myself. As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady I do in birth desire her, and in fortunes, In graces, and in qualities of breeding; But more than these, in love I do deserve. What if I stay'd no further, but chose here? Let's see once more this saying graved in gold: Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire. Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her. From the four corners of the earth they come To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint. The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds Of wide Arabia are as throughfairs now, For princes to come view fair Portia: The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar To stop the foreign spirits, but they come, As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia. One of these three contains her heavenly picture: Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation To think so base a thought: it were too gross To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave. Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd, Being ten times undervalued to tried gold? O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem Was set in worse than gold. They have England A coin that bears the figure of an angel Stamped in gold, but that's insculped upon; But here an angel in a golden bed Lies all within. Deliver me the key: Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my fel low there, Then I am yours. He unlocks the golden casket.

Mor. O hell! what have we here? A carrion Death, within whose empty eye There is a written scroll. I'll read the writ:

All that givers is not gold;

Often have you heard that told:

Many a man his life hath sold

But my outside to behold:
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. Exeunt.

Scene IX.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Nerissa with a Scrivitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight.
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their Trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince.
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
That casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage;
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

What many men desire! that 'many' may be
Meant
By the foil multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which prises not to the interior, but, like the
Marliet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee, then silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
0 ! that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer.
How many then should cover that stand bare;
How many be commanded that command;
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
Pick'd from the stench and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

Scene VIII.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Salario and Salanio.

Sal. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
O, he is Gratiano gone along;
In their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.

Sal. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
O went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
There the duke was given to understand
In a gondola were seen together
Enzo and his amorous Jessica.

Inde, Antonio certified the duke
That they were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Sal. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
Strange, outrageous, and so variable,
The dog Jew did utter in the streets:
Daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
With a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Nay! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
Sailed bag; two sealed bags of ducats,
Double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
Jewels! two stones, two rich and precious stones,
In by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
What is the stones upon her, and the ducats.
Sal. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
In his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Sal. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
He shall pay for this.
Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
Ason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
O told me, in the narrow seas that part
French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught
Bought upon Antonio when he told me,
I wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Sal. You were best tell Antonio what you hear;
Do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Sal. A kinder gentleman trends not the earth,
As Bassanio and Antonio part:
Sanio told him he would make some speed
His return: he answer'd 'Do not so;
Be not business for my sake, Bassanio,
Stay the very ripening of the time;
For the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
It not enter in your mind of love:
Merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
Courtship and such fair o'ert'sents of love
Shall conveniently become you there:
Even there, his eye being big with tears,
Sing his face, he put his hand behind him,
With affection wondrous sensible
Wrong Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
Sal. I think he only loves the world for him.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III.

Scene I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

SALANIO. Now, what news on the Rialto?

SALARINO. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and far where the carac-sus of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

SALANIO. I would she were as lying a gossip, that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she kept for the death of third husband. But it is true, without any show of privity or crossing the plain highway talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antinó—O, that I had a title good enough to keep name company!—

SALARINO. Come, the full stop.

SALANIO. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the eye is, he hath lost a ship.

SALARINO. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

SALANIO. Let me say ‘amen’ betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

SHYLOCK. You knew, none so well, none so well you, of my daughter’s flight.

SALARINO. That’s certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SALANIO. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHYLOCK. She is damned for it.

SALARINO. That’s certain, if the devil may be judge.

SHYLOCK. My own flesh and blood to rebel! SALANIO. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it these years?

SHYLOCK. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

SALARINO. There is more difference between flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between Rhenish and Rhenish. But tell us, do you know whether Antonio have any loss at sea or no?

SHYLOCK. There I have another bad match: a bawb, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that used to come smug upon the mart; let him look to his bowl; he was wont to call me usurer; let him look at his bowl: he was wont to lend money for Christian courtesy; let him look to his bowl.

SALARINO. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; what’s that good for?

SHYLOCK. To bait fish withal: if it will feed a thing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million laughed at my losses, mocked at my gait scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what was his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, sens affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same medicines, warm and cooled by the same winter and summer, a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew were
Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge, he villain you teach me I will execute, and it all go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my ma'ter Antonio is at his ease, and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sal. I here comes another of the tribe: a bird cannot be matched, unless the devil him-if turn Jew.

Exeunt Salano, Salarino, and Servant.

Sky. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I come often where I did hear of her, it cannot find her.

Sky. Why, there, there, there, there! a amond, gone cost me two thousand ducats in rankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation I now; I never felt it till now: two thousand cats in that; and other precious, precious ills. I would my daughter were dead at my ot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were arised at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! of news of them? Why, so: and I know not that's spent in the search: why, thou—loss son! the thief gone with so much, and so uch to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no venge: nor ill luck stirring but what lights my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, I heard in Genoa—


Tub. I thank God! I thank God! Is't true? t true?

Sky. I spoke with some of the sailors that caped the wreck.

Tub. I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, od news! ha! ha! Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Thy daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.

Sky. Thou sticket a dagger in me: I shall ver see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a ting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors my company to Venice, that swear he cannot oose but break.

Sky. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he dey of your daughter for a monkey.

Sky. Out upon her! Thou mortest me, del; it was my tobacco; I had it of Leah en I was a bachelor: I would not have given for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Sky. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, bal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fort right before. I will have the heart of him, if forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can see what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal; meet me at our synagogue: go, go Tubal; our synagogue, Tubal.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, lose your company: therefore forbear awhile. There's something tells me, but it is not love, I would not lose you; and you know yourself, hate counsels not in such a quality. But lest you should not understand me well,—And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—I would detain you here some month or two before you venture for me. I could teach you how to choose right, but then I am forewarned;—So will I never be: so may you miss me; but if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forewarned. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'look'd me and divided me: One half of me is yours, the other half yours, My own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours. O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights; And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, Let fortune o'er half for it, not I. I speak too long; but 'tis to raise the time, To eke it and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose.

Por. For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Bass. Upon the rack. Bassano! then confess what treason there is mingled with your love.

Por. Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust, which makes me fear the enjoying of my love: there may as well be amity and life 'tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack, Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess' and 'love', had been the very sum of my confession: o happy torment, when my torturer doth teach me answers for deliverance! but let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then! I am lock'd in one of them: if you do love me, you will find me out. Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.

Por. Let music sound while he doth make his choice; then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end, fading in music: that the comparison may stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream and watery death-bed for him. He may win; and what is music then? then music is even as the flourish when true subjects bow to a new-crowned monarch: such it is.

As are those dulce sounds in break of day that creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear, and summon him to marriage. Now he goes, with no less presence, but with much more love, than young Alcides, when he did redeem the virgin tribute paid by howling Troy to the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice; the rest aloof are the Dardanian wives, with blear'd visages, come forth to view the issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules! live thou, I live: with much, much more dismay I view the fight than thou mak'st the fray.
A Song, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How beget, how nourished?

Reply, reply,
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all vying fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves; The world is still decid'v with ornament. In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt But, being season'd with a gracious voice, Obscures the show of evil? In religion, What damned error, but some sober brow Will bless it and approve it with a text. Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? There is no vice so simple but assumes Some mark of virtue on his outward parts. How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars, Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk; And these assume but valour's excrement To render them redoubled! Look on beauty, And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight; Which therein works a miracle in nature, Making them lightest that wear most of it: So are those cradled snaky golden locks Which make such wanton gambols with the wind, Upon supposed fairness, often known To be the dowry of a second head, The scull that bred them in the sepulchre. Thus ornament is but the gilded shore To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, The seeming truth which cunning times put on To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee; Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge 'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre lead, Which rather threat'nest than dost promiseught, Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence, And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi god Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes? Or whether, riding on the balls of mine, Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips, Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men Faster than grats in cobwebs: but her eyes—

How could he see to do them? having made on Methinks it should have power to steal both in And leave itself unfinish'd: yet look, how far The substance of my praise doth wrong th' shadow In underprizing it, so far this shadow Doth limp behind the substance. Here's th' scroll, The continent and summary of my fortune. You that choose not by the view, Chance as fair and choose as true! Since this fortune falls to you, Be content and seek no new. If you be will pleas'd with this And hold your fortune for your bliss, Turn you where your lady is And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave; I come by note, to give and to receive. Like one of two contending in a prize, That thinks he hath done well in people's eye Hearing applause and universal shout, Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt Whether those peals of praise be his or no; So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so, As doubtful whether what I see be true, Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratifyed by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stan Such as I am: though for myself alone I would not be ambitious in my wish, To wish myself much better; yet for you I would be trebled twenty times myself; A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times More rich; That only to stand high in your account, I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends, Exceed account: but the full sum of me Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross, Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd; Happy in this, she is not yet so old But she may learn; happier than this, She is not bred so dull but she can learn; Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit Commits itself to yours to be directed, As from her lord, her governor, her king. Myself and what is mine to you and yours Is now converted: but now I was the lord Of this fair mansion, master of my servants, Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now, This house, these servants, and this same myself Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring: Which when you part from, lose, or give away Let it press the ruin of your love, And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all word Only my blood speaks to you in my veins; And there is such confusion in my powers, As, after some oration fairly spoke By a beloved prince, there doth appear Among the buzzing pleased multitude; Where every something, being bent together, Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy, Express'd and not express'd. But when this rift Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence O! then be bold to say Bassanio's dead. Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time, That have stood by and seen our wishes pros. To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

190 wish you all the joy that you can wish;
195 or I am sure you can wish none from me:
200 ad when your honours mean to solemnize
205 the bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
210 en at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.

Bass. Eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
220 a saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
225 and, lo! I lov'd for intermission.

Gra. I am more pertains to me, my lord, than you.

Bass. Our fortune stood upon the caskets there;
230 d so did mine too, as the matter falls;
235 r no wooing here until I sweat again,
240 d swearing till my very roof was dry
245 th oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
250 not a promise of this fair one here
255 have her love, provided that your fortune lie'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Por. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Por. We'll play with them the first boy for a Susan ducats.

Ner. What! and stake down?

Por. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and be done.

t who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel! bat! and my old Venetian friend Salanio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.

Por. Lorenzo, and Salanio, welcome hither, that the youth of my new interest here
290 power to bid you welcome. By your leave, my very friends and countrymen,
et Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
295 ey are entirely welcome.

Por. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
purpose was not to have seen you here;
t meeting with Salanio by the way,
did entreat me, past all saying nay,
come with him along.

Salan. I did, my lord, d I have reason for it. Signor Antonio
305 mends him to you. Gives BASSANIO a letter.

Bass. Ere I ope his letter, say you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Salan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
310 well, unless in mind: his letter there
ill show you his estate.

Por. Nerissa, cheer you stranger; bid her welcome.
315 ur hand, Salanio. What's the news from Venice?

Salan. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in you same paper,
at steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek;
330 the dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
335 Could turn so much the constitution
340 Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia!

Por. Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
350 That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
355 I freely told you all the wealth I had
360 Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman:
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
365 Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
370 My state was nothing, I should then have told you
375 That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
380 I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
385 To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaging wound,
390 Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salanio?
395 Have all his ventures fail'd? What! not one hit?
398 From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
400 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
405 Of merchant-marrying rocks?

Salan. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
415 He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
420 Of greatest port, have all persuad'd with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Tes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
430 It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
440 Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What! no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond:
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
445 Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away! 310
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in praying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone! 322
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay;
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy; This is the fool that lent out money gratis: Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond,
Thou calld'st me dog before thou hast'd a cause,
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughtly gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know.
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made monn to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the duke Will never grant this forfeit to hold.

Ant. 'The duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — Belmont. A Room in Portia House.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica and Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strong In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you know to whom you show this honor, How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband, I know you would be prouder of the work Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions That do converse and waste the time together Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit; Which makes me think that this Antonio, Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd In purchasing the semblance of my soul From out the state of hellish cruelty! This comes too near the praising of myself; Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands The husbandry and manage of my house Until my lord's return; for mine own part, I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow To live in prayer and contemplation, Only attended by Nerissa here, Until her husband and my lord's return. There is a monastery two miles off, And there we will abide. I do desire you Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind, And will acknowledge you and Jessica In place of Lord Bassanio and myself. So fare you well till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am we pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica

Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.

Now, Balthazar, As I have ever found thee honest-true, So let me find thee still. Take this same letter And use thou all the endeavours of a man In speed to Padua: see thou render this Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario; And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed Unto the tryst, to the common ferry Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in wor.
But get thee gone: I shall be there before th
Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Por. Come on, Nerissa: I have work in ha
The Merchant of Venice.

Scene V.—The Same. A Garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always with you, and so now I speak my agitation; the matter: therefore, be of good cheer; for I think you are damned. There is but one in it that can do you any good, and that is a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your mother got you not, that you are not the Jew’s lighter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both father and mother: thus when I shun Seylla, ur father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: all you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath done me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e’en as many as could live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a breather on the coals for money.

Jes. I’ll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, uncle; if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: uncle and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew’s daughter: and he says you are no member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can. for the getting up of the negro’s belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only ‘cover’ is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

Exit.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! The fool hath planted in his memory An army of good words; and I do know A many fools, that stand in better place, Garnish’d like him, that for a tricksy word Defy the matter. How cheer’st thou, Jessica? And now, good sweet, say thy opinion; How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio’s wife? Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet The Lord Bassanio live an upright life, For, having such a blessing in his lady, He finds the joys of heaven here on earth; And if on earth he do not mean it, then In reason he should never come to heaven. Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match, And on the wager lay two earthly women, And Portia there, must be something else Pawn’d with the other, for the poor rude world Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk; Then howsoe’er thou speak’st, ‘mong other things I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I’ll set you forth.

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the Duke; the Magnificoes; Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salario, Salanio, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

And. I have heard
Your grace hath ta’en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy’s reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and arm’d
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Salar. He’s ready at the door: becomes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead’st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then ‘tis thought
Thou’lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact’st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant’s flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch’d with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Even to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brass-y bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train’d
to offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess’d your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city’s freedom.
You’ll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I’ll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer’d?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas’d to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban’d? What, are you answer’d yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i’ the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg’d hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer’d?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What wouldst thou have a serpent sit and rise twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bathe his usual height
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he bath made the ewe bleat for the lamb?
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven,
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what harder?

His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you
Make no more offers, use no further means;
But with all brief and plain convenience,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is:
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them. I would have my bond.
Duke. How shall thou hope for mercy, rend-
ing none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many as purchas’d slave
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their be-
e made as soft as yours, and let their palate
Be season’d with such vandals! You will answer,
The slaves are ours: so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; ‘tis mine, and I will have
It, if you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I shall for judgment: answer, shall I have
Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this cause.
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays with a messenger
A letter from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters: call the messenger.
Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, con-
age yet?
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted waster of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ’d, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer’s clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

Present a letter?

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so use-
estly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It dropeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy season'd justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er.

Por. On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be. There is no power in
Venice
Can alter a decree established:
Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example.

Por. Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart. Be mercifull:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour,
It doth appear ye are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
to give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks?
Por. Therefore lay bare thy bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast; 251
So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?
'Nearest his heart': those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on thy charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity. 261
Shy. I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.
Por. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks
for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could 259
Entreat some power to change this curish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I have
a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh
is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!
Por. Tarry a little: there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh':
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

To BASSANIO. And, for your love, I’ll take this ring from you. Do not draw back your hand; I’ll take no more; And you in love shall not deny me this.  

Bass. This ring, good sir! alas! it is a trifle; I will not shame myself to give you this.  

Por. I will have nothing else but this; And now methinks I have a mind to it.  

Bass. There’s more depends on this than on the value, The dearest ring in Venice will I give you, And find it out by proclamation; Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.  

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers: You taught me first to beg, and now methinks You teach me how a beggar should be answer’d.  

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife; And when she put it on, she made me vow That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.  

Por. That ‘scuse serves many men to save their gifts. An if your wife be not a mad-woman, And know well I have deserved the ring, She would not hold out enemy for ever, For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.  

Exit PORTIA and NERISSA.  

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring; Let his deservings and my love withal 400 Be valued against your wife’s commandment.  

Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him; Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst, Unto Antonio’s house. Away! make haste.  

Exit Gratiano.  

Come, you and I will thither presently, And in the morning early will we both Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.  

Exit.  

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street.  

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.  

Por. Inquire the Jew’s house out, give him this deed, And let him sign it. We’ll away to-night, And be a day before our husbands home: This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.  

Enter Gratiano.  

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o’erta’en. My Lord Bassanio upon more advice Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat Your company at dinner.  

Por. That cannot be:  
His ring I do accept most thankfully; And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore, I pray you, show my youth old Shylock’s house.  

Gra. That will I do.  

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.  

Aside to Portia. I’ll see if I can get my husband’s ring, Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.  

Por. Thou may’st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing That they did give the rings away to men; But we’ll outface them, and outswear them too. Away! make haste: thou know’st where I will tarry.  

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?  

Exit.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. The Avenue to Portia’s House.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh’d his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o’ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion’s shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay’d away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav’d her love,
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather’d the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Jason.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an untir’d love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov’d her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne’er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slender her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But hark! I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in such a silence of the night?
Ste. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Ste. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?
Ste. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return’d?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.

Ste. But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Lau.’ Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
Lor. Who calls?

Lau. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo?
Mas’tor Lorenzo! sola, sola!
Lor. Leave halloaing, man; here.

Lau. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.

Lau. Tell him there’s a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. Exit.

Lor. Sweet soul, let’s in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter; why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.

Exit Stephano.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bed,
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy venture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a horn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress’ ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive.
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unconduite colts,
fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear a perchance a trumpet sound
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive they make a mutual stare,
Their savage eyes turn’d to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones,
flods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage
But music for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov’d with concord of sweet sons
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa, at a distance.

Por. That light which we see is burning in my house.
How far that little candle throws his beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shines, we did not need the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less.
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! lark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the hour;
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect.
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark.
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season’s are
To their right praise and true perfection?

Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak’d. Music ceases.
The Merchant of Venice.

Lor. That is the voice, I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo, the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare, with speed, we hope, the better for our words, as they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet; if there is come a messenger before, signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa: we order to my servants that they take note at all of our being absent hence; you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

Aucket sounded.
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.
Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick; looks a little paler; 'tis a day, as the day is when the sun is hid.

Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes, you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light; a light wife doth make a heavy husband, I never be Bassanio so for me: God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:

is the man, this is Antonio, whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Por. No more than I am well acquitt'd for.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house: must appear in other ways than words, refore I scant this breathing courtesy.
Por. To Nerissa. By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
aih, I gave it to the judge's clerk: did he were get that had it, for my part, e you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Por. About a hoop of gold, a pauly ring she did give me, whose poesy was all the world like cutlers' poetry
a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'
Por. What talk you of the posy, or the value? swore to me, when I did give it you,
you would wear it till your hour of death, that should lie with you in your grave: much not for me, yet for your vehement oaths, should have been respective and have kept it: it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge, clerk will not wear hair on face that had it.
Por. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Por. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Por. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth, ad of boy, a little scrubbed boy, igher than thyself, the judge's clerk, sting boy, that begg'd it as a fee: did not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
to part so slightly with your wife's first gift; A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger, And so riveted with faith unto your flesh, I gave my love a ring and made him swear. Never to part with it; and here he stands; I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it. Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth. That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano, You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief: An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Aside. Why, I was best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed De-erv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk, That took some pains in writing, be begg'd mine; And neither man nor master would take aught But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?

Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth. By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony!
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, Portia, by my soul,
No woman had it; but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dearest friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have;
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.  
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:  
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:  
If you do not, if I be left alone,  
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,  
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.  

_Ner._ And I his clerk; therefore, be well advis'd  
How you do leave me to mine own protection.  

_Gra._ Well, do you so: let not me take him  
then;  

For if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.  

_Ant._ I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.  

_Por._ Sir, I grieve not you; you are welcome no otherwise.  

_Bass._ Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;  
And in the hearing of these many friends,  
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
Wherein I see myself.—  

_Por._ Mark you but that!  
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;  
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,  
And there's an oath of credit.  

_Bass._ Nay, but hear me:  
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear  
I never more will break an oath with thee.  

_Ant._ I once did lend my body for his wealth,  
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,  
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,  
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.  

_Por._ Then you shall be his surety. Give him this.  
And bid him keep it better than the other.  

_Ant._ Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring  

_Bass._ By heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor.  

_Por._ I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio.  
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.  

_Ner._ And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano.  
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,  
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.  

_Gra._ Why, this is like the mending of highways  
In summer, where the ways are fair enough.  
What! are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?  

_Por._ Speak not so grossly. You are all amaz'd:  
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;  

It comes from Padua, from Bellario:  
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor.  

_Nerissa._ There, her clerk: Lorenzo here  
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you  
And even but now return'd; I have not yet  
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome.  
And I have better news in store for you  
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;  
There you shall find three of your argosies  
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.  

_Ant._ I am dumb.  

_Bass._ Were you the doctor and I knew you not?  

_Gra._ Were you the clerk that is to make  
cuckold?  

_Ner._ Ay; but the clerk that never means  
do it,  
Unless he live until he be a man.  

_Bass._ Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow.  
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.  

_Ant._ Sweet lady, you have given me life  
living.  
For here I read for certain that my ships  
Are safely come to road.  

_Por._ How now, Lorenzo  

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you  

_Ner._ Ay, and I'll give them him without fee.  

There do I give to you and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.  

_Lor._ Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.  

_Por._ It is almost morning,  
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full. Let us go in;  
And charge us there upon interrogatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.  

_Gra._ Let it be so: the first interrogatory  
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,  
Whether till the next night she had rather  
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:  
But were the day come, I should wish it day,  
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.  
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing  
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, living in banishment.
FREDERICK, his Brother, Usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, Lords attending on the banished Duke.
JAQUES, a Courtier.
CHARLES, a Wrestler.
OLIVER, Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
ADAM, DENNIS, Servants to Oliver.

SCENE.—First, near Oliver's House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Orchard, near OLIVER'S House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this son bequeathed me by will but poor a thou- sand crowns; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing, to breed me well: and we begin my sadness. My brother Jaques keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of profit: for my part, he keeps rustically home, or, to speak more properly, stays me at home unkept; for call you that keeping a gentleman of my birth, that differs not in the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their dung, they are taught their manage, and to end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, am nothing under him but growth, for the ich his animals on his dunghills are as much and to him as I. Besides this nothing that so plentifully gives me, the something that were gave me, his countenance seems to take me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars the place of a brother, and, as much as in a lies, mines my gentility with my education. Is is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit my father, which I think is within me, begins mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer ture it, though yet I know no wise remedy to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother. Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.


OLIVER MARTEXT, a Vicar.
CORIN, Shepherds.
WILLIAM, a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person presenting HYMEN.
ROSALIND, Daughter to the banished Duke.
CELLA, Daughter to Frederick.
PHERE, a Shepherdess.
AUDREY, a Country Wench.
Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.
gen lemon-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allot-tery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for your good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. 

Exeunt Orlando and Adam. 9

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. 

Exit Dennis.

Tw'll be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Chas. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Chas. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Chas. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exiled, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Chas. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What! you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Chas. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you with that either you might stay him from his intent, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own sect and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's pur- ishment, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. Tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest youth fellow of France; full of ambition, an emulator of every man's good parts, a so and villainous contriver against me his nat- brother: therefore use thy discretion. I had relieved his break his neck as his finger, thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost any slight disgrace, or if he do not disgrace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath thy life by some indirect means or other; I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak there is not one so young and so villainous this living. I speak but brotherly of him; but she I anatomiize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Chas. I am heartily glad I came hither to thee. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him my present; if ever he go alone again, I'll not wrestle for prize more; and so God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. Now will I this hester. I hope. I shall see an end of him; for my soul, let I know not why, he nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, not schooled and yet learned, full of noble device of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed much in the heart of the world, and especial of my own people, who best know him, than am altogether misprised. But it shall not be long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing mains but that I kindle the boy thisther, who now I'll go about.

Exit.

SCENE II.—A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my com- mery.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than in mistrust of, and would you yet I were merry. Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, banished father, had banished thy uncle, duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught thy love to take father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the terms of thy love to me were so righteously temper as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child by nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath I away from thy father perchance, I will render again in affection; by mine honour, I will;
men I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. 
Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise arts. Let me see; what think you of falling love?
Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: I love no man in good earnest; nor no further sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush or mayest in honour come off again. 
Ros. What shall be our sport then?
Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally. 
Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind man doth most mistake in his gifts to women. 
Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair scarce makes honest, and those that she kes honest she makes very ill-favouredly. 

Enter Touchstone.
Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair nature, may she not by Fortune fall into the ? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool cut off the argument?
Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for tear, when Fortune makes Nature's natural cutter-off of Nature's wit.
Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work ther, but Nature's; who perceiving our natural so dull to reason of such goddesses, hath this natural for our whetstone: for always dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?
Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your shelter.
Cel. Were you made the messenger?
Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid for you.
Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?
Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his father they were good pancakes, and swore by honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll ad it to you, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight worn.
Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of knowledge?
Ros. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom. Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your axes, and swear by your beards that I am a knave. 
Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art. Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: if you swear by that that is not, you are not worn: no more was this knight, swearing his honour, for he never had any; or if he had sworn it away before he saw those pancakes or that mustard.
Ros. Prithee, who is that thou meanest?
Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves. Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be pipped for taxation one of these days. 
Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak what wise men do foolishly.
Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.
Ros. With his mouth full of news.
Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.
Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.
Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. 

Enter Le Beau.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news? Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.
Cel. Sport! Of what colour?
Le Beau. What colour, madam! How shall I answer you?
Ros. As wit and fortune will.
Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.
Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trawl. Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—
Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.
Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.
Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.
Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.
Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried. Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons.—
Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.
Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—
Ros. With bills on their necks, 'Tis known unto all men by these presents.'
Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.
Ros. Alas! Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?
Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.
Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.
Cel. Or I, I promise thee. 
Ros. But is there any else longs to see th' broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling cousin?
Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.
Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us new stay and see it. 

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants. 
Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness. 
Ros. Is yonder the man?
Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! art you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain disfranchise him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

Duke goes apart.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shame that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me: the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after: you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch thestrong fellow by the leg.

CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

CHARLES is thrown. Shout.

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteem'd thy father honourable, but I did find him still mine enemy: Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with thee, hadst thou descended from another house. But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth I would thou hadst told me of another youth.

Exeunt Duke FREDERICK, TRIOU, and LE BEAU.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this.

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son than any other: His youngest son; and would not change to calling.

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his son.

And all the world was of my father's mind: Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entertain Ere he should have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him: My father's rough and envious disposition Sticks with his heart: Sir, you have well deserved If you do keep your promises in love But justly, as you have exceeded all promise Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

Giving him a chain from her neck Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune That could give more, but that her hand in means.

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My best parts Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA

Orl. What passion hangs these weights up my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Or Charles or something weaker masters the Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved High commendation, true applause and love Yet such is now the duke's condition That he misconstrues all that you have don
Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.
Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou hast found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.
Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
That if I do not dream or be not frantic,
As I do trust I am not, then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.
Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.
Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter;
there's enough.
Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him. 60
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake;
Else had she with her father rang'd along.
Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay:
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her; if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And where so'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name; 70
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom.
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.
Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die. 80

Excpt Duke Frederick and Lords.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than
I am.
Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Col. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Col. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maidens as we are, to travel forth so far!

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Col. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind ofumber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtail-axe upon my thigh,
A bow-spear in my hand; and,—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have.

That do outface it with their semblances.

Col. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd?

Col. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Col. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. Exit.  

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and other Lords, like Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being nativeburghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked head
Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieveth at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd your dukedom.

To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that browses along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal he'veth forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leather coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nos
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes,
First, for his weeping into the needless stream
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testamen
As workdings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much'; then, being the alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company': anon, a careless herd
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; 'Aye,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Second Lord. We did, my lord, weeping an commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place.

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

Second Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.
SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?

I cannot be: some villains of my court are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.

She ladies, her attendants of her chamber, saw her a-bed; and in the morning early they found the bed untreasur'd of their mistresses.

Second Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft our grace was wont to laugh, is also missing: hepesia, the princess' gentlewoman, confesses that she secretly o'heard our daughter and her cousin much commend her parts and graces of the wrestler he fat but lately foil the sinewy Charles; and she believes, wherever they are gone, he youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither; he be absent, bring his brother to me; 'twill make him find him. Do this suddenly; and let not search and inquisition quail o bring again these foolish runaways. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Before Oliver's House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master? O my gentle master!

my sweet master! O you memory
old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?

by you are virtuous? why do people love you?
and her are you gentle, strong, and valiant?

would you be so fond to overcome
as bonny priser of the humorous duke?
our praise is come too swiftly home before you.

now you not, master, to some kind of men
heir graces serve them but as enemies!

o more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
re sanctified and holy traitors to you.

what a world is this, when what is comely
envious him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth! come not within these doors; within this roof the enemy of all your graces lives.

our brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
et not the son, I will not call him son. But I was about to call his father—
thad heard your praises, and this night he means to burn the lodging where you use to lie, and you within it: if he fail of that, e will have other means to cut you off. Overheard him and his practices, as is no place; this house is but a butchery: bhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

with a base and boisterous sword enforce

A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do: Yet this I will not do, do how I can. I rather will subject me to the malice Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse.

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.

Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently eaters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up:
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou run'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gap with truth and loyalty.

From seventeen years till now almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits.

Touch. I care not for my spirits if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena!

Orl. I pray you, bear with me: I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so good Touchstone. Look you,
who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her scon ye still.
Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly draw, for I have lovd' er now.
Sil. No, Corin; being old, thou canst not guess.

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
As sure I think did never man love so,
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fancy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Sil. O! thou didst then never love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lovd':
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thee heavier in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lovd':
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lovd'.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

Exit.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked; and I remember the wooring of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, said, with weeping tears, 'Weare these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.
Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!
Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.
Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pritchie, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And fain's to succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feo
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see.
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock at pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here before,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like the place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be seld.
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

Scene V.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more! I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I hang it. More! I prithee, more; can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasels eggs. More! I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is rag'd; I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; it is my desire to sing. Come, more; another stanza?

Call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to plem myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I thank you: but that they call compliment like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when man thanks me heartily, methinks I have give him a penny and he renders me the beggar thanks. Come, sing; and you that will noble hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, 1'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree. I hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think as many matters as he, but I give heaven thank and make no boast of them. Come, warble; con.

All. Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I
ade yesterday in despite of my invention.
Ani. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:
If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Dudcane, durcane, durcane:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ani. What's that durcane?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into
circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll
gain all the first-born of Egypt.
Ani. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet
prepared.

Exeunt severally.

Scene VI.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O! lie
for food. Here lie I down, and measure
my grave. Farewell, kind master.
Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart
thou? Live a little; comfort a little; cheat
yself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any
savage, I will either be food for it, or bring
food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death
than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable,
and death awhile at the arm's end, I will here
with thee presently, and if I bring thee not
food to eat, I will give thee leave to die;
if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker
my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly,
did I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in
a bleak air: come, I'll bear thee to some
elcer, and thou shalt not die for lack of a
shelter, if there live any thing in this desert.
Near, good Adam.

Exeunt.

Scene VII.—Another Part of the Forest.

Table set out. Enter Duke Senior, Amins,
Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
or I can no where find him like a man.
First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone
hence:
he was he merry, hearing of a song.
Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
shall have shortly discard in the spheres.
Seek him: tell him I would speak with him.
First Lord. He saves my labour by his own
approach.

Enter Jaques.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a
life is this, at your poor friends must woo your company?
hat, you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms;
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I: 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent my fortune.'
And then he drew a dial from his pocket,
And looking at it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot.
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chntileer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission.
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a
courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cram'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O ! that I were a fool.
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty.
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They must must laugh. And why, sir, must
they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Both very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd.
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world.
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou
wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?
Duke S. Most mischievous fool sin, in eluding
Fie:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast sought,
Wouldst thou disgorging into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not of my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the metre of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong’d him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong’d himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim’d of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv’d.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bold’en, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem’st so empty?

Orl. You touch’d my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta’en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I in land bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate’er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look’d on b. tter days,
If ever been where hells have knoll’d to church,
If ever sat at any good man’s feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip’d a tear,
And know what ‘tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll’d to church,
And sat at good men’s feasts, and wip’d our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engend’rd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister’d.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
While’s, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp’d in pure love: till he be first suffic’d,
Oppress’d with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless’d for your good comfort!

Exit.

Duke S. Thou seest we were not all one unhappy
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress’ eyebrow. Then a soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the part
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon’s mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin’d,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shift,
Into the lean and slipper’d pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well sav’d, a world too wide;
For his shrunk shank; and his big main vows
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes;
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history;
Is second childhood and more oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man’s ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere foll
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember’d not.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere foll
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland’s son,
As you have whisper’d faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limned'd and living in your face," 
be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That lov'd your father; the residue of your
fortune,
Glo to my cave and tell me. Good old man, thou
art right welcome as thy master is.
support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

Script.  

ACT III.  

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Oliver, and
Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since! Sir, that
cannot be:
but were I not the better part made merciful,
should not seek an absent argument
if my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
and out t'ye brother, wheresoe'er he is;
see him with candle; bring him, dead or living.
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
't seek a living in our territory.
by hands and all things that thou dost call thine
'reat seizure, do we seize into our hands, till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
of what we think against thee.

Oft, O, that your highness knew my heart in
this!
never lovd my brother in my life.
Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him
out of doors;
and let my officers of such a nature
ake an extent upon his house and lands.
this expeditiously and turn him going.

Exeunt.  

SCENE II.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

O. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my
love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,
survey th' thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere
above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth
sway.
Rosalind! these trees shall be my books.
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
but every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
un, run, Orlando: carve on every tree
he fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

Exit.  

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
ad Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself,
is a good life; but in respect that it is a
shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it
solitary, I like it very well; but in respect
at it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in
pect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well;
it in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious.
it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour
well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it
goes much against my stomach. Hast any
philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one
sickens the worse at case he is; and that he
that wants money, means, and content, is with-
out three good friends; that the property of
rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture
makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the
night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned
no wit by nature nor art may complain of good
breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.
Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned like an ill-
roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou
never savest good manners; if thou never savest
good manners, then thymanners must be wicked;
and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation.
Thou art in a parious state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are
good manners at the court are as ridiculous in
the country as the behaviour of the country is
most mockable at the court. You told me you
salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands:
that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers
were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and
their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands
sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as
wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow,
shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner:
shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with
the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us
kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed
with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat,
in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!
Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a
laser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of
a cat. Mead the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll
rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help
thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!
thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I
cat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no
man's happiness, glad of other men's good, con-
tent with my harm; and the greatest of my
pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you,
to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer
to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to
be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-
lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old,
cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If
thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself
will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how
thou shouldst 'scape.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the tongues nearest y'is'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave. 141

Ros. O most gentle pulpitor! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!'

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

Extract CORIN AND TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?
Ros. O! yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.
Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-armed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?
Ros. Is it a man?
Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?
Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?
Cel. Is it possible?
Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O! wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful and after that, out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think I am caparisoned like a man, I have doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; prithee, tell me who is it, quickly, and spread the space. I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of the mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.
Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.
Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the
Scene II.

As You Like It.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, cox, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this gpe's size. To say ay and no to these particulars s'more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as we did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atoms as to resolve he propositions of a lover; but take a taste of thy finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped corn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it roops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along like a rounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'holla!' to thy tongue, I prithee; it arvets unseasonably. He was furnished like aainter.

Ros. Ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen: you bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: click by, and note him.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no brother in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.


Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a peticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coy that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak,
AS YOU LIKE IT.

who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, defying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaken. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unques-
tionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not: but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your nose should be unabartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desola-
tion. But you are no such man: you are rather point-devisé in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rimes speak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effem-
nate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, effa-
matical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something, and

for no passion truly any thing, as boys and wom-

an are for the most part, cattle of this colour; wou

ow like him, now loathe him; then enter-

ta him, then forswear him; now weep for him, th

spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his

humbour of love to a living humour of mad-

which was, to forswear the full stream of the

d, and to live in a nook merely monastic. A.

thus I cured him; and this way will I take up

to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep;

heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but com

me Rosalind, and come every day to me and wo

me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: t

me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you;

and by the way you shall tell me where in the

forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Con-
sister, will you go?

Exc. SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest. Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? Is the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! we features!

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, and the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, as among the Goths.

Jaq. Aside. O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be moved so much for a man's good wit seconded with a forward child Understanding, it strikes a more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.

Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly, for the truest poetry is most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to be thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert highly favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is have honey a sauce to sugar.


Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty unto a foul slut were to put good meat into an clean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the god I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy fitness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that
I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. Aside. I waind fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though! Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods':—eight; many a man has good horns, and knows to end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone! No, no; the noblest leer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the ingle man therefore blessed? No: as a walled own is more worthier than a village, so is the orchest of a married man more honourable than his bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much licence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oli. This no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

Exit. iii

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Scene IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me: I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's; marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ics of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O! that's a brave man. He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilt, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd After the shepherd that complain'd of love, Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

Ros. O! come, let us remove: The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play. 

Exit.
 scene v.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death
makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the hallowed neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
’Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frailst and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call’d tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O! for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impression
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever, as that ever may be near,
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love’s keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no
beauty—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature’s sale-work. ’Od’s my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
’Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bagle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can ename my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follower,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a proper man
Than she a woman: ’tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favoured children:
’Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper

Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knee
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man’s love
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all market
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer.
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a yet together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man we.
Ros. He’s fallen in love with your foulness
And she’ll fall in love with my anger. If it be
so, as fast as she answers thee with frownin’ looks,
I’ll cause her with bitter words. Will you look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me
For I am fater than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know a
house,
’Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better
And be not proud: though all the world could
none could be so abus’d in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw might:
’Who ever lov’d that lov’d not at first sight?
Sil. Sweet Phebe—

Phe. Ha! what say’st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin’d.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetous. Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I’ll employ thee too;
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter’d smile, and that I’ll live upon.

Phe. Know’st thou the youth that spoke me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft.
And he hath bought the cottage and the bough
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
’Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words! yet words do we
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he’s proud; and yet his pride becomes him.

He’ll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tong
Enter Orlando.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind! You know me, you all know me, you. Blank verse.

Exit.

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you well and wear strange suits, disable all the benefit of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are: or I will scarce think you have sworn in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Rosalind. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him on the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better join-ture, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Orl. It pleasing him to call you so: but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.

What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than your wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well. In her person I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Herod had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer-night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being
taken with the cram was drowned; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I; Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando,'—

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo. December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O! but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out of the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there.

You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her churlishness, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas! dear love. I cannot lack the two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove; my friends told me much, and I thought no less: that flatterer tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour.

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, at so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths thae are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour I will think you the most pathetical break promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of you call Rosalind, that may chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou we indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and lets Time try.

Adieu.

Exit ORLANDO

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, thou didst know how many fathom deep I am love! But it cannot be sounded: my affect hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Ver that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are o' let him be judge how deep I am in love. I tell thee, Alien, I cannot be out of the sight. Orlando: I'll go and find a shadow and sit till I come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

First Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like Roman conqueror; and it would do well to the deer's horns upon his head for a brandish victory. Have you any song, forester, for the purpose?

Forester. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in the sound: it makes noise enough.

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer? His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home.

The rest shall bear this burl.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father’s father wore it,
And thy father bore it.
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two
Stock’d, and here much Orlando!
Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled
rain, he hath ta’en his bow and arrows, and is
one forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth.
I gently Phebe bid me give you this:
know not the contents; but, as I guess
the stern brow and waspish action
which she did use as was writing of it,

bears an angry tenour: pardon me;

am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
and play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all.

he says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
he calls me proud, and that she could not love me
for more as rare as phœnix. ‘Od’s my will!
her love is not the hare that I do hunt;

writes she to me? Well, shepherd, well,
his is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
be he did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
and turn’d into the extremity of love.
saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
freestone colour’d hand: I verily did think
that her old gloves were on, but twas her hands;

has a housewife’s hand; but that’s no matter;
say she never did invent this letter;

is a man’s invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, ‘tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
style for challengers; why, she defies me.

Try Turk to Christian: women’s gentle brain
could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
rich Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
than in their countenance. Will you hear the
letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;

heard too much of Phebe’s cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

Art thou god to shepherd turn’d,
That a maiden’s heart hath burn’d?
an woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr’s’t thou with a woman’s heart?

Id you ever hear such railing?

Whilest the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

causing me a beast.

If this scorn of your bright eye
Have power to raise such love in mine
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect.

Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:

And by him seal up thy mind;

Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;

Or else by him my love deny,
And then I’ll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no; he deserves no
pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to
make thee an instrument and play false strains
upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your
way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame
snake, and say this to her: that if she love me,
I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will
never have her unless thou entreat for her. If
you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for
here comes more company. Exeunt Silvius.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you
know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepecote fenc’d about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom:

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;

There’s none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;

Such garments and such years: ’The boy is fair;

Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe forester: the woman low,

And browner than her brother.’ Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Oli. It is no boast, being ask’d, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,

And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know

What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain’d.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again

Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

Lo! what befell; he threw his eye aside,

And mark what object did present itself:

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss’d with

age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,

A wretched ragged man, o’ergrown with hair,

Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck

A green and gilded snake had wreath’d itself,

Who with her head nimble in threats approach’d

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly, in

Seeing Orlando, it unlink’d itself,

And with indented glides did slip away

Into a bush; under which bush’s shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch;
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man, 120
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O! I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.
Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion, 120
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. This was it you he rescued?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill
him?
Oli. Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two, 120
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place:—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cage,
There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm,
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he
fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind. 150
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

ROSALIND SWEON.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!
Oli. Many will swooon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!
Oli. Look, he recovers.
Cel. I would I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You lack a man's heart.
Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would think this was well counterfeit. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeit.
Heigh-ho!
Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.
CENE I.]

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman, therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the alleg, leave—the society, —which in the boorish company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon he society of this female, or, clown, thou wenchest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; r, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life unto death, thy liberty into bondage, will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, ad depart.


Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you: come, way, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, attend.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing, you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she would grant? and will you persever to enjoy her? Orl. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, y sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; it say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that is old sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, d here live and die a shepherd.

Ovl. You have my consent. Let your wedding to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and his contented followers. Go you and prepare teams; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Ovl. And you, fair sister. —Exeunt.

Ros. O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Ovl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Ovl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counteracted to swoon when he showed me your handerker?

Ovl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O! I know where I am. Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but a fight of two rams, and Cesar's thronical tug of 'I came, saw, and overcame': for your other and my sister no sooner met but they stuck; no sooner looked but they looked; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed at they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: did in these degrees have they made a pair of airs to marriage which they will climb inconvenient, or be inconvenient before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes. By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter Silvius and Phoebe.

Phoe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness. To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you. You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd: Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phoe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so am I for Phoebe.

Phoe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service; And so am I for Phoebe.

Phoe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of wishes; All adoration, duty, and observance; All humbleness, all patience, and impatience; All purity, all trial, all obedience; And so am I for Phoebe.

Phoe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phoe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Scene III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Second Page. We are for you: sit i'the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Second Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsiis on a horse.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the eye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though the was no great matter in the ditty, yet the no was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we keep time; we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that thy boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometim do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fel.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Rosalind. Patience once more, whilst our company is urg'd.

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms give with her.

Rosalind. And you say you will have her, when bring her?

Duke S. That would I, were I of all kingdoms kin.

Rosalind. You say you 'll marry me, if I be willing

Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Rosalind. But if you do refuse to marry me, You 'll give yourself to this most faithfull shepherd.

Phebe. So is the bargain.

Rosalind. You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will.

Silvius. Though to have her and death were but one thing.

Rosalind. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter.

Keep you your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry

Orlando, if else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;

Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry he

If she refuse me: and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him M ethought he was a brother to your daughter.

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward, at these couples are coming to the ark. Here come a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongs are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier he swears.
**Touch.** If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have uttered a lays; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

**Jaq.** And how was that ta'en up? 50

**Touch.** Faith, we met, and found the quarrel as upon the seventh cause.

**Jaq.** How seventh cause? Good my lord, like us fellow.

**Duke S.** I like him very well.

**Touch.** God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the king. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of his country copulative, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, r, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, take that that no man else will. Rich honesty wells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your earl in your foul oyster.

**Duke S.** By my faith, he is very swift and sen
tentious.

**Touch.** According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

**Jaq.** But, for the seventh cause; how did you and the quarrel on the seventh cause? 70

**Touch.** Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear our body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir, did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called re'tort courteous. If I sent him word again was not well cut, he would send me word he at it to please himself: this is called the 'quip modest.' If again, it was not well cut, he disputed my judgment: this is called the 'reply Turlish.' If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spoke not true: this is called the 'reproof valiant.' If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the 'countercheck quarrelsome'; and so to the 'lie remnant,' and the 'lie direct.'

**Jaq.** And how oft did you say his beard was well cut?

**Touch.** I durst go no further than the 'lie remnant,' nor he durst not give me the 'lie direct'; and so we measured swords and arrows.

**Jaq.** Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

**Touch.** O sir, we quarrel in print; by the book, you have books for good manners: I will name the degrees. The first, the 'retort courteous'; the second, the 'quip modest'; the third, the 'reply churlish'; the fourth, the 'reproof valiant'; the fifth, the 'countercheck quarrelsome'; the sixth, the 'lie with circumstance'; the seventh, the 'lie direct.' All these you may void but the 'lie direct;' and you may avoid a lie, too, with an 'if.' I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties are met themselves, one of them thought but an 'if;' as 'if you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your 'if' is the only peacemaker; much virtue in it.

**Jaq.** Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

**Duke S.** He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter **Hymen**, leading **Rosalind** in woman's clothes, and **Cellia**.

**Still Music.**

**Hymn.** Then is there mirth in heaven, When earthly things made even

**Good Duke, receive thy daughter;**

**Hymen from heaven brought her;**

**Yea, brought her hither,**

That thou might'st join her hand with his,

Whose heart within her bosom is.

**Ros. To Duke S.** To you I give myself, for I am yours.

**To Orlando.** To you I give myself, for I am yours.

**Duke S.** If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

**Orl.** If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

**Phe.** If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu!

**Ros. To Duke S.** I'll have no father, if you be not he:

**To Orlando.** I'll have no husband, if you be not he:

**To Phebe.** Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

**Hymn.** Peace, ho! I bar confusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

You and you are heart in heart:

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:

You and you are sure together,

And every winter to foul weather.

While a wedlock-Hymen we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning,

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

**Song.**

**Wedding is great Juno's crown;**

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured.

Honour, high honour, and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

**Duke S.** O my dear niece! welcome thou art to me:

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

**Phe.** I will not eat my word, nor thou art mine; Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter **Jaques de Boys**.

**Jaq. de B.** Let me have audience for a word or two:

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland, 160

That bring these tidings to this fair assembly. Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day Men of great worth resorted to this forest, Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot.
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd shrew'd days and nights
with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! and you brides and bridgroom's all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you
rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And throwed into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertes
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
To DUKE S. You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:
To ORLANDO. You to a love that your true faith
doth merit:
To OLIVER. You to your land, and love, and
great allies:
To SILVIIUS. You to a long and well-deserved bed:

To TOUCHSTONE. And you to wrangling; if
thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd. So, to your
pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Jaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. Ex
Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin the
rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

A DANCE.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY ROSALIND.

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue
but it is no more unhandsome than to see the
the prologue. If it be true that good wine neer
bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue
yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and go
plays prove the better by the help of good epilogue.
What a case am I in, then, that am neither a go
epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the beho
of a good play? I am not furnished like a begge
therefore to beg will not become me: my way is
conjure you, and I'll begin with the women,
charge you, O women! for the love you bear to me
to like as much of this play as please you: and
charge you, O men! for the love you bear to some
as I perceive by your simpering none of you ha
them, that between you and the women the play me
please. If I were a woman I would kiss as ma
of you as had beards that pleased me, complexio
that liked me, and breathe that I desir'd not; and
am sure, as many as have good beards, or good fue
or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when
make court'sy, bid me farewell.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a Tinker.
HOSTESS, PAGE, PLAYERS, HUNTS-MEN, and SERVANTS.

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE.—Sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

SLY. I'll pheeze you, in faith.
HOSTESS. A pair of stocks, you rogue! SLY. Y' are a baggage: the SLY's are no rogues; or in the chronicles; we came in with Richard squire. Therefore, pauca pallabris; let the slide. Sessa!
HOSTESS. You will not pay for the glasses you've burst?
SLY. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy; go, why cold bed, and warm thee.
HOSTESS. I know my remedy: I must go fetch a third-borough.

Exit.

SLY. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll swer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, y: let him come, and kindly.

Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.

Ors winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

LORD. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
arch Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd, and couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach. w'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good? the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord; cried upon it at the merest loss, twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent: must, me, I take him for the better dog.

LORD. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet, would esteem him worth a dozen such. at sup them well, and look unto them all: morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord.
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is—say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Hun. My lord, I warrant you we will
play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.
Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sly is borne out. A trumpet sounds.
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:

Exit Servant.
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servant.
How now! who is it?
Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.
Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.
Now, fellows, you are welcome.
Players. We thank your honour.
Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?
A Player. So please your lordship to accept
our duty.
Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I re-
member.
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.
A Player. I think 'twas Sotto that your honour
means.
Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord who will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,
For yet his honour never heard a play,
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.
A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain
ourselves
Were he the veriest antick in the world.
Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Exit one with the Players.
Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's
chamber;
And call him 'madam'; do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in many ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy;
And say 'What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty, and make known her love?'

And then, with kind embracements, tempt
kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health.
Who for this seven years hath esteem'd him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou can
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

Exit Servant.
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband
And how my men will stay themselves from
laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.

Enter aloft SLY in a rich night-gown, with Attends;
some with apparel, others with basin, 
and other appurtenances; and Lord, dress'd
like a servant.

Sly. For God's sake! a pot of small ale.
First Serv. Will 't please your lordship drink
a cup of sack?
Second Serv. Will 't please your honour take
of these conserves?
Third Serv. What raiment will your home
wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christopher Sly; call not me honor:
nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and
if you give me any conserves, give me conserves
of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I will wear
for I have no more doublets than backs, no more
stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet,
and sometimes more feet than shoes, or such shoes
as my toes look through the overleath.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your
honour!
O! that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit.

Sly. What! would you make me mad? I am not
Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Bard-
heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a cal-
maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and by
present profession a tinker? Ask Main
Hackett, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she knew
me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence
the score for shee ale, score me up for the
lyning knife in Christendom. What! I am not
beastrought: here's—
First Serv. O! this it is that makes your
mourn.
Second Serv. O! this it is that makes your
servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it your kindred shal
your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
all home thy ancient thoughts from banishment, and banish these ancient lowly dreams.

look how thy servants do attend on thee, each in his office ready at thy beck:

Vill thou have music? hark! Apollo plays.

Music.

nd twenty caged nightingales do sing:

r wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch after and sweeter than the lustful bed

a purpose trim'd up for Semiramis.

ay thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground:

r wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trap'd, thy heirn harps studded all with gold and pearl.

ost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will see

bove the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?

y hounds shall make the welkin answer them, nd fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy grey-hounds are as swift

s breathed stags, ay, fletcher than the roe.

Second Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will

fetch thee straight.

donis painted by a running brook,

nd Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath, ven as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee so as she was a maid, nd how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

s lively painted as the deed was done.

Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a

thorny wood,
cratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds;

nd at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

o workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:

hou hast a lady far more beautiful

han any woman in this waning age.

First Serv. And till the tears that she hath

shed for thee

ke envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,

ew was the fairest creature in the world; 

yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?

Do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?

Do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;

smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things;

pon my life, I am a lord indeed,

nd not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.

Tell, bring our lady hither to our sight;

nd once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Second Serv. Will 't please your mightiness to

wash your hands?

Servants present an ewer, basin, and napkin.

I how we joy to see your wit restor'd,

that once more you knew but what you are.

these fifteen years you have been in a dream,

r, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goody

mar

ut did I never speak of all that time?

First Serv. O! yes, my lord, but very idle words;

or though you lay here in this goody chamber, et would you say ye were beaten out of door,

nd rai upon the hostess of the house,

nd say you would present her at the leet,

cause she brought stone jugs and no seal'd

quarts.

sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor

no such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up.

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,

And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,

And twenty more such names and men as these,

Which never were nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me lord: I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alice madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call

ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd

And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you

To pardon me yet for a night or two,

Or if not so, until the sun be set:

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry

so long; but I would be loath to fall into my

dreams again: I will therefore tarry in despite

of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy;

For so your doctors hold it very meet,

Seeing too much sadness hath congeald your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:

Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,

And frame your mind to mirth and Merriment,

Which bars a thousand harms and lengths life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a

comony a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-

trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing

stuff.

Sly. What! household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see 't. Come, madam wife,

sit by my side,

And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish.
ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. A public Place.

Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bontivoli.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds;
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieve'd.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. My perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suckail the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Blondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand aside.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. Aside. To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that!
mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your mould with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us.

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Mash, master! here is some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio!

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your eye.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said.—Bianca, get you in;
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my compal.
On them to look and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minet speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the pence of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd,
Go in, Bianca. Exit Bianca.

Hor. And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prescribe them either; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal.
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too; may not?
What! shall I be appointed hours, as thou, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave?

Hor. May you go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold ye.
Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but he may blow our nails together, and fast it fly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Fair well: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, teach her that wherein she delights, I will win him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel never brooked parole, know now, upon advice I toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rive in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing especially.
GREMIO. What's that, I pray?

HOR. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GREMIO. A husband! a devil.

HOR. I say, a husband.

GREMIO. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, that her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

HOR. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, hy, man, there be good fellows in the world, a man could light on them, would take her all faults, and money enough.

GREMIO. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her wary with this condition, to be whipped at the g-h-cross every morning.

HOR. Faith, as you say, there's small choice rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in w makes us friends, it shall be so far forth kindly maintained, till by helping Baptista's dest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest ee for a husband, and then to 't refresh, sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He sat runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, ignor Gremio?

GREMIO. I am agreed: and would I had given him his best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, at would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and rid her of the house. Come on.

Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.

TRA. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
I love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio! till I found it to be true,
never thought it possible or likely;
d see, while Ily I stood looking on,
found the effect of love in idleness;
nd now in plainness do confess to thee,
hat art to me as secret and as dear
Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Ari, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
achieve not this young modest girl.

Unsell me, Tranio, for I know thou canst:

Sist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

TRA. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
ction is not rated from the heart:
love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
dime te captum quam quaeus minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this con-
tents:
the rest will comfort, for thy counsel 's sound.

TRA. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
haps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, ich as the daughter of Agenor had,
t made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
then with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

TRA. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
egan to scold and raise up such a storm
hat mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
nd with her breath she did perfume the air;
ered and sweet was all I saw in her.

TRA. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

pray, awake, sir; if you love the maid,
ed thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
er elder sister is so curt and shrewd,
th till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah! Tranio, what a cruel father 's he;
But art thou not advis'd he took some care
Together her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

TRA. Ay, marry am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

TRA. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That 's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

TRA. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son;
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta, content thee; for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces
For man or master: then, it follows thus:
 Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee, take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

TRA. So had you need.

In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
For so your father charg'd me at our parting,
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he.
Although I think 'twas in another sense;
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELO.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

BIOND. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stoll'n your clothes?
Or you stoll'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,

Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

BIOND. I, sir! ne'er a whist.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

BIOND. The better for him: would I were so too!

TRA. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise you use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go. One thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

Exeunt. 50

The Presenters above speak.

First Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done! They sit and mark.

Scene II.—The Same. Before Hortensio's House.

Enter PetruChio and Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend, Hortensio; and I treat this is his house.

Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Grum. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Grum. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir? 10

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate; And rap me well, or I'll knock your knife's pate.

Grum. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first, And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it: I'll try how you can sol fa, and sing it.

He wrings Grumio by the ears.

Grum. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hort. How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio, and my good friend PetruChio! How do you all at Verona? 22

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

Con tutto il Cuore ben trovato, may I say.

Hort. Alla nostra casa ben venuto; molto onorato signor mio PetruChio.

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Grum. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly; sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out! Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grum. Knock at the gate! O heavens! 40

Speak you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, know me here,

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock I soundly?'

And come you now with 'knocking at the gate?' Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise ye.

Hort. PetruChio, patience; I am Grumio pledge.

Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and ye Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gain Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men throw the world

To seek their fortunes further than at home,

Where small experience grows. But in a few

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me: Antonio, my father, is deceas'd, And I have thrust myself into this maze, Hapy to wise and thrive as best I may, Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home; And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hort. PetruChio, shall I then come roundly thee, And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel And yet I will promise thee she shall be rich, And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend, And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we

Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou ken One rich enough to be PetruChio's wife, As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance, Be she as foul as was Florentius' love, As old as Sibyl, and as curt and shrewd As Scipio's Xanthippe, or a worse; She moves me not, or not removes, at least, Affection's edge in me, were she as rough As are the swelling Adriatic seas: I come to wive it wealthily in Padua; If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Grum. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you fatly with his mind is: why, give him gold enough to marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, thou she have as many diseases as two-and-fifteen horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so more comes withal.

Hort. PetruChio, since we are stepp'd thus far, I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

I can, PetruChio, help thee to a wife With wealth enough, and young, and beautiful; Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman: Her only fault, and that is faults enough, Is, that she is intolerable curt And shrewd and florid, so beyond all measure. That, were my state far worse than it is, I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold effect.

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough; For I will board her, though she chide as loud As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hort. Her father is Baptista Minola, An affable and courteous gentleman; Her name is Katharina Minola, Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not he: And he knew my deceased father well.
Whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress:
So shall I no whet be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gru. Below'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gremio. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
Pet. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.
Pet. O! sir, such a life, with such a wife,
were strange;
But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Grei Hortensio, hark.
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio, bravely apparell'd; and

Biondello.

Tran. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?—

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters; 'tis he
you mean?

Tran. Even he. Biondello!
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Padua. A Room in Baptista’s House.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wring yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I’ll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, te
Whom thou lov’st best: see thou dissemble none.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is’t not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I’ll plead for you myself, but you shall have his
Kath. O! then, belike, you fancy riches more
You will have Hortensio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?

Kath. Nay then you jest; and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while: I

Bian. I prithee, sister Kate, unlace my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grow this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.

Go thy needle; meddle not with her.

For shame, thou hiding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne’er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I’ll be reveng’d.

Enter Bianca.


Exit Bianca.

Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Na

Now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I

But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of me

man; Petruchio, with Hortensio

a musician; and Tranio, with Biondello

bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. Go

save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you a
daughter

Call’d Katharin, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call’d Katharin.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give m

leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
To my two daughters, and then tell them both
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio,
and Biondello.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is wellobtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
So I to her and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering:
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, 'Frets call you these? ' quoth she; 'I'll fume with them:"
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench! I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O! how I long to have some chat with her.

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter; She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?  
Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,  
Even Baptista, Gremio, Tranio,  
and Hortensio.  
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain  
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:  
Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear  
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:  
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;  
Then I'll commend her volubility,  
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:  
If she do bid me pack; I'll give her thanks,  
As though she bid me stay by her a week:  
If she deny to wed; I'll crave the day  
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.  
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.  

Enter Katharina.  

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.  
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:  
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.  
Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,  
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;  
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;  
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,  
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,  
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;  
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounding,  
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,  
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.  
Kath. Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you hither  
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,  
You were a moveable.  
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?  
Kath. A joint-stool.  
Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.  
Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.  
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.  
Kath. No such jade as bear you, if me you mean.  
Pet. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;  
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—  
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch,  
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.  
Pet. Should be! should buzz.  
Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.  
Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?  
Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.  
Pet. Come, come, you wasp; I' faith, you are too angry.  
Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.  
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.  
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.  
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?  
In his tail.  
Kath. In his tongue.  
Pet. Whose tongue?  
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so fare-well.  
Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again:  
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.  
Pet. I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.  
Kath. So may you lose your arms:  
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;  
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.  
Kath. What is your crest? a cockcomb?  
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my h.  
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.  
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must look so sour.  
Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.  
Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore let not sour.  
Kath. There is, there is.  
Pet. Then show it me.  
Kath. Had I a glass, I wot.  
Pet. What, you mean my face?  
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.  
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too yon for you.  
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.  
Pet. Kath. 'Tis with cares.  
Kath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.  
Pet. No, not a whitt: I find you passing gen.  
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sull,  
And now I find report a very liar;  
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing cotes,  
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-tide flowers.  
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look a-ance,  
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;  
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;  
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy woo;  
With gentle conference, soft and affable.  
Why does the world report that Kate doth limit  
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig  
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue  
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.  
O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not hal.  
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st com- 
mand.  
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove  
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait  
O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,  
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sports.  
Kath. Where did you study all this god's speech?  
Pet. It is extempro, from my mother-wit.  
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her so.  
Pet. Am I not wise?  
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.  
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine thy bed.  
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,  
Thus in plain terms; your father hath consented  
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed;  
And, will you, will you, I will marry you.  
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;  
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee we;  
Thou must be married to no man but me:  
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
n\ bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate onformable as other household Kate.
ere comes your father: never make denial; must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.
Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well, sir? how but well? were impossible I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?
Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you, I have show'd a tender fatherly regard, wish me wed to one half lunaic; mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack, thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world, talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her: she be curst, it is for policy, or she's not froward, but modest as the dove; is not hot, but temperate as the morn; or patience she will prove a second Grissel, and Roman Lucrece for her chastity; to conclude, we have 'greed so well together, upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
Gre. Petruchio: she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our part.
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself: she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you? is bargain'd 'twixt us, being alone, she shall still be curst in company.
Tell you, 'tis incredible to believe ow much she loves me: O! the kindest Kate. hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss vied so fast, protesting oath on oath, in a twank she won me to her love. you are novices: 'tis a world to see, of tame, when men and women are alone, peacock wrritch can make the curst shrew, me thy hand. Kate: I will unto Venice by apparel against the wedding-day. aside the feast, father, and bid the guests; will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say; but give me your hands:

send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen. say we: we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu. will to Venice; Sunday comes again; have will have rings, and things, and fine array; send me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly? Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part, venture madly on a desperate mart. Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you: will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

Now, Baptista, to your younger daughter. is the day we long have looked for: your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry. Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both, that can assure my daughter greatest dower Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city Is richly furnished with plate and gold: Basins and ewers to have her dainty hands; My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry; In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns; In cypress chests my arras counterpoints, Cosily apparel, tents, and canopies. fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl, Valance of Venice gold in needle-work, Pewter and brass, and all things that belong To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm I have a hundred milch-kine to the pair, Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls, And all things answerable to this portion, Myself am struck in years, I must confess; And if I die to-morrow, this is hers, If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me: I am my father's heir and only son: If I may have your daughter to my wife, I'll leave her houses three or four as good, Within rich Pisa walls, as any one Old Signior Gremio has in Padua; Besides two thousand ducats by the year Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure. What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio? Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land! My land amounts not to so much in all: That she shall have; besides an argosy, That now is lying in Marseilles' road. What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses, And twelve light galleys: these I will assure her, And twice as much, what'er thou offer'st next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more; And she can have no more than all I have: If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world, By your firm promise. Gremio is out-vied.
Bap. I must confess your offer is the best; And, let your father make her the assurance, She is your own; else, you must pardon me: If you should die before him, where's her dower? Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?
Bap. Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd. On Sunday next, you know, My daughter Katharine is to be married: Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca Be bride to you, if you make this assurance; If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

Scene I.—Padua. A Room in Baptista’s House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?  

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony;  
Then give me leave to have prerogative;  
And when in music we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained!  

Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?  

Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these bravoes of thine.  

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong.

To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;  
I’ll not be tied to hours nor ‘pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:  
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;  
His lecture will be done ere you have tun’d.

Hor. You’ll leave his lecture when I am in tune!  

Retires.

Luc. That will be never: tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hic ibat Simeo: hic est Sigeia tellus;  
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. Hic ibat, as I told you before, Simeo, I am Lucentio, hic est, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,  
Sigeia tellus, disguised thus to get your love;  
Hic steterat, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,  
Priami, is my man Tranio, regia, bearing my port,  
celsa senis, that we might beguile the old pantaloons.

Hor. Returning. Madam, my instrument’s in tune.

Bian. Let’s hear.

Hortensio plays.

O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:  
Hic ibat Simeo, I know you not; hic est Sigeia tellus, I trust you not;  
Hic steterat Priami, take

head he hear us not; regia, presume not; celsa, despair not.

Hor. Madam, ‘tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. Aside. The base is right; ‘tis the base  
knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love.

Pedascale, I’ll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Zacchides  
Was Ajax, call’d so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,  
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:  
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you.

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,  
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave while:

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? Aside. Well must wait,  
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv’d,  
Our fine musician growth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,  
I must begin with rudiments of art;  
To teach you gamut in a brief sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,  
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:  
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.  

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. ‘Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,  

‘A re,’ to plead Hortensio’s passion  

‘B mi,’ Bianca, take him for thy lord  

‘O fa ut,’ that loves with all affection  

‘D sol re,’ one clef, two notes have I:  

‘E la mi,’ show pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut? taut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nimble

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you look your books,

And help to dress your sister’s chamber up:  
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both: I must be gone.  

Exeunt Bianca and Servant.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant,

Which thinks he looks as though he were in love.  
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,  
To cast thy wandering eyes on every state;

Seize thee that list: if once I find thee range,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

Scene II.—The Same. Before Baptista’s House.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, and Attendant.

Bap. To Tranio. Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married.
and yet we hear not of our son-in-law. What will be said? what mockery will it be o' want the bridegroom when the priest attends o speak the ceremonial rites of marriage! What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?  
Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd o' give my hand oppos'd against my heart into a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;  
Who wou'd in haste and means to wed at leisure. told you, I, he was a frantic fool, hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour; 
and to be noted for a merry man, l'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage, fake friends, invite, and proclaim the bans; 
't never means to wed where he hath woo'd. ow must the world lacken at poor Katharine, nd say, 'Lo! there is mad Petручio's wife, f it would please him come and marry her.'  
Trava. Patience, good Katharine, and Blasph passports, pon my life, Petручio means but well, Whatever fortune stays him from his word: though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;  
hon'gh he be merry, yet withal he's honest. Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though! 
Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca and others.  
Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep, or such an injury would vex a very saint, such a more of a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.  
Bion. Master, master! old news, and such ews as you never heard of!  
Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?  
Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petручio's coming?  
Bap. Is he come?  
Bion. Why, no, sir.  
Bap. What then?  
Bion. He is coming.  
Bap. When will he be here?  
Bion. When he stands where I am and sees u there.  
Trava. But say, what to thine old news?  
Bion. Why, Petручio is coming, in a new hat an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice armd; a pair of boots that have been candle-ases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty word ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a roken hilt, and chapeel; with two broken oints: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possed with the glanders and like to mose in the hine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, spied with spavins, ayed with the yellows, past cure of the flies, dark spoilt with the stagger, begnawn with ace bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-botten; near-legged before, and with a half-hecked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times piece, and a woman's crupper of velour, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, nd here and there pieced with packthread.  
Bap. Who comes with him?  
Bion. O, sir! his lackey, for all the world aprisioned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat and the humour of forty fancies pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.  
Trava. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;  
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparel'd.  
Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.  
Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.  
Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?  
Bion. Who? that Petручio came?  
Bap. Ay, that Petrouchio came.  
Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.  
Bap. Why, that's all one.  
Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny, A horse and a man Is more than one, And yet not many.  
Enter Petручio and Grumio.  
Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?  
Bap. You are welcome, sir.  
Pet. And yet I come not well.  
Bap. And yet you halt not.  
Trava. Not so well apparel'd As I wish you were.  
Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus, But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride? How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown: And wherefore gaze this goodly company, As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some comet, or unusual prodigy?  
Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day.  
First were we sad, fearing you would not come; 
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.  
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate, 
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.  
Trava. And tell us what occasion of import 
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, 
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?  
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear: Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress; Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse As you shall well be satisfied withal. 
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her: The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.  
Trava. See not your bride in these unrepresentable robes:  
Go to my chamber: put on clothes of mine.  
Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.  
Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.  
Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore he'd done with words: 
To me she's married, not unto my clothes. Could I repair what she will wear in me  
As I can change these poor accoutrements, 'Twere well for Kate and better for myself. But what a fool am I to chat with you When I should bid good-morrow to my bride, And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

Exeunt Petrouchio, Grumio, and Biondello.
THE TAMING OF THE SHEREW.

[ACT II]

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer
But so it is, I haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come
Make it no wonder: if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself,
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay.

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse,

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats ha' been eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whilst your boots are gree.
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly sulky groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate! content thee: prithee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinne
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy comand.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me,
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret.
I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my hou.
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands, touch her who e'er dare
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieve.
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee.

Pet. I'll buckler thee against a million.

Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BAPTISTA, HOFTENIO, GRUMIO, and Train.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Blanca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, and Train.

Pet. If you be not pleased with this,
I'll make you change your minds.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whilst your boots are gree.
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly sulky groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate! content thee: prithee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinne
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy comand.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead
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But for my bonny Kate, she must with me,
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Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter Grumio.

Grum. Why therefore fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewn, cobwebs swept; the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on! Be the jills fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order! 52

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Grum. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How!

Grum. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha'nt, good Grumio.

Grum. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.


Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grum. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear and beseeching listening. Now I begin: Imprimis; we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Grum. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Grum. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave. 65

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Grum. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them court'sy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horsetail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Grum. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear! ho! you must meet my master to countenance my mistress. 101

Grum. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Grum. Then, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Grum. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio!

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!
Nath. How now, old lad!

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What! no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horses.

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What! no attendance! no regard! no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malthorse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd; the heel,

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing,

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

Exeunt Servants.

Where is the life that late I led?

Where are those—? Sit down, Kate, and welcome. 

Soud, soud, soud, soud! 

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains! 

When?

It was the friar of orders grey,

As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry: 

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other. 

Strike him.

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho! 

Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither. 

Exit Servant.

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Enter a Servant with a basin and ever.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

Strike him.

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave! 

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomat. 

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall 

What's this? mutton?

First Serv. Ay. 

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dress, 

And serve it thus to me that love it not! 

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all. 

Throws the meat, etc. at the door.

You needless jolthead and unmannder'd slave!

What! do you grumble? I'll be with you straights.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.

The meat was well if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and drunk away.

And I expressly am forbid to touch it, 

For it engenders choler, planteth anger; 

And better 'twere that both of us did fast 

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric, 

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow 'tis shall be mended, 

And for this night we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

Exeunt Petruchio, KatharinA. and Curt.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon continency to her: 

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul, 

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak: 

And sits as one new-risen from a dream. 

Away, away! for he is coming hither. 

Exeunt.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign, 

And 'tis my hope to end successfully. 

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty, 

And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd, 

For then she never looks upon her lure. 

Another way I have to man my haggard, 

To make her come and know her keeper's call 

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites. 

That bate and beat and will not be obedient. 

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat; 

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she sh'll eat. 

As with the meat, some undeserved fault 

I'll find about the making of the bed; 

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster. 

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets. 

Ay, and amidst this hurry I intend 

That all is done in reverent care of her; 

And in conclusion she shall watch all night: 

And if she chance to nod I'll rail and bawl, 

And with the clamour keep her still awake. 

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness; 

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour. 

He that knows better how to tame a shrew, 

Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. Ex
Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

**Tr.** Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca oth fancy any other but Lucentio?

**Tell**, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

**Hor.** Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said, and by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

*They stand aside.*

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

**Luc.** Now, mistress, profit you in what you read.

**Bian.** What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

**Luc.** I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

**Bian.** And may you prove, sir, master of your art?

**Luc.** While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

*They retire.*

**Hor.** Quick procedes, marry! Now tell me, I pray, on that durst swear that your mistress Bianca ord in the world so well as Lucentio.

**Tr.** O despitful love! unconstant womankind! tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

**Hor.** Mistake no more: I am not Licio, or a musician, as I seem to be, at one that scorns to live in this disguise, or such a one as leaves a gentleman, ad makes a god of such a cullion: now, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

**Tr.** Signior Hortensio, I have often heard your entire affection to Bianca; ad since mine eyes are witness of her lightness, will with you, if you be so contented, reswear Bianca and her love for ever.

**Hor.** See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio, is my hand, and here I firmly vow to woo her more; but do reswear her, once unworthy all the former favours of I had fondly flatter'd her withal.

**Tr.** And here I take the like unfeigned oath, vete to marry with her though she would entreat, a on her I see how beastly she doth court him.

**Hor.** Would all the world but he had quite forsworn! me, that I may surely keep mine oath, will be married to a wealthy widow three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard, d so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

*Exit.*

**Tr.** Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace 'lengthe to a lover's blessed case! y, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love, d have forsworn you with Hortensio.

**Bian.** Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

**Tr.** Mistress, we have.

**Luc.** Then we are rid of Licio.

**Tr.** I faith, he'll have a lusty widow now, at shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

**Bian.** God give him joy!

**Tr.** Ay, and he'1l tame her.

He says so, Tranio.

**Tr.** Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

**Bian.** The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

**Tr.** Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master; That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long, To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

**Tr.** What is he, Bionello?

**Bion.** Master, a mercantile, or a pedant, I know not what; but formal in apparel, In gait and countenance surely like a father.

**Luc.** And what of him, Tranio?

**Tr.** If he be credulous and trust my tale, I'1l make him glad to seem Vincentio, And give assurance to Baptista Minola, As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Enter a Pedant.

**Ped.** God save you, sir!

**Tr.** And you, sir! you are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?

**Ped.** Sir, at the furthest for a week or two; But then up further, and as far as Rome; And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

**Tr.** What countryman, I pray?

**Ped.** Of Mantua.

**Tr.** Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?

**Ped.** My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

**Tr.** 'Tis death for any one in Mantua To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?

Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke, For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him, Hath publish'd and proclaimed it openly. 'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come, You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

**Ped.** Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so; For I have bills for money by exchange From Florence, and must here deliver them.

**Tr.** Well, sir, to do you courtesy, This will I do, and this I will advise you. First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

**Ped.** Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been; Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

**Tr.** Among them know you one Vincentio?

**Ped.** I know him not, but I have heard of him; A merchant of incomparable wealth.

**Tr.** He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say, In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

**Bion.** Aside. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

**Tr.** To save your life in this extremity, This favour will I do you for his sake; And think it not the worst of all your fortunes That you are like to Sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake, And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd. Look that you take upon you as you should! You understand me, sir; so shall you stay Till you have done your business in the city.

If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
Scene III.—A Room in Petruchio's House.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Kath. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Grum. What! did he marry me to famish me?

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spit appears.

Grum. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.

Grum. I fear it is too choleric a meat.

Kath. How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Grum. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

Kath. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.

Grum. What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Grum. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Grum. Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grum. Why then, the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Grum. Sorr on thee and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, with a dish of meat, and Hortensio.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all am'rt?

Hort. Mistress, what cheer?

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What! not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not,
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thank
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hort. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Aside. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if the

lov'st me.

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kath. Eat, apace: and now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best.

With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and thing,
With scarfs and fans and double change
bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads and all this knave.

What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays to

leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did beseech.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a perringe.

A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy.

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knock, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:

Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit thee.
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too;

And not till then.

Hort. Aside. That will not be in haste.

Pet. Why, sir, I trust I may haveleave to spee.
And speak I will: I am no child, no babe.
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap.
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like thee the same.
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Exit Haberdasher.


O, mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here
What's this! a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-canoe.
What! up and down, car'd like an apple-ta.
Here's snip and nip and cut and slash and slie,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.
What, what, I devil's name, tailor, call'st thou?

Hort. Aside. I see, she's like to have neit cap nor gown.

Pet. Thou bid me make it orderly and well.
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remember.
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.
Kath. I never saw a better-fashion’d gown, ore quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable, like you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tat. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble, thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, inch, thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou! I av’d in mine own house with a skin of thread! say thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant, I shall so be mete thee with thy yard thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liest! I tell thee, I, that thou hast mar’d her gown.

Tat. Your worship is deceived: thou gown is made st as my master had direction. unio gave order how it should be done. 

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff. 

Tat. But how did you desire it should be made? 

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread. Tat. But did you not request to have it cut? 

Tat. Thou hast faced many things.

Pet. I have. 

Tat. Face not me: thou hast brav’d many 

Gru. Master, if ever I said ‘loose-bodied gown,’ me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death 

Pet. If thou anted thee, I bid thou master cut 

Gru. The gown; but I did not bid him cut it to 

Tat. ergo, thou liest.

Pet. Why, here is the note of the fashion to 

Pet. Read it.

Pet. The note lies in’ts throat if he say I said so.

Impr. A loose-bodied gown.

Pet. Master, if ever I said ‘loose-bodied gown,’ me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death 

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Pet. the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to 

Pet. ergo, thou liest.

Pet. Why, here is the note of the fashion to.

Pet. Read it.

Pet. The note lies in’ts throat if he say I said so.
To the Pedant. Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.

I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptist, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you
know best
We be allied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you
know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging an it like you:
There doth my father lie, and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well: Cambio, be you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Bion. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Daily not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptist, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.

Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I'll follow you.

Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.

Bion. Cambio!

Luc. What sayest thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here
behind to expound the meaning or moral of his
signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralise them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptist is safe, talking
with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?
'tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too, fast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman? such war of white and red within her cheeks! What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty, as those two eyes become that heavenly face? fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee. sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake. Hor. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet, Whither away, or where is thy abode? happy the parents of so fair a child; happier the man, whom favourable stars allotted thee for his lovely bed-fellow! Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad: this is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd, and not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes, that have been so bedazzled with the sun that everything I look on seemeth green: now I perceive thou art a reverend father; pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal make known Which way thou Travell'st: if along with us, we shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress, that with your strange encounter much amaz'd me.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son. And now by law, as well as reverend age, may entitle thee my loving father: be sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, my son by this hath married. Wonder not, or be not grieved: she is of good esteem, or dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; side, so qualified as may become a spouse of any noble gentleman. At me embrace with old Vincentio; and wander we to see thy honest son, who will of thy arrival be full joyous. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure, like pleasant travellers, to break a jest upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof; or our first errimenti hath made thee jealous.

Hor. To Vincentio. Why, how now, gentleman! Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Pet. Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.


Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain! didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? Beate Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.


Pet. Prithée, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. They retire.
Enter PEMONT, BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

**Tra.** Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

**Vin.** What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! A velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a capotain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

**Tra.** How now! what's the matter?

**Bap.** What, is the man lunatic?

**Tra.** Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

**Vin.** Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

**Bap.** You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

**Vin.** His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

**Ped.** Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

**Vin.** Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his master. Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. O! my son, my son. Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

**Tra.** Call forth an officer.

**Enter one with an Officer.**

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

**Vin.** Carry me to the gaol!

**Gre.** Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

**Bap.** Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

**Gre.** Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

**Ped.** Swear, if thou darest.

**Gre.** Nay, I dare not swear it.

**Tra.** Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

**Gre.** Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

**Bap.** Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

**Vin.** Thus strangers may be haled and abused. O monstrous villain!

**Re-enter BIONDELLO, with Lucentio and Blanca.**

**Bion.** O! we are spoilt; and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

**Luc.** Pardon, sweet father.

**Kneeling.**

**Vin.** Lives my sweet son?

**BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and PEMONT run out.**

**Bian.** Pardon, dear father.

**Kneeling.**

**Bap.** How hast thou offended?

**Where is Lucentio?**

**Luc.** Here's Lucentio, right son to the right Vincentio:

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eye.

**Gre.** Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

**Vin.** Where is that dammed villain Tranio, that fact'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

**Bap.** Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio? **Bian.** Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

**Luc.** Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio, while he did bear my countenance in the town, and happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

**What Tranio did, myself enforce'd him to:**

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake. **Vin.** I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

**Bap.** But do you hear, sir? Have you maried my daughter without asking my good will? **Vin.** Fear not, Baptista; we will content you goto: but I will in, to be reveenged for this villain.

**Exeunt.**

**Bap.** And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

**Luc.** Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

**Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.**

**Gre.** My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

**Exeunt.**

**PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.**

**Kath.** Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

**Pet.** First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

**Kath.** What! in the midst of the street?

**Pet.** What! art thou ashamed of me?

**Kath.** No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

**Pet.** Why, then let's home again. Come sirrah, let's away.

**Kath.** Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now press, love, stay.

**Pet.** Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate, better once than never, for never too late.

**Exeunt.**

**SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in Lucentio House.**

A banquet set out. **Enter Baptista, Vincenti Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianco Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, as Widow; Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, as others, attending.**

**Luc.** At last, though long, our jarring not agree:

And time it is, when raging war is done,

To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown. My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,

While I with self-same kindness welcome thine

Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,

And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.

My banquet is to close our stomachs up,

After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down.

For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

**Pet.** Nothing but sit and chat, and eat and eat. **Bap.** Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio. **Ped.** Padua affords nothing but what is kin.

**Hor.** For both our sakes I would that we were true.

**Pet.** Now, for my life, Hortensio fears thy widow.

**Wid.** Then never trust me, if I be afraid.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.


Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me? How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. 'Tis he that is giddy the world turns round: I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad.

Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt! an hasty-witted body Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird! I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow
You are welcome all.

Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio;
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not:
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd. 

Tra. O sir! Lucentio slipp'd me, like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something curriish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess; and, as the jest did glance away from me, Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio, think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no; and therefore, forassurance, let's each one send unto his wife:
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns!

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.


Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

Exit. Bap. Son, I will be your half. Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir! my mistress sends you word
That she is busy and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come! Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. Exit BIONDELLO.

Pet. O ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say,
I command her to come. Exit GRUMIO.

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

Exit KATHARINA.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule and right supremacy;
And, tobe short, whatnot that's sweetand happy!

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue of obedience. 
See where she comes, and brings your froward wives 129
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not: Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws it down.

Wid. Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh, Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this? Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too: The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you’re mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall: and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes, To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor: It blitz thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads, Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds, And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov’d is like a fountain troubled, Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty; And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it. Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee, And for thy maintenance commits his body To painful labour both by sea and land, To watch the night in storms, the day in cold, Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe; And craves no other tribute at thy hands

But love, fair looks, and true obedience; Too little payment for so great a debt; Such duty as the subject owes the prince, Even such a woman oweth to her husband; And when she’s froward, peevish, sullen, sour, And not obedient to his honest will, What is she but a foul contending rebel, And graceless traitor to her loving lord? I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace, Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth, Unapt to toil and trouble in the world, But that our soft conditions and our hearts Should well agree with our external parts? Come, come, you froward and unable worms! My mind hath been as big as one of yours, My heart as great, my reason haply more, To bandy word for word and frown for frown; But now I see our lances are but straws, Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare, That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot, And place your hands below your husband’s foot: In token of which duty, if he please, My hand is ready; may it do him case.

Pet. Why, there’s a wenches! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha’.

Vin. ’Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we’ll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.

To Lucentio. ’Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white; And being a winner, God give you good night!

Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.

Hor. Now go thy ways; thou hast tam’d a curst shrew.

Luc. ’Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam’d so.

Exeunt. 
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

A Page.  
COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, Mother to Bertram.  
HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.  
A Widow of Florence.  
DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.  
VIOLENTA, (Neighbours and Friends to the) 
MARIANA, Widow.  

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, etc., French and Florentine.

SCENE.—Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon.  A Room in the Countess’s Palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, 
HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o’er my father’s death anew; but I must attend his majesty’s command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty’s amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, —O, that ‘had’! how sad a passage ‘tis! —whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king’s sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king’s disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. ’Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, to no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than have it.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram; and succeed thy father.

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend Under thy own life’s key: be check’d for silence, But never tax’d for speech. What heaven more will That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord; 'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, Advise him.

Lof. He cannot want the best That shall attend his love. 89

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.

Exit. Ber. To HELENA. The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Lof. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

Evneut Bertram and LAFEU. Hel. O! were all that. I think not on my father;

And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him: my imagination 91 Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's. I am undone: there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one That I should love a bright particular star And think to wed it, he is so above me: In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. The ambition in my love thus plagues itself: The hind that would be mated by the lion 100 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague, To see him every hour; to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawk's eye, his curls, In our heart's table; heart too capable Of every line and trick of his sweet favour: But now he's gone, and my idiotarous fancy Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here? One that goes with him: I love him for his sake; And yet I know him a notorious liar, Think him a great way fool, solely a coward; 110 Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him, That they take place, when virtue's steely bones Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Save you, fair queen! Hel. And you, monarch!

Par. No.

Par. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity? 119 Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him? Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails: and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to us some war-like resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men? 131 Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase, and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion: away with 't. 126 Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese, consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't. Out with 't! within the year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with 't. 140 Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears: it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves, A mother, and a mistress, and a friend, A Phoenix, captain, and an enemy, A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign, A councillor, a traitress, and a dear; His humble ambition, proud humility, His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet, His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world Of pretty, fond, adoptious Christendoms, That blinking Cupid gossip. Now shall he— I know not what he shall. God send him well! The court's a learning-place, and he is one— Par. What one, 't faith?

Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity— Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't, Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born, Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes, Might with effects of them follow our friends, And show what we alone must think, which never Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you

Exit Parolles.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

CENE I.—Paris.  A Room in the King's Palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King, with letters; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears; may fought with equal fortune, and continue bravest war.

First Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.  

King. Nay, 'tis most credible: we have received receive certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria, with caution that the Florentine will move us for speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend judgeth the business, and would seem 'o have us make denial.

First Lord. His love and wisdom, sir; prov'd so to your majesty, may plead for ampest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer, and Florence is denied before he comes: 'et, for our gentlemen that mean to see the Tuscan service, freely have they leave to stand on either part.

Second Lord. It well may serve nursery to our gentry, who are sick of breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord, young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face; Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts

May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.  

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.  

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now, as when thy father and myself in friendship First tried our soldiership! He did look far into the service of the time and was disciplined of the bravest: he lasted long; but on us both did haggish age steal on, and wore us out of act. It much repairs me to talk of your good father. In his youth I had the wit which I can well observe to-day in our young lords; but they may jest till their own scorn return to them unnoted ere they can hide their levity in honour. So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness were in his pride or sharpness; if they were, his equal had awak'd them; and his honour, clock to itself, knew the true minute when exception bid him speak, and at this time his tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him he us'd as creatures of another place, and bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks, making them proud of his humility, in their poor praise he humbled. Such a man might be a copy to these younger times, which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now but goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir, lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb; so in approof lives not his epitaph as in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say, methinks I hear him now: his plausible words he scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them, to grow there and to bear; 'Let me not live,' thus his good melancholy oft began, on the catastrophe and heel of pastime, when it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he, 'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses all but new things disdain; whose judgments are mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies expire before their fashions.' This he wish'd: I, after him, do after him wish too, since I nor wax nor honey can bring home, I quickly were dissolved from my hive, to give some labourers room.

Second Lord. You are lov'd, sir; they that least lend it you shall lack you first.  

King. I fill a place, I know 't. How long is 't, count, since the physician at your father's die? He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.  

King. If he were living, I would try him yet: lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out with several applications: nature and sickness debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count; my son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

Flourish.  

Exeunt.
SCENE III.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knife here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knavery yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned. But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Will thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage; and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body, for they say barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for which I am airy of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to do the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyson the papist, hosome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may jollishrows together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Will thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,  
Which men full true shall find;  
Your marriage comes by destiny,  
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir: I'll talk with y more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I will speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,  
Why the Greeksians sacked Troy?  
Fond done, done fond,  
Was this King Priam's joy?  
With that she sighed as she stood,  
With that she sighed as she stood,  
And gave this sentence then;  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What! one good in ten? you corne  
the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; whi  
is a purifying o' the song. Would God we  
save the world so all the year! we'd find  
fault with the tithe-woman if I were the par  
One in ten, quoth a! An we might have a go  
woman born but for every blazing star, or, at  
earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well  
man may draw his heart out ere a pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do a  
command you!

Clo. That man should be at woman's command  
and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be  
pritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear  
surprize of humility over the black gown of  
big heart. I am going, forsooth: the busine  
is for Helen to come hither.

Exit.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gent  
woman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed  
to me; and she herself, without other advan  
t, may lawfully make title to as much love as  
s finds: there is more owing her than is paid, a  
more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near  
than I thought she wished me: alone she was, a  
did communicate to herself her own words  
her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for h  
they touched not any stranger sense. Her mat  
was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, w  
no goddess, that had put such difference betw  
t their two estates; Love, no god, that would  
extend his might, only where qualities were lev  
Dian, no queen of virgins, that would suffer i  
poor knight surprised, without rescue in the fr  
assault or ransom afterward. This she deliver  
in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er  
heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my dis  
speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence in t  
loss that may happen, it concerns you someti  
to know it...

Count. You have discharged this honesti  
keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods inform  
me of this before, which hung so tottering  
the balance that I could neither believe nor m  
doubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in yo
Enter Helena.

ven so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this
thorn
oth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:
sp shown and seal of nature's truth,
here love's strong passion is impress'd in youth;
our remembrances of days foregone,
we were our faults; or then we thought them
ere eye is sick on 't: I observe her now.
Hec. What is your pleasure, madam?
Count. You know, Helen, am a mother to you.
Hec. Mine honourable mistress.
Count. Nay, a mother: When I said 'a mother,'
thought you saw a serpent: what's in 'mother'?
at you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
put you in the catalogue of those
were encomved mine: 'tis often seen
option strives with nature, and choice breeds
native slip to us from foreign seeds;
ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
at I express to you a mother's care.
d's mercy, maiden! does it curl thy blood
say I am thy mother? What's the matter,
at this distemper'd messenger of wet,
any-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
h! that you are my daughter?
Hec. That I am not.
Count. I say, I am your mother.
Hec. Pardon, madam; ne Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
m from humble, he from honour'd name;
note upon my parents, his all noble;
master, my dear lord he is; and I
servant live, and will his vassal die.
not be my brother.
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hec. You are my mother; madam: you would have,
that my lord your son was not my brother,
deed my mother! or were you both our mothers,
are no more for than I do for heaven,
were not his sister. Can't no other,
at, I your daughter, he must be my brother?
Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law,
ied shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
strive upon your pulse. What! pale again!
earth catch'd your fondness: new I see
mystery of your loneliness, and find
our salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross
lose my son: invention is a sham'd,
against the proclamation of thy passion,
say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
it tell me then, 'tis so: for, look, thy cheeks
fuss it, the one to the other; and thine eyes
it so grossly shown in thy behaviours
at in their kind they speak it: only sin
hellish obstinacy tic thy tongue,
at truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
be so, you have wound a goodly claw;

If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail.
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!
Count. Do you love my son?
Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!
Count. Love you my son?
Hel. Do not you love him, madam?
Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond.
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
love you your son.
My friends were poor, but honest; so 's my love:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is low'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intuble sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshiper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do: but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love: 0! then, give pity
To her, whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.
Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?
Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note. Amongst the rest,
There is a remedy approv'd, set down
to cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.
Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.
Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.
Count. But think you, Helen.
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?
Hel. There's something in 't, 
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, 'I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure
By such a day and hour.
Count. Dost thou believe 't? Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.
Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home 250
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lords: these war-like principles
Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, farewell:
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

First Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir, After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy,
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarch, see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

Second Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say our French lack language to deny
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell. Come hither to me.

Exit, attended.

First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!
Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with 'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and 'tis too early.'
Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, Till honour be bought up and no sword worn

But one to dance with. By heaven! I'll stay away.

First Lord. There's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it, cow. Second Lord. I am your accessory; and farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

First Lord. Farewell, captain. Second Lord. Sweet Mon sieur Parolles! Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours, the kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, great metals, you shall find in the regiment of Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek: it this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I, and observe his reports for me.

Second Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Exeunt Lords.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! We will ye do?
Ber. Stay: the king—

Re-enter King. PAROLLES and BERTRAM re-enter.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more express to them; for they wear themselves in the manner of the time, there do must true gilt, eat, sleep and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the unsure, such are to be followed. After them, to take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.
Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove sinewy swordmen.

Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.

Enter LAPEU.

Laf. Kneeling. Pardon, my lord, for me for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands that has both his pardon. I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask his mercy. And here at my bidding you could so stand not. King. I would I had; so I had broke thy perch and ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across. But, my good lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O! will you eat no grapes, my royal eye? Yes, but you will my noble grapes an if My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine
That's able to breathe life into a stone, Quick'en a rock, and make you dance canary With spritely fire and motion; whose single touch Is powerful to raise King Pepin, nay, To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand And write to her a love-line.

King. What ' her?' is this?
Laf. Why, Doctor She. My lord, there's arriv'd,
If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour. If seriously I may convey my thoughts In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
If judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee: fare thee well, kind maid.

Thy pains, not us’d, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr’d.
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As ‘tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop’st thou my cure?

Hel. The great’st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murr and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench’d his sleepy lamp,
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot’s glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What darst thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet’s boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc’d by odious ballads: my maiden’s name
Shall be the more, not worse, extended
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit
doth speak
His powerful sound within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserv’d. Not helping, death’s my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
scene ii.—rousillon. a room in the countess's palace.

enter countess and clown.

count. come on, sir; i shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

clo. i will show myself highly fed and lowly taught. i know my business is but to the court.

count. to the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? 'but to the court!'

clo. truly, madam, if god have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off its cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court. but for me, i have an answer will serve all men.

count. marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

clo. it is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

count. will your answer serve fit to all questions?

clo. as fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your french crown for your taffeta punk, as tib's rush for tom's forefinger, as a pancake for shrove-tuesday, a morris for may-day, as the nail to his hole, the cackold to his horn, as a scolding quen to a wrangling knife, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

count. have you, i say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

clo. from below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

count. it must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

clo. but a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. here it is, and all that belongs to 't: ask me if i am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

count. to be young again, if we could. i will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. i pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

clo. o lord, sir! there's a simple putting off. more, more, a hundred of them.

count. sir, i am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

clo. o lord, sir! thick, thick, spare not me.

count. i think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

scene iii.—paris. a room in the king's palace.

enter bertram, lafeu, and parolli.

laf. they say miracles are past; and we our philosophical persons, to make matters familiar, things supernatural and cause. hence is it that we make trifles of them encroaching ourselves into seeming know when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

par. why, 'tis the rarest argument of what hath shot out in our latter times.

ber. and so 'tis.

laf. to be relinquished of the artists,—

par. so i say.

laf. both of galen and paracelsus.

par. so i say.

laf. of all the learned and author fellows,—

par. right; so i say.

laf. that gave him out incurable.—

par. why, there 'tis; so say i too.

laf. not to be helped,—

par. right; as 'twere a man assured of—

laf. uncertain life, and sure death.

par. just, you say well: so would i have it. laf. i may truly say it is a novelty to the—

par. it is; indeed: if you will have it in judging, you shall read it in—what do you call it?

laf. a showing of a heavenly effect in—

par. that's it i would have said; there same.

laf. why, your dolphin is not lusier to me. i speak in respect—

par. nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange; it is the brief and the tedious of it; and in a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

laf. very hand of heaven.
Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine I would have them whipped, or I would send them to the Turk to make enmarchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'1l never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none
have her: sure, they are bastards to the English;
the French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.
Laf. There's one grape yet; I am sure my
father drank wine. But if thou be'st not an
ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known
thee already.

Hel. To Bertram. I dare not say I take
you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her;
she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your
highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from
my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge. A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the
which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest:
Of virtue for the name; but do not so: From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignifyed by the door's deed:
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
It is a dropped honour. Good alone
Is good without a name: vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: honours thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.
King. Thou wrong'st thyself if thou should'st strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad:

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake, which to defeat

I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,

Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,

That dost in vile misprision shake the up

My love and her desert; that canst not dream,

We, poising us in her defective scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,

It is in us to plant thine honour where

We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:

Obey our will, which travels in thy good:

Believe not thy disdain, but presently

Do thine own fortunes that obedient right

Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever

Into the staggers and the careless lapse

Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,

Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit

My fancy to your eyes. When I consider

What great creation and what dole of honour

Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now

The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,

Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,

And tell her she is thine to whom I promise

A counterpoise, if not to thy estate

A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king

Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony

Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,

And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast

Shall more attend upon the coming space,

Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,

Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

Exit King, Bertram, Helena, Lords, and Attendants.

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir!

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation! My lord! my master!

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Ronsillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir, let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinances, to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make toler-able vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet scars and the bannetings about thee did most sud-}

fully dissemiue me from believing thee a very sae

of too great a burden. I have now found the
time when I lose thee again, I care not; yet art

good for nothing but taking up, and that the scarce

worth.

Par. Hast thou not the privilege of autonomy

upon thee, -

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in an

lest thou hasten thy trial; which if — Lords! mercy on thee for a hell! So, my good wind

of lattice, fare thee well: thy case men I

not open, for I look through thee. Give me a hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art well

of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it: I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for those to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever be

beast bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou find what it is to be proud of thy bondage,

have a desire to hold my acquaintance thee; or rather my knowledge, that I must in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy,

and my poor doing eternal: for doing a past; as I will by thee, in what motion age

give me leave.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take the

disgrace off me; scurril, old, filthy, scurril to

Well, I must be patient; there is no fettle of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I meet him with any convenience, an he be
double and double a lord. I'll have no o

pity of his age than I would have of — I'd

him, an if I could but meet him again!

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's march there's news for you: you have a new master.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lord to make some reservation of your wrong: it is my good lord: whom I serve above all

master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. Is the devil it is that's thy master. I dost thou gather up thy arms o' this fashion

doest make hose of thy sleeves? do other seem so? Thou wert best set thy lower part on thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were two hours younger, I'd beat thee; methinks thou art a general offence, and every man seen so to beat thee I think thou wast created for, to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved mean, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Ita,
picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; ye were a vagabond and no true traveller: you are saucy with lords and honourable personages: the commission of your birth and virtu-
Scene IV.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter Helena and Cloten.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well? 10
Cl. She is not well; but yet she has her
th: she's very merry; but yet she is not
but thanks be given, she's very well, and
is nothing 't the world; but yet she is not

Hel. If she be very well, what does she all
she's not very well!

Cl. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for

Cl. What two things?

Hel. One, that she's not in heaven, whither
send her quickly! the other, that she's in
b, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Hel. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Cl. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have
a own good fortunes.

Cl. You had my prayers to lead them on;
and to keep them on, have them still. O! my
knave, how does my old lady?

Cl. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her
money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Cl. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many
a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing.
To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing,
and to have nothing, is to be a great part of
your title; which is within a very little of
nothing.

Par. Away! thou 'rt a knave.

Cl. You should have said, sir, before a knave
thou 'rt a knave; that is, before me thou 'rt a
knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have
found thee.

Cl. Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were
you taught to find me? The search, sir, was
profitable; and much fool may you find in you,
even to the world's pleasure and the increase of
laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.

Hel. What's his will else? 20

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the
king,
And make this haste as your own good pro-
ceeding;

Strongen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. Come, sirrah.

Enter Parolles.

Par. To Bertram. These things shall be
done, sir.
Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?
Par. Sir!
Laf. O! I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.
Ber. Aside to PAROLLES. Is she gone to the king?
Par. She is.
Ber. Will she away to-night?
Par. As you'll have her. 
Ber. I have writ my letters, casked my treasure, given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride, End ere I do begin.
Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain. 
Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?
Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.
Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.
Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.
Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. 
Exit.
Par. An idle lord, I swear.
Ber. I think so.
Par. Why, do you not know him?
Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only he desires Some private speech with you.
Ber. I shall obey his will. You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office On my particular: prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you That presently you take your way for home; And rather muse than ask why I entreat you; For my respects are better than they seem, And my appointments have in them a need Greater than shows itself at the first view To you that know them not. This to my mother. Giving a letter.
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing y
But that I am your most obedient servant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that Wherein toward me my homely stars have fared To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great. Farewell: his honour
Hel. Pray sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. Am not worthy of the wealth I owe Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is; But, like a timorous thief, most fain would ask What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and scarce so much as a thing, indeed. I would not tell you what I would, my lord:
Faith, yes;
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to be
Hel. Shall not break your bidding, good lord.
Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?
Hel. Farewell. Exit HEL. Go thou toward home; where I will never go, Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum Away! and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, corage.

ACT III.


Flourish. Enter DUKE, attended; two FIRST Lords, and Soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point now you have heard The fundamental reasons of this war, Whose great decision hath much blood let for, And more thirsts after.
First Lord. Holy seems the quench Upon your grace's part; black and fearful On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our own France Would in so just a business shut his bosom Against our borrowing prayers.
Second Lord. The reasons of our state I cannot yield, But like a common and an outward man, That the great figure of a council frames By self-unable motion: therefore dare not Say what I think of it, since I have found Myself in my uncertain grounds to fall As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.
Second Lord. But I am sure the young Our nature, That surfeit on their ease, will day by day Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall the b
And all the honours that can fly from us Shall on them settle. You know your prince well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell, To-morrow to the field. Flourish. Exit.
SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess’s Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have ad it, save that he comes not along with a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?  
Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing; and the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had his trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor or a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court. Our old ling and our Isbels o’ the country re nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o’ the court: the brains of my Cupid’s knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E’en that you have there. Exit. 29

Count. I have sent you a daughter-in-law; she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make her not eternal. You shall hear I am run away: now it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My uty to you. Your unfortunate son.

BERTRAM.

his is not well: rash and unbridled boy, o fly the favours of so good a king: o pluck his indignation on thy head y the misprizing of a maid too virtuous or the contempt of empire!

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam! yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and your young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, me comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I fear he does: the danger is in standing to’t; that’s the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more; or my part, I only hear your son was run away.

Exit.

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone. Second Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen, have felt so many quirks of joy and grief, that the first face of neither, on the start, 50 an woman me unto’t: where is my son, I pray you?

Second Gent. Madam, he’s gone to serve the Duke of Florence: he met him thitherward; for thence we came, and after some dispatch in hand at court, either we bend again.

Hil. Look on his letter, madam: here’s my passport.

When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a ‘t then I write a ‘tnever.'

This is a dreadful sentence. 51

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

First Gent. Ay, madam;

And for the contents’ sake are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer; 63

If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine, Thou rob’st me of a moiety: he was my son, But I do wash his name out of my blood, And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

Second Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Second Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe’t,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour

That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

First Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France. 72

’Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

First Gent. ’Tis but the boldness of his hand, happily, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France until he have no wife! There’s nothing here that is too good for him so But only she; and she deserves a lord That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly-mistress. Who was with him?

First Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was it not?

First Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainting fellow, and full of wicked- ness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

First Gent. Indeed, good lady, The fellow has a deal of that too much, 90 Which holds him much to have.

Count. Y’ are welcome, gentlemen. I will entreat you, when you see my son, To tell him that his sword can never win The honour that he loses: more I’ll entreat you Written to bear along.

Second Gent. We serve you, madam, In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies. Will you draw near?

Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.

Hel. ’Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France; Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is ’t I That chase thee from thy country, and expose Those tender limbs of thine to the event Of the none-sparing war? and is it I That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the catiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effect'd: better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

Exit.


Flourish. Enter Duke, Bertram, Parolles, Soldiers, Drum and Trumpets.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon
With waint vox my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may he:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervours sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despicable Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for Death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah! what sharp stings are in her mildest words;

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam,
If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall Bless this unworthy husband! he cannot thrive
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of his worth
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense
To make distinction. Provide this messenger,
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids a speak.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Without the Walls of Florence.

A tucket afur off. Enter a Widow of Florence,
DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach to city we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done
The most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken the greatest commander, and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost of labour; they are gone a contrary way: hast you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come; let's return again, and suffer ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French Earl: the honour of my name is her name, and no legacy is so rich honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mor. I know that knave; hang him! Parolles: a filthy officer he is; those suggestions for the young Earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhead, cannot all that dissuade succession, but that they blighted with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house; thither I'll send one another. I'll question her.
Enter Helena, in the dress of a pilgrim.  

Hel.  God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?  

Wid.  To Saint Jaques le Grand.  

Where do the palmer's lodge, I do beseech you?  

Hel.  At the Saint Francis, here beside the port.  

Wid.  Is this the way?  

Hel.  Ay, marry, is 't. Hark you! A march afar off.  

Wid.  They come this way. If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,  

but till the troops come by,  

will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd:  

he rather, for I think I know your hostess  

as ample as myself.  

Hel.  Is it yourself?  

Wid.  If you shall please so, pilgrim.  

Hel.  I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.  

Wid.  You came, I think, from France?  

Hel.  I did so.  

Wid.  Here you shall see a countryman of yours  

that has done worthy service.  

Hel.  His name, I pray you.  

Dia.  The Count Roussillon: know you such a one?  

Hel.  But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;  

is face I know not.  

Dia.  Whatsoe'er he is,  

's bravely taken here. He stole from France,  

'tis reported, for the king had married him  

against his liking. Think you it is so?  

Hel.  Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady,  

Dia.  There is a gentleman that serves the count  

sports but coarsely of her.  

Hel.  What's his name?  

Dia.  Monsieur Parolles.  

Hel.  O! I believe with him,  

argument of praise, or to the worth  

the great count himself, she is too mean  

have her name repeated: all her deserving  

a reserved honesty, and that  

have not heard examin'd.  

Dia.  Alas! poor lady;  

is a hard bondage to become the wife  

a detesting lord.  

Wid.  Ay, right; good creature, where soe'er she is,  

her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might  

shrewd turn if she pleas'd.  

Hel.  How do you mean?  

Wid.  be the amorous count solicits her  

the unlawful purpose.  

Hel.  He does indeed;  

if breaks with all that can in such a suit  

rupt the tender honour of a maid:  

she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard  

honestest defence.  

Mar.  The gods forbid else!  

Ter. with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, Bertram and Parolles.  

Wid.  So, now they come.  

ant is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;  

That, Escalus.  

Hel.  Which is the Frenchman?  

He.  That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;  

I would he lov'd his wife. If he were honest  

He were much goodlier; is't not a handsome  

gentleman?  

Hel.  I like him well.  

Dia.  'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that  

same knave  

That leads him to these places: were I his lady  

I would poison that vile rascal.  

Hel.  Which is he?  

Dia.  That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he  
melancholy?  

Hel.  Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.  

Par.  Lose our drum! well.  

Mar.  He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look,  

he has spied us.  

Wid.  Marry, hang you!  

Mar.  And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!  

Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, Officers and Soldiers.  

Wid.  The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will  

bring you  

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents  

There's four or five, to Great Saint Jaques bound,  

Already at my house.  

Hel.  I humbly thank you.  

Please it this matron and this gentle maid  

to eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking  

Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,  

I will bestow some precepts of this virgin  

Worthy the note.  

Both.  We'll take your offer kindly.  

Exeunt.  

Scene VI.—Camp before Florence.  

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.  

First Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't  

let him have his way.  

Second Lord. If your lordship find him not a  
hiding, hold me no more in your respect.  

First Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.  

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?  

First Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own  
direct knowledge, without any malice, but to  
speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable  
coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly  
promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality  
worthy your lordship's entertainment.  

Second Lord. It were fit you knew him: lest,  

reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not,  

he might at some great and trusty business in a  
man danger fail you.  

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action  
to try him.  

Second Lord. None better than to let him fetch  
off his drum, which you hear him so confidently  
undertake to do.  

First Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will  

suddenly surprise him: such I will have whom  
I am sure he knows not from the enemy. We  

will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall  
suppose no other but that he is carried into the  
leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him  
to our own tents. Be but your lordship present  
at his examination: if he do not, for the promise  
of his life and in the highest compulsion of base
fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the in-
telligence in his power against you, and that
with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath,
never trust my judgment in any thing.

Second Lord. O! for the love of laughter, let
him fetch his drum: he says he has a stratagem
for 't. When your lordship sees the bottom of
his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeited
lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not
John Drum’s entertainment, your inclining can-
not be removed. Here he comes.

First Lord. O! for the love of laughter, hinder
not the honour of his design: let him fetch off
his drum in any hand.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks
sorely in your disposition.

Second Lord. A pox on 't! let it go: 'tis but a
drum.

Par. ‘But a drum!’ Is 't 'but a drum'? A
drum so lost! There was an excellent command,
to charge in with our horse upon our own wings,
and to rend our own soldiers!

Second Lord. That was not to be blamed in
the command of the service: it was a disaster
of war that Caesar himself could not have pre-
vented if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our
success: some dishonour we had in the loss of
that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the merit
of service is seldom attributed to the true and
exact performer, I would have that drum or
another, or his head.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to 't, mon-
sieur; if you think your mystery in stratagem can
bring this instrument of honour again into his
native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise
and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy
exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall
both speak of it, and extend to you what further
becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syl-
lable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will under-
take it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will
presently pen down my dilemma, encourage my-
self in my certainty, put myself into my mortal
preparation, and by midnight look to hear
further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you
are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my
lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou'rt valiant: and to the possi-
ability of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee.

Par. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

First Lord. No more than a fish loves water.
Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so
confidently seems to undertake this business,
which he knows is not to be done; damns him-
selves to do, and dares better be damned than to
do 't?

Second Lord. You do not know him, my lord,
as we do: certain it is that he will steal himse-

11. all's well that ends well. [Act II]

fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the in-
telligence in his power against you, and that
with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath,
never trust my judgment in any thing.

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him fetch his drum: he says he has a stratagem
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that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

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of service is seldom attributed to the true and
exact performer, I would have that drum or
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and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy
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presently pen down my dilemma, encourage my-
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ability of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee.

Par. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

First Lord. No more than a fish loves water.
Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so
confidently seems to undertake this business,
which he knows is not to be done; damns him-
selves to do, and dares better be damned than to
do 't?

Second Lord. You do not know him, my lord,
n most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Ilow'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter,
A fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Forself most chastely absent. After this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
O what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded,
Unstruct my daughter how she shall persever,
But time and place with this deceit so lawful
Lay prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musick of all sorts and songs compos'd
O her unworthiness; it nothing steads us
Chide him from our caves, for he persists
If his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
Let's about it.

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter First French Lord, with five or six Soldiers
in ambush.

First Lord. He can come no other way but by
His hedge-corner. When you sally upon him,
Seek what terrible language you will: though
I understand it not yourselves, no matter; for
I must not seem to understand him, unless
Me one among us, whom we must produce for
Interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the in-
preter.

First Lord. Art not acquainted with him?
Wst he not thy voice?

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

First Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou
Speak to us again?

First Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

First Lord. He must think us some band of
Rangers! the adversary's entertainment. Now
Hath a smack of all neighbouring languages;
Therefore we must every one be a man of his
Tongue, not to know what we speak one to
Other; so we seem to know, is to know what
Our purpose: chough's language, gable,
Dough, and good enough. As for you, inter-
er; you must seem very politic. But couch,
Here he comes, to beguile two hours in a
Cup, and then to return and swear the lies he
Goes.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock! within these three hours
Will be time enough to go home. What shall
I have done? It must be a very plausible
Ention that carries it. They begin to smoke,
And disgraces have of late knocked too often
My door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy;
My heart hath the fear of Mars before it
And of his creatures, not daring the reports of
My tongue.

First Lord. This is the first truth that e'er
Thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to
Undertake the recovery of this drum, being
Not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had
No such purpose! I must give myself some
Hurt and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight
Ones will not carry it: they will say, 'Came
You off with so little? and great ones I dare not
give. Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue,
I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth,
And buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you
Prattle me into these perils.

First Lord. Is it possible he should know what
He is, and be that he is?

Par. If I would the cutting of my garments
Would serve the turn, or the breaking of my
Spanish sword.

First Lord. We cannot afford you so.
Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say
It was in stratagem.

First Lord. 'T would not do.
Par. Or to draw my clothes, and say I was
Stripped.

First Lord. Hardly serve.
Par. Though I swore I leaped from the
Window of the citadel—

First Lord. How deep?
Par. Thirty fathom.

First Lord. Three great oaths would scarce
Make that he believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's:
I would swear I recovered it.

First Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

Alarum within.

First Lord. Thro' no. morousus, cargo, cargo, cargo. All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O! ransom, ransom! Do not hide mine
eyes. They seize and blindfold him.

First Sold. Boskos tromaudo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment;
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me:
I will discover that which shall undo

The Florentine.

First Sold. Bostos vaswado:
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:
Kerelybonto: Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

First Sold. O! pray, pray, pray.

Manka verania dulche.

First Lord. Oscoirbdulchus volivoro.

First Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on.
To gather from thee: haply thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O! let me live!
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me.
First Sold. *Acordo linta.*

Come on; thou art granted space.
Exit, with Parolles guarded. *A short alarum within.*

First Lord. Go, tell the Count Ronsillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.
Second Sold. Captain, I will.
First Lord. 'A' will betray us all unto ourselves;
Inform on that.
Second Sold. So I will, sir.
First Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
DIA. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess; And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead you should be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and stern; And now you should be as your mother was When your sweet self was got.
DIA. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
DIA. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that! I prithee do not strive against my vows.
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever Do thee all rights of service.
DIA. Ay, so you serve us Till we serve you; but when you have our roses, You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn! 20
DIA. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth, But the plain single vow that is vow'd true. What is not holy, that we swear not by, But take the Highest to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by God's great attributes, I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, When I did love you ill? This has no holding, To swear by him whom I protest to love, That I will work against him: therefore your oaths Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd; 30 At least in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it. Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts That you do charge men with. Stand no more off, But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever My love as it begins shall so persever.

DIA. I see that men make ropes in such a sort That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have a power
To give it from me.
DIA. Will you not, my lord? Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house, Bequeathed down from many ancestors, Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world In me to lose.
DIA. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors, Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom Brings in the champion honour on my part Against your vain assault.
Ber. Here, take my ring My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine And I'll be bid by thee.
DIA. When midnight comes, knock at the chamber-window:
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth, When you have conquer'd my yet maiden heart,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me. My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them. When he back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger in the night I'll put Another ring, that what in time proceeds May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fall not. You have writ A wife of me, though there my hope be done. Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wood thee.
DIA. For which live long to thank both heav'n and me!
You may so in the end.
My mother told me just how he would woo As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are braid, Marry that will, I live and die a maid: Only in this disguise I think 'tis no sin To cozen him that would unjustly win.

SCENE III.—The Florentine Camp.

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?
Second Lord. I have delivered it an hour since, there is something in't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost in another man.
First Lord. He has much worthy blame let upon him for shaking off so good a wife and sweet a lady.
Second Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who hath even vowed his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly within you.
First Lord. When you have spoken it, I am dead, and I am the grave of it.
Second Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in her spoile of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

First Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we.

Second Lord. Merely our own traitors: and as the common course of all treasons, we see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action entwines against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

Second Lord. Not till after midnight, for he dined to his hour.

First Lord. That approaches apace: I would have him see his company anathematized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Second Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip if the other.

First Lord. In the meantime what hear you of these wars?

Second Lord. I hear there is an overtaking of pace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Second Lord. What will Count Rousillon then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

First Lord. I perceive by this demand, you're not altogether of his council.

Second Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since of his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jacques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, she a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Second Lord. How is this justified?

First Lord. The stronger part of it by her own story, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

Second Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of her verity.

Second Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be lad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make so comforts of our losses!

Second Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great igniety that his valour hath here acquired for himself shall at home be encountered with a shame so ample.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled arn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now! where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

Second Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartsness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord! is 't not after midnight? I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effect my nicest needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Second Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit model: has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.


Exeunt Soldiers.

Has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

First Lord. I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks; and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a'?

Second Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffed! he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

First Lord. Hoodman comes! Porto tartarossa. First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pesty, I can say no more.


First Sold. You are a merciless general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.
Par. And truly, as I hope to live.
First Sold. First, demand of him how many horse
the duke is strong. What say you to that? 120
Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and
unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and
the commanders very poor rogues, upon my re-
putation and credit, as I hope to live.
First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?
Par. Do: I’ll take the sacrament on’t, how
and which way you will.
Ber. All’s one to him. What a past-saving
slave is this! 121
First Lord. You are deceived, my lord: this
is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that
was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoretic
of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice
in the chape of his dagger.
Second Lord. I will never trust a man again for
keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have
every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.
First Sold. Well, that’s set down. 170
Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I
will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for
I’ll speak truth.
First Lord. He’s very near the truth in this.
Ber. But I con him no thanks for’t, in the
nature he delivers it.
Par. Poor rogues. I pray you, say.
First Sold. Well, that’s set down.
Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth’s a
truth; the rogues are marvellous poor.
First Sold. Demand of him, of what strength
they are a-foots. What say you to that?
Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this
present hour, I will tell true. Let me see:
Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many;
Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guilian,
Cosmo, Lodowick, and Grattii, two hundred fifty
each: mine own company, Chiptober, Vaumond,
Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the
muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life,
amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of
the which dare not shake the snow from off their
cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.
Ber. What shall be done to him? 128
First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks.
Demand of him my condition, and what credit
I have with the duke.
First Sold. Well, that’s set down. You shall
demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i
the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is
with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and ex-
pertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not
possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt
him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do
you know of it?
Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the
particular of the intergatories: demand them
 singly.
First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?
Par. I know him: a’ was a betther’s prentice
in Paris, from whence he was whipped for get-
ing the shrieves fool with child; a dumb inno-
cent, that could not say him nay.
DUMAIN lifts his hand in anger.
Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though
I know his brains are forfeit to the next
tile that falls.
First Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke
of Florence’s camp?
Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.
First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; I
shall hear of your lordship anon.
First Sold. What is his reputation with t
duke?
Par. The duke knows him for no other b
poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other
day to turn him out o’ the band; I think I ha
his letter in my pocket.
First Sold. Marry, we’ll search.
Par. In good sadness, I do not know: eith
it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke
other letters in my tent.
First Sold. Here ’tis: here’s a paper; sh
I read it to you?
Par. I do not know if it be it or no.
Ber. Our interpreter does it well.
First Lord. Excellently.
First Sold. Dian, the count’s a fool, and full
gold—
Par. That is not the duke’s letter, sir: that
an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence
one Diana, to take heed of the allurement
one Count Housillon, a foolish idle boy, but
all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it
again.
First Sold. Nay, I’ll read it first, by your favo
Par. My meaning in’t, I protest, was ve
honest in the behalf of the maid; for I kno
the young count to be a dangerous and lasciv
boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devou
up all the fry it finds.
Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!
First Sold. When he swears oaths, bid him dr
gold, and take it;
After he scorches, he never pays the score:
Half vom is match well made; match, and w
make it;
He ne’er pays after-debts; take it before,
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this;
Men are to melt with, boys are not to kiss;
For count of this, the count’s a fool, I know it;
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow’d to thee in thine ear.
PAROLLES.
Ber. He shall be whipped through the air
with this rime in’s forehead.
Second Lord. This is your devoted friend, s
the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldi
Ber. I could endure any thing before but
cat, and now he’s a cat to me.
First Sold. I perceive, sir, by your gener
looks, we shall be fain to hang you.
Par. My life, sir, in any case! not that I
afraid to die; but that, my offences being man
I would repent out the remainder of natu
Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, I’the stocks,
anywhere, so I may live.
First Sold. We’ll see what may be done,
you confess freely: therefore, once more to th
Captain Dumain. You have answered to
reputation with the duke and to his valor:
what is his honesty?
Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloi
for rapes and ravishments he parallels Ness;
professes not keeping of oaths; in break:
em he is stronger than Hercules; he will i
sir, with such volatility, that you would thi
truth were a fool; drunkenness is his best virti
Scene III.

**ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.**

265 or he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he
bes little harm, save to his bed-clothes about
in; but they know his conditions, and lay him
and straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of
honesty; he has every thing that an honest
man should not have; what an honest man
would have, he has nothing.

**First Lord.** I begin to love him for this.

**Ber.** For this description of thine honesty. A
upon him for me! he is more and more a cat.

**First Lord.** What say you to his expertness in
ar? But, faith, sir, has led the drum before the
French tragedians—to beli be him I will not.—
more of his soldierish I know not; except
that country he had the honour to be the
fer at a place there called Mile-end, to in-
put for the doubling of files: I would do the
in what honour I can, but of this I am not

**First Lord.** He hath out-villained villany so
that the rarity redeems him.

**Ber.** A pox on him! he's a cat still.

**First Lord.** His qualities being at this poor
ice, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt
in to revolt.

**Par.** Sir, for a quart d' eau he will sell the
seep of his salvation, the inheritance of it;
d cut the entail from all remainders, and a
petual succession for it perpetually.

**First Sold.** What's his brother, the other Cap-
Dumain?

**Second Lord.** Why does he ask him of me?

**First Sold.** What's he?

**Par.** E'en a crow o' the same nest; not alto-
ther so great as the first in goodness, but
ater a great deal in evil. He excels his
other for a coward, yet his brother is reputed
of the best that is. In a retreat he outs
any lackey; marry, in coming on he has

**First Sold.** If your life be saved, will you
take to betray the Florentine?

**Par.** Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count
silion.

**First Sold.** I'll whisper with the general, and
ow his pleasure.

**Par.** Aside. I'll no more drumming; a plague
all drums! Only to seem to deserve well,
I to beguile the supposition of that lascivious
ng boy the count, have I run into this danger.
who would have suspected an ambush where
as taken?

**First Sold.** There is no remedy, sir, but you
st die. The general says, you that have so
itoriously discovered the secrets of your army,
I made such pestiferous reports of men very
ly held, can serve the world for no honest
therefore you must die. Come, headman,
with his head.

**Par.** O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see
death!

**First Sold.** That shall you, and take your
all your friends. Unmuffling him.

look about you: know you any here?

**Ber.** Good morrow, noble captain.

**Second Lord.** God bless you, Captain Parolles.

**First Lord.** God save you, noble captain.

**Second Lord.** Captain, what greeting will you
my Lord Lafen? I am for France.

**First Lord.** Good captain, will you give me a
copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf
of the Count Roussillon? an I were not a very
coward I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

**Execute BERTRAM and Lords.**

**Par.** Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

**First Sold.** If you could find out a country
where but women were that had received so
much shame, you might begin an impudent
nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too:
we shall speak of you there.

**Exit.**

**Par.** Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a
braggart,

Let him fear this: for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Sarcast in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them.

**Exit.**

Scene IV.—**Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.**

**Enter Helena, Widow, and DIANA.**

**Hel.** That you may well perceive I have not
wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis
needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know, I
am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband bies him home; where, heaven
aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

**Wid.** Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

**Hel.** Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love. Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

**Dia.** Let death and honesty
Go with your impossions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

**Hel.** Yet, I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown:
What'er the end, the end is the renown.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no; your son was misled with a snip-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salates ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether 'dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, a has an English name; but his phisny is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of: serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world: let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be afearey of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by law of nature.

E. Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord that's gone myself much sport out of him: by his author he remains here, which he thinks is a patent of his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And was about to tell you, since I heard of the lady's death, and that my lord your son was up his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; whi in the minority of them both, his majesty, of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose his highness hath promised me to do it; and stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How do your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marselis, as of able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall find him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lords to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manner I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honours' privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold chart, but I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face: whether there be scar under it or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a chuff of two pile and a half, and his right cheek worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a goodly livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I'll talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which is the head and nod at every man.

Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. A Street.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with their Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,
Enter a Gentleman.

his man may help me to his majesty's ear, he would spend his power. God save you, sir. Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France. Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen from the report that goes upon your goodness; and therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions, which lay nices manners by, I put you to the use of your own virtues, for the which hall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you give this poor petition to the king, and aid me with that store of power you have come into his presence. Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir!

Gent. Not, indeed: hence remov'd last night, and with more haste an is his use. Wel. Lord, how we lose our pains! Hel. All's well that ends well yet, though time seem so adverse and means unfruitful. o beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon; either I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir, if you are like to see the king before me, commend the paper to his gracious hand; for I presume shall render you no blame rather make you thank your pains for it. till come after you with what good speed it means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you. Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd, water falls more. We must to horse again: go, provide. Exeunt.

ENÉ II.—Rousillon. The inner Court of the Countess's Palace.

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

ar. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better own to you, when I have held familiarity with other clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in one's mood, and smell somewhat of strong displeasure.

To. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will see forth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. chee, allow the wind.

t. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir: bake but by a metaphor.

To. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will o my nose; or against any man's metaphor. chee, get thee further.

ar. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

To. Foh! prithee, stand away: a paper from mine's close-stool to give to a nobleman! oh, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

To. is a par of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, not a musk-cat, that has fallen into the dean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he's, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carps as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. Exit.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a quart d'oeuf for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall have it; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord! you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out. Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil! One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. Trumpets sound. The king's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, etc.

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbeams and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,— n But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note, but to himself The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive, Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither.

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon:
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. Exit.

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way: so stand thon forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repent'd, blame,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let 't take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege.
At first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue,
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excuse'd:
That thou dist love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt. But love, that comes too late;
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and all to weep their dust:
Our own love wakening cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Mandrill:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.

Bertram gives a ring.

By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dear,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft
Reave her
Of what should steal her most!

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
How'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw
In Florence was it from a casement thrown?
Was dipp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thou
Stood engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she cease'd
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tint and multiplying medic
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'tis Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcements
You got it from her. She call'd the saints' surety,
That she would never put it from her finger
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speakest falsely, as I love my honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into mine
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman, 'twill not prove so;
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her dead
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take it away.

Guard seize Bertram.

My fore-passed proofs, how'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him!
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove This ring was ever hers, you shall as well
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. Exit, guards.

King. Bertram is the property of my thoughts.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know n: 
there's a petition from a Florentine, ho hath for four or five removes come short to tender it herself. I undertook it, 131 quished'd thereto by the fair grace and speech the poor suppliant, who by this I know here attending: her business looks in her eth an importing visage, and she told me, a sweet verbal brief, it did concern her highness with herself.

King. Upon his many protestations to marry me en his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won. Now is the Count Rouillon a widower: his vows forsworn and, my honour's paid to him, stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow to his country for justice. Grant it me, O My! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flowers, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPLET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and 1 for this: I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu, bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors: speedily and bring again the count.

Execut Gentleman and some Attendants. 

I heard the life of Helen, lady, is foully snatch'd. 

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you, dthat you fly them as you swear them lordship, it you desire to marry.

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow and DIANA.

What woman's that?

DIA. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine, lived from the ancient Caplet: suit, as I do understand, you know, therefore know how far I may be pitied. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour suffer under this complaint we bring, both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny that I know them: do they charge me further?

DIA. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

DIA. If you shall marry, a give away this hand, and that is mine; a give away heaven's vows, and those are mine; a give away myself, which is known mine; I by vow am so embodied yours she which marries you must marry me; her both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my lighter: you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature, sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness a more noble thought upon mine honour in to think that I would sink it here. 

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour Than in my thought it lies.

DIA. Good my lord, Ask him upon his oath, if he does think He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord; And was a common gamester to the camp. 

DIA. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so, He might have bought me at a common price: Do not believe him. O! behold this ring, Whose high respect and rich validity Did lack a parallel; yet for all that He gave it to a commoner o' the camp, If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it: Of six preceding ancestors, that gem Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue, Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife: That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said You saw one here in court could witness it. 

DIA. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles. 

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be. 

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Exit an Attendant.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave, With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd; Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth. Am I or that or this for what he'll utter, That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her, And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth. She knew her distance and did angle for me, Maidling my eagerness with her restraint, As all impediments in fancy's course Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine, Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace, Subdused me to her rate: she got the ring, And I had that which any inferior might At market-price have bought.

DIA. I must be patient; You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife, May justly diet me. I pray you yet, Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband, Send for your ring; I will return it home, And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

DIA. Sir, much like The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

DIA. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false you threw it him Out of a casement.

DIA. I have spoke the truth.

Re-enter Attendant with PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers. 

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.

Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. Ay, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you.

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which, on your just proceeding I'll keep off,
By him and by this woman here what know you?
Par. So please your majesty, my master hath
been an honourable gentleman: tricks he had
had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he
love this woman?
Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
King. How, I pray you?
Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman
loves a woman.

King. How is that?
Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knife, and no knife,
What an equivocal companion is this!
Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's
command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a
naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?
Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou
knowest?
Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go
between them, as I said; but more than that,
he loved her, for indeed he was mad for her,
and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of
Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that
credit with them at that time, that I knew of
their going to bed, and of other motions, as
promising her marriage, and things that would
derive me ill to speak of: therefore I will
not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless
thou canst say they are married: but thou art
too fine in thy evidence; therefore, stand aside.
This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.
King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it
you?
Dia. It was not given me, nor did I not buy it.
King. Who lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
King. Where did you find it then?
Dia. I found it not.
King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?
Dia. I never gave it him.
Laf. This woman’s an easy glove, my lord: she
goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine: I gave it his first
wife.
Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away: I do not like her now.
To prison with her; and away with him.
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.
King. Take her away.
Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.
King. I think thee new some common customer.
Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accus’d him all
this while?
Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to 't:

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man’s wife.

King. She does abuse our ears: to pris-
son with her!
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.

Exit Wild. Stay, royal s.

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus’d me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm’d me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defil’d,
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick.
So there’s my riddle: one that’s dead is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no eon our
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is 't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see;
The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both. O pardon,
Hel. O my good lord! when I was like a maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring.
And, look you, here’s your letter; this it say:

When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, etc.

This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know

clearly,
I’ll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain and prove untrue
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O! my dear mother; do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep.

To PAROLLES. Good Tom Drum, lend me
handkercher; so, I thank thee. Wait on a
home, I’ll make sport with thee: let ten
conveniences alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this

know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.

To DIANA. If thou best yet a fresh uncorripted
flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I’ll pay thy dow
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou keepest a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yest seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish. Exe.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY THE KING.

The king’s a beggar now the play is done:
All is well ended if this suit be won
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
WELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, Brother to Viola.
NTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.
ALENTINE, Gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIOS,
IR TOBY BELCH, Uncle to Olivia.
IR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—A City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Duke’s Palace.

Duke. O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill’d the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and
fill’d
Her sweet perfections with one self king.
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with
bowers.

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown’d: what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were
save’d.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance
may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with
chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother, n
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin’s back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so there’s gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Where to thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know’st thou this country?

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Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours’ travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then ‘twas fresh in murmur, as you know
What great ones do the less will prattle of,
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What’s she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They say she hath abjur’d the company
And sight of men.
Vio. O! that I serv’d that lady, and
And might not be deliver’d to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.
Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke’s.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beautiful wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I’ll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I’ll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I’ll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. Exeunt.

Scene III.—A Room in Olivia’s House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to
take the death of her brother thus? I am sure
care’s an enemy to life.
Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come
in earlier o’ nights: your cousin, my lady, takes
great exceptions to your ill hours.
Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.
Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.
Sir To. Confine! I’ll confine myself no finer
than I am. These clothes are good enough to
drink in, and so be these boots too: an they be
not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.
Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo
you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and
of a foolish knight that you brought in one night
here to be her wooer.
Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?
Mar. Ay, he.
Sir To. He’s as tall a man as any’s in Illyria.

Mar. What’s that to the purpose?
Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.
Mar. Ay, but he’ll have but a year in all the ducats: he’s a very fool and a prodigal.
Sir To. Fie, that you’ll say so! he plays
the viol-de-gamboes, and speaks three or five
languages word for word without book, hath
all the good gifts of nature.
Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural; besides that he’s a fool, he’s a great quarreller
and but that he hath the gift of a coward
alay the gust he hath in quarrelling, ‘tis thou
among the prudent he would quickly have
gift of a grave.
Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, substractors that say so of him. Who are they?
Mar. They that add, moreover, he’s dr
nightly in your company.
Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece,
I’ll drink to her as long as there is a passage
my throat and drink in Illyria. He’s a cow
and a coystriil that will not drink to my niece
till his brains turn o’ the like a parish.
What, wench! Castilian vulgar! for here com
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir T
Belch!
Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!
Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.
Mar. And you too, sir.
Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.
Sir And. What’s that?
Sir To. My niece’s chambermaid.
Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire be
acquaintance.
Mar. My name is Mary, sir.
Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—
Sir To. You mistaketh, knight: ‘accost’ is f
her, board her, woo her, assassil her.
Sir To. By my troth, I would not under
her in this company. Is that the meaning
‘accost’?
Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.
Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, we
thou might’st never draw sword again!
Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would
never might draw sword again. Fair lady,
you think you have fools in hand?
Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.
Sir And. Marry, but you shall have;
here’s my hand.
Mar. Now, sir, ‘thought is free’: I pray
bring your hand to the buttery-bar and
drink.
Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what’s your
metaphor?
Mar. It’s dry, sir.
Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such
but I can keep my hand dry. But will
your jest?
Mar. A dry jest, sir.
Sir And. Are you full of them?
Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers’ e
marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.
Sir To. O knight! thou lackest a cup of car
when did I see thee so put down?
Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks some- 
ness I have no more wit than a Christian or an 
dinny man has; but I am a great eater of 
ef, and I believe that does harm to my wit. 
Sir To. No question. 
Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. 
I ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby. 
Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight? 
Sir And. What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? 
would I had bestowed that time in the tongues 
it I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. 
I had but followed the arts. 
Sir To. Then hast thou had an excellent head 
Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair? 
Sir To. Fast question; for thou seest it will 
curl by nature. 
Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, 
est 'n't? 
Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff. 
I hope to see a housewife take thee between 
legs, and spin it off. 
Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir 
by; your niece will not be seen; or if she 
it's four to one she'll none of me. The 
unt himself here hard by woos her. 
Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not 
tch above her degree, neither in estate, years, 
'vit; I have heard her swear it. Tur, there's 
ain, man. 
Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a 
ow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I de-
nt in masques and revels sometimes altogether. 
Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, 
gh? 
Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever 
be, under the degree of my betters: and yet 
ill not compare with an old man. 
Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, 
gh? 
Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper. 
Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't. 
Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick 
ly as strong as any man in Illyria. 
Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? 
wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? 
they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's 
ture? why doest thou not go to church in a 
lad, and come home in a coranto? My very 
should be a jig: I would not so much as 
xewater but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou 
um? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did 
ok, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, 
as formed under the star of a galliard. 
Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent 
I in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set 
out some revels? 
Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not 
a under Taurus? 
Sir And. Taurus! that's sides and heart. 
Sir To. No, sir, it's legs and thighs. Let me 
thee caper. Ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! 

Scene V.—A Room in Olivia's House. 

Enter Maria and Clown. 

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast 
been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a 
bristle may enter in way of thy excuse. My 
lady will hang thee for thy absence. 
Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged 
in this world needs to fear no colours. 
Mar. Make that good. 
Clo. He shall see none to fear. 
Mar. A good lenent answer; I can tell thee 
where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.' 
Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary? 
Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold 
to say in your foolery. 
Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have 
it; and those that are fools, let them use their 
talents. 
Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so
long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that so good as a hanging to you?

Cl. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Cl. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Cl. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve’s flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o’ that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Exit.

Cl. Wit, an’t be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinnapal’s? ’Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.’

Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Cl. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you’re a dry fool; I’ll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Cl. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself: if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the butcher mend him. Any thing that’s mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty is a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Cl. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cacaullus non facit monachum: that’s as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Cl. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Cl. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I’ll bide your proof.

Cl. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother’s death.

Cl. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Cl. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother’s soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Cl. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will pass his word for two pence that you are fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight such a barren rascal: I saw him put down to other day with an ordinary fool that has more brain than a stone. Look you now, he out of his guard already: unless you laugh a minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so these set kind of fools, no better than the fools of

Oli. O! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is take those things for bird-bolts that you do cannon-bullets. There is no slander in allowed fool, though he do nothing but roar, nor no railing in a known discreet man, thou he do nothing but reprove.

Cl. Now Mercury endue thee with leisur for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: ‘tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you: he spe nothing but madman. Pie on him!

Exit Mar.

Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will dismiss it.

Exit MALVOLIO.

Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows; and people dislike it.

Cl. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, a thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull I cram with brains! for here he comes, one thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCHIL.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! What gentleman?

Sir To. ’Tis a gentleman here,—a plague these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Cl. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There’s at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I not: give me faith, say I. Well, it’s all one.

Oli. What’s a drunken man like, fool?

Cl. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a man: one draught above heat makes him a little the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crownor, and him sit o’ my coz; for he’s in the third de of drink, he’s drowned: go, look after him.

Cl. He is but mad yet, madonna; and a fool shall look to the madman.
Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, youd young fellow swears he'll speak with you. I told him you were sick: he takes on him to understand so much, and crefore comes to speak with you. I told him we were asleep: he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady! he's rid of against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Ha's been told so; and he says, he'll and at your door like a sheriff's post, and be theporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Of what kind of man? he'll speak with a, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a pod, and a codling when 'tis almost an apple: with him in standing water, between boy and in. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks by shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.


Enter VIOLA and Attendants.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which she?

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my sce. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my sce. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. will you?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady the house, for I never saw her: I would be sh to cast away my speech; for besides that I am excellently well penned, I have taken great care to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain scorn: I am very com plite, even to the least sister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, that question's out of my part. Good gentle lady, give me modest assurance if you be the lady the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the fangs of malice I swear I am not that, if you are the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp my part; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my com mission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive the praise.

Vio. Alas! I took great pains to study it, and is poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd: I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my tes, and allowed your approach rather to under at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overtakes of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. Exeunt MARIA and Attendants.

Now, sir; what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one I was this present: is 't not well done?

Unveiling.

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave And leave the world no copy;

Oli. O! sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will; as, Item, Two lips indifferent red; Item, Two grey eyes with lids to them; Item, One neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you: O! such love Could be but recomposed, though you were crown'd.

The nonpareil of beauty.

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well div'd, free, learn'd, and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

_Vio._ If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

_Oli._ Why, what would you?  

_Vio._ Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;  
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!'  
_Oli._ You should not rest Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

_Vio._ You might do much.  
What is your parentage?

_Oli._ Get you to your lord:  
I cannot love him. Let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it.  
_Fare you well:  
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

_Vio._ I am no feec'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense,
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your favours, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt!  

_Exeunt._

_YOU._ What is your parentage?'

_Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman._

_Oli._ I cannot love him. Let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it.  
_Fare you well:  
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

_Vio._ I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense,
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your favours, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt!  

_Exeunt._

_Mal._

_Here, madam, at your service._

_Oli._ Run after that same peevish messenger,
The count's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
_Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't.  
_Hie thee, Malvolio._

_Malg._

_Oli._ I do know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  

_Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so._

_Exeunt._

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Sea-coast.

_Enter Antonio and Sebastian._

_Ant._ Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

_Seb._ By your patience, no.  My stars shine darkly over me; the malignity of my fate
might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore
shall crave of you your leave that I may be
my evils alone.  It were a bad recom pense
your love to lay any of them on you.

_Ant._ Let me yet know of you whether you are bound.

_Seb._ No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage
more extravagant.  But I perceive in you
excellent a touch of modesty that you will
extort from me what I am willing to keep:
therefore it charges me in manners the rite
to express myself.  You must know of me that
Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call
Roderigo.  My father was that Sebastian
Messaline, whom I know you have heard.
He left behind him myself and a sister, be
born in an hour; if the heavens had been pleased
would we had so ended!  but you, sir, altered
that; for some hour before you took me from
the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

_Ant._ Alas the day!

_Seb._ A lady, sir, though it was said she my
remembered me, was yet of many accounted be
tiful, but, though I could not with such easi
able wonder overfar believe that, yet thus:
I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind to
envy could not but call fair.  She is drown
already, sir, with salt water, though I seem
drown her remembrance again with more.

_Ant._ Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

_Seb._ O good Antonio!  I forgive me your trouble.
_Ant._ If you will not murder me for my lord,
let me be your servant.

_Seb._ If you will not undo what you have done
that is, kill him whom you have recovered, des
it not.  Fare ye well at once: my bosom is fi
of kindness; and I am yet so near the man
my mother, that upon the least occasion to
mine eyes will tell tales of me.  I am bound
the Count Orsino's court: farewell._

_Exeunt._

_Ant._ The gentleness of all the gods go with
thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there;
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

SCENE II.—A Street.

_Enter Viola._

_Mal._ Were not you even now with a
Countess Olivia?  

_Vio._ Even now, sir; on a moderate pace
have since arrived but hither.

_Mal._ She returns this ring to you, sir;
I might have saved me my pains, to have taken
away yourself.  She adds, moreover, that you
should put your lord into a desperate assurance
she will none of him.  And one thing more
that you be never so hardy to come again in
affairs, unless it be to report your lord's talk
of this.  Receive it so.

_Vio._ She took the ring of me; I'll none of

_Mal._ Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to me;
and her will is it should be so returned: it is
worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye I
not, be it his that finds it.

_Vio._ I left no ring with her: what means this
lady?
TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

SCENE III. — A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and vanda surgere, thou knowest.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but now, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an filled can. To be up after midnight and to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine! their consists of eating and drinking.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you ever the picture of 'we three'?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent cast. I had rather than forty shilling's I had a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious oling last night, when thou spokest of Pigromyntus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial Quecus; 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clo. I did impetico thy gratility, for Malvolio's nose is no whistpock: my lady has a bite hand, and the Myrnuinons are no bottle- houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best oling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: t's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one night give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Clo. O mistress mine! where are you running? O! stay and hear; your true love's a coming, That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting; Journeys end in lovers meeting, Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter; Present mirth hath present laughter; What's to come is still unsure; In delay there lies no plenty; Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty, Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulceit in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By' r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

They sing a catch.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Catalan; we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous am I not of her blood? Tillyvally; lady!

There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O! the twelfth day of December.—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house,
that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneeck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby,

Clo. His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O! no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' time! Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prised my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand.

Exit. 119

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient to-night: since the youth of the count's to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a swallow, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us: tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith that that look on him love him; and on that vice him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obsequious epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of hair, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expression of his eye, forehead, a complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personified. I can write very like my lady's niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters I shall send, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of the noble colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O! 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know physic will work with him. I will plant two, and let the fool make a third, whereof shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on event. Farewell.

Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst not send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a fool in way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, or it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come: I'll go burn some sachet's too late to go to bed now. Come, knight, come, knight.

Scene IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.


Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs and recomposed terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times: Come; but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord: a fool to the Lady Olivia's father took much delight. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune while.

Exit CURIO. 

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it remember me; For such as I am all true lovers are:
and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable tafta, for thy mind is a very opal! I would have mon of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent everywhere; for that's if that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. Exit. 80

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

Exeunt Curio and Attendants.

Once more, Cesario, Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty; Tell her, my love, more noble than the world, Prizes not quantity of dirty lands; The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her, Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune; But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems That nature pranks her in attracts my soul. Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir? Duke. I cannot be so answer'd. Vio. Sooth, but you must. 90 Say that some lady, as perhaps there is, Hath for your love as great a pang of heart As you have for Olivia; you cannot love her; You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd? Duke. There is no woman's sides Can bide the beating of so strong a passion As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart So big, to hold so much; they lack retention. Alas! their love may be call'd appetite, No motion of the liver, but the palate, That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt; But mine is all as hungry as the sea, And can digest as much. Make no compare Between that love a woman can bear me And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know— Duke. What dost thou know? Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we. My father had a daughter lov'd a man, As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history? Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought, And with a green and yellow melancholy, She sat like Patience on a monument, Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed? We men may say more, swear more; but indeed Our shows are more than will, for still we prove Much in our vows, but little in our love. 120 Duke. But didst thy sister of her love, my boy? Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house, And all the brothers too; and yet I know not. Sir, shall I to this lady? Duke. Ay, that's the theme. To her in haste; give her this jewel; say My love can give no place, bide no denay.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian. Fub. Nay, I 'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.
Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the nigardy rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man : you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again, and we will fool him black and blue ; shall we not, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain. How now, my metal of India !

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: Observe him, for the love of mockery ; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there:

Throws down a letter.

for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

Exit.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes.

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace! I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace! peace!

Mal. There is example for 't: the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O! for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace! peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obdient start, make out for him. I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me,—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from with cars, yet peace!

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regal of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a bl— o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortune having cast me on your niece give me the prerogative of speech,—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinew of our plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of ye time with a foolish knight,—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do me fool.

Mal. Seeing the letter. What employment ha we here?

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humor intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. Taking up the letter. By my life, this my lady's hand! these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great I. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: what that?

Mal. To the unknown beloved, this, and my go wishes:

Her very phrases! By your leave, wax. So! and the impressure her Lucee, with whil she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To who should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. 'I know I love;'

But who?

Lips, do not move:

No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? t numbers altered! 'No man must know.' this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. I may command where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucee knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth go

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustin' riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Not but first, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What a dish o' poison has she dressed him

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel chee at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Wh she may command me: I serve her; she is a lady. Why, this is evident to any formal cap city; there is no obstruction in this. And I end, what should that alphabetical posit portend? If I could make that resemble some thing in me.—Softly! M, O, A, I,—

Sir To. O! ay, make up that: he is now at cold scent.
TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Scene I.—Olivia’s Garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown with a tabor.

Viola. Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No, sir; I live by the church.

Viola. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Viola. So thou mayest say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clown. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Viola. Nay, that’s certain: they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would therefore my sister had had no name, sir.

Viola. Why, man?

Clown. Why, sir, her name’s a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Viola. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Viola. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clown. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Viola. Art not thou the Lady Olivia’s fool?

Clown. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband’s the bigger.
I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's. Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within? Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir? Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandaros of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged. Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir, I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of myWelkin; I might say 'element,' but the word is overworn. Exit.

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool, and to do that well craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, the quality of persons, and the time, and, like the haggard, check at every feather that comes before his eye. This is a practice as full of labour as a wise man's art; For folly that he wisely shows is fit; But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieux vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre seurviceur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you! Sir And. That youth 's a rare courtier. 'Rain odours!' well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed': I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

Execute Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most hum service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry wo Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment. You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his most needs yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for thoughts, Would they were blanks rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to what you gen thoughts

On his behalf.

Oli. O! by your leave, I pray you. I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to solicit that Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did see After the last enchantment you did here, A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you: Under your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you, in a shameful cunning, Which you knew none of yours: what might you think!

Have you not set mine honour at the stake, And baited it with all the unmuzzled though That tyrannous heart can think? To one your receiving Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom, Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof That very oft we pity enemies. Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to sm again.

O world! how apt the poor are to be proud. If one should be a prey, how much the better To fall before the lion than the wolf!

Clock struck.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest Your wife is like to reap a proper man. There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-h

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship! You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay.

I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me. Vio. That you do think you are not what ye are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you. Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am. Oli. I would you were as I would have you be. Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful In the contempt and anger of his lip. A murderous guile shows not itself more soon Than love that would seem hid; love's night soon.
TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

SCENE I.—A Room in OLIVIA’s House.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.

SIR AND. No, faith, I’ll not stay a jot longer.
SIR TO. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

FAB. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR AND. Marry, saw you my niece do more favours to the count’s serving-man than ever he bestowed upon me; I saw’t in the orchard.
SIR AND. Did she see thee the while, old boy? I’ll tell you that.
FAB. As plain as I see you now.

FAB. This was a great argument of love in er toward you.

SIR AND. Slight! will you make an ass o’ me? I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

SIR TO. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

FAB. She did show favour to the youth in our sight only to exasperate you, to awake your drowsome valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, re-new from the mint, you should have bunged her youth into dummyness. This was looked for your hand, and this was balked: the double ill of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my ady’s opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman’s beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of alour or policy.

SIR AND. An’t be any way, it must be with alour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a brownist as a politician.

SIR TO. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour: challenge me the count’s oath to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man’s commendation with woman than report of valour.

FAB. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR TO. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR AND. Where shall I find you?

SIR TO. We’ll call thee at the cubiculo: go. Exit SIR ANDREW.

FAB. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TO. I have been dear to him, bid; some two thousand strong, or so.

FAB. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you’ll not deliver it!

SIR TO. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and winnropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I’ll eat the rest of the anatomy.

FAB. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

SIR TO, Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MAR. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gall Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He’s in yellow stockings.

SIR TO. And cross-gartered?

MAR. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i’ the church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as ’tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he’ll smile and take ’t for a great favour.

SIR TO. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

Exit.

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

SEB. I would not by my will have troubled you; but since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

ANT. I could not stay behind you: my desire, more sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; and not all love to see you, though so much as might have drawn one to a longer voyage, but jealousy what might befall your travel, being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove rough and unhospitable: my willing love, the rather by these arguments of fear, set forth in your pursuit.

SEB. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make but thanks, and thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: but, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you 'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the count his galleys,
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whilst you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?
Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
for an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.


Scene IV.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner.
He is sure possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam; he does nothing but smile:
your ladyship were best to have some guard about
you if he come, for sure the man is tainted in 's wits.


I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter Maria, with Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio!


Oli. Smiles thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mar. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye one, it is with me as the very true somnabulist 'Please one, and please all.'

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man! what is the matter with thee?

Mar. Not black in my mind, though yellow my manners. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mar. To bed! ay, sweetheart, and I'll go to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou speak so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Oli. At your request! Yes; nightingale answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mar. 'Be not afraid of greatness;' 'twas writ:

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mar. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha!

Mar. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mar. 'And some have greatness thrust up them.'

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mar. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings!

Mar. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered

Oli. Cross-gartered!

Mar. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desire to be so;—'

Oli. Am I made?

Mar. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is very middsummer madness

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the young gentleman of Count Orsino's is returned. I could hard entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Exit Servant

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked.

Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of you people have a special care of him: I would have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

Exit Olivia and Maria.

Mar. O, ho! do you come near me now? worse man than Sir Toby to look to! Till concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cathy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself in the trick of singularity;' and consequently set down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverent carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some note, and so forth. I have limed her; but is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful.

And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor aft my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredible or unsafe circumstance. What can be said.
something that can be can come between me and a full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Reenter MARIA, with Sir Toby Belch and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of neutrality? If all the devils of hell be drawn in ttle, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How's it with manifest, sir? how's it with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my ivate; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within me! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady says you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go, go, to: peace! peace! we must al gently with him; let me alone. How do, Malvolio? how's it with you? What, man! fly the devil: consider, he's an enemy to ankird.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. Lu you! an you speak ill of the devil, ow he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be notwitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise-woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him or more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithchee, hold thy peace; this is not no way: do you not see you move him? let he alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: no fiend is rough, and will not be roughly red.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how est thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Diddy, come with me. What, am I tis for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, milx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of oldness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle hollow things: I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter.

Exit. 140

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device ake air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, nd bound. My niece is already in the belief he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, fired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Fab. More matter for a May morning. 

Sir And. Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't. 

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a cerry fellow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better; and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou wast him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives mankind more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a cedglop. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuousity. This will so fright then both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.
Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid mine honour too unchary out: There’s something in me that reproves my fault, But such a headstrong potent fault it is That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion bears

Goes on my master’s grief.

Oli. Here; wear this jewel for me, ’tis my picture:

Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you; And I beseech you come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I’ll deny, That honour say’d may upon asking give? Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that Which I have given to you? I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

Exit.

Re-enter SIR TOBY, BELCH, and FABIAN.

SIR TOBY. Gentleman, God save thee.

vio. And you, sir.

SIR TOBY. That defence thou hast, betake thee to’t: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end. Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir: I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

SIR TOBY. You’ll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TOBY. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word: give’t or take’t.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady; I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike this is a man of that quirk.

SIR TOBY. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that ’s certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gent
First Off. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. 

Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO.

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O! prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you.
Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O! if it prove
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more
A coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears
In leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying
him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street before OLIVIA'S House.

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, I' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There's money for thee: if thou tarri longer
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.
These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir ANDREW.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again?
there's for you. 

Striking SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.

Are all the people mad? Beating Sir ANDREW.
Enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house. *Exeunt.*

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. *Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir Aud. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Sch. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Sch. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Draws.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby! on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch!

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

Where manners ne'er were preach'd. Out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesby, be gone!

*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

May'st smile at this. Thou shalt not choose

but go:

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Sch. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let fancy still my sense in Lethè steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay; come, I prithee; would thou'rt best be rul'd by me!

Sch. Madam, I will.

Oli. O! say so, and so be. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this headdress; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. *Exit.*

Clo. Well, I'll put it on and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.
Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.
Mal. Fool!
Clo. Alas! why so she so?
Mal. Fool, I say!
Clo. She loves another.

Who calls, ha?
Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well
my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to
be thankful to thee for't.
Clo. Master Malvolio!
Mal. Ay, good fool.
Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five
its?
Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously
used: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.
Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if
you be no better in your wits than a fool.
Mal. They have here propounded me; keep me
darkness, send ministers to me, assess! and
all they can to face me out of my wits.
Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is
here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens
store! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave
thy vain bibble babble.
Mal. Sir Topas!
Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.
ho, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir
Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.
Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say!
Clo. Alas! sir, be patient. What say you, sir?
I am shent for speaking to you.
Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and
me paper: I tell thee I am as well in my wits
any man in Illyria.
Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!
Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some
light, paper, and light; and convey what I will
down to my lady: it shall advantage thee
more than ever the bearing of letter did.
Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are
you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?
Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.
Clo. Nay, I'll never believe a madman till I
see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper
d and ink.
Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree:
thereby, be gone.
Clo. I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vier,
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, Ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman driven.

SCENE III.—OLIVIA'S GARDEN.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
Is pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't; d
though 'tis wonder that enraps me thus,
'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?

I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And
wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady's mad: yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her
followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. There's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you
mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?
Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with
you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and
heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—THE STREET BEFORE OLIVIA'S HOUSE.

Enter Cloten and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his
letter.
Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another
request.

Fab. Any thing.
Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.
Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense
desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and ATTENDANTS.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
Cur. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my
good fellow?
Clo. Truly sir, the better for my foes and the
worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy
friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an
ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am
an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the
knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am
abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if
your four negatives make your two affirmatives,
why then, the worse for my friends and the
better for my foes.
Duke. Why, this is excellent.
Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please
you to be one of my friends.
Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me:
there's gold.
Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir,
I would you could make it another.
Duke. O! you give me ill counsel.
Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for
this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.
Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be
a double-dealer; there's another.
Clo. Primo, secundo, terto, is a good play;
and the old saying is, the third pays for all:
the tripex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or
the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in
mind; one, two, three.
Duke. You can fool no more money out of me
at this throw: if you will let your lady know I
am here to speak with her, and bring her along
with you, it may awake my bounty further.
Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I
come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you
to think that my desire of having is the sin of
covetousness; but as you say, sir, let your bounty
take a nap, I will awake it anon. Exit. 52
Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue
me.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the
matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from
Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him. 69
Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas but distraction.
Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their
mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?
Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give
me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ungrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was;
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink, denied me mine ow'n
purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.
Vio. How can this be?
Duke. When came he to this town?
Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months
before,
No intermission, not a minute's vacancy.
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now have
walks on earth!
But for thee, follow; fellow, thy words a
madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
Oli. What would my lord, but that he may
not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
Vio. Madam!
Duke. Gracious Olivia,—
Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good, my
lord,—
Vio. My lord would speak: my duty hushes
Oli. If it be sought to the old tune, my lord
It is as fat and fulous to mine ear
As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel?
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What, to perverseness! you uncivil
To whose ingrate and unsuspicious athers
My soul the faithful'st offerings hath breath
out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that sh'd
become him.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart
do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love! a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me th:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screams me from my true place in your fav
you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dear;
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe
mischief;
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willing,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my lip
More, by all morses, than e'er I shall love wife
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguil you? who does do you wrong!
Duke. Come away!
Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah!
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear that makes thee strangle thy propriety. Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up; that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art as great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome, father! other, I charge thee, by thy reverence, ere to unfold, though lately we intended to keep in darkness what occasion now avails before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know anewly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love, misfirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands, tested by the holy close of lips, strengthened by interchange of your rings; ad all the ceremony of this compact all'd in my function, by my testimony: nce when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave have travelled but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be? hen time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? will not else thy craft so quickly grow? at thine own trip shall be thine overthrow? anewell, and take her; but direct thy feet where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest.—
Oli. O! do not swear; I'd little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! send immediately to Sir Toby.
Oli. What's the matter?
Sir And. He has broke my head across, and given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For a love of God, your help! I had rather sixty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario; took him for a coward, but he's the very ill inordinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario!

Sir And. 'O! my life! here he is. You broke my head for nothing! and that I did, I was to do it by Sir Toby. I never hurt you: I drew your sword upon me without cause; it I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you; I neither you:
Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you hurt me: I think you set nothing by a coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Clown.

Oli. Come, Sir Toby, let's hear thy tale, and thou shalt hear more: but if he had not been in drink he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; has hurt me, and there's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O! he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago: his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help me? an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull! Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman:
But had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons:
A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio! O my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fearst thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?

An apple eft in two is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother; Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and every where. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd. Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father; Such a Sebastian was my brother too,

So went he suited to his watery tomb. If spirits can assume both form and suit You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad Which from the womb I did participate. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, And say 'Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!'

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O! that record is lively in my soul. He finished indeed his mortal act That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump 290
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was persu'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Sel. To OLIVIA. So comes it, lady, you have
been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd. 270
You are betroth'd both to a maiden and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood,
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

To VIOLA. Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand; 280
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him. Fetch Malvolio hither,
And yet, alas! now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his. 290

Re-enter Clown, with a letter, and FABIAN.

How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do.
Has here writ a letter to you: I should have given 'tou to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open 't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman.

By the Lord, madam,— 300

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow voz.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perch, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. To FABIAN. Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and
the world shall know it: though you have put me
into darkness, and given your drunken counsel over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well
as your ladyship. I have your own letter that
induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you
much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

Exit FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so plea,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace you offer.

To VIOLA. Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! you are shall

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this sam
How now, Malvolio!

Mel. Madam, you have done me wrong
Notorious wrong.


Mel. Lady, you have. Pray you peruse the letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal nor your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then.
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights
favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you.
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obdient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious heck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing:
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand:
And now, I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then can't smiling,
And in such forms which here were pre-suppos
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me spea
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall no Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge
If that the injuries be justly weigh’d
That have on both sides pass’d.

Oli. Alas! poor fool, how have they baffled thee.

Clio. Why, ‘some are born great, some achieve
Greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon
them.’ I was one, sir, in this interlude; one
Sir Topas, sir; but that’s all one. ‘By the Lord,
fool, I am not mad.’ But do you remember?

Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal?
in you smile not, he’s gagg’d’; and thus the
whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Clo. I’ll be reveng’d on the whole pack of
you. Exit.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus’d.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time convert,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
for so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino’s mistress, and his fancy’s queen.

Exit all, except Clown.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man’s estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
‘Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wife,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
With tosseth still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
But that’s all one, our play is done,
And we’ll strive to please you every day.

Exit.

THE WINTER’S TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, young Prince of Sicilia.
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEomenes,
Dion,
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizel, Prince of Bohemia.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds and Shepherdesses, Guards, etc.

SCENE.—Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes’ Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my serises are now on foot, you shall see, as I have aid, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves: for indeed,—

Cam. Research you.--

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what’s given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal,
have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shoke hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamilius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Com. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Com. Yes: if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. 

**Scene II.** The Same. A Room in State in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MA-MILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should for perpetuity
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you' many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow. 10
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
'This is put forth too truly.' Besides, I have
stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. One seven-night longer.

Leon. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Pol. We'll part the time between's then;
And in that I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me: so it should now:
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace
Until you had drawn oaths from him not to stay.
You, sir,
Charge him too coldly; tell him, you are sure 30
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction

The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He's best from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione

Her. To tell him longs to see his son were strong;
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distafts.

To POLIXENES. Yet of your royal presence I'll
adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting; yet, good deed, Leontes
I love thee not a far o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the star
With oaths,
Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's 'verily' is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How
say you?

My prisoner or my guest? by your dread 'verily'
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boy;
You were pretty lording then.

Pol. We were, fair queen
Two lads that thought there was no more behin
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did fris i' the sun,
And beat the one at the other: what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we purs'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven
Boldly 'not guilty'; the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O! my most sacred lad
Temptations have since then been born to's; it
In those unfedg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eye
Of my young playfellow.

Her. Grace to boot! Of this make no conclusion, lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils; yet, go on:
The offences we have made you do we'll answer
If you first sin'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd n
With any but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request he would not. 

Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What have I twice said well? when was 't before? 90
prithee tell me; cram's with praise, and make 's fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless
aughters a thousand waiting upon that,
ur praises are our wages: you may ride 's
'th one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
'th spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
y last good deed was to entreat his stay:
hat was my first? it has an older sister,
I mistake you: O! would her name were
Grace.
at once before I spoke to the purpose: when ay, let me have 't; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when 10
three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
death,
o I could make thee open thy white hand
clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter
I am yours for ever.'
Her. 'Tis grace indeed.
hy, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice:
he one for ever ear'd a royal husband,
ehe other for some while a friend.

Giving her hand to Polixenes.
Leon. Aside. Too hot, too hot!

mingle friendship far is mingling breads,
have tremor cordis on me; my heart dances; 110
it not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
say a free face put on, derive a liberty
by heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
I well become the agent: 't may, I grant;
't be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere
emort 'o the 'deer! O! that is entertainment
bosom likes not, nor my brows. Mamillius,
'thou my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. I fecks! hy, that's my bawcock. What! hast smutch'd
thy nose? 121
ay say it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain;
'd yet the stair, the heifer, and the calf,
call'd neat. Still virgulling
pon his palm! How now, you wanton calf!
'thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leon. Thou want'st a rough push and the
shoots that I have,
be full like me: yet they say we are
most as like as eggs; women say so, 130
hat will say any thing: but were they false
o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
ok on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
'est dean'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—
may 't be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat' with dreams;—how can this be?

With what's unreal thou co-active art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou
dost.
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

Her. What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?

Pol. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction :
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recall:
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will! why, happy man be's done!
My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me.

Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Of's with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's
welcome:
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap.
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend you
there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be
found.

Be ye beneath the sky. Aside. I am angling
now.
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!

Event Polixenes, Hermione, and
Attendants.

Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a
fork'd one!
Go play, boy, play; thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
WINTER'S TALE.

Will be my knoll. Go play, boy, play. There have been, 190
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckold ere now; And many a man there is, even at this present, Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm, That little thinks she has been shuic'd in's absence, And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't, While other men have gates, and those gates open'd, As mine, against their will. Should all despair That have revoluted wives, the tenth of mankind Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded, No barricado for a belly: know't; It will let in and out the enemy With bag and baggage. Many a thousand on's Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy! Mum. I am like you, they say. Leon. Why, that's some comfort. What! Camillo there? Cam. Ay, my good lord. Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man. Exit MAMILLIUS. Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer. Cana. You had much ado to make his anchor hold: When you cast out, it still came home. Leon. Didst note it? Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made His business more material. Leon. Didst perceive it? Aside. They're here with me already, whispering, rounding 'Sicilia is a so-forth,' 'Tis far gone, When I shall gann it last. How came't, Camillo, That he did stay? Cam. At the good queen's entreaty. 26 Leon. At the queen's, be't: 'good' should be pertinent; But so it is, it is not. Was this taken By any understanding bate but thine? For thy conceit is soaking; will draw in More than the common blocks: not noted, is't, But of the finer natures? by some several Of head-piece extraordinary! lower messes Pérchance are to this business purblind; say. Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand Bohemia stays here longer. Leon. Ha! Cam. Stays here longer. Leon. Ay, but why? Cam. To satisfy your highness and the entreaties Of our most gracious mistress. Leon. Satisfy! The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy! Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo, With all the nearest things to my heart, as well My chamber-councillors, wherein priest-like, thou Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been

Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord.

Leon. To hide upon't, thou art not honest; If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward, Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining From course requir'd; or else thou must I counted A servant grated in my serious trust, And therein negligent; or else a fool That seest a game play'd home, the rich stal drawn, And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord, I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful; In every one of these no man is free, But that his negligence, his folly, fear, Among the infinite doings of the world, Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord If ever I was wilful-negligent, It was my folly; if industriously I play'd the fool, it was my negligence, Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful To do a thing, where I the issue doubted, Whereof the execution did cry out Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord, Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty Is never free of: but, beseech your grace, Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass By its own visage; if I then deny it, 'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo, But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,— For to a vision so apparent rumour Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation Resides not in that man that does not think,— My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess, Or else be impudently negative, To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then s, My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name As rank as any flux-wench that puts to Before her troth-plight: say 't and justify 't. Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear My sovereign mistress clowned so, without My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my head You never spoke what did become you less Than this; which to reiterate were sin As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses? Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career Of laughter with a sigh? a note infallible Of breaking honesty; horsing foot on foot? Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs on That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing? Why, then the world and all that is in't nothing; The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing My wife is nothing; nor nothing have the nothings, If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be car'd Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes; For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.
It is: you lie, you lie: ay, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee; pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave, else a hovering temporizer, that with thine eyes at once see good and evil, clining to them both: were my wife's liver fected as her life, she would not live a running of one glass.

Who does infect her? Cam. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging out his neck, Bohemia: who, if I did servants true to me, that bare eyes see alike mine honour as their profits, eir own particular thrifts, they would do that ich should undo more doing: ay, and thou, s cup-bearer, whom I from meaner webench'd and reard to worship; whamy'st see unly as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven, ov I am galled, might'st besuce a cup, give mine enemy a lasting wink; nich drught to me were cordial.

I love thee, Cam. Make that thy question, and go rot! I think I am so medly, so unsettled, appoint myself in this vexation; sully purity and whiteness of my sheets, rich to preserve is sleep; which being spotted golds, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps; 's scandal to the blood o' the prince my son, so I do think is mine, and love as mine, thoust ripe moving to 't? Would I do this old man so brench?

I must believe you, sir: and will fetch off Bohemia for 't: declared that when he's remov'd, thy highness take again your queen as yours at first, for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing a injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms own and allied to yours.

Thou dost advise me en so as mine own course have set down: I give no blemish to her honour, none. Cam. My lord, then; and with a countenance as close friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia, d with your queen. I am his cup-bearer; from me he have wholesome beverage, count me not your servant.

This is all: 't, and thou hast the half one of my heart; 't not, thou splitt'st thine own. Cam. I'll do't, my lord. Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast ad- vis'd me. Exit.

O miserable lady! But, for me, int case stand I in? I must be the poisoner good Polixenes; and my ground to d' the obedience to a master; one so in rebellion with himself will have that are his so too. To do this deed emotion follows. If I could find example thousands that had struck anointed kings, And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one, Let villain itself forswear 't. I must Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now! Here comes Bohemia.

Pol. This is strange: methinks My favour here begins to warp. Not speak? Good day, Camillo.

Hail, most royal sir! Cam. None rare, my lord. Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance As he had lost some province and a region Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him With customary compliment, when he, Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and So leaves me to consider what is breeding That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord. Pol. How! dare not? do not! Do you know, and dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts; For, to yourself, what you do know, you must. And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo, Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be A party in this alteration, finding Myself thus alter'd with 't.

There is a sickness Which puts some of us in distemper; but I cannot name the disease, and it is caught Of you that yet are well.

How caught of me? Make me not sighted like the basilisk: I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo, As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto Clerk-like experience'd, which no less adorns Our gentry than our parents' noble names, In whose success we are gentle. I beseech you, If you know aught which does behove my knowledge Thereof to be inform'd, imprison not In ignorant concealment.

I may not answer. Cam. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well! I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo? I conjure thee, by all the parts of man Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare What incidency thou dost guess of harm Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near; Which way to be prevented if to be; If not, how best to bear it.

Sir, I will tell you; Since I am charg'd in honour and by him That I think honourable. Therefore mark my counsel, Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me Cry 'lost,' and so good night!

On, good Camillo. Cam. I am appointed him to murder you. Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't or been an instrument
To vice you to, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O! then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best;
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare
Must it be great, and as his person's mighty
Must it be violent, and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo: I
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid,
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir: away!

Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Hermione, Camillo, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Pol. No, I'll none of ye.
First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?
Pol. You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as
I were a baby still. I love you better.
Second Lady. And why so, my lord?
Pol. Not for becom
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, th
say,
Become some women best, so that there be n
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
Second Lady. Who taught you th
Pol. I learn'd it out of women's faces. P
now,
What colour are your eyebrows?

First Lady. Blue, my lo
Pol. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen
lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
Second Lady. Har
Pol. The queen your mother rounds apace: we sh
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'd want
with us,
If we would have you.

First Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her;
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you! Con
sir; now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Pol. Merry or sad shall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Pol. A sad tale's best for winter,
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good
Pol. Come on, sit down: come on, and do your be
To fright me with your sprites; you're power
at it.
Pol. There was a man—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then
Pol. Dwelt by a churchyard. 'I will tell
softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on them,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo
with him?
First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met
them: never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed the
Even to their ships.

Leon. How best am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack! for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart.
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his side
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen a
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him
He has discover'd my design, and I
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords, I am not prone to weeping, as our sex Commonly are; the want of which vain dew Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords, With thoughts so qualified as your charities Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,

My women may be with me; for you see My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools; There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears As I come out: this action I now go on Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord: I never wish'd to see you sorry; now I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding: hence!

Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice Prove violence; in which the three great ones suffer, Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord, I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir. Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless I the eyes of heaven and to you: I mean, In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her; Than when I feel and see her no further trust her; For every inch of woman in the world, Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false, If she be.

Leon. Hold your peace!

First Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves. You are abus'd, and by some putter-on That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd I have three daughters; the eldest is twelve, The second and the third, nine, and some five: If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour, I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see, To bring false generations: they are co-heirs; And I had rather glib myself than they Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease! no more. You smell this business with a sense as cold As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't and feel't, As you feel doing thus, and see withal! The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so, We need no grave to bury honesty: There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten Of the whole dusty earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?
THE WINTER'S TALE.

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I,
your lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion, 169
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which if you, or stupefied
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege, 170
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed, doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle 193
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us:
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. Aside. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter Paulina and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him have knowledge who I am.

Exit an Attend. Good lady,

No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Attend, with the Gaoler.

You know me, do you not?

Gaoler. For a worthy lady
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaoler. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,

To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Gaoler. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call
Withdraw yourselves. Exeunt Attends.

Gaoler. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be 't so, prithee. Exit Ga

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together. On her frights and grief
Which never tender lady hath borne greater
She is something before her time deliver'd.

Paul. A boy!

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly boy.

Paul. And lady like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says 'My poor prisoner
I am innocent as you.'

Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous unsafe lunes! the king, beshrew
them!

He must be told on 't, and he shall: the offi
come becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blis
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show 't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight of the child
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your high

To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubt
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!

Paul. I'll to the queen. Please you, come somethin
nearer.

Gaoler. Madam, if 't please the queen to see
the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir.

The child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
Gaoler. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I will stand betwixt you and danger.  

Exeunt.

ACT III. 

SCENE I. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leont. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness to bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If my cause were not in being,—part o' the cause, the adulteress,—for the harlot kept quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank d level of my brain, plot-proof; but she did, and an hook to me: say that she were gone, ven to the fire, a moiety of my rest ght come to me again. Who's there?

First Att. My lord.
Leont. How does the boy?

First Att. He took good rest to-night; so hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leont. To see his nobleness! receiving the dishonour of his mother, straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply, stend' and fix'd the shame on 't in himself, rew off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep, downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go, how he fares.

Exit Attendant.

Enter Paulina, with a Child.

First Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me: see you his tyrannous passion more, alas! in the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul, e free than he is jealous.

Leont. That's enough.

Second Att. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded he should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir: ome to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you, at creep like shadows by him and do sigh each his needless heaving, such as you wish the cause of his awaking? I come with words as med'cinal as true, nest as either, to purge him of that humour it presses him from sleep.

Leont. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference out some gossips for your highness.

Leont. How!  
Paul. ay with that audacious lady! Antigonus, barg'd thee that she should not come about me:

new she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord, your displeasure's peril and on mine, should not visit you.

Leont. What! canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this, Unless he take the course that you have done, Commit me for committing honour, trust it, He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now! you hear; When she will take the rein I let her run; But she 'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come; And I beseech you, hear me, who professes Myself your loyal servant, your physician, Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares Less appear so in comforting your evils Than such as most seem yours: I say I come From your good queen.

Leont. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen! I say, good queen; And would by combat make her good, so were I A man, the worst about you,

Leont. Force her hence. 

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes First hand me: on mine own accord I 'll off; But first I 'll do my errand. The good queen, For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter:

Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing. Laying down the Child.

Leont. Out! A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door: A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so: I am as ignorant in that as you In so entitling me, and no less honest Than you are mad: which is enough, I 'll warrant, As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leont. Traitors! ?

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard. To Antigonus. Thou dotard! thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard; Take it up, I say; give 't to thy crane.

Paul. For ever Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness Which he has put upon 't!

Leont. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt You'd call your children yours.

Leont. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any But one that 's here, and that 's himself; for he The sacred honour of himself, his queen's, His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander, Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not, For, as the case now stands, it is a curse He cannot be compell'd to, once remove The root of his opinion, which is rotten As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leont. A callat Of boundless tongue, who late liath beat her husband And now baits me! This brat is none of mine; It is the issue of Polixenes. Hence with it; and together with the dam Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
'So like you, 'tis the worse.' Behold, my lords, Although the print be little, the whole matter And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip. The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley, The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek, his smiles, The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger: And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it So like to him that got it, if thou hast The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does, Her children not her husband's.

Leon. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd, That will not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord Can do no more.

Leon. I'll ha' thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire, Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant; But this most cruel usage of your queen, Not able to produce more accusation Than your own weak-h'rd fancy, something savours Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you, Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance, Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant, Where were her life? she durst not call me so If she did know me one. Away with her! 122

Paul. I pray you do not push me; I'll be gone. Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her

A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands? You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies, Will never do him good, not one of you. So, so: farewell; we are gone. 123

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this. My child! away with 't! Even thou, that hast A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence And see it instantly consum'd with fire: Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straightly: Within this hour bring me word 'tis done, And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life, With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so; The bastard brains with these my proper hands Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire; For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir: 140
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please, Can clear me in 't.

First Lord. We can, my royal liege: He is not guilty of her coming hither. Leon. You are liars all.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit: We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech you So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg, As recompense of our dear services Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel. Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blow Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel And call me father? Better burn it now Than curse it then. But let it live: It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither That you have been so tenderly officious With Lady Margery, your midwife there, To save this bastard's life, for 'tis a bastard. So sure as this beard's grey, what will your adventure To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord, That my ability may undergo, And nobleness impose: at least thus much: I'll pawn the little blood which I have left, To save the innocent: any thing possible. Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sw
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark and perform it, seest thou! the fall Of any point in 't shall not only be Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife, Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoy thee, As thou art legeman to us, that thou carry This female bastard hence; and that thou bring To some remote and desert place quite out Of our dominions; and that thou leave Without more mercy, to its own protection And favour of the climate. As by strange fort It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture, That thou commend it strangely to some place Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present de
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor bar. Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they, Casting their savageness aside have done Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous In more than this deed doth require! A blessing Against this cruelty fight on thy side, Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

Exit with the Ch.

Leon. No; I'll not hear Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, post From those you sent to the oracle are come An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion, Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both land, Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir, their sped Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days They have been absent; 'tis good speed; for it The great Apollo suddenly will have The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lord Summon a session, that we may arraign Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have A just and open trial. While she lives My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me And think upon my bidding.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Sea-port in Sicilia.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
That isle, the temple much surpassing
A common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
Most of all, the burst
Of the ear-deafening voice of the oracle,
To Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense, in
At I was nothing.

Cleo. But of the burst,
That all to the best!
These proclamations,
Forming faults upon Hermione,
To this like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Iil clear or end the business: when the oracle,
As by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
All the contents discover, some of rare
Then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses!
Gracious be the issue! Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Sicilia. A Court of Justice.

Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
That comes to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
Time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
In all to the best! These proclamations,
Forcing faults upon Hermione,
Title like.

Dion. Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.

Leon. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Cleomenes,
Whom I am accus'd, I do confess
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose love had
Spoke,
Since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.
Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams:
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,
Those of your fact are so, so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it, so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus: if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devil's
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owes
Anxiety of the throne, a great king's daughter
The mother to a hopeful prince, the standing
To pray and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent
Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impediment to gaisnay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
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Spoke,
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Is that Camillo was an honest man;
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Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it, so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.
**Leon.** Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. **Hermione.**

**Paul.** This news is mortal to the queen: I draw down
And see what death is doing.

**Leon.** Take her heart.

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion.
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

**Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.**

**Apollo, Pardon.**

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle! I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command; though I with death
With reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclas'd my practice, quit his fortunes here.
Which you knew great, and to the certain hand
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Thorough my lust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

**Re-enter Paulina.**

**Paul.**

Woe the while! O! cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too.

**First Lord.** What fit is this, good lady?

**Paul.** What studied torments, tyrant, for me?

In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and id
For girls of nine, O! think, what they have done,
And then run mad indeed, stark mad; for a
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing
That did but show thee, of a fool, incestuous
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camill's
honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I read
The casting forth to crow thy baby daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done:
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no
Laid to thy answer: but the last, O lords!
When I have said, cry 'woe!' the queen, my
queen,
THE WINTER'S TALE.

Eufe. The higher powers forbid! Paul. I say she's dead: I'll swear 't: if word nor oath evill not, go and see. If you can bring acture or lustre in her lip, her eye, at outwardly, or breith within, I'll serve you I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant! not repent these things, for they are heavier an all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee nothing but despair. A thousand knees a thousand years together, naked, fasting, 210 on a barren mountain, and still winter storm perpetual, could not move the gods look that way thou wert. Len. Go on, go on; I canst not speak too much: I have deserv'd tongues to talk their bitterest. First Lord. Say no more: we'er the business goes, you have made fault the boldness of your speech. 

Paul. I am sorry for 't: faults I make, when I shall come to know them, to repent. Alas! I have shou'd too much rashness of a woman: he is touch'd 220 the noble heart. What's gone and what's past help could be past grief: do not receive affliction my petition; I beseech you rather: be me punish'd, that have minded you what you should forget. Now, good my liege, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman; I love you bored your queen,—lo, fool again!—speak of her no more, nor of your children; nor remember you of my own lord, so is lost too: take your patience to you, 230 I'll say nothing. 

Thou didst speak but well, on most the truth, which I receive much better, so to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me the dead bodies of my queen and son: grave shall be for both: upon them shall causes of their death appear, unto shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit a chapel where they lie, and tears shed there'll be my recreation: so long as nature bear up with this exercise so long 240 ally vow to use it. Come and lead me to these sorrows. Exeunt.

EUNE III.—Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea. Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child; and a Mariner. Act. Thon art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon deserts of Bohemia? Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly I threaten present blusters. In my conscience, heavens with that we have in hand are angry, I frown upon. 

Int. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard; Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before I call upon thee. 

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather; Besides, this place is famous for the creatures Of prey that keep upon't. 

Ant. Go thou away: I'll follow instantly. 

Mar. I am glad at heart To be so rid o' the business. Exit. 

Ant. Come, poor babe: I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' the dead May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother Appear'd to me last night, for he'er was dream So like a waking. To me comes a creature. Sometimes her head on one side, some another; I never saw a vessel of like sorrow, 21 So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes, Like very sanctity, she did approach My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me, And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus, Since fate, against thy better disposition, Hath made thy person for the thrower-out Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, 
Places remote enough are in Bohemia, There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe Is count'd lost for ever, Perdita, I prithee, call 't: for this ungentle business, Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see Thy wife Paulina more': and so, with shrieks, She melted into air. Affrighted much, I did in time collect myself, and thought This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys; Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, 40 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that Apollo would, this being indeed the issue Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid, Either for life or death, upon the earth Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well! Laying down the child, There lie; and there thy character; there these; Laying down a bundle, Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty, And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch! That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd 50 To loss and what may follow. WEEP I cannot, But my heart bleeds, and most accurs'd am I To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell! The day frowns more and more: thou 'rt like to have A lullaby too rough. I never saw The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour! Well may I get aboard! This is the chaise: I am gone for ever. Exit, pursued by a bear. 

Enter an old Shepherd. Shep. I would there were no age between sixteen and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancienrty, stealing, fighting. Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two and twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep;
which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here! Mercy on 's, a barren; a very pretty barren! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure some 'scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come: he hollashed but even now. Why, ho, ho, ho! Clo. Without. Hillao, loa! Ship. What! art so near? If thou 'll see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.

Enter Clown.

What allest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Ship. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. Of! the most piteous cry of the poor souls; sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog's head. And then for the land-service: to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship: to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Ship. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

Ship. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Ship. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou meetest what things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling. Open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Ship. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrity. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings: I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentle-

man and how much he hath eaten: they never curst but when they are hungry. It's be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Ship. That's a good deed. If thou man- discern by that which is left of him what is fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to him 't the ground.

Ship. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do deeds on't.

ACT IV.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error Now take upon me, in the name of Time, To use my wings. Impose it not a crime To me or my swift passage, that I slide O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried Of that wide gap; since it is in my power To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour To plant and o'errevel custom. Let me pass The same I am, ere ancient order is Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to The times that brought them in; so shall I Do to the freshest things now reigning, and make The glistering of this present, as my tale Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing, I turn my glass and give my scene such growth As you had slept between. Leontes leaving, The effects of his fond jealousies so grievous That he shuts up himself; imagine me, Gentle spectators, that I now may be In fair Bohemia; and remember well, I mention'd a son of the king's, which Florizel I now name to you; and with speed so pace To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace Equal with wondering: what of her ensues I list not prophesy; but let Time's news Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shep- daughter, And what to her adheres, which follows after, Is the argument of Time. Of this allow, If ever you have spent time worse ere now: If never, yet that Time himself doth say He wishes earnestly you never may.

SCENE I.—Bohemia. A Room in the Palace of POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my entry: though I have for the most part been abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Beside the penitent king, my master, hath sent forth to whose feeling sorrows I might be some use or I o'erween to think so, which is another to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovost me, Camillo, wipe not the rest of thy services by leaving me now. I need have of thee thine own goodness made: better not to have had thee than to want thee. Thou, having made me business which none without thee can sufficiently make, must either stay to execute them thyself or away with thee the very services thou hast de
Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every leven wether todes; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. Aside. If the springe hold, the cock’s mine.

Clo. I cannot do’t without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice, what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace, dates, none; that’s out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins of the sun.

Aut. O! that ever I was born.

Grovelling on the ground.

Clo. I’t the name of me,—

Aut. O! help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

Clo. Aack! poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O! sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas! poor man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta’en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What! by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horseman’s cont, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I’ll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Helping him up.

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas! poor soul.

Aut. O! good sir; softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir: Picks his pocket: good sir, softly. You ha’ done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters
of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you! that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say: there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he: that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! Exit Clown.

Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearsers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily he's the stile a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. Exit.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Lawn before a Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flor. These your usual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O! pardon, that I name them. Your high self
The graces mark o' the land, you have obscure'd
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our
feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, sworn, I think
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you care
To me the difference forges dread; your great
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I trem
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did. O! the Faith
How would he look, to see his work, so nob
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or let
I should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, Humbling their deities to love, have taken The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter became a bull, and bellow'd: the green Nept
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O! but, sir, Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king. One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Then dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pritch, dear, am not
The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my
Or not my father's; for I cannot be Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strange such thoughts as these with any the
That you behold the while. Your guests coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Forte,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach.
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly
And let's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLUS disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, Others.
Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lies upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook
Both dame and servant; welcome'd all, serv'd all
Would sing her song and dance her turn; we
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour and the thing she took to quench
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
For the flowers now that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon; daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. O! these I lack
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To swear him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What! like a corsé?
Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on,
Not like a corsé; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers.

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so: so give arms;
Pray so: and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles!
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstart'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wou'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come; our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-ward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out. Good sooth,
she is

The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry,
garlic,
To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word: we stand upon our
manners.

Come, strike up.

_music_

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts him-
self
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it:

He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read
As 'twer my daughter's eyes; and to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances fealty.

Shep. So she does any thing, though I report it
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master! if you did but hear the pedlar
at the door, you would never dance again after
a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not
move you. He sings several tunes faster than
you'll tell money; he utters them as he had
eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall
come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it
be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very
pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all
sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with
gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids;
so without bawdry, which is strange; with such
delicate burthen's of dildos and fadings, 'jump
her and thump her'; and where some stretch-
monthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief
and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes
the maid to answer, 'Whoop, do me no harm,
good man;' puts him off, slights him with
'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable
conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the
rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in
Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come
to him by the gross; inklces, caddisses, cambries,
launs: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods
or goddesses. You would think a smock were
a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and
the work about the square on't.

Clo. Prithree bring him in, and let him approach
singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous
words in 's tunes.

Exit Servant.

Clo. You have of these podlars, that have more
in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as c'er was crown;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bangle-bracelet, neckleee-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel;
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else yourlasses cry:
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou
should'st take no money of me; but be
enthralled as I am, it will also be the bond
of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the fear
but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than th;
or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised ye
may be he has paid you more, which will sha
give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maid
will they wear their placquets where they shol
bear their faces? Is there not milking-tit
when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, towish
off these secrets, but you must be little-tattled
before all our guests! 'Tis well they are whisps
: claramour your tongues, and not a word
more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised
a tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened
by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abro
therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt be
nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me
parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad
print, o' life, for then we are sure they are
true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, by
a usurer's wife was brought to bed of two
money-bags at a burden; and how she long
to eat adders' heads and tongs carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one M-
tress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives' th
were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see me
ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish that
appeared upon the coast on Wednesday in
fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom ab
water, and sung this ballad against the he
hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman
and was turned into a cold fish for she would
exchange flesh with one that loved her. A
ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witness
more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pr
one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, a
goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man
there's scarce a maid westward but she sit
'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear
part thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know
my occupation: have at it with you.
The Winter's Tale.

To load my she with knacks: I would have ran-
sack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing parted with him. If your last
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are.
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O! hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fam'd snow
That's bolder by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all;
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and know-
ledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all; 330
Command them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Com. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands; a bargain!
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't;
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O! that must be
I the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on;
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you,
Have you a father?

Flo. I have; but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid; and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfruitful. Reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir.
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know 't.
Flo. He shall not.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need
to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not. 430
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
Discovering himself.
Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: thou a scep'tre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou,
fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—
Shep. O! my heart.
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers,
And made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Denealon off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. Thou, churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. Exit.
Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly.
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes and weep.
Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak ere thou diest.
Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and
Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed
wretch!
That knew'st this was the prince, and would
adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd!
To die when I desire. Ex
Pol. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing after'd. What I was, I am:
More straining on for plucking back, a
following
My leash unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet. I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpose it.
Cam. I think, Camillo?
Pol. Even he, my lord,
Per. How often have I told you 'twould all thus!
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!
Cam. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. Exit.
Pol. Why, how now, father?
Speak ere thou diest.
Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
nd that unhappy king, my master, whom
so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo, sir, I think
ou have heard of my poor services, 'tis the love
hat I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly ave you deserved; it is my father's music
o speak your deeds, not little of his care
o have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord, you may please to think I love the king
nd through him what is nearest to him, which is
our gracious self, embrace but my direction:
 your more ponderous and settled project
ay suffer alteration, on mine honour
'point you where you shall have such receiving
s shall become your highness; where you may
joy your mistress, from whom the, I see,
'ere's no disjunction to be made, but by,
s heavens forbid! your ruin; marry her;
d, with my best endeavours in your absence,
our discontenting father strive to qualify,
nd bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo, lay this, almost a miracle, be done?
hat I may call thee something more than man,
nd after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on place whereo you'11 go?
Flo. Not any yet;
't as the unthought-on accident is guilty
o what we wildly do, so we profess
erselves to be the slaves of chance and flies
very wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
ais follows; if you will not change your purpose
at undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
nd there present yourself and your fair princess,
so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
s he shall be habit as it becomes
nd partner of your bed. Methinks I see
entes opening his free arms and weeping
's welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgive-
'st were i' the father's person; kisses the hands
of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
ixt his unkindness and his kindness: the one
chides to hell, and bids the other grow
ster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo, that colour for your visitation shall I
told to go before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father greet him and to give him comforts.
sir, he manner of your bearing towards him, with
what you as from your father shall deliver, things known but wixt us three, I'll write you
down:
hich shall point you forth at every sitting
hat you must say; that he shall not perceive
at that you have your father's bosom there
nd speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you,
here is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
han a wild dedication of yourselves

To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most
certain.
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another;
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'11 be loath to be. Besides, you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart
tgether
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven
years
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear our birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush to you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But, O! the thorns we stand upon. Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word,
They talk aside.

Re-enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and
Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentle-
man! I have sold all my trumpery: not a
counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,
brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove,
shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack
from fasting: they throng who should buy first,
nd as my trinkets had been hallowed and brought
a benevolence to the buyer: by which means I
saw whose purse was best in picture; and what
I saw to my good use I remembered. My clown,
who wants but something to be a reasonable
man, grew so in love with the wenches' song
hat he would not stir his petticoes till he had
both tune and words; which so drew the rest
of the herd to me that all their other senses
it in cars: you might have pinched a placket.
It was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a coedpiece
of a purse; I would have filed keys off that
hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my
sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it; so
hat in this time of lethargy I picked and cut
most of their festival purses; and had not the
old man come in with a whooob against his
daughter and the king's son, and scared my
choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse
alive in the whole army.

Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita
come forward.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes —
Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

Cam. Seeing AUTOLYCUS. Who have we here?

We'll make an instrument of this: omit Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee; yet for the outside of thy pocket we must make an exchange; therefore discourse thee instantly, — thou must think there's a necessity in't, — and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. Aside. I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? Aside. I smell the trick on't.


Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

FLOREZEL and AUTOLYCUS exchange garments.

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face; Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliklen 'Tis the truth of your own seeming; that you may, For I do fear eyes over you, to shipboard Get undeserved.

Per. I see the play so lies That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita! what have we twain forgot. Pray you, a word. They converse apart.

Cam. What I do next shall be to tell the king Of this escape, and whither they are bound; Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail To force him after: in whose company I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

Exeunt FLOREZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse: a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the muft man doth thrive. What an exchange had there been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this ye connive at us, and we may do any thing exten pore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I constant to unprofession. Aside, aside: here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every sho church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Clo. See, see, what a man you are now! Ther is no other way but to tell the king she's changeling and none of your flesh and blood. Shep. Nay, but hear me. Clo. Nay, but hear me. Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood your flesh and blood has not offended the king and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, ye, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is a honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law. Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the further off you could have been to him, and then you blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Aside. Very wisely, puppies! Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is the in this fardeal will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. Aside. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master. Clo. Pray heartily be he at place.

Aut. Aside. Though I am not naturally hones I am so sometimes by chance: let me pick up my pedlar's excrement.

Takes off his false beard
How now, rustics! whither are you bound? Shep. To the palace, as it like your worship. Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardeal, the place of you dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but trades men, and they often give us soldiers the lie but we pay them for it with stamped coin, no stabiling steel; therefore they do not give v the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given it one, if you had not taken yourself with th' manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir? Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure...
f the court? receives not thine court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, a coarse from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier! I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one fast will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open by affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king. 

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him? 

Shep. I know not, an’t like you. 

Clo. Advocate’s the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir: I have no pheasant, cock or hen. 

Aut. How bless’d are we that are not simple men! ’tis nature might have made me as these are, therefore I’ll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely. 

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being antastical: a great man, I’ll warrant; I know the picking on ‘s teeth.

Aut. The fardele there? what’s i’ the fardele? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardele box which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour if I say come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour. 

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone board a new ship to purge melancholy and air myself: for, if thou best capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So ’tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd’s daughter. 

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can ake heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty mires, shall all come under the hangman: which hough it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer o have his daughter come into grace! Some ay he shall be stoned; but that death is too oft for him, say I: draw our throne into a deepcote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest of a sharp.

Clo. Has the old man c’er a son, sir, do you fear, an’t like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; hen ‘nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp’s nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vite or some other hot infusion; then, aw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostic proclaims, he shall be set against a brickwall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown on death. But what talk we of these traitority ascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their fences being so capitu? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I’ll bring you where he is abroad, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ‘stoned,’ and ‘flayed alive!’

Shep. An’t please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I’ll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir. 

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O! that’s the case of the shepherd’s son: hang him, he’ll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know ’tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed; and reman, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side: go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let’s before as he bids us. He was provided to do us good.

Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, abroad him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to ’t. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it.

Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of LEONTES.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Others.

Clo. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed.

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make Which you have not redeem’d; indeed, paid down More penitence than done trespass. At the last, Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil; With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That even She hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy’d the sweet’st companion that e’er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill’d
Would be unparallel’d.

Leon. I think so. Kill’d!
She I kill’d! I did so: but thou strik’st me
Sorely to say I did: it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:  
You might have spoken a thousand things that
Would have done the time more benefit, and grac’d
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness’ fall of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?  
What holier than for royalty’s repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to’t?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that’s gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill’d their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
‘Is’t not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found! which that shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. ’Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. To Leontes. Care
not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest, so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
I know, in honour; O! that ever I
Had squar’d me to thy counsel: then, even now,
I might have look’d upon my queen’s full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak’st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one
worse,
And better us’d, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we’re offenders now, appear soul-ves’d,
And begin, ‘Why to me?’

Paul. Had she such power, 60
She had just cause.

Leon. She had: and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so;

Were I the ghost that walk’d, I’d bid you ma
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in’t
You chose her; then I’d shriek, that even yo
Should sift to hear me; and the words th’
Should be, ‘Remember mine.’

Leon. Stars, stars! And all eyes else dead coals. Fear thou no will
I’ll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina: so be bless’d my spirit
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness
his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him overmuch.

Paul. Unless another
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Afront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have don
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will, give me the office
To choose you a queen, she shall not be
Young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk’d your first queen’s ghost, it shou
Take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd’st us.

Paul. Shall be when your first queen’s again in bre;

Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Onethat gives out himself Prince Floriz
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes n
Like to his father’s greatness; his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
That he has a visitation fram’d, but forc’d
By need and accident. What train?  

Gent. But fe
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with his

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth
think,
That e’er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what’s seen now. Sir, you yours
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, ‘She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal’d;’ thus your verse
Flow’d with her beauty once: ’tis shrewdly obt
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam
The one I have almost forgot—your pardon—
The other, when she has obtain’d your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature
Would she begin a sect, might quench the ze
Of all professors else, make proscytes
Of whom she but bid follow.

Paul. How! not woman
Gent. Women will love her, that she is woman
THE WINTER'S TALE.

Lion. Go, Cleomenes; yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends, bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange
Excert CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman, thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince, swel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd all with this lord: there was not full a month since
Leon. Prithhee, no more: cease! thou know'st after to me again when talk'd of: sure, then shall I see this gentle, thy speeches 'll bring me to consider that which may furnish me of reason. They are come.

Enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERRITTA, and Others.

Our mother was most true to wedlock, prince; or she did print your royal father off, onceiving you. Were I but twenty-one, our father's image is so hit in you, is very air, that I should call you brother, s I did him; and speak of something wildly y us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome! ad your fair princess,—godess! O, alas! lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth light thus have stood begetting wonder as on, gracious couple, do: and then I lost, min own folly, the society, mitty too, of your brave father, whom, hough bearing misery, I desire my life nce more to look on him.

Flo. By his command ave I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him live you all greetings that a king, at friend, an send his brother: and, but infirmity which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd is wish'd ability, he had himself the lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his basur'd to look upon you, whom he loves, bade me say so, more than all the sceptres ad those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother! good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee sir fresh within me, and these thy offices, o rarely kind, are as interpreters if my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither, as is the spring to the earth. And hath he too expos'd this pangon to the fearful usage, at least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune, to greet a man not worth her pains, much less the adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord, she came from Libya.

Leon. Where the war-like Smalus, that noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd? Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, my dear daughter his tears he proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence, prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd, to execute the charge my father gave me for visiting your highness: my best train have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;

Who for Bohemia bend, to signify Not only my success in Libya, sir, But my arrival and my wife's in safety Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods Purge all infection from our air whilst you Do climate here! You have a holy father, A graceful gentleman; against whose person, So sacred as it is, I have done sin: For which the heavens, taking angry note, Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd, As he from heaven merits it, with you Worthy his goodness. What might I have been, Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on, Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir, That which I shall report will bear no credit, Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir, Bohemia greets you from himself by me; Desires you to attach his son, who, His dignity and duty both cast off, Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with A shepherd's daughter.


Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him: I speak amazedly, and it becomes My marvel and my message. To your court Whiles he was hastening, in the chase it seems Of this fair couple, meets he on the way The father of this seeming lady and Her brother, having both their country quitted With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me; Whose honour and whose honesty till now Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge: He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir: I speak with him, who now Has these poor men in question. Never saw I Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth, Forswear themselves as often as they speak: Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father! The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be; The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first: The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is, When once she is my wife.

Leon. That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed, Will come on very slowly. I am sorry, Most sorry, you have broken from his liking Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty, That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up: Though Fortune, visible an enemy, Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir, Remember since you ow’d no more to time Than I do now; with thought of such affections, Step forth mine advocate; at your request My father will grant precious things as trifles. 

Leon. Would he do so, I’d beg your precious mistress, Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege, Your eye hath too much youth in’t: not a month ‘Tore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her, Even in these looks I made. To FLORIZEL. But your petition Is yet unanswer’d. I will to your father: Your honour not o’ertaken by your desires, 220 I am friend to them and you; upon which errand I now go toward him. Therefore follow me, And mark what way I make: come, good my lord. 

Execut.

Scene II.—The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

Gent. I was by at the opening of the farde, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

Second Gent. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king’s daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it. Here comes the Lady Paulina’s steward: he can deliver you more.

Enter a third Gentleman.

How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you’ll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature in re- semblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her brend and many other evidences proclaim her with certainty to be the king’s daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Second Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then you have lost a sight, whi was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. The might you have beheld one joy crown another so and in such manner that it seemed sorely wept to take leave of them, for their joy wad in tears. There was casting up of eyes, hold up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment not by favour. Our king, being ready to let out of himself for joy of his found daughter, if that joy were now become a loss, cries, ‘O thy mother, thy mother:’ then asks Bohemian forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; th’again worries he his daughter with clipping he now he thanks the old shepherd, which stand by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings. I never heard of such another encounter which names report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

Second Gent. What, pray you, became Antigonus that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which w had matter to rehearse, though credit be asle and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces wi a bear: this avouches the shepherd’s son, w has not only his innocence, which seems muc to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings his that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and followers?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of the master’s death, and in the view of the shepherd so that all the instruments which aided to expo the child were even then lost when it was found But O! the noble combat that ’twixt joy at sorrow was fought in Paulina. She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lift the princess from the earth, and so locks her embracing, as if she would pin her to her hea that she might no more be in danger of losing First Gent. The dignity of this act was worn the audience of kings and princes, for by sue it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches all, and that which angled for mine eyes, caug the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen’s death, with the manner how she came to’t bravely confessed a lamented by the king, how attentiveness wound another, till, from one sign of dolor another, she did, with an ‘alas!’ I would fa say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart weep blood. Who was most marble there change colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all th world could have seen’t, the woe had be universal.

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No; the princess hearing of his mother’s statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina—a piece many years in doing, and newly performed by that rare Italian master Juliano Romano; who, had he himself eternity an could put breath into his work, would begui
nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape; e so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that hey say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

Second Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, wise or thrice a day, over since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the ajoicing?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the eneif of access? every wink of an eye some ew grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrift to our knowledge. Let’s along.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former fe in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what; but he at that time, over-on of the shepherd’s daughter, so he then took er to be, who begun to be much sea-sick, and myself little better, extremity of weather conning, this mystery remained undiscovered, till tis all one to me; for had I been the under-out of this secret, it would not have ellished among my other discredits. Here come nose I have done good to against my will, and heady appearing in the blossoms of their attire.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children, but ay sons and daughters will be all gentlemen on.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to ght with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say you ye them not and think me still no gentleman on: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman on.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four ours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born efore my father; for the king’s son took me by the hand and called me brother; and then the wo kings called my father brother; and then he prince my brother and the princess my sister ailed my father father; and so we wept: and here was the first gentleman-like tears that ver we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else ‘twere hard luck, being in so reposenter estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, nd to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithtee, son, do; for we must be gentle, ow we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I’ll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ner’ so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I’ll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk; but I’ll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darrest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen’s picture. Come, follow us: we’ll be thy good masters. Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Chapel in PAULINA’S House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well I meant well. All my services You have paid home; but that you have vouch-saf’d, With your crown’d brother and these your con- tracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina! We honour you with trouble: but we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery to Have we pass’d through, not without much content In many singularities, but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv’d peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Exceels whatever yet you look’d upon Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mock’d as ever Still sleep mock’d death: behold! and say ’tis well.

PAULINA draws a curtain, and discovers HERMIONE as a statue.

I like your silence: it the more shows off Your wonder; but yet speak; first you, my liege. Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture! Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she In thy not chiding, for she was as tender As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing So aged as this seems.

Pol. O! not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver’s excel- lence:
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done, now much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O! thus she stood, even with such life of majesty, warm life. As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her. I am amash'd; does not the stone rebuke me for being more stone than it? O royalty piece! There's magic in thy majesty, which has my evils conjur'd to remembrance, and from thy admiring daughter took the spirits, standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave, and do not say 'tis superstition, that I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady, dear queen, that ended when I but began, give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O! patience! The statute is but newly fix'd, the colour's not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on, which sixteen winters cannot blow away. So many summers dry: scarce any joy did ever so long live; no sorrow but kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother, let him that was the cause of this have power to take off so much grief from you as he will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord, if I had thought the sight of my poor image would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine, I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain. Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy may think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be! Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—what was he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done: the very life seems warm upon her lip. Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't, as we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain. My lord's almost so far transported that he'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina! Make me to think so twenty years together: no settled senses of the world can match the pleasure of that madness. Let's alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stir'd you: but I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina; for this affliction has a taste as sweet as any cordial comfort. Still, methinks, there is an air comes from her: what fine chisel could ever cut breath? Let no man mock me, for I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear. The ruddiness upon her lip is wet: you'll mar it if you kiss it; stain your own with oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Paul. So long could stand by a looker-on.

Cam. Either forbear, quit presently the chapel, or resolve you for more amazement. If you can behold it, I'll make the statute move indeed, descend and take you by the hand; but then you'll thin which I protest against, I am assisted by wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do, I content to look on: what to speak, I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy to make her speak as move.

Paul. It is requir'd you do awake your faith. Then all stand still or those that think it is unlawful business I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed:

Pol. No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her; strike "Hermione comes down."

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come; I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away, bequest to death your numbness, for from the dear life redempes you. You perceive she stirr'd. Hermione comes down. Start not; her actions shall be holy as you hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her until you see her die again, for then you kill her double. Nay, present her hand when she was young you would her; now in age is she become the suitor!

Leon. O! she's warm. If this be magic, let it be an art lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck: if she pertain to life let her speak too.

Pol. Ay; and make it manifest where she has liv'd, or how stol'n from the dead.

Paul. That she is living, were it but told you, should be hooted at like an old tale; but it appears she lives, though yet she speak not. Mark a little while please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel and pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;

Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down, and from your sacred vials pour your graces upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd how found thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I know by Paulina that the oracle gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that lest they desire upon this press to trouble your joys with like relation. Go together, you precious winners all: your exultation partake to every one. I, an old turtle, will wing me to some wither'd bough, and then my mate, that's never to be found again, lament till I am lost.

Leon. O! peace, Paulina. Thou should'st a husband take by my consent.
THE WINTER’S TALE.

I by thine a wife: this is a match, d made between’s by vows. Thou hast found mine; how, is to be question’d; for I saw her, 129 I thought, dead, and have in vain said many prayer upon her grave. I’ll not seek far,—r him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee, honourable husband. Come, Camillo, d take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty richly noted, and here justified

By us, a pair of kings. Let’s from this place. What! Look upon my brother; both your pardons.

That c’er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law, 149
And son unto the king, who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform’d in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever’d: hastily led away. Exeunt.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, Son to the King.
ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, Nephew to the King.
THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.
THE EARL OF ESSEX.
THE EARL OF SALISBURY.
THE LORD BIGOT.
HUBERT DE BURGH.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
PHILIP THE BASTARD, his half-brother.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room of State in the Palace.

King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and Others, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?
Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,
my behaviour, to the majesty,
he borrow’d majesty of England here.
El. A strange beginning; borrow’d majesty!”
K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.
Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf of thy deceased brother Geoffrey’s son, thrir Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim to this fair island and the territories, o Ireland, Poictiers, Anjon, Tournaine, Maine; esiring thee to lay aside the sword which sways usurpingly these several titles, and put the same into young Arthur’s hand, my nephew and right royal sovereign.
K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?
Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war, to enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.
Chat. Then take my king’s defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France; For ere thou canst report I will be there, The thunder of my cannon shall be heard. So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath And sullen pressage of your own decay, An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to’t. Farewell, Chatillon. Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.

El. What now, my son! have I not ever said How that ambitious Constancé would not cease Till she had kindled France and all the world Upon the right and party of her son? This might have been prevented and made whole With very easy arguments of love. Which now the manage of two kingdoms must With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.
El. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:  
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,  
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff, who whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy.  
Come from the country to be judged by you,  
That ’er I heard: shall I produce the men?


Our abbey’s and our priories shall pay  
This expedition’s charge.

Re-enter Sheriff, with Robert Faulconbridge,  
and Philip, his Bastard Brother.

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman  
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-Lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king:  
That is well known: and, as I think, one father;  
But for the certain knowledge of that truth  
I put you o’er to heaven and to my mother:  
Of that I doubt, as all men’s children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame  
your mother.

And wound her honour with this disdinemce.

Bast. I, madam! no, I have no reason for it;  
That is my brother’s plea and none of mine;  
The which if he can prove, ’tis pops me out  
At least from fair live hundred pound a year:  
Heaven guard my mother’s honours and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being  
younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.  
But once he slander’d me with bastardy:  
But wher’be I as true-beget’d or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother’s head;  
But that I am as well-beget, my liege,—  
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!  
Compare our faces and be judge yourself.  
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,  
And were our father, and this son like him;  
O! old Sir Robert, father, on my knee  
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven  
left us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-Lion’s face:  
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,  
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak:  
What dost thou move you to claim thy brother’s land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father.

With half that face would he have all my land;  
A half-face’d great five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv’d,  
Your brother did employ my father much,—  
Bast. Well, sir; by this you cannot get my land:

Your tale must be how he employ’d my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch’d him in an embassage  
To Germany, there with the emperor  
To treat of high affairs touching that time.  
The advantage of his absence took the king,  
And in the meantime sojourn’d at my father’s:  
Where he did prevail I shamed to speak,  
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas a shores  
Between my father and my mother lay,  
As I have heard my father speak himself,  
When this same lusty gentleman was got.  
Upon his death-bed he will bequeath’d  
His lands to me, and took it on his death  
That this my mother’s son was none of his;  
And if he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine.  
My father’s land, as was my father’s will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate  
Your father’s wife did after wedlock bear him.  
And if she did play false, the fault was hers:  
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbandmen  
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother  
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
Had of your father claim’d this son for his?  
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
This calf bred from his cow from all the world  
In sooth he might: then, if he were my brother,  
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,  
Being none of his, refuse him: this conclude  
My mother’s son did get your father’s heir;  
Your father’s heir must have your father’s land.  
Rob. Shall then my father’s will be of no force  
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, since  
Than was his will to get me, as I think.  
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge  
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,  
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-Lion,  
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?  
Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my share  
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,  
My arms such eel-skins stuff’d, my face so thin  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose  
Lest men should say ‘Look, where thine farthings goes!’

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,  
Would I might never stir from off this place.  
I’d give it every foot to have this face:  
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.  
Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake  
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?  
I am a soldier and now bound to France.  
Bast. Brother, take you my land, I’ll take  
chance.

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year  
Yet sell your face for five pence and ‘tis dear.

Madam, I’ll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me this  
Bast. Our country manners give our betters  
K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begn;  
Philip, good old Sir Robert’s wife’s eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name which  
form thou bearst:
KING JOHN.

nee thou down Philip, but arise more great; else Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

But. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:
father gave me honour, yours gave land.
blessed be the hour, by night or day, then I was got, Sir Robert was away!
The very spirit of Plantagenet! ah my grandam, Richard: call me so.

But. Madam, by chance not but by truth; what though?

 heard 2.0, good Sir

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
landless knight makes thee a landed squire.
I, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed
or France, for France, for it is more than need.

But. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
or thou wast got I 'twas the way of honesty,

Executive all but Bastard.

foot of honour better than I was, at many a many foot of land the worse, 'ell, now can I make any Joan a lady.

'good den, Sir Richard!' 'God-a-mercy, fellow!' and if his name be George, I'll call him Peter; or new-made honour doth forget men's names: is too respective and too sciolle or your conversion. Now your traveller, and his toothpick at my worship's mess, when my knightly stomach is suffic'd, by then I suck my teeth, and catechize y picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,' ans, leaning on mine elbow, I begin, shall beseech you—that is question now; and then comes answer like an absey-book: sir, says answer, 'at your best command; your employment; at your service, sir.' 'So, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours'; and so, ere answer knows what question would, ivin in dialogue of compliment, nd talking of the Alps and Apennines, he Pyrenean and the river Po, draws toward supper in conclusion so.
at this is worshipful society
fits the mounting spirit like myself; or he is but a bastard to the time, but doth not smack of observation; nd so am I, whether I smack or no; nd not alone in habit and device, exterior form, outward accoutrement, ut from the inward motion to deliver sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth: hich, though I will not practise to deceive, et, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn; or it shall strew the footsteps of my rising, ut who comes in such haste in riding-robcs?

What man-post is this? hath she no husband that will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

me! it is my mother. How now, good lady! that brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

But. My brother Robert, old Sir Robert's son! Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man? Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreservant boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn' st thou at Sir Robert? He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

But. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

But. Philip! sparrow! James, There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

Exit Gurney.

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son: Sir Robert might have eat his part in me Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast. Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess, Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it: We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother, To whom am I beholding for these limbs? Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knight-

But. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.

What! I am dabb'd; I have it on my shoulder. But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son: I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land; Legitimation, name, and all is gone.

Then, good my mother, let me know my father: Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

But. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Coeur-de-Lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduced To make room for him in my husband's bed. Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge! Thou art the issue of my dear offence, Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence. But. Now, by this light, were I to get again, Madam, I would not wish a better father. Some sins do bear their privilege on earth, And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose, Subjected tribute to commanding love, Against whose fury and unmatched force The aweless lion could not wage the fight, Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

He that performeth robus lions of their hearts May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother, With all my heart I thank thee for my father! Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot, If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:

Who says it was, he lies: I say 'twas not.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Duke of Austria and Forces; on the other, King Philip of France and Forces; Lewis, Constance, Arthur, and Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria, Arthur, that great forunner of thy blood, Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart, And fought the holy wars in Palestine, By this brave duke came early to his grave: And, for amends to his posterity, At our importance hither is he come, To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf, And to rebuke the usurpation Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither. Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-Lion's death The rather that you give his offspring life, Shadowing their right under your wings of war. I give you welcome with a powerless hand, But with a heart full of unstained love: Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss, As seal to this indenture of my love, That to my home I will no more return Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France, Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore, Whose foot spurks back the ocean's roaring tides And coops from other lands her islanders, Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main, That water-walled bulwark, still secure And confident from foreign purposes, Even till that utmost corner of the west Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy, Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O! take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks.

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength To make a more requital to your love. Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work: our cannon shall be bent Against the brows of this resisting town. Call for our chiefest men of discipline, To call the plots of best advantages: We'll lay before this town our royal bones, Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood, But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy, Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood. My Lord Chatillon may from England bring That right in peace which here we urge in war; And then we shall repent each drop of blood That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish, Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd! What England says, say briefly, gentle lord; We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this pale siege And stir them up against a mightier task. England, impatient of your just demands, Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time To land his legions all as soon as I; His marches are expedient to this town, His forces strong, his soldiers confident. With him along is come the mother-queen, An Ath. stirring him to blood and strife; With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain. With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd; And all the unsettled honours of the land, Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries, With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens, Have sold their fortunes at their native homes. Bearing their birthrights proudly on their back To make a hazard of new fortunes here. In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er Did never float upon the swelling tide, To do offence and scath in Christendom.

Draws sword with:

The interruption of their churlish drums Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much We must awake endeavour for defence, For courage mounteth with occasion;

Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard, Lords, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit Our just and lineal entrance to our own; If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven. Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct Their proud contempt that beat his peace and heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return From France to England, there to live in peace; England we love; and for that England's sake With burden of our armour here we sware: This toil of ours should be a work of thine; But thou from loving England art so far That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king Cut off the sequence of posterity, Out-faced infant state, and done a rape Upon the maiden virtue of the crown. Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face: These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:

This little abstract doth contain that large Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time Shall draw this brief into so huge a volume. That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born. And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right, And this is Geoffrey's. In the name of God How comes it then that thou art call'd a king, When living blood doth in these temples beat, Which owe the crown that thou o'vermasterest K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France.

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stir good thoughts
KING JOHN.

any breast of strong authority,  
look into the blots and stains of right ;  
let judge hath made me guardian to this boy :  
under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,  
and by whose help I mean to chastise it.  
K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.  
ElI. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France ?  
Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping  
son.  
ElI. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,  
and thou may'st be a queen, and check the  
world!  
Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true  
thine was to thy husband, and this boy  
derived in feature to his father Geoffrey  
man thou and John in manners; being as like  
sain to water, or devil to his dam.  
y boy a bastard! By my soul I think  
that father never was so true begot:  
cannot be an if thou wert his mother.  
ElI. There's a good mother, boy, that  
blots thy father.  
Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that  
would blot thee.  
Aust. Peace!  
Bast. Hear the crier.  
Aust. What the devil art thou?  
Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,  
a' may catch your hide and you alone.  
on are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
hose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.  
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right.  
rrah, look to't; 't faith, I will, 't faith.  
Blanch. O! well did he become that lion's  
robe,  
ad did disrobe the lion of that robe.  
Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him  
great Alcides' shows upon an ass :  
but, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,  
lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.  
Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs  
our ears,  
with this abundance of superfluous breath ?  
eg.—Lewis, determine what we shall do  
straight.  
Lee. Women and fools, break off your confer-  
ence.  
ng John, this is the very sum of all :  
gland and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
right of Arthur do I claim of thee.  
it thou resign them and lay down thy arms?  
K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee,  
France.  
thur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;  
out of my dear love I'll give thee more  
an e'er the coward hand of France can win.  
permit thee, boy.  
ElI. Come to thy grandam, child.  
Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child;  
ere it grandam, kingdom, and it grandam  
it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :  
here's a good grandam.  
Arth. Good my mother, peace!  
would that I were low laid in my grave;  
un worth this coil that's made for me.  
ElI. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he  
weepes.  
Const. Now shame upon you, she'r she does  
or no!  
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's  
shames,  
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor  
eyes,  
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;  
Ayi, with these crystal beads heaven shall be  
brimb'd  
To do him justice and revenge on you.  
ElI. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and  
earth!  
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and  
earth!  
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp  
The dominations, royalties, and rights  
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy old'st son's  
son,  
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:  
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;  
The canon of the law is laid on him,  
Being but the second generation  
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.  
K. John. Bedlam, have done.  
Const. I have but this to say,  
that he is not only plagued for her sin,  
But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
On this removed issue, plac'd for her,  
And with her plague, her sin; his injury  
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,  
All punish'd in the person of this child.  
And all for her. A plague upon her!  
ElI. Thou unadvised scold. I can produce  
A will that bars the title of thy son.  
Const. Ay, who doubts that I a will! a wicked  
will;  
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!  
K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more  
temperate:  
It ill becomes this presence to cry aim  
To these ill-tuned repetitions.  
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak  
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.  
Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.  
First Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the  
walls?  
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.  
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—  
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's  
subjects,  
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—  
K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear  
us first.  
These flags of France, that are advanced here  
Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
Have hither march'd to your damagement:  
The cannons have their bowls full of wrath,  
And ready mounted are they to spit forth  
Their iron indignation against your walls:  
All preparation for a bloody siege  
And merciless proceeding by these French  
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;  
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,  
That as a waist doth girdle you about,  
By the compulsion of their ordinance  
By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made  
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
KING JOHN.

Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,
Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a paré;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forewarned in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbouring within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo! in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In war-like march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and un vex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalfe which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage
And stalk in blood to our possession?

First Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.
K. John. Both not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed.

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those,

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swing'd the drago, and c'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence! To Austria. Sirra were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I'd set an ex-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O! tremble, for you hear the lion roar!

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God, and our right

Enter Alarums and excursions; then a retreat. End the Herald of France, with trumpets, to the gate.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath ma
Much work for tears in many an English moth.
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding groin
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolloured earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, with trumpets.

F. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ri your bells;
King John, your king and England's, do approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence so sylvia bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display then when we first nailed forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates and give the victors way;
First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows in answer'd blows;
Strength march'd with strength, and pow confronted power;
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
hold our town for neither, yet for both.

-enter the two Kings, with their powers, severally.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood
to cast away?
y, shall the current of our right run on?
hoj passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
alnot his native channel and o'erswelt
ith course disturbed even thy confining shores;
less thou let his silver water keep
peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one
drop of blood
this hot trial: more than we of France:
ther, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
ats away the earth this climate overlooks,
lore we will lay down our just-born arms,
e'll put thee down: 'gainst whom these arms
we bear,
add a royal number to the dead,
acing that scroll of tells of this war's loss
ith slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers
hen the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
he swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
nd now he feasts, mousling the flesh of men,
ndermin'd differences of kings.
by stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
ry, 'havoc'! kings: back to the stained field,
on equal-potens, fiery-kindled spirits!
hen let confusion of one part confirm
he other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet
admit?
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's
thy king?

First Cit. The King of England, when we know
the king.
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up
his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
nd bear possession of our person here,
ord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

First Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
nd till it be undoubted, we do lock
our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates, 350
ings of ourselves; until our fears, resolv'd,
be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers
flout you, kings,
nd stand securely on their battlements,
as in a theatre, whence they gape and point
at your industrious scenes and acts of death.
our royal presences be rud'd by me:
like the mutines of Jerusalem,
friends awhile and both conjointly bend
our sharpest deeds of malice on this town. 359
by east and west let France and England mount
their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
their high, soul-fearing chamouns have brawld down
the flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
'td play incessantly upon these jades,
even till unforced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air,
That done, disperse your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point; 350
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall call forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory,
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?
K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above
our heads,
I like it well: France, shall we kruit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground?
Then after tight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these sancy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and poll-mall
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you
assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruc-
tion
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall min their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to
south
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
'I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!

First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe
awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd
league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.

Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on with favour; we are bent
to hear.

First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the
Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady
Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she:
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

O! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made
one.
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoner begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastardo with his tongue;
Our ears are engidell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France.
'Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.
	Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unswaid assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and conceal again to what it was.

First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first.
To speak unto this city: what say you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou and fair Tournai, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,
Except this city now by us besieged,
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.
K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Low. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of thy son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest I never lov'd myself
Till now infix'd I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

Whispers with BLANCH.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow.
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, the
should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Blanche. My uncle's will in this respect is mis
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liki
I can with ease translate to my will; or
If you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this: that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should
your judge
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say those young ones? Who
speak you, my niece?

Blanche. That she is bound in honour still to
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin: you
love this lady?

Low. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Tournai,
Maine, Poictiers and Anjon, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hand

K. Phi. It likes us well. Young princes, clo
your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assu
That I did so when I was first assur'd.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, open your gate,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not; for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son? tell me, who kno

Low. She is sad and passionate at her hig
ness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that ha
have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way.
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretag
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair to
We make him lord of Call the Lady Constan
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlock'd for unprepared pomp.

Exeunt all but the Bastard. The Citizens reti
from the wo.

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad competition!
Oh, to stop Arthur's title in the whole, 
Tath willingly departed with a part; 
And France, whose armours conscience buckled on, 
Thom zeal and charity brought to the field 
A God's own soldier, rounded in the ear 
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil, 
That broker that still breaks the path of faith, 
By daily break-vee, he that wins of all, 
If kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids, 
Who having no external thing to lose 
At the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that; 
But smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity; 
Omnimity, the bias of the world; 
The world, who of itself is paeased well, 
Fade to run even upon even ground, 
Ill this advantage, this vile-drawing bias, 
His sway of motion, this Commodity, 
Takes it take head from all indifferency, 
Rom all direction, purpose, course, intent: 
And this same bias, this Commodity, 
His bawd, this broker, this all-changing word, 
Lappe'd on the outward eye of fickle France, 
A hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid, 
Rom a resolv'd and honourable war, 
A most base and vile-concluded peace. 
Why should I rail on this Commodity? 
For because he hath not woe'd me yet, 
That I have the power to clutch my hand 
His fair angels would salute my palm; 
For my hand, as unattempted yet, 
Like a poor beggar, raieth on the rich. 
'Ell, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail 
And say there is no sin but to be rich; 
And being rich, my virtue then shall be, 
O say there is no vice but beggary, 
Since kings break faith upon commodity, 
And, be my lord, for I will worship thee! 

Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—France. The French King's Tent.

FAIR CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace! 
Also blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends! 
Hail Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces! 
Is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard; 
Well advised, tell o'er thy tale again: 
Cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so. 
Trust I may not trust thee, for thy word; 
But the vain breath of a common man: 
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man; 
Have a king's oath to the contrary. 
Hon shall be punish'd for thus frightening me, 
Or I am sick and capable of fears; 
Press'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears; 
Widow, husbandless, subject to fears; 
Woman, naturally born to fears; 
Though thou now confess thou didst but jest, 
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a true, 
Ut they will quake and tremble all this day. 
What dost thou mean by shaking off thy head? 
Thy dost thou look so sadly on my son? 
What means that hand upon that breast of thine? 
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum, 
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds? 
Be these and signs confirmers of thy words? 
Then speak again; not all thy former tale, 
But this one world, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false 
That give you cause to prove my saying true. 
Const. O! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow, 
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die; 
And let belief and life encounter so. 
As doth the fury of two desperate men, 
Which in the very meeting fall and die, 
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy! then where art thou? 
France friend with England what becomes of me? 
Fellow, be gone! I cannot brook thy sight: 
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done, 
But spoke the harm that is by others done? 
Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is 
As it makes harmful all that speak of it. 

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content. 
Const. If thou, that bidst me be content, 
Wert grim, 
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb, 
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains, 
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigios. 
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks, 
I would not care, I then would be content: 
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou 
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown. 
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy, 
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great: 
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast, 
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O! 
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee: 
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John, 
And with her golden hand hath plac'd on France 
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty, 
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs. 
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John. 
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John! 
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn! 
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone 
And leave those woes alone which I alone 
Am bound to underbear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam, 
I may not go without you to the kings. 
Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt: I will not go with thee. 
I will instruct my sorrow to be proud; 
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop. 
To me and to the state of my great grief 
Let kings assemble: for my grief's so great 
That no supporter but the huge firm earth 
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit; 
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it. 

Seats herself on the ground.

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch Elidor, the Bastard, Duke of Austria, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day 
Ever in France shall be kept festival: 
To solemnize this day the glorious sun 
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold: 80
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. Rising. A wicked day, and not a holy day!
What hath this day deserv'd? What hath it done
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day let sennen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace, but, ere sunset, 116
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O! hear me.

Aust. Lady Constance, peace! peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war,
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch,
Thou coward!
Thou little villain, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too, 120
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Becon sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O! that a man should speak those words to me.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thon dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail! you anointed deputies of heaven.

To thee, King John, my holy orans is.
I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So willfully dost spurn; and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see!
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatorily
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add this much more: that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So under him that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme
in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings
Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, gross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself;
Though you and all the rest so grossly led
This juggling witchcraft with revenue chéris;
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate;
And blessed shall be he that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O! lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right!

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for a curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil, lest that Frar repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recumbent limbs.

Aust. Well, rufian, I must pocket up these wrongs,

cause—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lev. Bethink you, father; for the difference purchase of a heavy curse from Rome, the light loss of England for a friend:

seo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith, it from her need.

Const. O! if thou grant my need, he only lives but by the death of faith, that need must needs infer this principle, at faith would live again by death of need:

then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;

yep my need up, and faith is troden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O! be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, King Philip: hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet love.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What cast thou say but will perplex thee more, thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,

'd tell me how you would bestow yourself. 

as royal hand and mine are newly knit, 

'd the conjunction of our inward souls 

carried in league, coupled and link'd together 

with all religious strength of sacred vows;

he latest breath that gave the sound of words 

as deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love, 

elev'n our kingdoms and our royal selves; 

and even before this truce, but new before, 

so longer than we well could wash our hands 

o clap this royal bargain up of peace, 

feaven knows, they were besmeard'd and over-stain'd 

fifth slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint 

the fearful difference of incessant kings:

and shall these hands, so lately pur'd of blood, 

o newly join'd in love, so strong in both.

'soke this seizure and this kind regret? 

lay fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,

make such unconstant children of ourselves, 

is now again to watch our palm from palm, 

inswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed 

sowning peace to march a bloody host, 

and make a riot on the gentle brow 

true sincerity? O! holy sir, 

'd reverend father, let it not be so.

out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Cost. That which upholdeth him that thee
upholds,
His honour: O! thine honour, Lewis, thine
honour.
Lee. I muse thy majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I'll
fall from thee.
Cost. O fair return of banish'd majesty!
Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour
within this hour.
Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald
sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.
Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair
day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and disinumber me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss before the match be play'd.
Lee. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there
my life dies.
K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.
Exit Bastard.

Scene II.—The Same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums; excursions. Enter King John,
with the Duke of Austria's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows
wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie
there.
While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip,
makes up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

Exit.

Scene III.—The Same.

Alarums; excursions; retreat. Enter King John, Elior, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. To Elior. So shall it be; ye grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. To Arthur. Cousin,
look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth! this will make my mother die with
grief.

K. John. To the Bastard. Cousin, away
England! haste before;
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bag
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not do
me back
When gold and silver beckons me to come on.
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.
Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.
Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a wo
She takes Arthur and

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gen
Hubert!
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
But I will fix it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
to say what good respect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to thy majesty.
K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause
say so yet;
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er
slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:
Or if that sultry spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick
Which else runs tickling up and down the vein
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;
Or if that thou should'st see me without eyes
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of word
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah! I will not: yet I love thee well;}
KING JOHN.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldest! o! Hubert! Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye on young boy: I’ll tell thee what, my friend, Is a very serpent in my way; d’wresoccer’er this foot of mine doth tread, lies before me: dost thou understand me? on art his keeper.


Hub. And I’ll keep him so that he shall not offend your majesty.


Hub. My lord?

K. John. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough. Could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee; all, I’ll not say what I intend for thee: member. Madam, fare you well:

Wk. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin: go, Hubert shall be your man, attend on you th’all true duty. On toward Calais, ho! Exeunt.

ENE IV.—The Same. The French King’s Tent.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood, whose armado of connected sail scatter’d and disjoint’d from fellowship. Cour. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well when we have run so ill! we be not beaten! Is not Angiers lost? Our taken prisoner? divers dear friends left? thy bloody England into England gone, bearing interruption, spite of France! we. What he hath won that he hath fortified; got a speed with such advice disposed, the temperate order in so fierce a cause, the want example: who hath read or heard any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise, we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Ok! who comes here? a grave unto a soul; riding the eternal spirit, against her will, the vile prison of afflicted breath. My thee, lady: go away with me.

Const. Lo! now! now see the issue of your peace.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress, that which ends all counsel, true redress, ad, death: O amiable lovely death! on odoriferous stench! sound rottenness! as forth from the couch of lasting night, on hate and terror to prosperity, I will kiss thy detestable bones, put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows, and ring these fingers with thy household worms, and stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust, and be a carrion monster like thyself:

Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smilest.

And buss thee as thy wife! Misery’s love, O! come to me.

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry. O! that my tongue were in the thunder’s mouth; then with a passion would I shake the world, and rouse from sleep that fell anatomy Which cannot hear a lady’s feeble voice, Which scorrs a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so; I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine; My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey’s wife; Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!

K. Phi. If I could, what grief should I forget, Preach some philosophy to make me mad, And thou shalt be canoniz’d, cardinal; For being not mad but sensible of grief, My reasonable part produces reason. How I may be deliver’d of these woes, And teaches me to kill or hang myself: If I were mad, I should forget my son, Or madly think a babe of clouts were he. I am not mad: too well, too well I feel The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O! what love I note In the fair multitude of those her hairs: Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen, Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends Do glue themselves in sociable grief; Like true, inseparable, faithful loves, Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud ‘O! that these hands could so redeem my son As they have given these hairs their liberty.’ But now I envy at their liberty, And will again commit them to their bonds, Because my poor child is a prisoner. And, father cardinal, I have heard you say That we shall see and know our friends in heaven. If that be true, I shall see my boy again; For since the birth of Cain, the first male child, To him that did but yesterday suspir, There was not such a gracious creature born. But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud And chase the native beauty from his cheek, And he will look as hollow as a ghost, As dim and meagre as an age’s fit, And so he’ll die; and, rising so again, When I shall meet him in the court of heaven I shall not know him: therefore never, never Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

K. Phi. He talks to me, that never bid a son. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child, Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
KING JOHN.

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembering all of his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do. 140
I will not keep this form upon my head.
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! Exit.
K. Phl. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.
Exit.
Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy.
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste.
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.
Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?
Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That whilsts warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The mispiec'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatch'd with an unequal hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
Pand. How green you are and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and unhurt.
This act so evilly borne shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, pressages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.
Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prison.
Pand. O! sir, when he shall hear of your preach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the her.
Of all his people shall revolt from him
And kiss the lips of unchanging love,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath.
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this bury all on foot:
And, O! what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd. The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin!
Go with me to the king. 'Tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topp'd of offence.
For England, go; I will whet on the king.
Lew. Strong reasons make strong action.
Let us go:
If you say ny, the king will not say no. Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look to stand
Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with
Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, a watch.
First Att'nt. I hope your warrant will bear the deed.

Hub. Un cleanly scruples! fear not you: lead to't.

Enter Attendants.

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven
KING JOHN.

ENIT I.

were your son, so you would love me, Hubert. 
Hub. Aside. If I talk to him, with his innocent
prate
I will make my mercy which lies dead:
therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale
to-day:
sooth, I would you were a little sick,
at I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant you love you more than you do me. 31
Hub.Aside. His words do take possession of
my bosom.
and here, young Arthur. Showing a paper.
Aside. How now, foolish rheum?
uring dispitiee torture out of door!
must be brief, lest resolution drop
at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
set you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head
did but ache
smite my handkercher about your brows,
as best I had, a princess wrought it me,
did I never ask you it again;
d ad with my hand at midnight held your head,
d id like the watchful minutes to the hour,
il and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your
grief?'
'What good love may I perform for you?'
y any poor man's son would have lain still,
 ad ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
y at your sick-service had a prince.
y, you may think my love was crafty love,
' d call it cunning: do, an if you will.
thaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
y by then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
'ose eyes that never did nor never shall
 much as frown on you?'
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
' d with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah! none but in this iron age would
do it.
ne iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
sproaching near these eyes, would drink my
tears quench this fiery indignation
in the matter of mine innocence;
ay, after that, consume away in rust,
at for containing fire to harm mine eye.
ro you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
if an angel should have come to me
nd told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
would not have believ'd him; no tongue but
Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth. 70

Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, etc.

Do as I bid you do.
Arth. O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes
are out
ven with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him
here.
Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-
rough?

I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
or look upon the iron angrily.
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
First Att. I am best pleas'd to be from such
a deed.
Exec. Attendants.
Arth. Alas! I then have child away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes. 50
Arth. O heaven! that there were but a mote
in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense;
Then feeling what small things are boisterous
there.
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your
tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of
tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert: Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O! spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you.
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.
Hub.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with
grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes; see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. An if you do you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings,
Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine
eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O! now you look like Hubert: all this while
You were disguised.
Hub.
Arth. Peace! no more. Alas! Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world, will not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

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SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King John, crowned; Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords. The King takes his state.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pemb. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urg'd at a time unseasonable.
Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigur'd;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.
Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear, and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.
K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with and think them strong;
And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear,
I shall induc'd you with: meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well;
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.
Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent.
To break into this dangerous argument:
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which, as they say, atter
The steps of wrong, should move you to new
Your tender kinsman, and to chuse his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his yout
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our snit
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his you
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?
Pemb. This is the man should do the blood
Deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The name of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled brain.
And I do fearefully believe 'tis done,
What we so feare'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the king doth come and
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe it needs must break.
Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear will issue
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.
K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:
Good lords, although my will to give is living
The suit which you demand is gone and dead.
He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night.
Sal. Indeed we feare'd his sickness was pother.
Pemb. Indeed we heard how near his death was
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd either here or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brooche
on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shew
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.
Pemb. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all the isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne; this will break
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

Exeunt Loy. 

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repeat,
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by other's death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye then haste: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
foul a sky clears not without a storm: 
a down thy weather: how goes all in France?

fess. From France to England. Never such a power

any foreign preparation

leaved in the body of a land.

copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
when you should be told they do prepare,
tidings comes that they are all arriv'd.

c. John. O! where hath our intelligence been drunk?
ere hath it slept? Where is my mother's care
at such an army could be drawn in France,
I she not hear of it?

fess. My liege, her ear

stopp'd with dust: the first of April died

ir noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,

Lady Constance in a frenzy died

tee days before: but this from rumour's tongue

ly heard; if true or false I know not.

c. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
make a league with mee, till I have pleas'd discontented peers. What! mother dead!
w wildly then walks my estate in France!
der whose conduct came those powers of France

at thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?
fess. Under the Dauphin.
c. John. Thou hast made me giddy
th these ill tidings.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world
your proceedings? do not seek to stuff head with more ill news, for it is full.

bast. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
let the worst unheard fall on your head.
c. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was

under the tide; but now I breathe again
at the flood, and can give audience
any tongue, speak it of what it will.

out. How I have sped among the clergymen
sums I have collected shall express,
as I travel'd bither through the land,
nd the people strangely fantasied,
sess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams.
knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
d here's a prophet that I brought with me
on forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
th many hundreds treading on his heels;
whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rimes,
at, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,

ur highness should deliver up your crown.
c. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.
c. John. Hubert, away with him: imprison him;
d on that day at noon, wherein he says
shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd,
iver him to safety, and return,

I must use thee. Exit HUBERT, with PETER.
o my gentle cousin,
arst thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are

[t full of it:

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,

With eyes as red as new-unkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.
c. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

bast. I will seek them out.
c. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.

O! let me have no subject enemies
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.

Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

Exit.

Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

mess. With all my heart, my liege.

k. john. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen
to-night;

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about

The other four in wondrous motion.
c. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;

And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth grippe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,

With wrinkled brows, with nod's, with rolling eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool.

With open mouth swelling a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,

Told of a many thousand war-like French,

That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.

Another lean unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.
c. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urg'st thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?
c. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,

And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns

More upon humour than advis'd respect.
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised a quite
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmunds
bury.

It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pen. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distempe
lords!

The king by me requests your presence strait.

Sal. The king hath dispossessed himself of
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.

Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grie
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pen. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege
Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no m
else.

Sal. This is the prison. Seeing Arthur
What is he lies here?

Pen. O death! made proud with pure a
princely beauty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself ha
done,

Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or when he doom'd this beauty to grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have ye
beheld,

Or have you read, or heard? or could you thin

Or do you almost think, although you see,

That you do see? could thought, without the

object,

Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest.
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest sh

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,

That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pen. All murders past do stand excus'd this:  

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**KING JOHN.**

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

**K. John.** O! when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst thou not been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

**Hub.** My lord,—

**K. John.** Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is bravo'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

**Hub.** Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

**K. John.** Doth Arthur live? O! haste thee to
the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.

Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And fain imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O! answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

**Exeunt.**

**SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Castle.**

**Enter Arthur, on the walls.**

**Artb.** The wall is high; and yet will I leap down.

Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me; if they did,
ad this, so sole and so unmatchable, 
all give a holiness, a purity, 
the yet unbegotten sin of times; 
and prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest, 
exemplified by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work; 
he graceless action of a heavy hand, 
that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand! 
’t had a kind of light what would ensue: 
is the shameful work of Hubert’s hand; 
he practice and the purpose of the king: 
rom whose obedience I forbid my soul, 
needing before this ruin of sweet life. 
ad breathing to his graceless excellence 
he incense of a vow, a holy vow, 
ever to taste the pleasures of the world, 
ever to be infected with delight, 
or conversant with ease and idleness, 
il I have set a glory to this hand, 
y giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem., Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERIT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you: 
rather doth live: the king hath sent for you. 
Sal. O! he is bold and blushes not at death. 
vain, thou hateful villain! get thee gone. 
Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? 
Drawing his sword.

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again. 
Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer’s skin. 
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say: 
y heaven, I think my sword’s as sharp as yours. 
would not have you, lord, forget yourself, 
for tempt the danger of my true defence; 
est I, by marking of your rage, forget 
our worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar’st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend 
y innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so; 
I am none. Whose tongue sweer speaks false, 
not truly speaks, who speaks not truly, lies. 
Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say. 
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gull you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury: 
if thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot, 
or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame, 
‘ll strike thee dead. P’t up thy sword betime, 
or I’ll so maul you and thy toasting-iron, 
that you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?

Sal. Tell me.

Pem. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum; 
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem 
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor 
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house; 
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Bast. Away, toward Bury; to the Dauphin there! 
Pem. There tell the king he may inquire us out.

Exeunt Lords.

Bast. Here’s a good world! Knew you of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach 
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death, 
Art thou damn’d, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir. 

Bast. Ha! I’ll tell thee what; 

Thou’rt damn’d as black; nay, nothing is so black; 
Thou art more deep damn’d than Prince Lucifer: 
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell 
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul—

Bast. If thou didst but consent 
To this most cruel act, do but despair; 
And if thou want’st a cord, the smallest thread 
That ever spider twisted from her womb 
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam 
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself, 
Put but a little water in a spoon, 
And it shall be as all the ocean, 
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought, 
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath 
Which was embounded in this beauitose clay, 
Let hell want pains enough to torture me. 
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms. 
I am amaz’d, methinks, and lose my way 
Among the thorns and dangers of this world. 
How easy dost thou take all England up! 
From forth this morsel of dead royalty, 
The life, the right and truth of all this realm 
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left 
To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth 
The unwed interest of proud-swelling state. 
Now for the bare-pick’d bone of majesty 
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest, 
And snarlth in the gentle eyes of peace: 
Now powers from home and discontents at home 
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits, 
As doth a raven on a sick-faller beast, 
The imminent decay of wrested pomp. 
Now happy he whose cloak and cloakure can 
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child 
And follow me with speed: I’ll to the king: 
A thousand businesses are brief in hand, 
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph with the crown, and 
Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand 
The circle of my glory.

Pand. Giving JOHN the crown. Take again 
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

And from his holiness use all your power.
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt,
To that strange blood, to foreign royalty.
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To this inundation of mistemper'd humour.
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threateners, and outface the bower
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away! and glister like the god of war
When he intendeneth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What! shall they seek the lion in his den
And fright him there! and make him tremble there!
O! let it not be said. Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been
With me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a war-like soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arm
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace
Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defense.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of thy present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage! yet know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. 

Scene II.—A Plain near Saint Edmundsbury

Enter in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun,
Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out
And keep it safe for our remembrance.
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and unur'd faith
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contem'n'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O! it grieves my soul
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker: O! and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And'st not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks.—I must withdraw and we,
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation! that thou could'st r
move;
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combin
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O! what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect.
Now, King of Milan, from the king

I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepareth; and reason too he should:
This apish and unmannish approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well preparèd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch;
To dive like buckets in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman:
Shall that victorious hand be feeblèd here
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms,
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To soose annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their nedles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. Here endeth thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thee canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.
Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start

And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cullèd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

Trumpet sounds.
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready brac’d  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;  
Sound but another, and another shall  
As loud as thine rattle the welkin’s ear  
And mock the deep-mouth’d thunder: for at hand,  
Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath us’d rather for sport than need,  
Is war-like John; and in his forehead sits  
A bare-ribb’d death, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.  
Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.  
But. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.  

Exeunt. 193

Scene III.—The Same. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O! tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?  
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
Lies heavy on me: O! my heart is sick.  

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,  
Desires your majesty to leave the field,  
And send him word by me which way you go.  
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply  
That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
Are wreck’d three nights ago on Goodwin sands.  
This news was brought to Richard but even now.  
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.  
K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,  
And will not let me welcome this good news.  
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;  
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.  

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—The Same. Another Part of the Same.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, Bigot, and Others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor’d with friends.  
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:  
If they miscarry we miscarry too.  

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,  
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.  

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold;  
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;  
For if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means to recompense the pains you take  
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn  
And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;  
Even on that altar where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?  

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my vie  
Retaining but a quantity of life,  
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
Resolveth from his figure against the fire?  
What in the world should make me now deceit  
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?  
Why should I then be false, since it is true  
That I must die here and live hence by truth  
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,  
He is forsworn, if e’er those eyes of yours  
Behold another day break in the east:  
But even this night, whose black contagion breath  
Already smokes about the burning crest  
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,  
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expir  
Paying the fine of rated treachery  
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.  
Commend me to one Hubert with your king;  
The love of him, and this respect besides,  
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,  
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence  
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,  
Where I may think the remnant of my thought  
In peace, and part this body and my soul  
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee: and beshrew my so  
But I do love the favour and the form  
Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
We will untread the steps of damned flight,  
And like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
Stoop low within those bounds we have o’erlook  
And calmly run on in obedience,  
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.  
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence  
For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! Ne  
flight;  
And happy newness, that intends old right.  

Exeunt, leading off Melun.

Scene V.—The Same. The French Camp.

Enter Lewis and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was lost to set,  
But stay’d and made the western welkin blush  
When the English measur’d backward the own ground  
In faint retire. O! bravely came we off.  
When with a volley of our needless shot,  
After such bloody toil, we bid good night.  
And wound our tatter’d colours clearly up,  
Last in the field, and almost lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?  

Lew. Here: What news  

Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords,  

By his persuasion, are again fall’n off;
KING JOHN.

**Scene VII.**—The Orchard of Swinestead Abbey.

*Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.*

**P. Hen.** It is too late: the life of all his blood Is touch’d corruptibly; and his pure brain, Which some suppose the soul’s frail dwelling-house, Doth, by the idle comments that it makes, Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter Pembroke.*

**Pem.** His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief That, being brought into the open air, It would allay the burning quality Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

**P. Hen.** Let him be brought into the orchard here.

Doth he still rage?

*Exit Bigot.*

**Pem.** He is more patient Than when you left him: even now he sung.

**P. Hen.** O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes In their continuance will not feel themselves. Death, having prey’d upon the outward parts, Leaves them, invisible: and his siege is now Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds With many legions of strange fantasies, Which, in their throng and press to that last hold, Confound themselves. ’Tis strange that death should sing.

I am the eye-gnet to this pale faint swan, Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death, And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings His soul and body to their lasting rest.

**Sal.** Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born To set a form upon that indigest Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter Bigot and Attendants, carrying King John in a chair.*

**K. John.** Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room; It would not out at windows, nor at doors. There is so hot a summer in my bosom That all my bowels crumble up to dust: I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen Upon a parchment, and against this fire Do I shrink up.

**P. Hen.** How fares your majesty?

**K. John.** Poison’d, ill fare; dead, forsook, cast off: And none of you will bid the winter come To thrust his icy fingers in my maw; Nor let my kingdom’s rivers take their course Through my burn’d bosom: nor entail the north To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips, And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much: I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait And so ingrateful you deny me that.
P. Hen. O! that there were some virtue in my tears, That might relieve you.
K. John. The salt in them is hot. Within me is a hell; and there the poison Is as a fiend confin’d to tyrannize On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O! I am scalded with my violent motion And spleen of speed to see your majesty. 50
K. John. O cousin! thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack’d and burn’d, And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail Are turned to one thread, one little hair: My heart hath one poor string to stay it by, Which holds but till thy news be uttered; And then all this thou seest is but a clod And module of confounded royalty.
Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward, Where heaven he knows how we shall answer him:

For in a night the best part of my power, As I upon advantage did remove, Were in the Washes all unwarily Devoured by the unexpected flood.

The King dies.

Sol. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus. 60
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay, When this was now a king, and now is clay!
Bast. Art thou gone so! I do but stay behind To do the office for thee of revenge, And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven, As it on earth hath been thy servant still. Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres, Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths, And instantly return with me again, To push destruction and perpetual shame Out of the weak door of our fainting land.

Straight let us seek, or straight we shall sought:
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sol. It seems you know not then so much as we.
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest, Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin And brings from him such offers of our peace As we with honour and respect may take, With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Sol. Nay, it is in a manner done already; For many carriages he hath dispatch’d To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel To the disposing of the cardinal: With whom yourself, myself, and other lords, If you think meet, this afternoon will post To consummate this business happily.
Bast. Let it be so. And you, my noble prince With other princes that may best be spar’d, Shall wait upon your father’s funeral.
P. Hen. At Worcester must his body inter’d;
For so he will’d it.
Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on The lineal state and glory of the land! To whom, with all submission, on my knee, I do bequeath my faithful services And true subjection everlastingly.
Sol. And the like tender of our love we make To rest without a spot for evermore.
P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks, And knows not how to do it but with tears.
Bast. O! let us pay the time but needful we Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs. This England never did, nor never shall, Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror, But when it first did help to wound itself. Now these her princes are come home again, Come the three corners of the world in arms, And we shall shock them. Nought shall mak us rue.
If England to itself do rest but true. 71

Exeunt.
THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD
THE SECOND.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his Son.

LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLoughby.

LORD FITzWATER.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

ABBOT OF WEsTMINSTER.

SIR STEPHEN SCROop.

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.

CAPTAIN OF A BAND OF WELSHMEN.

QUEEN TO KING RICHARD.

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

LADY ATTENDING ON THE QUEEN.

JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster; | UNCLEs TO
EDMUND OF Langley, Duke of York; | THE KING.
HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, Son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King
Henry IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, Son to the Duke of York.

THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

DUKE OF SURREY.

LORD BERKELEY.

BUSHY, | SERVANTS TO KING RICHARD.

AGOT, | SERVANTS TO KING RICHARD.

GREEN, | SERVANTS TO KING RICHARD.

LORD OF SALISBURY.

LORD WILLoughby.

LORD FITzWATER.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

ABBOT OF WEsTMINSTER.

MOWBRAY.

MOWBRAY.

OTHER ATTENDANTS.

ACT I.


Enter King Richard, attended; John of Gaunt, and other Nobles, with him.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,

I was then, according to thy oath and band,

That other Henry Hereford thy bold son,

Now to make good the bolstorous late appeal,

Then our leisure would not let us hear

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded

Him; he appeals the Duke on ancient malice,

Worthy, as a good subject should, some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,

Some apparent danger seen in him and thy highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,

Drowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear the accuser and the accused freely speak:

Exeunt some ATTENDANTS.

gh-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire, rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, with BOLINGBROKE and MOWBRAY.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege! Mow. Each day still better other's happiness; Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap, Add an immortal title to your crown! K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one but flatters us, As well appeareth by the cause you come; Namely, to appeal each other of high treason. Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray? Boling. First, heaven be the record to my speech! In the devotion of a subject's love, Tendering the precious safety of my prince, And free from other misbegotten hate, Come I appellant to this princely presence. Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee, And mark my greeting well; for what I speak My body shall make good upon this earth, Or my divine soul answer it in heaven. Thou art a traitor and a miscreant; Too good to be so and too bad to live, Since the more fair and crystal is the sky, The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly. Once more, the more to aggravate the note, With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword
may prove.

_Mow._ Let not my cold words here accuse my
self:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason double'd down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime let this defend my loyalty:
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

_Boling._ Pale trembling coward, there I throw
my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop:
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What if I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.
_Mow._ I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

_K. Rich._ What doth our cousin lay to Mow-
bray's charge?
It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

_Boling._ Look, what I speak, my life shall prove
it true:
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand
nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for levied employ-
ments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides I say and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contriv'd in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and
spring.
Further I say and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Shall 'd out his innocent soul through streams of
blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

_Mow._ O! let my sovereign turn away his face
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

_K. Rich._ Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and
ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

_Mow._ Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy head,
Through the false passage of thy throat, th' liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt.
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen,
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's
death,
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grievous soul;
But I last receiv'd the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his host.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

_K. Rich._ Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ru-
me by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed.
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll call the Duke of Norfolk, you your so-

_Gaunt._ To be a make-peace shall become
age:
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's ga-

_K. Rich._ And, Norfolk, throw down his.

_Gaunt._ When, Harry, why?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

_K. Rich._ Norfolk, throw down, we bid thee;
there is no boot.

_Mow._ Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at t'foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my sham
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
of death that lives upon my grave, 
A disgrace'd, impeach'd, and baffled here, 170
To the soul with slander's venom'd spear, 
Which no balm can cure but his heart-blood 
Which breath'd this poison.  
Rich. Rage must be withstood:  
To me his gage: lions make leopards tame. 
Yea, Yea, but not change his spots: take but 
my shame,  
I resign my gage. My dear lord,  
Purse treasure mortal times afford 
To sell my life to both grow in one; 
Honour from me, and my life is done: 
Dear liege, mine honour let me try: 
That I live and for that will I die. 
Rich. Cousin, throw up your gage; do you 
begin.  
Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself? 
Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and 
defence.  
Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt. 
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold 
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight: 
O! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear, 
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast. 
Or, if misfortune miss the first career, 
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom 
That they may break his foaming courser's back, 
And throw the rider headlong in the lists, 
A cut off regrant to my cousin Hereford! 
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife. 
With her companion grief must end her life. 
Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry. 
As much good stay with thee as go with me! 
Duch. Yet one word more. Grief boundeth 
where it falls, 
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight: 
I take my leave before I have begun, 60
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done. 
Command me to thy brother, Edmund York. 
Lo! this is all: nay, yet depart not so; 
Though this be all, do not so quickly go: 
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah! what?— 
With all good speed at Flashy visit me. 
Alack! and what shall good old York there see 
But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls, 
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones? 69
And what hear there for welcome but my groans? 
Therefore commend me; let him not come there, 
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where. 
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and die: 
The last leaf of thee takes my weeping eye. 
Exeunt.  
SCENE III.—Open Space near Coventry. 
Lists set out, and a throne. Heralds etc attending. 
Enter the Lord Marshal and Aumerle. 
Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd? 
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and
bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's
trumpet.
Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd,
and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish. Enter King Richard, who takes his
seat on his throne; Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot,
Green, and Others, who take their places. A
trumpet is sounded, and answered by another
trumpet within. Then enter Mowbray in arms,
defendant, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who
thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in
arms,
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy
quarrel.
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valor!

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of
Norfolk:
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
Which God defend a knight should violate!
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Trumpet sounds. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant,
in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is and why he cometh hither
Thus placed in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou
hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy
quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's
hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets ye
highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in
arms!

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
 Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O! let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Amurerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerily drawing breath;
Lo! as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayer
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And refurbish new the name of John a Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee
prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant,
And live.

Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George
thrive!

Mow. However God or fortune cast my lot
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's
throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy year
As gentle and as solemn as to jest,
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord; securely I espouse
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right.

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry 'tis

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of
Norfolk.

First Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself
On pain to be found false and recreant.
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

Second Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray,
Duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve
KING RICHARD II.

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate:
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God,
Our part therein we banish with yourselves,
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, so help you truth and God!
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Mow. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:—

By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Mow. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know:
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rise.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

Ext.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away. To BOLINGBROKE. Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.
Boling. How long a time lives in one little word!
Four legging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.
Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby:
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lead a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimages;
Thy word is current with him for my death.
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereeto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?
Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O! had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild.
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas! I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.
K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid
him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
Flourish. Exit King Richard and Train.

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. O! to what purpose dost thou hear thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look! what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.
Boling. O! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or clow the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O! no, the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring it on thy way.
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farew well
Sweet soil, adieu:
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

Scene IV.—London. A Room in the King's Castle.

Enter King Richard, Bagot, and Green, one door; Aumerle at another.

K. Rich. We did observe, Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you please,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And say, what store of partings were shed?
Aum. Faith, none for me; except the not east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What said our cousin when parted with him?
Aum. 'Farewell:'
And, for my heart disclaimed that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me on
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's gripe;
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have length'd
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but
but,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friend
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green
Observe'd his courtship to the common people,
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smail
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supper knee.
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my low friends;'
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Enter Bushy.  

Shy, what news?  

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,  

shyly taken, and hath sent post-haste  
entreat your majesty to visit him.  

Rich. Where lies he?  

Bushy. At Ely House.  

Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind,  

help him to his grave immediately!  

lining of his coffers may make coats  
deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.  

we, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:  

God we may make haste, and come too late!  

Id. Amen.  

Enter Bushy.  

ACT II.  


Gaunt on a couch; the Duke of York and Others standing by him.  

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe  
my last  
wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?  
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;  
all in vain comes counsel to his car.  
Gaunt. O! but they say the tongues of dying men  
force attention like deep harmony:  
here words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,  
they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.  
that no more must say is listen'd more;  
Then they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze;  
are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:  
The setting sun, and music at the close,  
the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
rit in remembrance more than things long past:  
ough Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.  
York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds;  
praises of his state: then there are fond  

Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound  
The open ear of youth doth always listen:  
Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
Limps after in base imitation.  
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,  
So it be new there's no respect how vile,  
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?  
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.  
Direct not him whose way himself will choose:  
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.  

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,  
And thus expiring do foretell of him:  
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;  
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;  
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;  
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:  
Light vanity, insatiable cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon prey's upon itself.  
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war;  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which savis it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a most defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
For Christian service and true chivalry,  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's rausom, blessed Mary's son;  
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,  
Like to a tenement, or peiting farm:  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame.  
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:  
That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,  
How happy then were my ensuing death.  

Enter King Richard and Queen; Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, and Wilmoughby.  

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;  
For young hot colts, being rage'd, do rage the more.  
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?  
K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is't with aged Gaunt?  
Gaunt. O! how that name befits my composition;  
Old Gaunt indeed, and Gaunt in being old:  
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;  
And who abstains from meat that is not Gaunt?  
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks;  so
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No; misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.
K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those
that live?
Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that
die.
K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou
flatter'st me.
Gaunt. O! no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.
K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see
thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he that made me know I see
thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thouliest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the curer
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach be would have laid thy
shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law,
And thou——
K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an auge's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unresented
shoulders.
Gaunt. O! spare me not, my brother Edward's
son,
For that I was his father Edward's son.
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou ta'd out and drunkenly carons'd; My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom far befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's
blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long withered flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormenters be!

Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honour have
Exit, borne out by his Attendants.
K. Rich. And let them die that age and shall
have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grief
York. I do beseech your majesty, impute
words
To wayward sickness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear.
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.
K. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford
love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.
K. Rich. What says he?
North. Nay, nothing; all is said.
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent
York. Be York the next that must bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and doth he:
His time is spent: our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars.
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kern
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they hath privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some char
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
York. How long shall I be patient? A how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's bani
ment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's privi
wongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke.
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace.
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first.
In war was never lion rug'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild.
Than was that young and princely gentleman
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours:
But when he frown'd, it was against the French
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not the
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.
K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?
York. O my liege, Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
I not the one deserve to have an heir?
not his heir a well-deserving son?
ke Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
charter's and his customary rights;
not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
not thyself; for how art thou a king
by fair sequence and succession?
we, afore God.—God forbid I say true!—
you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
in the letters-patent that he hath
his attorneys-general to sue
s livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
d prick my tender patience to those thoughts
sight honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. Rich. Think what you will: we seize into
our hands
plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I'll not be by the while: my liege,
farewell:
that will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
by bad courses may be understood
at their events can never fall out good. Exeunt
K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire
straight:
him repair to us to Ely House
see this business. To-morrow next
will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
we create, in absence of ourself,
uncle York lord governor of England;
he is just, and always lov'd us well.
me on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
more, for our time of stay is short.
Flourish. Exeunt KING, QUEEN, BUSHY,
AUMERLE, GREEN, and BAGOT.
North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is
dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.
Ross. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break
with silence
't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue. 220
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him
't speak more
at speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou'st speak to the
Duke of Hereford?
it be so, out with it boldly, man;
sick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
less you call it good to pity him,
creft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs
are borne
him, a royal prince, and many more
noble blood in this declining land.
ke king is not himself, but basely led
flatterers; and what they will inform,
erely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
at will the king severely prosecute
against us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous
taxes,
lost their hearts: the nobles hath he find'd
in ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
at what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for war'd he
hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows.
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.
Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in
farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a
broken man.
North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over
him.
Ross. He not money for these Irish wars,
His burdensome taxes notwithstanding.
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate
king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wreck that we must
suffer;
And unavowed is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck. 270
North. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of
height
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou
dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts: therefore be bold.
North. Then thus: I have from Fort le Blanc,
that
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord
Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and
Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland. 290
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from breaking pawn the blenish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.
Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them
that fear.
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be
there. 300

Scene II.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Busky. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
Queen. To please the king I did; to please myself
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest.
As my sweet Richard: yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles; at some thing it grieves
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty
shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so.
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wall;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not:
more's not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: how'er it be,
I cannot but be sad, so heavy sad
As, though in thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceal is still deriv'd
From some forerather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, is that not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. God save your majesty! and well met,
gentlemen:
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope
he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd
his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurgh.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!
Green. Ah! madam, 'tis too true: and that is
worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry
Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northum-
berland
And all the rest revolted faction traitors?

Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of
Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my
woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir;
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck
O! full of careful business are his looks.

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should belie my
thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grie
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home.
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him

Enter a servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was? Why, so! Go all which we
will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are
cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Sirrah, get thee to Plasysh, to my sister Glo-
cestcr;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lor-
ship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is 't, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came the duchess die:
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this weeful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to God,
So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,
The king had cut off my head with my brother'
What! are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come, sister; cousin, I would say: pray, pard
me,
Go, fellow, get thee home: provide some cart
And bring away the armour that is there.

Exit Servant.

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know
How or which way to order these affairs
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to rig
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin,
I'll dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster your men,
KING RICHARD II.

Exeunt YORK and QUEEN.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland, but none returns. For us to levy power proportionable to the enemy is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons; for their love lies in their purses, and whose empties them by so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then do so we, because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle; the Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office the hateful commons will perform for us, except like curs to tear us all to pieces. Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No: I will to Ireland to his majesty. farewell: if heart's presages be not vain, We three here part that never shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York strives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas! poor duke, the task he undertakes of numbering sands and drinking oceans dry: Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly. farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Wolds in Gloucestershire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord, I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire: These high wild hills and rough uneven ways Draw out our miles and make them wearisome; And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar, Making the hard way sweet and delectable. But I bethink me what a weary way From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company, Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd the tediousness and process of my travel: But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have The present benefit which I possess; And hope to joy is little less in joy Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HENRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever. Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learnt his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh, To offer service to the Duke of Hereford, And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover What power the Duke of York had levied there; Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service, Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young, Which elder days shall ripen and confirm To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure I count myself in nothing else so happy As in a soul remembering my good friends; And as my fortune ripens with thy love, It shall be still thy true love's recompense: My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees.

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard; And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour; None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby, Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues A banish'd traitor; all my treasury Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd, Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor; Which, till my infant fortune comes to years, Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKELEY.

North. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess, Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster: And I am come to seek that name in England; And I must find that title in your tongue.
Before I make reply to aught you say.

**Berk.** Mistake me not, my lord: 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out:
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time
And rouse our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

**Boling.** I shall not need transport my words by you:
Here comes his grace in person. My noble uncle!

**York.** Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

**Boling.** My gracious uncle—

**York.** Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs so
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more 'why'? why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O! then how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee
And minister correction to thy fault.

**Boling.** My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it and wherein?

**York.** Even in condition of the worst degree;
In gross rebellion and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

**Boling.** As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O! then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condem'd
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away
To upstart unlifth'rs? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman:
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

**North.** The noble duke hath been too much abused.

**Ross.** It stands your grace upon to do him right.

**Willo.** Base men by his endowments are made great.

**York.** My lords of England, let me tell you this
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

**North.** The noble duke hath sworn his coming
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

**York.** Well, well, I see the issue of these arms
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left;
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle
And there repose you for this night.

**Boling.** An offer, uncle, that will we accept:
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth.
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

**York.** It may be I will go with you; but yet
I'll pause,
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care.

**Exeunt**

**Scene IV.**—A Camp in Wales.

Enter Salisbury and a Captain.

**Cap.** My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

**Sol.** Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welsh man:

The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

**Cap.** 'Tis thought the king is dead: we will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven,
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap.
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.

Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled.
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead. Exit

**Sol.** Ah! Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star.
Scene IV.

KING RICHARD II.

all to the base earth from the firmament.  
by sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
visiting storms to come, owe, and unrest,  
your friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,  
and crostly to thy good all fortune goes.  Exit.

ACT III.

Scene I.—Bristol. Bolingbroke's Camp.

Inter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Percy, Willoughby, Ross; Bushy and Green, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls,  
ince presently your souls must part your bodies,  
With too much urging your penuicous lives,  
'twere no charity; yet to wash your blood  
from off my hands, here in the view of men  
will unfold some causes of your deaths.  
You have misplaced a prince, a royal king,  
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
by you unhappily and disfigur'd clean:  
You have in manner with your sinful hours  
Faded a divorce betwixt his king and him,  
Broke the possession of a royal bed,  
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.

Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,  
Near to the king in blood, and near in love  
All you did make him misinterpret me,  
Have stoo'd my neck under your injuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;  
While you have fed upon my sighs,  
Dispar'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,  
From mine own windows torn my household coat,  
A'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,  
Save men's opinions and my living blood,  
To show the world I am a gentleman.  
His and much more, much more than twice all this,  
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over  
To execution and the hand of death.  
Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me  
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.  
Green. My comfort is that heaven will take our souls  
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.  
Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

Exeunt Northumberland and Others,  
with Bushy and Green.

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;  
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:  
Tell her I send to her my kind commands;  
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.  
York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd  
With letters of your love to her at large.  
Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,  
To fight with Glendower and his complices:  
Awhile to work, and after holiday.  
Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.

Flourish: drums and trumpets. Enter King Richard, Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?  
Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air  
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?  
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy  
To stand upon my kingdom once again.  
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,  
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favour with my royal hands.  
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;  
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,  
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet  
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.  
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;  
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.  
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:  
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones  
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
Shall faller under foul rebellion's arms.  
Car. Fear not, my lord: that power that made you king  
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.  
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,  
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,  
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.  
Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.  
K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not  
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders and in outrage bloody here;  
But when from under this terrestrial ball  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?  
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,  
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night  
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,  
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east.  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day,  
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.  
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord.  
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd  
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

**Enter Salisbury.**  
Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?  
Sal. Nor near nor further off, my gracious lord,  
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue  
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.  
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,  
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.  
O! call back yesterday, bid time return,  
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;  
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

**Aum.** Comfort, my liege! why looks your grace so pale?

**K. Rich.** But now the blood of twenty thousand men  
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;  
And till so much blood thither come again,  
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?  
All souls that will be safe fly from my side;  
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

**Aum.** Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.

**K. Rich.** I had forgot myself. Am I not king?  
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.  
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?  
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes  
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,  
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?  
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York  
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who  
comes here?

**Enter Scroop.**

**Scroop.** More health and happiness betide my liege  
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

**K. Rich.** Mine ear is open and my heart prepared:  
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.  
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;  
And what loss is it to be rid of care?  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?  
Greater he shall not be: if he serve God  
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:  
Revol't our subjects? that we cannot mend?  
They break their faith to God as well as us:  
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;  
The worst is death, and death will have his day.  
Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd  
To bear the tides of calamity.  
Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,  
So high above his limits swells the rage  
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land

With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.  
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairies scalps  
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women voices,  
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joint  
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;  
Thy very beardsmen learn to bend their bows  
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;  
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills  
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,  
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

**K. Rich.** Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.  
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot  
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?  
That they have let the dangerous enemy  
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps  
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.  
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

**Scroop.** Peace have they made with him indeed  
my lord.  
**K. Rich.** O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!  
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!  
Snakes, in my heart-blood warn'd, that sting my heart!  
Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas.  
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war  
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!  
**Scroop.** Sweet love, I see, changing his property  
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.  
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made  
With heads and not with hands: those whor you curse  
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound  
And lie full low, grad'v in the hollow ground.  
**Aum.** Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?  
**Scroop.** Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.  
**Aum.** Where is the duke my father with his power?  
**K. Rich.** No matter where. Of comfort a man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth;  
Let's choose executors and talk of wills;  
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?  
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's;  
And nothing can we call our own but death,  
And that small model of the barren earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:  
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd  
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping  
kill'd?  
All in one word: for within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic site  
Scrooping his state and grinning at his pomp;  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
s if this flesh which walls about our life
fere brass impregnable; and humour'd thus
times at the last, and with a little pin
ores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
over your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
ith solemn reverence: throw away respect,
radition, form, and ceremonious duty,
or you have but mistook me all this while:
live with bread like you, feel want,
aste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
tow can you say to me I am a king?
Caw. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their
woes,
ut presently the ways to wait. 119
to fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
nd so your follies fight against yourself.
nd be slain; no worse can come to fight:
nd fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.
Am. My father hath a power; inquire of him
nd learn to make a body of a limb.
K. Rich. Thou child'st me well. Proud Boling-
broke, I come
o change blows with thee for our day of doom.
his aega-fit of fear is over-blown;
E easy task it is to win our own.
s, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
peak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
so may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
play the tormentor, by small and small,
nd lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
our uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
nd all your northern castles yielded up,
nd all your southern gentlemen in arms
upon his party.
K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
dshew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
that sweet way I was in to despair!
that say you now? what comfort have we now?
vy heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
hat bids me be of comfort any more.
30 to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
210
that power I have, discharge; and let them go
to ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none: let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Am. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Wales. Before Flint Castle.
Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE
and Forces; YORK, NORTHERM, and

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York. It would becom the Lord Northumber-
land
To say 'King Richard': alack! the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.
North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been 11
Would you have been so brief with him, he
would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you
should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you
should,
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.
Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry; what! will not this castle
yield? 20

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king? 31

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone;
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord
Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. O! belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lords.

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's
hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again be freely granted.
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd English-
men:
The which, how far off from the mind of
Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noise of threat'n ing
drum,
That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.

Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle’s, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!
K. Rich. To Northumberland. We are amaz’d;
And thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss’d us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can grip the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp,
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends;
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mastering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence: and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, for you methinks he stands,
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers’ sons
Shall ill become the flower of England’s face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures’ grass with faithful English blood.
North. The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rash’d upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he sweares,
That stands upon your royal grand sire’s bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of war-like Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will command to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the kin returns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish’d without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.

Northumberland retires.

To Aumerle. We do debate ourselves, cousin: do we not,
To look so poorly and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?
Aum. No, good my lord; let’s fight wit gentle words
Till time lend friends and friends their help’d swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e’er this tongue
Of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On you proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth. O! that I were as gross
As is my grief, or lesser than my name,
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now.
Swell’d thou, proud heart! I will give thee scope
to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be depos’d?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? o’ God’s name, let it go:
I’ll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman’s gown,
My larder’s goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer’s walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I’ll be buried in the king’s highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects’ fee
May hourly trample on their sovereign’s head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep’st, my tender-hearted cousin!
We’ll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus; to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid: ‘There lie
Two kinsmen digg’d their graves with weeping eyes.’
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idly and you laugh at me.
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.
North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
KING RICHARD II.

Enter King Richard and his Attendants.

Boling. Stand all apart, d show fair duty to his majesty.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,

K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have

at know the strong'st and surest way to get:

cle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes:
as show their love, but want their remedies.

Kneeling. V. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee

make the base earth proud with kissing it:

rather had my heart my feel your love

an my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

Cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
as high at least, although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,

my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have

at know the strong'st and surest way to get:

cle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes:
as show their love, but want their remedies.

in, I am too young to be your father,

ough you are old enough to be my heir.

at you will have I'll give, and willing too;

do what must force will have us do.


Then I must not say no.

Flourish. Exeunt.


Enter the Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden?

Boling. What sport shall we devise here in this garden?

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Boling. What sport shall we devise here in this garden?

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden?
Queen. O! I am press'd to death through want of speaking.  

Coming forward. 

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden, 

How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news? 

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee 

To make a second fall of cursed man? 

Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd? 

Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth, 

Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how 

Cam'st thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch. 

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I 

To breathe this news, yet what I say is true. 

King Richard, he is in the mighty hold 

Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd: 

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself, 

And some few vanities that make him light; 

But in the balance of great Bolingbroke, 

Besides himself, are all the English peers. 

And with that odds he weighs King Richard down. 

Post you to London and you'll find it so; 

I speak no more than every one doth know. 

Queen. Nimble mischeance, that art so light of foot, 

Doth not thy embassage belong to me, 

And am I last that knows it? O! thou think'st 

To serve me last, that I may longest keep 

Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go, 

To meet at London London's king in woe. 

What! was I born to this, that my sad look 

Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke? 

Gardener, for telling me these news of woe, 

Pray God the plants thou graff'st may never grow. 

Exeunt Queen and Ladies. 

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might 

be no worse, 

I would my skill were subject to thy curse. 

Here did she fall a tear; here in this place 

I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace; 

Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen, 

In the remembrance of a weeping queen. 

Exeunt. 

ACT IV. 

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall. 

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; 

the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons 

below. 

Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, another Lord, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with Bagot. 

Boling. Call forth Bagot. 

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind; 

What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death, 

Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd 

The bloody office of his timeless end. 

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle. 

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man. 

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue 

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd. 

In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted, 

I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length, 

That reacheth from the restful English coast 

As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?' 

Amongst much other talk, that very time, 

I heard you say that you had rather refuse 

The offer of an hundred thousand crowns 

Than Bolingbroke's return to England; 

Adding withal, how best this land would be 

In this your cousin's death. 

Aum. 

Princes and noble lords! 

What answer shall I make to this base man? 

Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars, 

On equal terms to give him chastisement? 

Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd 

With the attainer of his slanderous lips. 

There is my gage, the manual seal of death, 

That marks thee out for hell: I say thou liest. 

And will maintain what thou hast said is false. 

In thy heart-blood, though being all too base 

To stain the temper of my knightly sword. 

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not try it up. 

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the 

In all this presence that hath mov'd me so. 

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy 

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine. 

By that fair sun which shows me where the stand'st, 

I heard thee say, and vanuntingly thou spak'st; 

That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death. 

If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest; 

And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, 

Where it was forged, with my rapier's point. 

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to that day. 

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this 

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell this. 

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is true 

In this appeal as thou art all unjust; 

And that thou art so, there I throw my gage. 

To prove it on thee to the extremest point 

Of mortal breathing: seize it if thou dar'st. 

Aum. An if I do not may my hands rot of 

And never brandish more revengeful steel 

Over the glittering helmet of my foe! 

Another Lord. I task the earth to the 

forsworn Aumerle; 

And spur thee on with full as many lies 

As may be holli'd in thy treacherous ear. 

From sun to sun: there is my honour's paw 

Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st. 

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, thou hast 

at all, 

I have a thousand spirits in one breast, 

To answer twenty thousand such as you. 

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember 

The very time Aumerle and you did talk. 

Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence 

And you can witness with me this is true. 

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true. 

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest. 

Surrey. 

Dishonourable be 

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword 

That it shall render vengeance and revenge, 

Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie.
KING RICHARD II.

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and, then Ameo best so held differences!...".

And if you crown him, let me prophesy,
The blood of English shall manure the ground
And future ages groan for this foul act:
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall join with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O! If you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you
'woe!'

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. Exit.
Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
Little are we beholding to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with King Richard, and Officers bearing the crown, etc.

K. Rich. Alack! why am I sent for to a king
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry 'All hail!'; to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.

God save the king! Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk! well then, amen.
God save the king! though I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?
York. To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here, cousin,
On this side my hand and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I.

Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine.

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.


My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give I have, though given away;
They tear me down, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbrokè that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!

God save King Henry, unkind'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!

What more remains?

North. Offering a paper. No more but that you read

These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthy depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weak'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offenses were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth balm myself,
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undek the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insiring man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title
No, not that name was given me at the font;
But 'tis usurp'd: alack! the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself
O! that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops.

Good king, great king, and yet not greatly go,
If my command be sterling yet in England.
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a look glass.

North. Exit o'er this paper while the god doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me er come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfy'd

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I'll run enough

When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's my self.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine
And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this the face the first
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

Dashes the glass against the ground
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers
Mark, silent king! the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath
Stroy'd

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! Ha! let's see
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul.
There lies the substance; and I thank thee, God
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st me
Cause to wall, but tenchest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. 'Fair cousin!' I am greater than
king;
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
KING RICHARD II. 365

KING. Yet ask.

Rich. And shall I have?

KING. You shall.

Rich. Then give me leave to go.

KING. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

KING. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

Rich. O, good! convey? conveyers are you all, it rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

Exeunt King Richard and Guard.

Enter King Richard and Guard.

Rich. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down coronation: lords, prepare yourselves. [Exeunt all but the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.]

bbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

ar. The wee's to come; the children yet unborn
Il feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

wm. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
Id the realm of this pernicious blot?

bbot. My lord,
re I freely speak my mind herein,
shall not only take the sacrament
bure my intents, but also to effect
ve never shall happen to devise.

e your brows are full of discontent,
r hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
me home with me to supper; I will lay
lot shall show us all a merry day.

Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Street leading to the Tower.

Enter the QUEEN and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
Caius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
whose flint bosom my condemned lord
n'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
et us rest, if this rebellious earth
,e any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King Richard and Guard.

Rich. soft, but see, or rather do not see,
fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
at you in pity may dissolve to dwell,
wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
thon, the model where old Troy did stand,
um an honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
not King Richard; thou most beauteous imm,
y shoul hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
, en triumph is become an alehouse guest?

Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do
not so,
make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
think our former state a happy dream;
which awk'd, the truth of what we are
us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
grim Necessity; and he and I

ke a league till death. His thee to France,
d cloister thee in some religious house:
e holy lives must win a new world's crown,
ich our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What? is my Richard both in shape and mind

Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'errepower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like, at
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

Rich. A king of beasts indeed; if aught
but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France;

Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;

With all swift speed you must away to France.

Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder whereewith

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all
And he shall think that thou which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,

Being ne'er so little urge'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurp'd throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and thereon end.

Take leave and part; for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly divorc'd! Bad men, you violate

A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me:
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.

Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;

My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp.

She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part!

Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both and send the king with me.
North. That were some love but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, this I let me go.
K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one wo.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than near, be it the near.
Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the
way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in woeing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part:
Thus give me mine, and thus take I thy heart.
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Duke of
York's Palace.

Enter YORK and the DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell
the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Throw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-
broke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried 'God save thee, Boling-
broke!'
You would have thought the very window-speak,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespeak them thus: 'I thank you, countrymen':
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alack! poor Richard; where rode he
the whilst?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried 'God save
him!'
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
With which such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purport
steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce be melted,
And barbarism itself have pitted him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm content.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for eye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son: who are the victors
now
That strew the green lap of the new come spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly
not:
God knows I had as lief be none as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring
of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to pride.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs
triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.
York. What seal is that that hangs with thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who sees
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have all
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I must
see.
I fear, I fear,—
Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself? what doth he
a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may
show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it.
Snatches it, and reads:
Treason! foul treason! Villain! traitor! so
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here?
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle
horse.
Exit Sen-
Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth
I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace. What is the matter?
KING RICHARD II.

uen. Good mother, be content; it is no more in my poor life must answer.

uch. Thy life answer! York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

uch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amaz’d.

oe, villain! never more come in my sight.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

uch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

it thou not hide the trespass of thine own? we more sons, or are we like to have? got my teeming date drunk up with time? wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age, rob me of a happy mother’s name? not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond, mad woman, thou conceal this dark conspiracy? dozen of them here have ta’en the sacrament, interchangeably set down their hands, kill the king at Oxford.

uch. He shall be none; I’ll keep him here; then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times son, I would approach him.

uch. Hadst thou groan’d for him I have done thou would’st be more pitiful, now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect at I have been disloyal to thy bed, he is a bastard, not thy son: York, sweet husband, be not of that mind: as like thee as a man may be, like to me, nor any of my kin, yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman! Exit. Douch. After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse;

post, and get before him to the king, beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee, not be long behind; though I be old, not but to ride as fast as York: never will I rise up from the ground. Bolingbroke have pardon’d thee. Away! be gone. Exeunt.

CENE III.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

ter BOLINGBROKE as king; PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my untruthful son? full three months since I did see him last, any plague hang over us, ’tis he. would to God, my lords, he might be found: quire at London, ’mongst the taverns there, there, they say, he daily doth frequent, unrestrained loose companions, such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes beat our watch and rob our passengers; hie he, young wanton and effeminate boy, on the point of honour to support dissolve a crew.

Perey. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince, told him of those triumphs held at Oxford. Boling. And what said the gallant?

Boling. As dissolve as desperate: yet through both I see some sparks of better hope, which elder days may happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE.

uen. Where is the king?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares and looks

So wildly?

uen. God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty

to have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone. Exeunt PERCY and Lords.

What is the matter with our cousin now?

uen. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth, Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault? If on the first, how heinous e’er it be, To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

uen. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,

That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.

York. Within. My liege, beware! look to thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I’ll make thee safe. Drawing.

uen. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.

York. Within. Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak; Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,

That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me show. Remem. Remember, as thou read’st, thy promise pass’d:

I do repent me; read not my name there; My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. ’Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.

I tore it from the traitor’s bosom, king; Fear, and not love, begets his penitence. Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy! O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain, From whence this stream through muddy passages Hath held his current and desill’d himself! Thy overflow of good converts to bad, And thy abundant goodness shall excuse This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice’s bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies, 70
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kille'st me in life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. Within. What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing.

And now chang'd to 'The Beggar and the King.'

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in: 81
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king! believe not this heart-hardened man:
Love living not itself none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dag's once more a traitor rest? 90

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege.

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.

Duch. Against them both my true joints bended be.

Ill may'st thou thrive if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Plead's he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
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He prays but faintly and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul and all beside;
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayer ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say 'stand up';
But 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, 'par-
donnez-moi.'

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah! my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord
That sett'st the word itself against the word.
Speak 'pardon,' as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue the
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. With all my heart I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heel.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear.
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell; and cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath prayer'd, and proved true.

Duch. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee now.

Enter Exton and Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, which words he spake,
Have I no friend will rid me of this living foe;
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he; he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me:
As who should say, 'I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

Enter Scene IV—Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul the father: and these two begot
A generation of still-breeding thoughts.
And these same thoughts people this little world
In humour like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better so;
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus, 'Come, little ones'; and then again
Enter Keeper, with a dish.

K. Rich. Keep, fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

K. Rich. My lord, will 'tis please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

K. Rich. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Knave. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

Snatching a weapon, and killing one.

Go thou and fill another room in hell.

He kills another: Exton strikes him down.

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand.

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high.

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

Dies. Exton. As full of valor as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt; O! would the deed were good;
For now the devil, that told me I did well,

Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear.

Take hence the rest and give them burial here.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Windsor. An Apartment in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke and York, with Lords and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear

Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?
North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife.
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thy hate wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do pois need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labors,
But neither my good word nor princely favor
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me groan
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinence.
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after; grace my mournings here
In weeping after this untimely bier.

Exeunt.
THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY
THE FOURTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, Prince of Wales, 1 Sons to the King.
John of Lancaster, 2
Earl of Westmoreland.
Sir Walter Blunt.
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy surnamed Hotspur, his son.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Archibald, Earl of Douglas.
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlairn, Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. The Palace.
Enter King Henry, Westmoreland, and Others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,We have a time for frightened peace to pant,To breathe short-winded accents of new broilsBemused in words of war, and to be commendedIn dangers everlastingly remote,More than the thirty entrance of this soilIs daub'd her lips with her own children's blood;More than the trenches war channel her fields,Or bruise her flowerets with the armed hoovesOf hostile paces: those opposed eyes,Whick like the meteors of a troubled heaven,Of one nature, of one substance bred,Id lately meet in the intestine shockAnd furious close of civil butchery,Now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,Arch all one way, and be no more oppos'dAgainst acquaintance, kindred, and allies:He edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,More shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,Those soldier now, under whose blessed crossWe are impress'd and engag'd to fight,Or with a power of English shall we levy,Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb,Chase these pagans in those holy fields,Whose acres walk'd those blessed feetWhich fourteen hundred years ago were nail'dFor our advantage on the bitter cross.

But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hearOf you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,What yesternight our council did decreeIn forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,And many limits of the charge set downBut yesternight: when all athwart there cameA post from Wales laden with heavy news;Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,Leading the men of Herefordshire to fightAgainst the irregular and wild Glendower,Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,A thousand of his people butchered:Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,Such beastly shameless transformationBy those Welshwomen done, as may not beWithout much shame re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then that the tidings of this broilBrake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This match'd with other like, my gracious lord;For more uneven and unwelcome news Came from the north, and thus it did import:On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,That ever-valiant and approved Scot,At Holmedon met,Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;As by discharge of their artillery,And shape of likelihood, the news was told;For he that brought them, in the very heatAnd pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse, Stain'd with the variation of each soil Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours; And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights, Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners Hotspur took

Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son To beat Douglas, and the Earl of Athol, Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.

And is not this an honourable spoil? A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith, It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin In envy that my Lord Northumberland Should be the father to so blest a son;

A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant; Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride: Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him, See riot and dishonour stain the brow Of my young Harry. O! that it could be prov'd That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd In cradle-clothes our children where they lay, And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet.

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine. But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz, Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners, Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd, To his own use he keeps, and sends me word, I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester, Malevolent to you in all aspects; Which makes him prone himself, and bristle up The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect Our holy purpose to Jerusalem. Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords; But come yourself with speed to us again; For more is to be said and to be done Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. 

EXECUT.

SCENE II.—The Same. An Apartment of the Prince's.

Enter the Prince and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad? Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeving upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clock the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed self-same himself a fair hot wench in flame-colours taffeta, I see no reason why thou should'st so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now Hal, for we that take purses go by the moon at the seven stars, and not by Phoebus, he, the wandering knight so fair. And, I prithee, swe-wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy Grace majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

Prince. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as win serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night body be called thieves of the day's beauty: Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shad minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed as thy sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds we too; for the fortune of us that are the moon men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by,' and spent with crying 'Bring in now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder and by and by as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. An is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wag? Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad, the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plag批次 have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy par?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coat would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not he apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus foibed as it is with the rusty curb and old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already; I mean thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves as so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort jumps with my humour as well as waiting in th' court, I can tell you.
Prince. For obtaining of suits!

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the

ugman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I

as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged
.ar.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's late.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bag-

96. Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the

slanchoy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury simile

art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest,
ett young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble

no more with vanity. I would to God thon

d I knew where a commodity of good names
were to be bought. An old lord of the council

ned the other day in the street about you,
but I marked him not; and yet he talked
ry wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet
talked wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out

the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O! thou hast damned iteration, and art
deed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done

ich harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for
.Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing;
d now am I, if a man should speak truly, little
ter than one of the wicked. I must give over
life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an
do not, I am a villain: I shall be damned for
ver a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow,
ck?

Fal. 'Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make
; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in
see; from praying to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no
for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins! we
shall know if Gadshill have set a match.
if men were to be saved by merit, what hole
hell were hot enough for him? This is the
ost omnipotent villan that ever cried 'Stand!' a
true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says
onsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-
d-Sugar! Jack! how agrees the devil and
e about thy soul, that thou soldest him on
-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a
lad capon's leg!

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil
all have his bargain; for he was never yet a
reaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his
de.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy
ord with the devil.

Prin. Else he had been damned for cozening

a devil.

Poins. But, my lords, my lords, to-morrow morn-
g, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! There are
gims going to Canterbury with rich offerings,
d traders riding to London with fat purses: I
we vizards for you all; you have horses for
urselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester;
have bespoke supper to-morrow night in East-
: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you
ill go I will stuff your purses full of crowns;
you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,

By breaking through the soul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am.
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

Exit.

SCENE III.—The Same. The Palace.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and Others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourg of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O! sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel we shall send for you.

Exit Worcester.

To Northumberland. You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As was deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners:
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pounce-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came the
Took it in smuff: and still he smil'd and talk'd
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannishly
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being coo,
To be soothe'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd negligently, I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made a mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark!
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmafet for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
This baid unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prison's
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom strait
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendow;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of Maidon
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all the wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he too,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendow;
I pardon was stay He Those never You I But, Wor. yet, 1 remling ad sunds Hot. J and North. ear Rom from id lour with working such deadly wards; ner did base and rotten policy pour her working with such deadly wounds; ner never could the noble Mortimer 110 oive so many, and all willingly an let not him be slander’d with revolt. K. Hen. Thou dost belle him, Percy, thou dost belle him: never did encounter with Glendower: all thee, durst as well have met the devil alone Owen Glendower for an enemy. t thou not asham’d? But, sirrah, henceforth t me not hear you speak of Mortimer: nd me your prisoners with the speediest means, you shall hear in such a kind from me 121 will displeasure. My Lord Northumberland, e license your departure with your son. nd us your prisoners, or you ’ll hear of it. Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and Train. Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them, will not send them: I will after straight tll him so; for I will ease my heart, though it be with hazard of my head. North. What! drunk with cholera? stay and pause awhile ere comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer! 139 ound! I will speak of him; and let my soul ant mercy if I do not join with him: his behalf I ’ll empty all these veins, sd shed my dear blood drop by drop i’ the dust, n I will lift the down-trod Mortimer hig’ i’ the air as this unthankful king, his ingrate and canker’d Bolingbroke. nth. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners; nd when I arg’d the ransom once again 141 f my wife’s brother, then his cheek look’d pale, nd on my face he turn’d an eye of death, rembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not pro claim’d y Richard that dead is the next blood? nth. He was; I heard the proclamation: nd then it was, when the unhappy king, those wrongs in us God pardon! did set forth pon his Irish expedition;

rom whence he, intercepted, did return o be depos’d, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world’s wide mouth ive scandaliz’d and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft! I pray you, did King Richard then reclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer lir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it. Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king, That wish’d him on the barren mountains starve. But shall it be that you, that set the crown 160 Upon the head of this forgetful man. And for his sake wear the detested blot Of murd’rous subornation, shall it be, That you a world of curses undergo, Being the agents, or base second means, The cords, the ladder, or the hangerman rather? O! pardon me that I descend so low, To show the line and the predicament Wherein you range under this subtle king. Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, 170 Or fill up chronicles in time to come, That men of your nobility and power Did gage them both in an unjust behalf. As both of you, God pardon it! have done, To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose, And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke! And shall it in more shame be further spoken, That you are fool’d, discarded, and shook off By him for whom these shames ye underwent? No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem 180 Your banish’d honours, and restore yourselves Into the good thoughts of the world again; Revenge the jeering and disdain’d contempt Of this proud king, who studies day and night To answer all the debt he owes to you Even with the bloody payment of your deaths. Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin! say no more. And now I will unclasp a secret book, And to your quick-conceiving discontents I’ll read you matter deep and dangerous, 190 As full of peril and adventurous spirit As to o’er-walk a current, roaring loud, On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:

Send danger from the east unto the west, So honour cross it from the north to south, And let them grapple: O! the blood more stirs To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit Drives him beyond the bounds of patience. 200 Hot. By heaven methinks it were an easy leap To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac’d moon, Or dive into the bottom of the deep, Where fathom-line could never touch the ground, And pluck up drowned honour by the locks; So he that doth redeem her thence might wear Without corvial all her dignities: But out upon this half-fac’d fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here, But not the form of what he should attend. 210 Good cousin, give me audience for a while, And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I ’ll keep them all;

By God, he shall not have a Scot of them: No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not: I ’ll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away, And lend no ear unto my purposes. Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that’s flat. He said he would not ransom Mortimer; 220 Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer; But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear 'I'll holla 'Mortimer'!
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke; and
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon 't—it is in Gloucestershire;—
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke;
'Sblood!
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkeley castle.

Hot. You say true.

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'
And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin';
O! the devil take such cozeners. God forgive me!

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, 'tis again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, 'tis faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners,
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted.

To NORTHUMBERLAND. You, my lord,
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it:
Upon my life it will do wondrous well.

North. Before the game's afoot thou still let'st slip?

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot;
And then the power of Scotland and of York
To join with Mortimer, ha!

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd—

Wor. Cousin, farewell: no further go in th'—
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at one
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall trust
I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O! let the hours be she
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our spo.

Enter CARRIERS.

ACT II.


Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

First Car. Heigh-ho! An't be not four
The day I'll be hanged! Charles' Wain is o'—
The new chimney, and yet our horse not packed,
What, ostler?—

Ostler. Within. Anon, anon.

First Car. I pritches, Tom, beat Cut's saddl—
Put a few flecks in the point; the poor jade
Wrung in the withers out of all coss.

Enter another Carrier.

Second Car. Peas and beans are as dank he
As a dog, and that is the next way to give po—
Jades the bots: this house is turned upside dow
Since Robin Ostler died.

First Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the—
Price of oats rose: it was the death of him.

Second Car. I think this be the most villano—
House in all London road for fleas: I am sure
Like a tent.

First Car. Like a tent! by the mass, the—
Is ne'er a king in Christendom could be bett—
Bit than I have been since the first cock.

Second Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er—
Jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; at—
Your chamberlie breeds fleas like a loach.

First Car. What, ostler! come away and—
Hanged, come away.

Second Car. I have a gammon of bacon at—
Two races of ginger, to be delivered as far—
Charing-cross.

First Car. God's body! the turkeys in a—
Pannier are quite starved; What, ostler—
Plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in th'—
Head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as god—
A deed as drink to break the pate on thee, I a—
A very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Act I. Scene I.

First Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Jad. I prithee, lend me thine lantern, to see

First Car. Nay, by God, soft : I know a trick

rth two of that, I faith.

Jad. I prithee, lend me thine.

Second Car. Ay, when? canst tell? 'Lend me

thou lantern,' quoth a'? marry, I'll see thee

aged first.

Jad. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean

come to London?

Second Car. Time enough to go to bed with a

idle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs,

'll call up the gentlemen: they will along

th company, for they have great charge. 31

Exeunt Carriers.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. Within. 'At hand,' quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as 'at hand,' quoth

a chamberlain; for thou variest no more from

king of purses than giving direction doth

an labouring; thou layest the plot bow.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadhill. It

dids current that I told you yesternight: there's

ranklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three

undied marks with him in gold : I heard him

lit to one of his company last night at supper;

kind of auditor; one that hath abundance

charge too, God knows what. They are up

ready and call for eggs and butter: they will

ay presently. 66

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint

cholers' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I prithee, keep that

the hangman; for I know thou worshippest

int Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hang-

? if I hang I'll make a fat pair of gallows;

if I hang old Sir John hangs with me, and

on knowest he's no starving. Tut there

other Troyans that thou dreamest not of, the

ich for sport sake are content to do the prono-

sion some grace; that would, if matters

ould be looked into, for their own credit sake

ake all whole. I am joined with no foot land-

ers, no long-staff sixty spies, none of

ese mad mustachio purple-hued maultorms;

it with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters

great oneyers; such as can hold in, such as

ill strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner

an drink, and drink sooner than pray: and

I lie; for they pray continually to their

int, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray

her, but prey on her, for they ride up and

own on her and make her their boots. 90

Cham. What! the commonwealth their boots?

ill she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored

er. We steal as I in a castle, cock-sure; we

ve in receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more

horing to the night than to fern-seed for our

walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a

care in our purchase, as I am a true man. 100

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are

false thief.

Gads. Go to; homo is a common name to all

men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the


SCENE II.—The Road by Gadshill.

Enter the Prince and Poins.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed

Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gunned

velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What

a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill:

I'll go seek him. 10

Fal. I am accused to rob in that thief's

company; the rascal hath removed my horse

and tied him I know not where. If I travel

four foot by the square further afoot I shall

break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair

death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing

that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly

any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I

am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the

rascal have not given me medicines to make me

love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else:

I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague

upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere

I'll rob a foot further. An 'wre were not as good a

deal as drink to turn true man and to leave these

rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed

with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is

threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the

stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A

plague upon 't when thieves cannot be true to

one another!

They whistle. 81

Whew! I a plague upon you all! Give me my

horse, you rogues; give me my horse and be

hanged.

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine

ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear

the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again,

being down? 'Sblood! I'll not bear mine own

flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy

father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to
colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest thou art not colted thou art

uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to

my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir

apparent garden! If I be ta'en I'll peacethis.

An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung

to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison:

when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So do, against my will.

Poins. O! 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter Bardolph and Peto.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye: on with your vizards:

there's money of the king's coming down the

hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.
Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds! will they not rob us?

Prince. What! a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou neest him there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hanged.

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

Exeunt PRINCE and POINS.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us Youth: down with them; fleece them.

Travellers. O! we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs! I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What! ye knaves, young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i' faith. Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.

Re-enter the PRINCE and POINS.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters; let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more value in that Poins than in a wild duck.

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away, and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.

The thieves are scatter'd and possess'd with fear. So strongly that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Were 't not for laughing I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roard! Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.

But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be a contented to be there, in respect of the love I have your house.

He could be contented; why is he not the In respect of the love he bears our house: shows in this he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous:— why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a co to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord for out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flow safety.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous; friends you have named uncertain; the time is unsorted; and your whole plot too light for counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again you are a shallow cowardly hound, and you What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, a plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friend, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, we good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue this! Why, my Lord of York commends to plot and the general course of the action: 'Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glower? Is there not besides the Douglas? Had I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set forward already? What a page rascal is this! an this infidel! Ha! you shall now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, we to the king and lay open all our proceedings! O! I could divide myself and go to buffets, and moving such a dish of skimmed milk with honourable an action. Hang him! let him to the king; we are prepared. I will set forwa to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within the two hours.

Lady P. O! my good lord, why are you th alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the ear And start so often when thou sitt'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy chee And given my treasures and my rights of the To thick-eyed musing and curs'd melancholy In thy faint slumber I by thee have watch'd And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars, Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast tall Of sallies and retirets, of trenches, tents,
Lady P. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate; Whither I go, thither shall you go too; To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you. Will this content you, Kate?

Lady P. It must of force. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Bow's Head Tavern.

Enter the Prince and Poins.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me firstly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Cornthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinner, one that never spake other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome'; with this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Francis!' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! Exit.

Enter Francis.

Franc. Anon, anon, sir! Look down into the Pomegranet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Franc. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Franc. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Within. Francis!

Franc. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five years! by' r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Franc. O Lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. Within. Francis!

Franc. Anon, sir.
Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Franc. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. Within, Francis!

Franc. Anon, sir. Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me, ’twas a pennyworth, was’t not?

Franc. O Lord, sir! I would it had been two.

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pounds: ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Within, Francis!

Franc. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis! No, Francis; but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, o’ Thursday; or, indeed Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis! Franc.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jeerin, crystal-button, knot-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, cadena garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Franc. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will suil. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Franc. What, sir?

Poins. Within, Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear them call?

Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within.

Exit Francis.

My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.

Exit Vintner.

Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what’s the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o’clock at midnight.

Re-enter FRANCIS.

What’s o’clock, Francis?

Franc. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy’s mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife ‘Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.’ ‘O my sweet Harry,’ says she, ‘how many hast thou killed to-day!’ ‘Give my roan horse a drench,’ says he, and answers ‘Some fourteen,’ an hour after; ‘a trifle, a trifle!’ I pritchee, o’ in Falstaff: I’ll play Percy, and that daunt brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Riv says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, PETO, and FRANCIS.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I sew neither-stocks and mend them and foot the too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

He drinks.

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a duck of butter, pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted the sweet tale of the sun? if thou dost thibed to behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here’s lime in this sack to there is nothing but roguery to be found in a man: yet a coward is worse than a dog of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt. Manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old. God help the while! a bad world, I say. I heard I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or a thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. Why now, wool-sack! what manner ye are.

Fal. A king’s son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and draw all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of geese, I’ll never wear hair on my face more. Ye, Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, thou whoreson round man, what manner ye are!

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to this and Poins there?


Fal. I call thee coward! I’ll see thee damn ere I call thee coward; but I would give thousand pound I could run as fast as thee canst. You are strong enough in the shoulder you care not who sees your back: call you thin backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drud to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce with since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All’s one for that.

He drinks.

A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What’s the matter?

Fal. What’s the matter! there be four of here that have ta’en a thousand pound this morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-swo with a dozen of them two hours together, he have escaped by miracle. I am eight tim thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a hand-saw: ecce signum.
ver dealt better since I was a man: all
did not do. A plague of all cowards! Let
a speak: if they speak more or less than
they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it ?

d. We four set upon some dozen,— 190
d. Sixteen, at least, my lord.
d. And bound them.
do. No, no, they were not bound.
d. You rogue, they were bound, every man
then; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.
d. As we were sharing, some six or seven
men set upon us,—
d. And unbound the rest, and then come in
other.

Prince. What! fought you with them all? 200
d. All! I know not what you call all; but
fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunc:
dish: if there were not two or three and
upon poor old Jack, then am I no twed
creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some
hem.
d. Nay, that's past praying for: I have
pered two of them: two I am sure I have,
two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee,
Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face,
me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;
I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four
nies in buckram let drive at me,—

Prince. What! four? thou said'st but two
now.
d. Four, Hal; I told thee four.
ons. Ay, ay, he said four.
d. These four came all a-front, and mainly
ist at me. I made me no more ado but took
their seven points in my target, thus. 211

Prince. Seven! why, there were but four even
.
d. In buckram!
ons. Ay, four, in buckram suits.
d. Seven, by these hills, or I am a villain

Prince. Prithée, let him alone; we shall have
anon.
d. Dost thou hear me, Hal? 220

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.
d. Do so, for it is worth the listening to.
in buckram that I told thee of,—
Prince. So, two more already.
d. Their points being broken,—
ons. Down fell their hose.
d. Began to give me ground; but I followed
close, came in foot and hand, and with a
night seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men
wn out of two.
d. But, as the devil would have it, three
begotten knaves in Kendal-green came at my
k and let drive at me: it was so dark,
that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father
ets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable,
y, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated,
thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is
the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these
in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou
could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us thy
reason: what sayest thou to this?

Pois. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What! upon compulsion? 'Zounds! an
I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the
world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give
you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as
plenty as blackberries I would give no man a
reason upon compulsion, I. 253

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin:
this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-
back-breaker, this huge hulk of flesh;—

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you
dried neat's-tongue, you bull's-pizzle, you stock-
fish! O! for breath to utter what is like thee;
you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you
vile standing tuck;—

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it
again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base
comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Pois. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and
bound them, and were masters of their wealth.
Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.
Then did we two set on you four, and, with a
word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it;
yea, and can show it you here in the house.
And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as
nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for
mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard
bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy
sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in
fight! What trick, what device, what starting-
hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from
this open and apparent shame?

Pois. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast
thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that
made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it
for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn
upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am
as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the
lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is
a great matter, I was a coward on instinct. I
shall think the better of myself and thee during
my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true
prince. But, by the Lord, ladies, I am glad you
have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors;
watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, ladies,
boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellow-
ship come to you! What shall we be merry?
shall we have a play extemore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be
thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. O Jesu! My lord the prince! 310

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what
sayest thou to me?

Quick. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of
the court at door would speak with you: he
says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him
a royal man, and send him back again to my
mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Quick. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at
midnight? Shall I give him his answer?
Prince. Prithée, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. Exit.

Prince. Now, sirs: by 'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no; fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hast fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rattest away. What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?


Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bray from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

Poin. O! Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mortlake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away tonight; thy father's beard is turned white with

the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Prince. Why then, it is like, if there come hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidensheads as they buy hob-nails, by hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; I like we shall have good trading that way, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? art being heir apparent, could the world pick out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou list me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joint-stock thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and a precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quenched out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that may be thought I have wept; for I must speak passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' style.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand as a nobleman.

Quick. O Jesu! this is excellent sport, I' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling to are vain.

Quick. O, the father! how he holds his con
tenance.

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my trist queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Quick. O Jesu! he doth it as like one of the harlotry players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle brain! Harry, I do not only marvel where thy spendest thy time, but also how thou art acco
cpanied: for though the camomile, the more it trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That art my son, I have partly thy mother's way, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villan-trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then be son to me, here lies the point; why, be son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall a blessed sun of heaven prove a michel and blackberries? a question not to be asked. Sir, son of England prove a thief and purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing. Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and I know to many in our land by the name of pit this pitch, as ancient writers do report, do defile; so doth the company thou keepest; I, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink and tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not words only, but in woes also. And yet there a virtuous man whom I have often noted in the company, but I know not his name.
Prince. What manner of man, an it like your esty?

A. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corant; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and lost noble carriage; and, as I think, his age so fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to three-score; and now I remember me, his name is staff: if that man should be lewdly given, deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his ks. If then the tree may be known by the at, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him with, the rest banish. And tell me now, a naughty varlet, tell me, how hast thou n this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do ub stand for me, and I'll play my father.

A. Depose me! if thou dost it half so gravely, majestically, both in word and matter, hang up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a ulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

A. And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry! whence come you?

A. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are avous.

A. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swarest thou, ungracious boy! hence-neth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently rid away from grace: there is a devil haunts e in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of i's thy companion. Why dost thou converse h that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch beastliness, that swoln barrel of dropseys, that ye' bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag guts, that roasted Mamingtree ox with the iding in his belly, that reverend vice, that y infamy, that father ruffian, that vanity in s. Wherein is he good but to taste sack? drink it! wherein neat and cleanly but to ve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning but craft? wherein crafty but in villany? wherein amous but in all things? wherein worthy but nothing?

A. I would your grace would take me u: whom means your grace?

Prince. That villainous abominable misleader youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded tan.

A. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

A. But to say I know more harm in him an in myself were to say more than I know. Fat he is old, the more the pitty, his white is do witness it: but that he is, saving your verence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. sack and sugar be a fault, God help the cocked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then my an old host that I know is damned: if to fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh'slean kine be to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, nish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet sh Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack ustaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore revaliant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, unh not him thy Harry's company, banish im thy Harry's company: banish plump ack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. A knocking heard.

Exeunt Mistress Quickly, Francis, and Bardolph.

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bard. O! my lord, my lord, the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

A. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. O Jesu! my lord, my lord!

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what's the matter?

Quick. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

A. Dost thou hear, Hal! never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward without instinct.

A. I deny thy major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

A. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

Exeunt all but the Prince and Peto.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, Master sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here, For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff! Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets.

He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.

What hast thou found?
To tell you once again that at my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened field.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;

And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea

That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out that is but woman's son

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art

And hold mepace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better

Welsh.

I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy! you will make it

mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty dee

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;

But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, command

The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, cox, to shame the
devil

By telling truth: tell truth and shame the devil

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither.

And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him

hence.

O! while you live, tell truth and shame the devil

Mort. Come, come;

No more of this unpardonable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke

made head

Against my power; thrice from the banks of W

And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him

Bootsless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too.

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divi-

our right

According to our threelfold order ta'en?

Mort. The archacon hath divided it

Into three limits very equally.

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,

By south and east, is to my part assign'd:

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore

And all the fertile land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower: and, deare cox, to you

The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn,

Which being sealed interchangeably,

A business that this night may execute,

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I

And my good Lord of Worcester will set fort

To meet your father and the Scottish power,

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen day

Within that space you may have drawn togeth

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gent

men.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to ye
lords;

And in my conduct shall your ladies come,

From whom you now must steal and take a
leave;

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,

Will you sit down?

And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!

I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;

For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with

A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen

Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

Of burning cressets; and at my birth

The frame and huge foundation of the earth

Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same

season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd,

though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,

If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth

did tremble.

Hot. O! then the earth shook to see the

heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement

striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down

Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth

Our grandam earth, having this distemperate,

In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
r there will be a world of water shed on the parting of your wives and you.

Now. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here.

quantity equals not one of yours:

how this river comes mankin' in,
d cuts me from the best of all my land.

I have the current in this place damm'd up,
d here the smug and silver Trent shall run
a new channel, fair and even:
shall not wind with such a deep indent,
rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Not! wind! it shall, it must; you see it doth.

Yea, but

rk how he bears his course, and runs me up
th like advantage on the other side; 110
Iding the opposed continent as much
on the other side it takes from you.

Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
d on this north side win this cape of land;
d then he runs straight and even.

I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

I will not have it alter'd.

Will not you?

Why, that will I.

Let me not understand you then:

I can speak English, lord, as well as you,
I was train'd up in the English court;
here, being but young, I framed to the harp
an English ditty lovely well,
gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
that was never seen in you.

Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.

rather be a kitten, and cry mew
in one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
rather hear a brazen canstic turn'd, 120
a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
thing so much as mincing poetry:
like the lord'd gait of a sheiling nag.

Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

I do not care: I'll give thirce so much land
any well-deserving friend;
t in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
et the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glad. The moon shines fair, you may away
by night:
I haste the writer and withal
oak with your wives of your departure hence:
afraid my daughter will run mad,
much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Enter Mort. Fir, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
ith telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
of a dragon, and a finless fish,
clip-wing'd griffin, and a monilen raven,
couching lion, and a ramping cat,
such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;
He led me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names:
That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and 'well,'
go to,
But mark'd him not a word. O! he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me.

In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humour; faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entertain you.

In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loses men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Well, I am school'd; good manners be your speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part
with you:
She'll be a soldier too: she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my
aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

GLENDOWER speaks to her in Welsh, and
she answers him in the same.

Glend. She is desperate here; a peevish self-willed harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon. She speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty
Welsh

Which thou dost pour from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

She speaks again.

I understand thy kisses and thou wine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute

2 B
Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
She speaks again.

Mort. O! I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference ‘twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night.
The hour before the heavenly-harness’d team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I’ll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And a straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down;
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. The music plays.

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And ‘tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By ‘r lady, he’s a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical,
For you are altogether governed by honours.
Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; ‘tis a woman’s fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady’s bed.

Lady P. What’s that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

A Welsh song sung by Lady Mortimer.

Hot. Come, Kate, I’ll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, ‘in good sooth!’ Heart! you swear like a comfit maker’s wife.
Not you, ‘in good sooth’; and ‘as true as I live’; and ‘as God shall mend me’; and ‘as sure as day’:
And giv’st such sarcastic surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk’dst further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave ‘in sooth,’
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. ‘Tis the next way to turn tailor or be red-brea-t teacher. An the indentures be drawn,
I’ll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will.

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, the Prince, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince Wales and I
Must have some private conference: but near at hand,
For we shall pre-ently have need of you.

Exeunt

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He’ll breed revengement and a scourge for mee:
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark’d
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such me,
Attempts,
Such harrow pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match’d withal and grant’d to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart.

Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtful I can purge
Myself of many I am charg’d withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproval of many tales devis’d,
Which oft the ear of greatness needest must be,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmonger
I may, for some things true, wherein my
Hath faulty wander’d and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee! yet let me won’t
Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin’d, and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney’d in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder’d at;
That men would tell their children ‘This is hy
Others would say ‘Where! which is Bolingbroke
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress’d myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men’s heart
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouth.
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ner seen but wonder’d at; and so my state
Seldom but symptomatic, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
on kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
ingled his royalty with copering fools,
and his great name profaned with their scorls,
and gave his countenance, against his name,
laugh at giboys and stand the push
every beardless vain comparative;
rew a companion to the common streets,
seoff'd himself to popularity;
at, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
hey surfeited with honey and began
loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
ore than a little is by much too much.
when he had occasion to be seen,
e was but as the euckoo in is June,
ard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
s, sick and blunted with community,
foid no extraordinary gaze,
ch as is bent on sunlike majesty
hen it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
rather drows'd and hung their eyelids down,
pt in his face, and render'd such aspect
cloudy men use to their adversaries,
sing with his presence gluttoned, gorg'd, and full,
ad in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
or thou hast lost thy princely privilege
thile participation: not an eye
is awary of thy common sight,
we mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
hich now doth that I would not have it do,
ake blind itself with foolish tenderness.
Prince. I shall hereafter, my thirce gracious lord,
e more myself.
K. Hen. For all the world
then art to this hour was Richard then
hen I from France set foot at Ravenspurg
nd as I was then is Percy now.
oy, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
hath more worthy interest to the state
an thou the shadow of succession;
of no right, nor colour like to right,
doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
uns head against the lion's armed jaws,
ld, being no more in debt to years than thou,
ads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
bley battles and to bruising arms.
that never-dying honour hath he got
against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
those hot incursions and great name in arms
olds from all soldiers chief majority,
nd military title capital,
through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
Christ.
brace hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing
clothes,
his infant warrior, in his enterprises
comitied great Douglas; ta'en him once,
laraged him and made a friend of him,
fille the mouth of deep defiance up
nd shake the peace and safety of our throne.
nd what say you to this! Percy, Northumber-
land,
he Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas,
Mortimer,
apitulate against us and are up.
at wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
hy, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
ich art my near'st and dearest enemy?
hou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
se inclination, and the start of spleen,

To fight against me under Percy's pay
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find
it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame
with it:
And that shall be the day, when'eer it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.
K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.
How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.
Blunt. So hath the business that I come to
speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are;
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.
K. Hen. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth
to-day,
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old.
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our
meeting
Is Bridgenorth; and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat while men delay.

Scene III.—Lauceop. A Room in the Boar's
Head Tavern.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.
Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely
since this last action? do I not bate? do I not
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Bard. Sir John, you are so frettful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; died not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed three or four times; lived well and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poor, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a Memento Mori. I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, 'By this fire, that's God's angel.' But thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a bull of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O! thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drank me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest Chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time these two-and-thirty years; God reward me for it.

Bard. 'Sblood! I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Quick. Who, I? No; I defy thee: God's light! I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Quick. No, Sir John; you do not know me.

Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe a money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shillings to your back.

Fal. Dowlaw, filthy dowlaw: I have given the away to bakers' wives, and they have mohlers of them.

Quick. Now, as I am a true woman, holier of eight shillings an ell. You owe money besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinking and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Quick. He! alas! he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor! look upon his face; wh call you rich? let them coin his nose, let the coin his cheeks, I'll not pay a denier. What will you make a younger of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my poek picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my granfather's worth forty mark.

Quick. O Jesus! I have heard the prince to him, I know not how oft, that that ring worth copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cu 'blood! an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince and Poins, marching. Fa Staff meets them, playing on his truncheon to a fifi.

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, I' faith must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Quick. My lord, I pray you, hear me.


Quick. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithie, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behin the arras and had my pocket picked: this hou is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three of fo bonds of forty pound apiece, and a seal-ring my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifile; some eight-penny matter.

Quick. So I told him, my lord; and I said heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he spake most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Quick. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in stewed pruse; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Ms Marian may be the deputy's wife of the way to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Quick. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on. I am no thing to thank God on, I went thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, th erst a knife to call me so.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp.
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter: do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will bear him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there? I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why come he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord: he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along? 19

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.
Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited;
His health was never better worth than now.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where
shall I find one that can steal well? O! for a
fine thief, of the age of two and-twenty or there-
abouts; I am hencely unprovided. Well, God
be thanked for these rebels; they offend none
but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of
Lancaster,
To my brother John; this to my Lord of West-
moreland.
Go, Poins, to horse, to horse! for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.
Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall.

At two o'clock in the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there
receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either we or they must lower lie.

Exeunt the Prince, Poins, and Bardolph.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my
breakfast; come!

O! I could wish this tavern were my drum.

Exit.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon by drawn; nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd—but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division. It will be thought
By some that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
Th. Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Scene III.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Dou. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Dou. You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

Dou. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleap,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

The trumpet sounds a part y.

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality.
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous hand
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confessedeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and well we know
the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world’s regard, wretched and low,
A poor unmindful outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov’d,
Swore him assistance and perform’d it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv’d Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer’d him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow’d him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country’s wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he depos’d the king;
Soon after that, depri’d him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task’d the whole state;
To make that worse, suffer’d his kinsman March—
Who is, if every owner were well plac’d,
Indeed his king—to be engag’d in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac’d me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss’d my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pray
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we’ll withdraw
awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impaw’d
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle

Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of gra
and love.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God, you d

EXEC.

SCENE IV.—York. A Room in the Arch-
bishop’s Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.

Arch. He, good Sir Michael; bear this seal
brief
With winged haste to the lord marshall;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make has
Sir M. My good lord, I guess their tenour.

Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bend the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-rais’d pow-
Meets with Lord Harry; and I fear, Sir Micha
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower’s absence then
Who with them was a rated snow too,
And comes not in, o’er-rul’d by prophecies
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lo
Harry Percy,
And there’s my Lord of Worcester, and a host
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the king ha
drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster
The noble Westmoreland, and war-like Blunt,
And many more corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be w
oppos’d.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful ‘tis to fear
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And ‘tis but wisdom to make strong against him
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends: and so farewell, Sir Michael.

EXEC.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The King’s Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter King Henry, the Prince, John of Lac
caster, Sir Walter Blunt, and Sir Jo
Falstaff.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to pe
Above you busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Prince.

The southern wind
Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

w now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well at you and I should meet upon such terms to now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust, and made us off our easy robes of peace, crush our old limbs in ungentle steel: is not well, my lord; this is not well. hat say you to it? will you again unknit is churlish knot of all-abhorred war, move in that obedient orb again here you did give a fair and natural light, be no more an exhal'd meteor, prodigy of fear and a portent broached mischief to the unborn times? Wor. Hear me, my liege. mine own part, I could be well content entertain the lag-end of my life quiet hours; for I do protest, not saw the day of this dislike. K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes it then? Pld. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it. Prince. Peace, cheat, peace! Wor. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks favour from myself and all our house; yet must I remember you, my lord, were the first and dearest of your friends. you my staff of office did I break Richard's time; and posted day and night meet you on the way, and kiss your hand, yet you were in place and in account thing so strong and fortunate as I was myself, my brother, and his son, brought you home and boldly did out-dare 2 dangers of the time. You swore to me, did you swear that oath at Doncaster, did you nothing purpose 'gainst the state, claim no further than your new-fall'n right, seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster. this we swore our aid: but in short space mind'd down fortune showering on your head, such a flood of greatness fell on you, but with our help, what with the absent king, that with the injuries of a wanton time, seeming sufferances that you had borne, the contrarious winds that held the king long in his unlucky Irish wars, at all in England did repulse him dead: doth this swarm of fair advantages took occasion to be quickly woo'd glide the general sway into your hand; your oath to us at Doncaster; being fed by as you used us so that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, set the sparrow: did oppress our nest, new by our feeding to so great a bulk even our love durst not come near your sight or fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly of your sight and raise this present head; hereby we stand opposed by such means you yourself have forg'd against yourself unkind usage, dangerous countenance, And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things indeed you have articulately, proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches, To face the garment of rebellion With some fine colour that may please the eye Of fickle changelings and poor discontent, Which gape and rub the elbow at the news Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want Such water-colours to impaint his cause; Nor moody beggars, starving for a time Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both our armies there is many a soul Shall pay full dearly for this encounter, If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew, The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes, This present enterprise set off his head, I do not think a braver gentleman, More active-valiant or more valorant-young, More daring or more bold, is now alive To grace this latter age with noble deeds. For my part, I may speak it to my shame, I have a true ant been to chivalry; And so I hear he doth account me too; Yet this before my father's majesty— I am content that he shall take the odds Of his great name and estimation, And will, to save the blood on either side, Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so care we venture thee, Albeit considerations infinite Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no, We love our people well; even those we love That are misled upon your cousin's part; And, will they take the offer of our grace, Both he and they and you, yea, every man Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his. So tell your cousin, and bring me word What he will do; but if he will not yield, Rebuke and dreadful correction wait on us, And they shall do their office. So, be gone: We will not now be troubled with reply; We offer fair, take it advisedly.

Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life. The Douglas and the Hotspur both together Are confident against the world in arms. K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them; And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

Exeunt King HENRY, BLUNT, and JOHN OF LANCaster.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship. Prince. Nothing, but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell. Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well. Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. Exit.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour pricks me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour
hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it sensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism. Exit.

SCENE II.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O! no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misconjurate our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being taken from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know
In any case the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas; Officers and Soldiers behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd: deliver up
My Lord of Westmoreland. Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswareing that he is for-worn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O! would the quarrel lay upon our heads,

An I that no man might draw short breath to-d.

But I and Harry Mounmouth. Tell me, tell me
How show'd his tasking? thou didst it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more mode-ly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valu'd with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly,

There did he panse. But I'll tell the wor.
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconjur'd in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamour'd
Upon his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed! and, fellows, soldier friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O gentlemen! the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long:
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us.
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes apace.

Hot. I thank him that he cuts me from my ta
For I profess not talking. Only this,—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal.
In the adventure of this pleasant day.

Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on,
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exit.

SCENE III.—Between the Camps.

Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to

The battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and Sir WALT BLUNT, meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou se
Upon my head?
Prince. What! 'tis a time to jest and daily now! Throws it at him, and exit.
Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbondole of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. Exit. 64

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter King Henry, the Prince, John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland.

K. Hen. I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him. Lane. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up, lest your retirement do amaze your friends. K. Hen. I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent. West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord! I do not need your help:

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lane. We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come.

Exeunt John of Lancaster and Westmoreland.

Prince. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul. 20
K. Hen. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O! this boy
Lends mettle to us all.

Alarums. Enter Douglas.

Dougl. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them: what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field;
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Dougl. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, who'er thou be;
And thus I win thee.

They fight. King Henry being in danger,
Re-enter the Prince.

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee, Who never promiseth but he means to pay. They fight: Douglas flies.

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace!
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent, And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile. Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion, And shoul'dst mak'st, some tender of my life. In this I fear rescue thou hast brought to me. 99

Prince. O God! they did me: too much injury That ever said I hearken'd for your death. If it were so, I might have let alone The insulting hand of Douglas over you; Which would have been as speedy in your end As all the poisonous potions in the world, And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son. K. Hen. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. Exit.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth. Prince. Thou speakest as if I would deny my name. 60

Hot. My name is Harry Percy. Prince. Why, then I see A very valiant rebel of that name. I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy, To share with me in glory any more: Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere; Nor can one England brook a double reign, Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales. Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come To end the one of us; and would to God Thy name in arms was now as great as mine! 70

Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee; And all the budding honours on thy crest I'll crop, to make a garland for my head. Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. They fight.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O Harry! thou hast robb'd me of my youth. I better brook the loss of brittle life Than those proud titles thou hast won of me; They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh: 89 But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool; And time, that takes survey of all the world, Must have a stop. O! I could prophesy, But that the earthy and cold hand of death Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust, And food for— Dies.

Prince. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart! Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk! When that this body did contain a spirit, A kingdom for it was too small a bound; 99 But now two paces of the vilest earth Is room enough: this earth, that bears thee dead, Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. If thou wert sensible of courtesy, I should not make so dear a show of zeal: But let my favours hide thy mangled face, And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself For doing these fair rites of tenderness. Adieu! and take thy praise with thee to heaven Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave, But not remember'd in thy epitaph! He spies Falstaff on the ground. What! old acquaintance! could not all this Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell! I could have better spar'd a better man. O! I should have a heavy mis-s of thee If I were much in love with vanity. Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day, Though many dearer, in this bloody fray. Embowell'd wilt I see thee by and by: Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. 110

Fal. Rising. Embowelled! if thou enbo to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me: eat me too to-morrow. 'Blood!' twas time counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot I paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who is not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dy'd when a man thereby liveth, is to be no count feit, but the true and perfect image of life inde The better part of valour is discretion; in which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy though be dead. How if he should counterfeit too rise? By my faith I am afraid he would proc the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make it sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. W may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confi me but eyes, and nobody sees me:—thereof sirrah, Stabbing him with a new wound in thy thigh come you aile with me. He takes Hotspur on his back.

Re-enter the Prince and John of Lancaster

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd.

Thy maiden sword.

Lanc. But, soft! whom have we he Did you not tell me this fat man was dead? Prince. I did; I saw him dead, Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive? or is it fantasy That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee, spee We will not trust our eyes without our ears: Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a dun man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am Jack. There is Percy: Throwing down the blade If your father will do me any honour, so; if I let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to either earl or duke, I can assure you. Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself, and so thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord! how this world is given to lying. I grant you I was down a bit out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my word I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the w
If I did, bring your luggage nobly on your back: my part, if a lie may do thee grace, did it with the happiest terms I have.

_A retreat is sounded._

Trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours. Let us to the highest of the field, what friends are living, who are dead. 

_Exit the Prince and John of Lancaster._

I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. 

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_SENE IV._—Another Part of the Field._

_trumpets sound._ Enter King HENRY, the Prince, JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.

_Hen._ Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. Sirred Worcester! did we not send grace, and terms of love to all of you? would'st thou turn our offers contrary? use the tenor of thy kinsman's trust? e knights upon our party slain to-day, the earl and many a creature else been alive this hour, a Christian thou hast truly borne victour armies true intelligence. 

or. What I have done my safety urg'd me to; I embrace this fortune patiently, not to be avoided it falls on me.

_Exit._

_K. Hen._ Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too: Other offenders we will pause upon.

_Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded._

How goes the field?

_Prince._ The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him, The noble Percy slain, and all his men Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest: And falling from a hill he was so bruised That the pursuers took him. At my tent The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace I may dispose of him.

_K. Hen._ With all my heart. 

_Prince._ Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you This honourable bounty shall belong, Go to the Douglas, and deliver him Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free: His valour shown upon our crests to-day Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds, Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

_Ianc._ I thank your grace for this high courtesy, Which I shall give away immediately. 

_K. Hen._ Then this remains, that we divide our power. You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed, To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop, Who, as we hear, are busily in arms: Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales, To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March. Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway, Meeting the check of such another day: And since this business so fair is done, Let us not leave till all our own be won. 

_Exeunt._
THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RUMOUR, the Presenter.
KING HENRY the Fourth.
HENRY, Prince of Wales, afterwards
King Henry the Fifth, his Son.
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence, John of Lancaster,
Humphrey of Gloucester, Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Westmoreland, Earl of Surrey,
Gower, Harcourt, Blunt,
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench,
A Servant of the Chief Justice.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
SCROOP, Archbishop of York, of the King's party.
LORD MOYRBAY, Lords and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, etc,
A Dancer Speaker of the Epilogue.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commencèd on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and preparèd defence,
Whiles the big year, swollen with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury

Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troop
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the pleasant towns,
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiresly on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongue
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than y
erowns.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Lord Bardolph.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here? ho!
The Porter opens the gate.

Where is the ear Port. What shall I say you are?
L. Bard. Tell thou the e That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him he
Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

A. Bard. Here comes the earl. Exit Porter.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now is like to be the father of some stratagem. A. Bard. Noble earl, ring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will! A. Bard. As good as heart can wish. The king is almost wounded to the death; I, in the fortune of my lord your son, and the Blunts, I'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field: Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John, prisoner to your son: O! such a day, fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won, nee not till now to dignify the times, cease Caesar's fortunes.

North. How is this deriv'd? A. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence; gentlemans we'll bred and of good name, it freely render'd me these news for true, of Caesar's fortunes.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent Tuesday last to listen after news.

A. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way; he is furnish'd with no certainties from him; he has no hurry that may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Trav. My lord, Sir John Umfrivile turn'd me back with joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd, rode me. After him came spurring hard another gentleman, almost forspent with speed, it stopp'd by me to breathe his bloody horse. After the way to Chester; and of him I demand what news from Shrewsbury. I told me that rebellion had ill luck, that young Harry Percy's spur was cold, that he gave his able horse the head, and bending forward struck his armed heels against the panting sides of his poor jade to the rowel-head, and starting so, seem'd in running to devour the way, going no longer question.

North. Ha! Again: did young Harry Percy's spur was cold? Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion met ill luck?

A. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what: my young lord your son has not the day, on mine honour, for a silken point; give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers give then such instances of loss?

L. Bard. Who, he? He was some hilding fellow that had spelt the horse he rode on, and, upon my life, spoke at a venture. Look! here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title: he Foretells the nature of a tragic volume: So looks the strand whereon the imperious flood Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord, Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother? Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand. Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, So dull, so dead in look, so wo-begone, Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night, And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd; But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue, And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it. This thou would'st say, 'Your son did thus and thus; Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas'; Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds; But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed, Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.' Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet; But for my lord your son—

North. Why, he is dead. See what a ready tongue suspicion hath! He that but fears the thing he would not know Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes. That which he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton:

Tell thou thy earl his divination lies, And I will take it as a sweet disgrace. And make thee rich for doing me such wrong. Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid; Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain. North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead. I see a strange confession in thine eye: Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so; The tongue offends not that reports his death: And he doth sin that doth believe the dead, Not he which says the dead is not alive, Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news Hath but a losing office, and his tongue Sounds ever after as a sullen bell, Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe That which I would to heaven I had not seen; But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state, Rendering faint quittance, weariest and outbreath'd, To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up,
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest pean in his camp,
Being bruised once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead: And as the thing that 's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scut,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gain vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all is
That the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmorland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.

In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weak'ned joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
In impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now engag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice shrift!
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quaff!

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach the
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To crown upon the engag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms; that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which if you give o'er
To stormy passion must perforce decay,
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And sum'md the account of chance, before you said
' Let us make head.' It was your presurmise
That in the dole of blows your son might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge;
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of dang'rd:
Yet did you say 'Go forth'; and none of this;
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: what hath then befall'n
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought for
More than that being which was like to be!

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous sea;
That if we wrought our life 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventured, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'er, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.
Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his follower
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight.
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with quickness, constrain;
As men drink potions, that their weapons on
Seem'd on our side: but, for their spirits a souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
TURNS insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind.
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Fond stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his can.
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to spe truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends w speed:
Never so few, nor never yet more need. Exe.
Enter the Lord Chief Justice and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that comitted the prince for striking him about Bar- 
liph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the livery?

Serv. He, my lord; but he hath since done od service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is going with some charge to the Lord John Lancaster.


Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of my thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John!

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there of wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want oldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any de not one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lie in my throat if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you you lie in your throat if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me: if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter: hence! avaint!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to a reverent care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty. You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of no marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.
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Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer. 129

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf. 170

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gray, gray, gray.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel. 131

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light, but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermongers times that true value is turned bear-hed; pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, an increasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity, and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John! 205

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hollaining and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry. I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop of the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my Peace at home, that our armies join not in a day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinary if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing a bottle, I would I might never spit white age. There is not a dangerous action can peep out but I am thrust upon it. Well, I can last ever. But it was alway yet the trick of an English nation, if they have a good thing, make it too common. If ye will needs say I, an old man, you should give me rest. I went to God my name were not so terrible to an enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny; not a penny; you too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well, we commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

Exeunt Chief Justice and Servants.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beat. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a can part young limbs and lecher but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinn'd the other, and so both the degrees prevent curses. Boy!

Page. Sir!

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and twopence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers a lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; tell to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the flow of white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. Exit Page.

A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pois! the one or the other plays the rogue with a great to. Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension she seen the more reasonable. A good wit would make use of any thing; I will turn diseases commodity.

Ex


Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords Harington, Mowbray, and Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause as known our means:

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes: And first, lord marshal, what say you to it? Mowbray. I well allow the occasion of our arm But gladly would be better satisfied How in our means we should advance ourselv To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the power and prudence of the king. Hast. Our present musters grow upon the To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;
In three divided, and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.
Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together
And come against us in full praisance,
Need not be dreaded.
Hast. If he should do so,
He levies his back unarm'd, the French and Wel-
leaving him at the heels: never fear that.
E. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces
hither?
Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmore-
land;
Against the Welsh, himself; and Harry Mumsmouth:
But who is substituted against the French
I have no certain notice.
Arch. Let us on
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.
An habitation giddy and unsafe
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke
Before he was what thou would'st have him be:
And being now trium'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it.
What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, 'O earth! yield us that king again,
And take thou this.' O thoughts of men accurst!
Past and to come seems best; things present
worst.
Moeb. Shall we go draw our numbers and
set on?
Host. We are time's subjects, and time bids
be gone.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.
Enter Mistress Quickly, Fang, and his Boy,
with her; and Snare following.
Quick. Master Fang, have you entered the
action?
Fang. It is entered.
Quick. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty
yeoman! will a' stand to't?
Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?
Quick. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.
Snare. Here, here.
Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.
Quick. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered
him and all.
Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives,
for he will stab.
Quick. Alas the day! take heed of him: he
stabbed me in mine own house, and that most
beastly. In good faith, he cares not what mis-
chief he doth if his weapon be out: he will foin
like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him I care not for his thrust.

Quick. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an n' come but within my vice,—

Quick. I am undone with his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure; good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A comes contumably to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he's invited to dinner to the Lumber's head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fatted off, and fatted off, and fubbed from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsay-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare: do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quen in the channel.

Quick. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah! thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah! thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Quick. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wot, wot thou? thou wot, wot ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you rustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Quick. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what! are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.

Stand from him, fellow: wherefore lang'st upon him?

Quick. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastecheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Quick. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out house and home; he hath put all my substa into that fat belly of his: but I will have s of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the man I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John! what man of good temper would endure tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course come by her own!

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Quick. Marry, if thou wert an honest self and the money too. Thou didst set to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson when the prince broke thy head for liking father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy w to marry me and make me my lady thy Canst thou den it? Did not goodwife Ke the butcher's wife, come in then and call gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mes vinegar; telling us she had a good dial prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat so whereby I told thee they were ill for a g wound? And didst thou not, when she gone down stairs, desire me to be no more familiar with such poor people; saying ere long 'they should call me madam? didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy b oath; deny it if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; she says up and down the town that her ch son is like you. She hath been in good and the truth is, poverty hath distracted. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am wel quainted with your manner of wrangling true cause the false way. It is not a con brow, nor the throng of words that come more such more than impudent sauciness from can thrust me from a level consideration; have, as it appears to me, practised upon easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and her serve your uses both in purse and perso

Quick. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Prithee, peace. Pay her the owe thee her, and unpay the villain you done with her; the one you may do with stern money, and the other with current repentat

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this s without reply. You call honourable bold impudent sauciness: if a man will make coin and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be so. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty em in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to wrong: but answer in the effect of your rep tion, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

Enter Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower! what new
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Scene II.—The Same. Another Street.

Enter the Prince and Poins.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me, though it discours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name, or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy Holland: and God knows whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is!

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency; let the end try the man. But I tell thee my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

Prince. What would'st thou think of me if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a' had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not trans-form'd him ape.

Bard. God save your grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bard. To the Page. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a potle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

Prince. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.


Gives him money. 

POINS. O! that this good blossom could be kept from cankers. Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee,

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Why, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Page. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

POINS. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

POINS. John Falstaff, knight,—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself; even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger but they say 'There's some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?' says he that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:

POINS. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting. Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace! 

POINS. I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity: he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Pois for he winces the favours so much that he usest thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at times as thou mayest, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, which is as much to say, as thou uset him, Jack Falstaff: my favourites, John with my brothers a sisters, and Sir John with all Europe.

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must marry your sister?

POINS. God send the wench no worse fortun but I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the closet and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feast in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old churc

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quick and Mistress Doll Tearseet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kin woman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heap are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon the Ned, at supper?

POINS. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll fol low you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph; word to your master that I am yet come to tow there's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare ye well; go.

EXECUT BARDOLPH AND PAGE.

This Doll Tearseet should be some road.

POINS. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Albin's and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow his self to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

POINS. Put on two leathern jerkins and apron and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Prince. From a god to a bull! a heavy decla sion! it was Jove's case. From a prince to prentice! a low transformation! that shall mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

EXECUT.

SCENE III. — Warkworth. Before NORTHUM BERLAND'S Castle.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, Lady NORTHUM BERLAND, and Lady PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife and gentle daughter, Give even way unto my rough affairs: Put not you on the visage of the times, And be like them to Percy trouble-ome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no mor Do what you will; your wisdom be your guid North. Alas! sweet wife, my honour is at paw And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.
Scene IV.—London. A Room in the Boy's
Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.


Second Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

First Draw. Why then, cover, and set them down; and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Teasheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

Second Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

First Draw. By the mass, here will be o'd utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

Second Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

Exit.

Enter Mistress Quickly and Doll Teasheet.

Quick. I'faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperamcy; your pulisidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, 'faith, you have drank too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood one can say 'What's this?' How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was: hem!

Quick. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo! here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff, singing.

Fal. When Arthur first in court.—Empty the jordan.—And was a worthy king.

Exit First Drawer.

How now, Mistress Doll!

Quick. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! gluttony and d. cases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the glutton— you help to make the disea-es, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry; our chains and our jewels.

Fal. 'Your brooches, pearls, and o'vches: for to serve braverly is to come halting off you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely.—

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Quick. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as
two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshad? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares. 71

Re-enter First Drawer.

First Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthedest rogue in England.

Quick. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best. Shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Quick. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear it? it is mine ancient.

Quick. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, 't other day; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last. 'Neighbour Quickly,' says he; Master Dunbe, our minister, was by then; 'Neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil; for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name: now a said so, I can tell whereupon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive; receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here: you would bless you to what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, I' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hench hen if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

Exit First Drawer.

Quick. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Quick. Do I! yea, in very truth do I, an 'twere an aspen-leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Quick. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I charge you.

Doll. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, che- ing, lack-linen mate! Away, you moudly rog away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you fill bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my kn in your mouldy chaps an you play the sea cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rase you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since wh I pray you, sir! God's light! with two pol on your shoulder! much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will mull your ruff for this!

Fal. No more, Pistol: I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our comap pistol.

Quick. No, good Captain Pistol; not he sweet captain.

Doll. Captain! thou abominable damn cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call captain? An captains were of my mind, I would truncheon you out for taking their nau upon you before you have earned them. Yo captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a whose ruff in a bawdy-house? He a capta hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stew prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's lig these villains will make the word as odious the word 'occupy,' which was an excellent go word before it was ill sorted: therefore capta had need look to't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal B dolph; I could tear her. I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first; to Flat damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Ere and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, I. Down, down, dogs! down, fates! Have not Hiren here?

Quick. Good Captain Peessel, be quiet; 'tis we late, 't faith. I beseech you now, aggrav your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! St pack-horses, And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with Cesars, and with Cannibals, And Troyan Greeks? ray, rather damn them w King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

Quick. By my troth, captain, these are w bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will gr to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! give crown pins! Have we not Hiren here!

Quick. O' my word, captain, there's none st here.

What the good-year! do you think I would deny her?

For God's sake! be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calippo Come, give's some sack.

Si forte me tormentas, sperato me contento. Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fit
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a cat's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well.

Doll. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit! hang him, baboon! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard: there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a' plays at quoits well, and eats congr and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flaps, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoidupos.

Prince. Would not this navel of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lying to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a curvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday; shalt have a cap tomorrow. A merry song! come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken at the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis!

Prince, Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Coming forward.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's. And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Quick. O! the Lord preserve thy good grace; by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu! are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

Doll. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your
revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Quick. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilfulabuse; and then I know how to handle you. 

Fal. No abuse, Hal; o' mine honour; no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Pois. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; none, Ned; none: no, faith, boys, none.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Pois. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath picked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast maltworms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women? 

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Quick. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Quick. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman,—

Doll. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. 

Quick. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts. Come from the north: and, as I came along, I met and overtook a dozen captains.

Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

So idly to profane the precious time, When tempest of commotion, like the south, Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword and cloak Fal-taff, goodnight.

Quick. Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked.

More knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now! what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. To the Page. Pay the musicians, sirral Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, a good wenches, how men of merit are souled after: the undeserver may sleep when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak; if my heart be not read to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

Quick. Falstaff and BARDOLPH. 

Quick. Well, fare thee well: I have know the these twenty-nine years, come peacod-time but an honest and truer-hearted man,—well fare thee well.

Bard. Within. Mistress Tearsheet!

Quick. What's the matter?

Bard. Within. Bid Mistress Tearsheet con to my master.

Quick. O! run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. 

Exit Page.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace Inter King Henry in his night-gown, with A Page.

K. Hen. Go call the eunuchs of Surrey and Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'erread these letters,

And well consider of them. Make good speed. 

Exit Page.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep! O sleep! O gentle sleep Nature's soft nurse, how have I fretted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down And steep my senses in forgetfulness! Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs, Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, And hun'st with buzzing night-flies to th' slumber, Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great, Under the canopies of costly state, And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody? 0 thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile In loathsome beds, and leavest the kindly coo A watch-case or a common 'lairn bell? Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brain In cradle of the rude imperious surge, And in the visitation of the winds, Who take the rattian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging then
ith deafling clamour in the slippery clouds,
at with the hurly death itself awakes!

nst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
d in the calmest and most stillest night,
ith all appliances and means to root,
ny to a king! Then happy low, lie down!

ey lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.


K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords, we you read o' the letters that I sent you? War. We have, my liege.
K. Hen. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
our it is; what rank diseases grow,
d with what danger, near the heart of it. 40
War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd,
d his to former strength may be restor'd
th good advice and little medicine:
ord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

Y. Hen. O God! that one might read the book
of fate,
d s e the revolution of the times
be mountains level, and the continent
ary of solid firmness, melt itself
o the sea! and, other times, to see
beachy girdle of the ocean
wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
d changes fill the cup of alteration
h divers liquors! Oh! if this were seen,
ahappiest youth, viewing his progress through,
at perils past, what crosses to ensue,
uld shut the book, and sit him down and die.
not ten years gone
Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
feast, and in two years after
re they at wars: it is but eight years since
Percy was the man nearest my soul,
like a brother toil'd in my affairs
laid his love and life under my foot;
, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
ve him defiance. But which of you was by,—

Warwick. You, cousin Nevil, as I may re-

when Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
en check'd and rated by Northumberland,
speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
thumberland, thou ladder by the which
 cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;
ough then, God knows, I had no such intent,
that necessity so bow'd the state
I and greatness we compell'd to kiss:
ue shall come, thus did he follow it,
ime will come, that foul sin gathering head,
d break into corruption: so went on,
telling this same time's condition
he division of our amity.

War. There is history in all men's lives,
uring the nature of the times deceas'd;
which observ'd, a man may prophesy.
ll a near aim, of the main chance of things
yet not come to life, which in their seeds
weak beginnings lie treasured.
ch things become the hatch and brood of time;
by the necessary form of this

King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
To go to bed: upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
I comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight i,1,
And these unseason'd hours performe must add
Upto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—Court before Justice Shallow's
House in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Mouldy,
Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf, and
Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, sir; give
me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir:
early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my
good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-
fellow? and your fairest daughter and mine,
my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas! a black osel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my
cousin William is become a good scholar. He
is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. A' must then to the inns o' court shortly.
I was once of Clement's Inn; where I think
they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called 'lusty Shallow' then,
cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and
I would have done any thing indeed too, and
roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit
of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and
Francis Pickbone, and Will Squel, a Cotswood
man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in
all the inns o' court again: and I may say to
you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and
had the best of them all at commandment.
Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy,
and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither
anon about soldiers!

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same.
I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate,
when a' was a crack not thus high: and the very
same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfi-s,
a fruitor, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu! Jesu! the
mad days that I have spent; and to see how
many of mine old acquaintance are dead!
Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure; death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair!

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu! Jesu! dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH, and One with him.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir: I knew him a good backword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of accommodate: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. 'Phrase' call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just. Look! here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half-a-dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, I me see: so, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call, let them do so, let them do so. Let me see where is Mouldy!

Mould. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limb fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Mould. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are moldy lack use: very singular good! In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Mould. I was prick'd well enough before: you could have let me alone: my old dame w' be undone now for one to do her husbandry at her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me: there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy! you shall g

Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Mould. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside, know you where you are? for the other, Sir John: let me see. Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let we have him to sit undr he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is't shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; b much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; pri him, for we have a number of shadows to fill the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Wart. Where's he?

Fal. Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Wart. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel built upon his back, and the whole frame stand upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you c do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. I you may; but if he had been a ma tailor he'd ha' prick'd you. Wit thou ma as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou ha done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good wil', sir: you can do no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well so courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mou Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shal deo, Master Shallow.
Fec. I would Wart might have gone, sir.
Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that on might'st mend him and make him fit to go, cannot put him to a private soldier that is the ider of so many thousands; let that suffice, o't forcible Feeble.

Fec. It shall suffice, sir.
Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble, ho is next!
Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!
Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.
Bull. Here, sir.
Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick e Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain.—
Fal. What dost thou roar before thou art liked?
Bull. O Lord! sir, I am a diseased man.
Fal. What disease hast thou?
Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; thicke I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, and his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a won; we will have away thy cold; and I will, he will such order as thy friends shall ring for. Is there all here?

Shal. Here is two more called than your mother; you must have but four here, sir: and I pray you, go in with me to dinner.
Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I must tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by your troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we y all night in the windmill in Saint George's ays?
Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, more of that.
Shal. Ha! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane rightwork alive?
Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.
Shal. She never could away with me.
Fal. Never, never; she would always say she old not abide Master Shallow.
Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the art. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she jild her own self?
Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.
Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose at be old; certain she's old; and had Robin rightwork by old Nightwork before I came to lement's Inn.
Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.
Shal. Ha! cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen at that knight and I have seen. Ha! if John, said I well?
Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, faster Shallow.
Shal. That, that we have, that we ave; in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watchword was 'Hem, boys!' Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Jesus, the days that we ave seen! Come, come.

Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here's four Harry ten shillings i French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, had as lieve be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, or mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, 'cause I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Mow. And good Master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do anything about her when I am gone; and she is old and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fec. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind: ain't be my destiny, so; ain't be not, so. No man's too good to serve's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou 'rt a good fellow.
Fec. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and the Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O! give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good, exceeding good. Oh! give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot. Well said, 'faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus: and a' would about and about, and come you in, and come you in: 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say; 'bunce' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.
God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentle-
men both: I thank you; I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shall. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Ful. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shall. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

Ful. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.

Exeunt Shallow and Silence.

On, Bardolph; lead the men away.

Exeunt Bardolph, Renivps, etc.

As I return I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord! how subject we old men are to this vice of lying. This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, dier paid to the nearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: a' was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake: a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswivnes that he heard the carmen whistle, and 'ware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a manion for him, a court; and now has he land and bowes. Well, I'll be acquainted with him if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philo-sopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Exit. 539

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Others.

Arch. What is this forest called?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an' shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs, I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:

Here doth he wish his person, with such pow'r
As might hold sortance with his quality;
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayer
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowbr. Thus do the hopes we have in his touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hust. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge the number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowbr. The just proportion that we gave the out.
Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Arch. What well appointed leader fronts here?

Enter Westmoreland.

Mowbr. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, peace,
What doth concern your coming.

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellious
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Laid on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And comtempn'd by boys and beggary;
I say, if dam'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverence father, and these noble lords
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop!
Whose se is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end: we are all diseas'd;
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the thrones of military men;
But rather show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness
I purge the obstructions which begin to stop very veins of life. Hear me more plainly: we in equal balance justly weigh'd at wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
I find our griefs heavier than our offences.

See which way the stream of time doth run, I am enforce'd from our most quiet sphere at the rough torrent of occasion.
I have the summary of all our griefs, and time shall serve to show in articles, ich long ere this we offer'd to the king,

Might by no suit gain our audience.
If we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
Are denied access unto his person
By those men that most have done us wrong,

Dangers of the days but newly gone,

If memory is written on the earth
Yet appearing blood, and the examples
Every minute's instance, present now,

Put us in these ill-beaming arms;
To break peace or any branch of it,
To establish here a peace indeed,
Carrying both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?

Mowbray, you have been galled by the king!
At peer hath been suborn'd to grante on you,
You should seal this lawless bloody book
Org'd rebellion with a seal divine,

Consecrate commotion's bitter edge!

Mowb. My brother general, the commonwealth,
Brother born an household cruelty,
The quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
If there were, it not belongs to you.

Westmoreland. Why not to him in part, and to us all
We feel the bruises of the days before.

Suffer the condition of these times
A heavy and unequal hand
Of our honours?

West. O! my good Lord Mowbray,
True to the times to their necessities,

You shall see indeed, it is the time,
But not the king, that doth you injuries.
For your part, it not appears to me
From the king or in the present time
You should have an inch of any ground
Build a grief on: were you not restor'd

All the Duke of Norfolk's signories,

Noble and right well remember'd father's?

West. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,

I need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me!
King that lov'd him, as the state stood then,

Force perfuse compell'd to bani-h him:
Then that Harry Bolingbroke and he,

Mounted and both roused in their seats,
Being neighing courser daring of the spur.

Armed in staves in charge, their beavers down,

Breeves of fire sparkling through sights of steel,

The loud trumpet blowing them together;

Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
Father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
When the king did throw his warder down,

Own life hung upon the staff he throw'd;

Threw he down himself and all their lives
By indictment and by dint of sword
Since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom fortune would then have

Smil'd?

But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;
For all the country in a general voice

Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And bless'd and grac'd indeed, more than the king.

But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,

And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:

For, lo! within a ken our army lies,

Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offensive:

A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hatti the Prince John a full commission,

In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name.

I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland,

This schedule,

For this contains our general grievances:

Each several article herein restor'd;

All members of our cause, both here and hence,

That are insinu'd to this action,

Acquitted by a true substantial form

And present execution of our wills

To us and to our purposes consign'd;

We come within our awful banks again

And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet;

And either end in peace, which God so frame!

Or to the place of difference call the swords

Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.

Westmoreland.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me

That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace

Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this; the king
is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life;
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend:
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his
rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement;
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth
your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our
armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name
then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace: my lord,
we come.

Scene II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop,
HASTINGS, and others: from the other side,
JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND,
Officers, and Attendants.

Lanc. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin
Mowbray:
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop; And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron man, Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death. 10

That man that sits within a monarch's heart
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king
Alack! what mischief might he set abroad
In shadow of such greatness. With you, ho, bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken:
How deep you were within the books of God
To us the speaker in his parliament;
To us the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctity of heaven,
And our dull workings: O! who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up
Under the counterfeit zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And both against the peace of heaven and he Have here upswarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time disorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous for
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shov'd in the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd as
With grant of our most just and right desire
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fort
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall do
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel un
While England shall have generation.

Lanc. You are too shallow, Hastings, m too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.
West. Pleaseth your grace to answer the directly
How far forth you do like their articles?

Lanc. I like them all, and do allow them with
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook,
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redressd
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please
Discharge your powers unto their several count.
As we will ours: and here between the army
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens of
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these
dresses.

Lanc. I give it you, and will maintain my word.
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the arm
This news of peace: let them have pay, and if
I know it will well please them: hie to captain.

Exit Officer

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland

Vest. I pledge your grace: an if you knew what pains
we bestow'd to breed this present peace,
I would drink freely; but my love to you
will show itself more openly hereafter.

reh. I do not doubt you.

Vest. I am glad of it.

Vest. Ith to my lord and gentle cousin Mowbray.

lowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
I am, on the sudden, something ill.

reh. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
heaviness foreruns the good event.

Vest. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
res to say thus, 'Some good thing comes to-morrow.'

reh. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit,
lowb. So much the worse if your own rule
be true.

anc. The word of peace is render'd: hark,
how they shout!

lowb. This had been cheerful after victory.
reh. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
then both parties nobly are subdued,
I neither party loser.

anc. Go, my lord,
I let our army be discharged too.

Exit WESTMORELAND.

lowb. This cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
Vest. The leaders, having charge from you to
stand,
not go off until they hear you speak.

anc. They know their duties.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Vest. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:
the youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
hurries to toward his homeland sporting place.

Vest. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for
the which
I arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
I, you lord archbishop, and you, Lord
Mowbray,
capital treason I attach you both.

lowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
Vest. Is your assembly so?

reh. Will you thus break your faith?

L. Lane. I pawn'd thee none.
rems'd you redress of these same grievances
hereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
ill perform with a most Christian care.
For you, rebels, look to taste the due
for rebellion and such acts as yours.
The shallowly did you these arms commence,
udly brought here and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our drums! pursue the scatter'd stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

alarums. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and
COLEVILE, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition
are you, and of what place, I pray?
Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is
Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name, a knight
is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile
shall still be your name, a traitor your degree,
and the dungeon your place, a place deepenough:
so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, who'er I am.
Do ye yield, sir, or shall I swear for you? If I do
sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they
weep for thy death; therefore rouse up fear and
trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and
in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this
belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks
any other word but my name. An I had but a
belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most
active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb,
my womb undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND,
BLUNT, and Others.

Lane. The heat is past, follow no further now.
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

Exit WESTMORELAND.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should
be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check
was the reward of valour. Do you think me
a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my
poor and old motion, the expedition of thought?
I have speeded hither with the very extremest
inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score
and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am,
have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken
Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious
knight and valorous enemy. But what of that?
he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say
with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came,
saw, and overcame.'

Lane. It was more of his courtesy than your
deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield
him; and I beseech your grace, let it be booked
with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the
Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else,
with mine own picture on the top on 't, Colevile
kissing my foot. To which course if I be
enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-
pences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'er-
shine you as much as the full moon doth the
cinders of the element, which show like pins
heads to her, believe not the word of the noble.
Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.
Lanc. Thine's too heavy to mount.
Fal. Let it shine then.
Lanc. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.
Lanc. Is thy name Coleville?
Cole. It is, my lord.
Lanc. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.
Fal. And a famous true subject took him.
Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me You should have won them dearer than you have.
Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis, and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Lanc. Now, have you left pursuit?
West. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.
Lanc. Send Coleville with his confederates
To York, to present execution.
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exeunt Blunt and Others with Coleville, guarded.

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords.
I hear the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.
Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go Through Gloucestershire; and when you come to court
Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

Lanc. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

Exeunt all but Falstaff.

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom.
Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crude vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits must me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in a weapon is nothing without sack, for that set a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold 

By a devil till sack commences it and sets it
And use. Hereof comes it that Prince Hal is valiant; for the cold blood he did natural
inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, stern
and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till
with excellent endeavour of drinking good
a good store of fertile sherris, that he is beco
very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand so
the first human principle I would teach th
should be, to forswear thin potations and
addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph!

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.
Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire;
and there will I visit Master Rob Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempi
between my finger and my thumb, and shor
will I seal with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, and Others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if God doth give succe
ful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.
War, Both which we doubt not but your majes
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester:
Where is the prince your brother?

Glow. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, Windor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

Glow. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence
with him?

Glow. No, my good lord; he is in presence he

Clar. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas
Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince t
brother?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomo
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd:
He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity;
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's fill
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

K. Hen. Which ever in the hauchof winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good
news make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food;
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort, your majesty!

Clar. O my royal father! West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself:
look up!

War. Be patient, princes; you do know these
fits are with his bigness very ordinary:
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be
well.

Clar. No, no; he cannot long hold out these
pangs:
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
So thin that life looks through and will break out.

Glo. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep and leapt'd them
over.

Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb
between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-strings Edward, sick'dand died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Glo. This apoplexy will certain be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray. Exeunt.

Scene V.—Another Chamber.

King Henry lying on a bed: Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, and Others, in attendance.

K. Hen. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter the Prince.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. Who am here, brother, full of heaviness.
Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the king?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Glo. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords. Sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will 't please your grace to go along with us?

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

Exit all but the PRINCE.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow? 20
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspect, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorce'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo! here it sits, 41
Putting it on his head.

Which heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. Exit.

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

Clar. Dost the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone,
My lords?

Clar. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? I let me see him:
He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.
Glo. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go seek him out.

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

Exit WARWICK.

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what thing you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts,
Their brains with care, their bones with industry.

For this they have engrossed and pill'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle checks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knaps
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away his crown?

Re-enter the PRINCE.

Lo! where he comes. Come hither to me, Han
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

Exeunt WARWICK and the rest.

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak so.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to th' thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overweigh thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou low'dst me not;
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou bid'st a thousand daggars in thy thought,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart.
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hear's
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

...my compound me with forgotten dust;
e that which gave thee life unto the worms,
c. down my officers, break my decrees;
now a time is come to mock at form.
Try the Fifth is crown'd! Up, vanity!
wn, royal state! all you sage counsellors,
d to the English court assemble now,
on every region, apes of idleness!
w, neighbour-confinings, purge you of your scum:
ev you a rufian that will swear, drink,dance,el the night, rob, murder, and commit;
olest sins the newest kind of ways?
happy, he will trouble you no more:
gland shall double gild his treble guilt,
gland shall give him office, honour, might;
the fifth Harry from cur'd license plucks
a muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
ill flesh his tooth on every innocent.
my poor kingdom! sick with civil blows.
then that my care could not withhold thy riots,
at wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
though wilt be a wilderness again,
bled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.
Prince. O! pardon me, my liege; but for my
ears, impediments unto my speech,
and forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
you with grief had spoke and I had heard
a course of it so far. There is your crown;
d he that wears the crown immortality
and guard it yours! If it affect me more
as your honour and as your renown,
t me no more from this obedience rise,
rich my most true and inward duteous spirit
ucheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
d witness with me, when I here came in,
d found no course of breath within your
majesty,
wo cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
let me in my present wildness die
d never live to show the incredulous world
noable change that I have purposed.
sing to look on you, thinking you dead,
I dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
pake unto this crown as having sense,
d thus upbraid'd it: 'The care on thee
depending
th fed upon the body of my father;
erefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:
her, less fine in carat, is more precious;
serving life in medicine potable:
t thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
st eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal
liege,
caus't it, I put it on my head,
y with it, as with an enemy
at had before my face murder'd my father,
the quarrel of a true inheritor.
it if it did infect my blood with joy,
swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
any rebel or vain spirit of mine
with the least affection of a welcome
ve entertainment to the might of it.
Here God for ever keep it from my head,
'd make me as the poorest vassal is
at doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
K. Hen. O my son!
'd put it in thy mind to take it hence,
at thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry: sit thou by my bed;
and, hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
by what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it set upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed.
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
Thou seest with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I
could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy
friends,
Have but their stings and teeth nowly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advance'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.
Prince. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter John of Lancaster.


Lanc. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.

Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

Re-enter Warwick with Others.

K. Hen. Dost any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Land be to God! even there my life
must end.
I had been prophesied to me many years
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.  

Exeunt.

ACT V.


Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and PAGE.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away

to-night. What! Davy, I say.

Fol. You must excuse me, Master Robert

Shall. I will not excuse you; you shall not be

excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there

is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be ex-
cused. Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see,

Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook,
bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be

excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot

be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the

headland with wheats!

Shal. With red wheats, Davy. But for William

cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note

for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you

shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must

needs be had; and, sir, do you mean to stop any

of William's wages, about the sack he lost the

other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. A' shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy,

a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton,

and any pretty little tiny kicksbaws, tell William

cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A

friend i' the court is better than a penny in

purses. Use his men well, Davy, for they are

arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir:

for they have marvellous foul linens.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy: about thy busi-
ness, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance Wi-

liam Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of

the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against

that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my

knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave,
sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should

have some countenance at his friend's request. An

honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself,

when a knave is not. I have served your worship

truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once

or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against

an honest man, I have but a very little credit

with your worship. The knave is mine honest

friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship,

let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong.

Look about, Davy.  

Exit Davy.

Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, com-

off with your boots. Give me your hand, Mast-

Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, ki

Master Bardolph: To the Page. And welco-

my tall fellow. Come, Sir John.

Fol. I' ll follow you, good Master Robe

Shallow.  

Exit SHALLO

Bardolph, look to our horses.

Exeunt BARDOLPH and PAGE.

If I were sawed into quantities, I should ma

four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves

Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to s

the semblable coherence of his men's spir-

and his; they, by observing of him, do be

themselves like foolish justices; he, by co-

versing with them, is turned into a justice-li

servingman. Their spirits are so married

conjuncti on with the participation of souls

that they flock together in consent, like so ma

wild geese. If I had a suit to Master Shal-

I would humour his men with the imputa-

being near their master: if to his men, I wou-

curry with Master Shallow that no man can

better command his servants. It is cert

that either wise bearing or ignorant carri

carried, as men take diseases, one of anothe

therefore let men take heed of their compa

I will devise matter enough out of this Shal-

to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter t

wearing out of six fashions, which is four ten

two actions, and a shall laugh without int

vallums. O! it is much that a lie with a sile

cath and a jest with a sad brow will do with

that never had the ache in his shoulder: o

you shall see him laugh till his face be li

wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. Within. Sir John!  

Fol. I come, Master Shallow: I come, Mas-

Shallow.  

Exit.

SCENE II.—Westminster. An Apartment in t

Palace.

Enter WARWICK and the Lord Chief Justice

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whitt

away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now en-

Ch. Just. I hope not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature. And

to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd

with him:

The service that I truly did his life

Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young king lo

you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm's

To welcome the condition of the time;

Which cannot look more hideously upon me

Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCEST

WESTMORELAND, and Others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Har

O! that the living Harry had the temper
him, the worst of these three gentlemen.  
many nobles then should hold their places, 
it must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. O God! I fear all will be overturned.

ane. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

hou., Clar. Good morrow, cousin.

ane. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

war. We do remember; but our argument 
too heavy to admit much talk.

ane. Well, peace be with him that hath made 
us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

hou. O! good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;

d I dare swear you borrow not that face

seeming sorrow; it is sure your own.

ane. Though no man be assur'd what grace to

a stand in coldest expectation.

in the sorrier; 'twere otherwise.

war. Well, you must now speak Sir John 
Falstaff fair,

ich swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in

honour,

by the impartial conduct of my soul;
d never shall you see that I will beg

agreed and forestall'd remission.

truth and upright innocence fail me,

to the king my master that is dead,

tell him who hath sent me after him.

war. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry the Fifth, attended.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and God save your

majesty!

K. Hen. V. This new and gorgeous garment, 

majesty, 

not so easy on me as you think.

thers, you mix your sadness with some fear: 

is the English, not the Turkish court;

Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers, 

by my faith, it very well becomes you:

row so royally in you appears

at I will deeply put the fashion

d wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;

t entertain no more of it, good brothers,

an a joint burden laid upon us all.

r me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

be your father and your brother too;

m me but bear your love, I'll bear your 
cares:

t weep that Harry's dead, and so will I;

t Harry lives, that shall convert those tears

number into hours of happiness.

lane, etc. We hope no other from your majesty.

K. Hen. V. You all look strangely on me: To

The Chief Justice. And you most;

are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly, 

war majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

K. Hen. V. No!

ow might a prince of my great hopes forget 
great indignities you laid upon me?

hat! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

immediate heir of England! Was this easy?

ay this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your 
father;

The image of his power lay then in me:

And, in the administration of his law,

While I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck one in my very seat of judgment;

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave bold way to my authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the gurland,

To have a son set your decrees at nought,

To pluck down justice from your awful bench,

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person:

Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image

And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case 
yours;

Be now the father and propose a son,

Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;

And then imagine me taking your part,

And in your power soft silencing your son:

After this cold consideration, sentence me;

And, as you are a king, speak in your state

What I have done that misbecame my place, 100

My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

K. Hen. V. You are right, justice; and you 

weigh this well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:

And I do wish your honours may increase

Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words:

'Happy am I, that have a man so bold

That dares do justice on my proper son;

And not less happy, having such a son, 110

That would deliver up his greatness so

Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me:

For which, I do commit into your hand

The unstained sword that you have used to bear;

With this remembrance, that you use the same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit

As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand:

You shall be as a father to my youth;

My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear

And I will stoop and humble my intents

To your well-practis'd wise directions.

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;

My father is gone wild into his grave,

For in his tomb lie my afflictions;

And with his spirit sadly I survive,

To mock the expectation of the world,

To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out

Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down

After my seeming. The tide of blood in me

Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:

Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,

Where it shall mingle with the state of floods

And flow henceforth in formal majesty.

Now call we our high court of parliament;

And let us show such limbs of noble counsel,

That the great body of our state may go

In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;

That war, or peace, or both at once, may be

As things acquainted and familiar to us; 130
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand. Our coronation done, we will accite, As I before remember'd, all our state: And, God consigning to my good intents, No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say, God shorten Harry's happy life one day.

Excunt.

Scene III.—Gloucestershire. The Garden of Shallow's House.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Davy, Bardolph, and the Page.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of caravans, and so forth; come, cousin Silence; and then to bed. Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich. Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy. Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses: he is your servingman and your husband. Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down. Come, cousin.

Sil. Ah! sirrah, quoth a', we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads room here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon. Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy. Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon: most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good Master page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat we'll have in drink: but you must bear: the heart's all. Exit. 20

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when boards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats for you. Setting them before BARDOLPH.

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship! I'll be with you straight.

A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the lemon wine:
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if the wantest any thing and wilt not call, beshrew th' air. To the Page. Welcome, my little tin thief; and welcome indeed, too. I'll drink, Master Bardolph and to all the cavaliers at London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die. Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together: ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a potte-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee. Th' knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that a' will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing be merry. Knocking within.

Look who's at door there. Ho! who knocks

Exit Davy.

Fal. To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper. When you have done me right.

Sil. Do me right,
And dub me knight:
Samingo.

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then, say an old man do somewhat.

Re-enter Davy.

Fal. Now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you! sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Po of Barson.

Pist. Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base! Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend, And helter-skelter have I rode to thee, And tidings do I bring and lucky joys And golden times and happy news of price. Fal. I prithee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A fourtare for the world and worldling base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy new Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicon And shall good news be baffled? Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap. Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not you breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore. 

Sil. Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you can with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to concea
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Scene V.—A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, straining rushes.

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes!

Second Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

First Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Dispatch, dispatch.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnings of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis semper idem, for absque hoc nihil est.

'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance and contiguous prison; 
Haul'd thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell
Alecto's snake.

For Doll is in: Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Shouts within; and trumpets sound.

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clanger sounds.

Enter King Henry the Fifth and his Train, the Lord Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens' thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

K. Hen. V. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

K. Hen. V. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers:

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man; so surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awk'ard, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self; so will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenour of our word.

Set on. 

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow.
Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of your thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner.

Come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter JOHN OF LANCASTER, the Lord Chief Justice; Officers with them.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord!
THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Pistol, Nym, Bardolph.
Boy.
A Herald.
Charles the Sixth, King of France.
Lewis, the Dauphin.
Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.
The Constable of France.
Rambures and Grandpré, French Lords.
Montjoy, a French Herald.
Governor of Harfleur.
Ambassadors to the King of England.
Isabel, Queen of France.
Katharine, Daughter to Charles and Isabel.
Alice, a Lady attending on the Princess.
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.
Chorus.

SCENE.—England; afterwards France.

ACT I.

Enter Chorus.

for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
brightest heaven of invention;
kingdom for a stage, princes to act
monarchs to behold the swelling scene.
should the war-like Harry, like himself,
the port of Mars; and at his heels,
like in like hounds, should famine, sword, and
fire
such for employment. But pardon, gentle all,
flat unraised spirits that have dar’d
this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
great an object: can this cockpit hold
wasty fields of France? or may we cram
thin this wooden O the very casques
at did affright the air at Agincourt?
pardon! since a crooked figure may
set in little place a million;
’t let us, ciphers to this great attempt,
your imaginary force work.
pose within the girdle of these walls
now confin’d two mighty monarchies,
ose high upraised and abutting fronts
perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
we our imperfections with your thoughts;
man, a thousand parts divide one man,
da make imaginary puissance:
ink, when we talk of horses, that you see them
lifting their proud hoofs ’tis the receiving earth;
ly your thoughts that now must deck our kings,

Carry them here and there, jumping o’er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

Exit.

SCENE I.—London. An Antechamber in the King’s Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I’ll tell you; that self bill is urg’d,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king’s reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass’d,
But that the scuffling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass
against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands which men devout
by testament have given to the church
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king’s honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lamas and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,

427
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all. 20

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady curance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wildness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs.
You would say it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoretic:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscure'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty.
Save that there was not time enough to hear
As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done
The severs and hidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of Fran.
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that bro't this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that inst.
Cra'ved audience; and the hour I think is co'
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embassy
Which I could with a ready guess declare
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear

SCENE II.—The Same. The Presence Chamber.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford,
Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, &c.
Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Cant
bury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle West.
Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us a France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury
And the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank y

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in Fran
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wretst, or bow your
reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our pers
How you awake our sleeping sword of war;
We charge you, in the name of God, take he
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guilti
drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord,
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience writ.
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, a
you peers,
towe yourselves, your lives, and services
his imperial throne. There is no bar
make against your highness' claim to France
this, which they produce from Pharamond,
\textit{etiam Salicem nullius re succedant,}
woman shall succeed in Salique land:
ch Salique land the French unjustly gloze 40
the realm of France, and Pharamond
founder of this law and female bar.
their own authors faithfully affirm
the land Salique is in Germany,
ween the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
re Charles the Great, having subdued
the Saxons,
left behind and settled certain French;
holding in disdain the German women
some dishonest manners of their life,
publish'd then this law; to wit, no female 50
uld be inheritial in Salique land;
ch Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
t this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
ndo it well appear the Salique law
not devised for the realm of France;
did the French possess the Salique land
four hundred and twenty years
r defunction of King Pharamond,
suppos'd the founder of this law;
nded within the year of our redemption 69
undred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
ded the Saxons, and did seat the French
ond the river Sala, in the year
hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
as heir general, being descended
ithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
claim and title to the crown of France.
Capet also, who usur'd the crown 69
charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
true line and stock of Charles the Great,
nd his title with some shows of truth,
ugh, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
chter to Charlemain, who was the son
 Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
ld not keep quiet in his conscience,
ring the crown of France, till satisfied 80
fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
elineal of the Lady Ermenengar,
chter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lor-
aine:
the which marriage the line of Charles the
re-united to the crown of France.
that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
g Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
hold in right and title of the female:
the kings of France unto this day;
beit they would hold up this Salique law
bar your highness' claiming from the female;
ather choose to hide them in a net
amply to imbar their crooked titles
up'd from you and your progenitors.
May I with right and conscience make this claim?
the sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
in the book of Numbers is it writ:
the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter.' Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grand sire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his war-like spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action.
Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the
earth
Do all expect that you shoule yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
West. They know your grace hath cause and
means and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in
England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.
Cant. O! let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.
K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the
French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.
Cant. They of those marches, gracious sove-
reign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers
only;
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shoke and trembled at the ill neighbour-
hood.
Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but examplified by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,  
And make her chronicle as rich with praise  
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea  
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.  

West. But there's a saying very old and true;  
If that you will France win,  
Then with Scotland first begin:  
For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,  
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,  
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.  

Exc. It follows then the cat must stay at home:  
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,  
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities  
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.  
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad  
The advised head defends itself at home:  
For government, though high and low and lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,  
Congreasing in a full and natural close,  
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,  
Setting endeavour in continual motion;  
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,  
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king and officers of sorts;  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;  
Which pillege they with merry march bring home  
To the tent-royal of their emperor:

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold,  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,  
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,  
That many things, having full reference  
To one consent, may work contrarily;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;  
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;  
As many lines close in the dial's centre;  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.  
Divide your happy England into four;  
Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
And you shall make all Gallia shake.  
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,  
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,  
Let us be worried and our nation lose  
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

Exit an Attendant.

Now are we well resolv'd; and by God's help,  
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,  
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe  
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,  
Ruling in large and ample empery  
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,  
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:  
Either our history shall with full mouth  
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless most  
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure  
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear  
Your greeting is from him, not from the king  
First Amb. May 't please your majesty to gi
us leave  
Freely to render what we have in charge;  
Or shall we sparingly show you far off  
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?  
K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king  
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject  
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:  
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plai
ness  
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb. Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, King Edward's  
Third.  
In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says that you savour too much of your youth,  
And bids you be advis'd there's nought in France  
That can be with a nimble galliard won;  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.  
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit  
This tunic of treasure; and, in lieu of this,  
Hopes you the dukedoms that you claim  
Held to more of you. This the Dauphin spea
K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?  
Exc. Tennis-balls, my liege  
K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleas
with us;  
His present and your pains we thank you for  
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls  
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set  
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard  
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler  
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd  
With chases. And we understand him well,  
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
Not measuring what use we made of them.  
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;  
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself  
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common  
That men are merriest when they are from home  
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,  
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness  
When I do rouse in my throne of France  
For that I have laid by my majesty  
And plodded like a man for working-days,  
But I will rise there with so full a glory  
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.  
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his  
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his so  
Shall stand sore charg'd for the wasteful vengeance  
That shall fly with them: for many a thou
widows  
Shall this his mock mock out of their de husbands;  
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down.
To give you gentle pass; for if we may, 40
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. Exit.


Enter Nym and Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little;
but when time shall serve there shall be smiles;
but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight;
but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is
a simple one; but what though? it will toast
cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's
word will: and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you
friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers
to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's
the certain of it; and when I cannot live any
longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that
is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married
to Nell Quickly; and certainly she did you wrong,
for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they
may: men may sleep, and they may have their
threats about them at that time; and some say
knives have edges. It must be as it may; though
patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There
must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife.
Good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine
host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?

Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot
lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentle-
women that live honestly by the prick of their
needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-
house straight.

Nym and Pistol draw. O well-a-day, Lady! if he be not drawn now: we
shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer
nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-
'erd cur of Iceland!

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour
and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.
Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The solus in thy most mervaulous face;
The solus in thy teeth, and in thy throat;
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the solus in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; ye cannot conjure me.
I have an humour to knock you indifferently
well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will
scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms:
if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it. 62

Pist. O bragart vile and damned furious wight! The grave doth gape, and doting death is near; Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hills, as I am a soldier.

*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give; Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe la gorge!*

That is the word. I thee defy again. O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get? No; to the spital go, And from the powdering-tub of infamy Fetch forth the lazar kites of Cressid's kind, Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly For the only she; and—*pauca,* there's enough. Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and your hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue! 89

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

*Exeunt Hostess and Boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food bowl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home. *They draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting? 110

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood: I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me. Is not this just? for I shall sluter be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of't. 120

*Re-enter Hostess.*

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah! poor heart, he is shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; His heart is fractured and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must As it may; he passes some humours and cares.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkin we will live.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Southampton. A Council Chamber.

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do themselves!

Bed. As if allegiance in their bosoms sat, Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Exe. The king hath note of all that they inter By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfello Whom he hath duld and cloy'd with grad favour, That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell His sovereign's life to death and treachery! 110

Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, LORDS, and ATTENDANTS.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord Masham, And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts: Think you not that the powers we bear with Will cheat their passage through the force France, Doing the execution and the act For which we have in head assembled them? Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are persuaded We carry not a heart with us from hence That grows not in a fair consent with ours; Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd a lov'd Than is your majesty: there's not, I think subject That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness Under the sweet shade of your government. Gre. True: those that were your fathers enemies Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do set you With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause thankfulness, And shall forget the office of our hand, Sooner than quittance of desert and merit According to the weight and worthiness. Scroop. So service shall with steeled sin toil,
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**KING HENRY V.**

i labour shall refresh itself with hope, do your grace incessant services.

. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter, arge the man committed yesterday

rail’d against our person: we consider was excess of wine that set him on;

on his more advice we pardon him.

scoop. That’s mercy, but too much security: him be punish’d, sovereign, lest example’d, by his suff erence, more of such a kind.

. Hen. O! let us yet be merciful.

am. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

rey. Sir, I show great mercy, if you give him life, or the taste of much correction.

. Hen. Alas! your too much love and care of me heavy orisons ’gainst this poor wretch. tile faults, proceeding on destemper, ill not be wink’d at, how shall we stretch our eye on capital crimes, chew’d, swallow’d, and digested, dear before us? We’ll yet enlarge that man, ough Cambridge, Scoop, and Grey, in their dear care tender preservation of our person, had him punish’d. And now to our French causes:

are the late commissioners!

am. I one, my lord: your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

scoop. So did you, me, my liege.

rey. And I, my royal sovereign.

. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;

re yours, Lord Scoop of Masham; and, sir knight,

of Northumberland, this same is yours:

thou, and know, I know your worthiness.

Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter, will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentle-

den men! see you in those papers that you lose much complexion? Look ye, how they change!

ir cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there, I hath so cowarded and chas’d your blood of appearance?

am. I do confess my fault, I do submit me to your highness mercy.

rey. Scoop. To which we all appeal.

. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but long in your own counsel is suppress’d and kill’d: so must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy; your own reasons turn into your bosoms, dogs upon their masters, worrying you.  you, my princes and my noble peers, as English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here, know how apt our love was to accord furnish him with all appetitens longing to his honour; and this man, H. for a few light crowns, lightly conspir’d, I sworn unto the practices of France, I kill us here in Hampton: to the which a knight, no less for bounty bound to us

Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O! What shall I say to thee, Lord Scoop? thou cruel, Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature! Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels, That knew’st the very bottom of my soul, That almost might’st have coin’d me into gold Would’st thou have practis’d on me for thy use! May it be possible that foreign hire Could out of thee extract one spark of evil That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange That, though the truth of it stands off as gross As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it. Treason and murder ever kept together, As two yoke-devils sworn to either’s purpose, Working so grossly in a natural cause That admiration did not whoop at them: But thou, ’gainst all proportion, didst bring in Wonder to wait on treason and on murder; And whatsoever cunning fiend it was That wrought upon thee so preposterously Hath got the voice in hell for excellence: All other devils that suggest by treasons Do botch and bungle up damnation With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch’d From glistening semblances of piety; But he that temper’d thee bade thee stand up, Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason, Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. If that same demon that hath gull’d thee thus Should with his lion gait walk the whole world, He might return to vasty Tartar back, And tell the legions: ’I can never win A soul so easy as that Englishman’s.’ O! how hast thou with jealousy infected The sweetness of alliance. Show men dutiful! Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned? Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family? Why, so didst thou: seem they religious? Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet, Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger, Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood, Garnish’d and deck’d in modest compliment, Not working with the eye without the ear, And but in purged judgment trusting neither? Such and so finely boited didst thou seem: And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot, To mark the full-fraught man and best inducd With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like Another fall of man. Their faults are open: Arrest them to the answer of the law; And God avert them of their practices!

Eye, I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry

Lord Scoop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas

Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scoop. Our purposes God justly hath discover’d.

And I repent my fault more than my death; Which I beseech your highness to forgive, Although my body pay the price of it.
'Cam. For me, the gold of France did not
succeed.
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 159
Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy 'o' myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear
your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to
slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.

EXECUT CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, and
GREY, guarded.

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerily to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.

EXECUT.

SCENE III.—London. Before a Tavern
in Eastcheap.

Enter PistOL, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph
and Boy.

Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me
bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.

Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting
veins:

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is
dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, whereso'er
he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in
Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's
bosom. 'A made a finer end and went away an
it had been any christom child; 'a parted even
just between twelve and one, even at the turn-
ing o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with
the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon
his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way;

for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a babblo'
of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quo
I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cri'
at 'God, God, God!' three or four times: no
I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not thin
of God, I hoped there was no need to troubl
himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bat
me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my han
into the bed and felt them, and they were cold
as any stone; then I felt to his knees, a
so upward, and upward, and all was as cold
any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they we
devils incarnate.

Host. A' could never abide carnation: 'twa
colour he never liked.

Boy. A' said once, the devil would have h
about women.

Host. A' did in some sort, indeed; hang
women; but then he was rheumatic, and talk
of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember a' saw a flea sti
upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a bl
soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain
that fire: that's all the riches I got in his serv
Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be go
from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give met
lips.

Look to my chattels and my moveables:
Let senses rule, the word is 'Pitch and pay;
Trust none;

For oaths are straw, men's faiths are waf
cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck
Therefore, caw, caw be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arm,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my bo
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, it
say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. Kisses!

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of
but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close
thee command.

Host. Farewell; adieu.  

EXECUT.

SCENE IV.—France. An Apartment in the
French King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King, attended;
Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and B
tagne, the Constable, and Others.

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with p
power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretag
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift disp
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defend
For England his approaches makes as fierce
waters to the sucking of a gulf.
for us then to be as provident
fear may teach us out of late examples
by the fatal and neglected English
on our fields.

My most redoubted father, I most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
ugh war nor no known quarrel were in
question,
that defences, musters, preparations,uld be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
were a war in expectation.
before, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
view the sick and feeble parts of France:
let us do it with no show of fear
with no more than if we heard that England
be busied with a Whitson morris-dance
my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
sceptre so fantastically borne
vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
t fear attends her not.

O peace, Prince Dauphin! are too much mistaken in this king.
stion your grace the late ambassadors,
th what great state he heard their embassy,
t well supplied with noble counsellors,
t modest in exception, and withal
terrible in constant resolution,
you shall find his vanities foreshort'e
but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
cring discretion with a coat of folly;
ardeners do with ordure hide those roots
shall first spring and be most delicate.

Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
though we think it so, it is no matter:
asces of defence 'tis best to weigh
enemy more mighty than he seems
be proportions of defence are fill'd;
nch of a weak and niggardly projection
like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
ide cloth.

Think we King Harry strong
princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
cindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,
he is bred out of that bloody strain
haunted us in our familiar paths:
less our too much memorable shame
Cressy battle fatally was stuck,
all our princes captiv'd by the hand
hat black name, Edward, Black Prince of
Wales;
les that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
his heroidal seed, and smil'd to see him,
gle the work of nature, and defiance
patterns that by God and by French fathers
years been made. This is a stem
hat victorious stock; and let us fear
native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

ambassadors from Harry King of England
brave admittance to your majesty.

King. We'll give them present audience.
Go, and bring them.

Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.

see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and step pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem
to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother England? Exe. From him; and thus he 'grees, your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honours that certain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim.
Pick'd from the worm-holds of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,
Gives a pedigree.

In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy,
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: an if your father's hightness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty.
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and wormy vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Eze. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind
at full.

Eze. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with
fair conditions:
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.

Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton piers
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think
You stand upon the rinse and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternness of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grannies, babies, and old women,
Either past or not arrived to Youth and palms:
For who is he, whose chin is but enriched
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These eul'sd and choice-drain cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms:
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
Alarum, and chambers go off.
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

Exit.
Enter Fluellen.

"Up to the breach, you dogs! avant, you sons! Driving them forward.

1st. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould! te thy rage, abate thy manly rage; te thy rage, great duke! d bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

ym. These be good humours! your honour's bad humours.

Exit. Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

1st. Captain Fluellen, you must come prest to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester old speak with you.

29. To the mines! tell you the duke it is not good to come to the mines. For look ye, the concavities of war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; look you, th' athesary, you may discuss o' the duke, look you, is digt himself four under the countermines. By Cheshu, I ak' will ploow up all if there is not better actions.

30. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the king, the master of the siege is given, is altogether directed an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, 't faith.

31. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

32. I think it be.

33. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: ill verify as much in his peard: he has no re directions in the true disciplines of the rs, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and Jamy, at a distance.

34. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, ptain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falarious gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedi- tion and knowledge in th' amnient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his direc- tions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argu- ment as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

91. Jamy. I say gud day, Captain Fluellen.

35. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you the mines! have you the pioneers given o'er?

36. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear; and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blew up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

37. Flu. Captain Macmorris, I pesezech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputa- tions with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

112. Jamy. It shall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I shall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sail I, marry.

38. Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseecch, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is threats to be cut, and works to be done; and there is nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

39. Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile de gud service, or aile lig' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sail I surely do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

40. Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

41. Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation! Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation! Who talks of my nation?

42. Flu. Look you, if you take the matter other- wise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, perad- venture I shall think you do not use me with that aflability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the deri- vation of my birth, and in other particularities.

43. Mac. I do not know you so good a man as my- self: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.


45. Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more
To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest; 
To-morrow for the march we are address'd.

Flourish. King Henry and his train enter the town.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angléterre, et tu pu bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prête, m'enseignes; il faut que je j'apprète à parler. Comment appelles vous la maison en Angléois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand. 
Kath. De hand, et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, je trouble los doigts mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts! je pense qu'ont appelés de finges; ouy, de finges.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fing. Je pense que je suis le bon escolloir. J'ai ga deux mots d'Angléois vistement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de nail.

Kath. De nails. Escoutes; dites moy si je bien: de hand, de finges, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dict, madame; il est fort Angléois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Angléois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elow. Je m'en fai la répétition tous mes mots que vous m'avez appris dès à prése.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutes: de hand, de finges, de nails, de arma, de bilow.

Alice. De elow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; elbow. Comment appelles vous le col?

Alice. De nick, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur, en vé, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les nob d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous déjà oublie ce que vous enseigne?

Kath. Non, je reciteray a vous prompten,

De hand, de finge, de nails—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arma, de ilow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, d elow.

Kath. Ans aut d je; d elow, de nick, et sin. Comment appelles vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. Le foot, madame; et le cown.


Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angléterre, et tu pu bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prête, m'enseignes; il faut que je j'apprète à parler. Comment appelles vous la maison en Angléois?

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Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fing. Je pense que je suis le bon escolloir. J'ai ga deux mots d'Angléois vistement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?

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Kath. De nails. Escoutes; dites moy si je bien: de hand, de finges, et de nails.

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Alice. De arm, madame.

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Kath. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutes: de hand, de finges, de nails, de arma, de bilow.

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Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; elbow. Comment appelles vous le col?

Alice. De nick, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur, en vé, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les nob d'Angleterre.

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Kath. Non, je reciteray a vous prompten,

De hand, de finge, de nails—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arma, de ilow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, d elow.

Kath. Ans aut d je; d elow, de nick, et sin. Comment appelles vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. Le foot, madame; et le cown.

Scene V.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme. Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord, we not live in France; let us quit all, d give our vineyards to a barbarous people. 40 O Diu virum! shall a few sprays of us, emptying our father's luxury, recions, put in wild and savage stock, rt up so suddenly into the clouds, d overlook their grafters! Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards! 9 or de ma vie! if they march along fought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, buy a slobbery and a dirty farm that nook-shotten isle of Albion. Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle? not their climate foggy, raw and dull, whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, lling their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water, trench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth, coot their cold blood to such valiant heat? 20 d shall our quick blood, spirited with wine, em frosty? O! for honour of our land, t us not hang like roping icicles on our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people eat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields; or we may call them in their native lords. Dow. By faith and honour, madams mock at us, and plainly say mettle is bred out; and they will give our bodies to the lust of English youth new-store France with bastard warriors. Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools, teach lavoltes high and swift corantes; ying our grace is only in our heels, that we are most lofty runaways. Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence: at him greet England with our sharp defiance, p, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd ore sharper than your swords, hie to the field: arles Delabreth, high constable of France; 49 on Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri, leron, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy; aches Chatillon, Ramures, Vaudemont, eumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Faunconberg, ox, Lestrale, Bouciquot, and Charollos; nine dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights, of your great seats now quit you of great shames, as Harry England, that sweeps through our land nth penmons painted in the blood of Harleur: ugh on his host, as doth the melted snow pon the valleys, whose low vassal seat he Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon: Go down upon him, you have power enough, And in a captive chariot into Roan Bring him our prisoner. Con. This becomes the great. Sorry am I his numbers are so few, His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march, For I am sure when he shall see our army He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear, And for achievement offer us his ransom. Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy, And let him say to England that we send To know what willing ransom he will give. Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roan. Dow. Not so, I do beseech your majesty. Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us. Now forth, lord constable and princes all, And quickly bring us word of England's fall. Exeunt.

Scene VI.—The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not, God be praised and praised! any hurt in the world, but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an auncient lieutenant there at the bridge; I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol. Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart, And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate And giddy Fortune's furious hickle wheel, That goddess blind, That stands upon the rolling restless stone,— 30

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind: and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral. Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;

For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must a be.
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
So speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Alicant Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, alicant, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damned; and figo for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

Exit.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal:
I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purse,
I'll assure you a' uttered as prave words
at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day.
But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then and goes to the wars to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a scone, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths; and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat I will tell him my mind.

Drum heard.

Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

Flu. God plesse your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge; the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athersyver was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty the duke is a brave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athersyver hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubbukes, and wheko and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips blow at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes blue and sometimes red; but his nose is execute and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders cut off: and we give express charge that in marches through the country there be nothi compell'd from the villages, nothing taken be paid for, none of the French upprisedit or abuse any thing in disdainful language; for when lenity an cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamest is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Har of England: Though we seemed dead, we did not sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe; now speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperia England shall repent his folly, see his weakness and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which weight to re-answer, his pettiness would be under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor for the effusion of our blood, the master of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, be a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this advance: and tell him, for conclusion, he has betrayed his followers, whose condemnation pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much eneefled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herd
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me,

God,

That I do brag thus! this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighour.
KING HENRY V.

and in our way. There’s for thy labour, Montjoy.

bids thy master well advise himself: 179 he may pass, we will; if we be hinder’d,
your sally ground with your red blood
colour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

sum of all our answer is but this: 180
would not seek a battle as we are;
so, as we are, we say we will not shun it:

e’er your master.

lont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your
highness. 181

Exit. lou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

Hem. We are in God’s hand, brother, not
in theirs. 182

ch to the bridge; it now draws toward night:
o and the river we’ll encamp ourselves,

f on to-morrow bid them march away. Exit.

ACT VII.—The French Camp, near Agincourt.

oe the Constable of France, the Lord RAM-
URES, the Duke of Orleans, the Dauphin,
nd Others.

on. Tut! I have the best armour of the
id. Would it were day!

rd. You have an excellent armour; but let
horse have his due.

on. It is the best horse of Europe.

rd. Will it never be morning?

dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high
stable, you talk of horse and armour—

rd. You are as well provided of both as any
ace in the world.

dau. What a long night is this! I will not
nge my horse with any that treads but on
r pasterns. Ca, ha! He bounds from the
th as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant,

pegasus, qui a marins de feu! When I
ride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the

the earth sings when he touches it; the
best horn of his hoof is more musical than the

of Hermes.

rd. He’s of the colour of the nutmeg.

dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a
ist for Persians: he is pure air and fire; and
dull elements of earth and water never appear
him but only in patient stillness while his
er mounts him: he is indeed a horse: and
other jades you may call beasts.

on. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute
excellent horse.

dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh
like the bidding of a monarch and his coun-
ance enforces homage.

rd. No more, cousin.

dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot,
on the rising of the lark to the lodging of the
ab, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: It is
theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands
eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument
them all. ‘Tis a subject for a sovereign to
son on, and for a sovereign’s sovereign to ride;
and for the world, familiar to us and un-
own, to lay apart their particular functions
wonder at him. I once write a sonnet in his
also and began thus: ‘Wonder of nature!’

rd. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one’s
stress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I com-
posed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise
and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mis-
trress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then belike she was old and gentle;
and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French
hose off, and in your strand strossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride
so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bags. I
had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears
his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that if I
had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. Le chien est retourné à son propre vomi-
ement, et la truie lavelle au bourbier: thou makest
use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mis-
stress; or any such proverb so little kin to the
purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I
saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns
upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many super-
finously, and ‘twere more honour some were
away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises;
who would trot as well were some of your brags
dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his
desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-
morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with
English faces.

Con. I will not say so for fear I should be
faced out of my way. But I would it were
orning, for I would fain be about the ears of the
English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for
twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere
you have them.

Dau. ’Tis midnight; I’ll go arm myself.

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he’s a
gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread
out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of
France.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will he do none to-morrow: he will
keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him
better than you.
KING HENRY V.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents. Con. Who hath measured the ground? Mess. The Lord Grandpré. Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas! poor Harry of England, he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge! Con. If the English had any apprehension they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock; but, let me see, by ten

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the pining dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stillly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:

Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle seeks the other's unber'd face;
Steed threatens steel, in high and boastful neigh
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the ten
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

The country cooks do crow, the clocks do toil,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The exultant and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice,
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited knight
Who, like a fool and ugly witch, doth limp
So tedious away. The poor condemned English
Like sacrifice, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and only ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad.
Investing land-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Present them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will beak
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dire an army hath enrol'd him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watch'd night;
But freshly looks and overbears attain
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Though mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night,
And so our scene must to the battle fly:
Where, O for pity! we shall much displace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mockery be.

SCENE I.—The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty
There is some soul of goodness in things evil
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirre
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end,
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Plu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Plu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

Exit GOWER and FLUELLEN.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?


Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should disheart his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will, but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to beransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king
KING HENRY V.

Act I, Scene 2

King: himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbietment of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bur- wark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death they have borne life away, and where they would be safe they perish. Then, if they die unpunished, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head; the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheer- fully; but when our throats are cut he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and priv- deplaire can do against a monarch. You as well go about to turn the sun to ice warring in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproach is something too rough.

I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you'll let.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I'll wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dost acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another thing.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say after to-morrow, 'Tis my glove,' by this hand I will take thee a blow on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge thee.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take it in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, friends: we have French quarrels enough, if ye could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twen- French crowns to one, they will beat us; they bear them on their shoulders: but if no English treason to cut French crowns, a to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

Exeunt Soldie

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, Our children, and our sins lay on the king! We must bear all. O hard condition! Twin-born with greatness, subject to the brea Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel But his own wringing. What infinite heart's ease Must kings neglect that private men enjoy! And what have kings that particulars have not To save ceremony, save general ceremony? And what art thou, thou idol ceremony? What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st mor Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers? What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in O ceremony! show me but thy worth: What is thy soul of adoration? Art thou ought else but place, degree, and for Creating awe and fear in other men? Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd, Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of hommage swe But poison'd flattery! O! be sick, gred greatness, And bid thy ceremony give thee cure. Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out With titles blown from adulation? Will he give place to flexure and low-bending Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar knee, Command the health of it? No, thou prov'd dream, That play'st so subtly with a king's repose; I am a king that find thee; and I know 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
KING, like 445
let sleep 300
steel iutertissued 30
all valet the Ay brave les 51
slave, with 320

L. 1^ ^V

Dau.

O^BQ i*'.> chard's i

'^^o BQ i*
'.>

Richard's issued

Enter ERPINGHAM.

rp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,

k through your camp to find you.

\ Hen. Good old knight, lect them all together at my tent: be before thee.

rp. I shall do't, my lord. Exit.

\ Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts; sess them not with fear; take from them now a sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers ck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord! not to-day, think not upon the fault father made in compassing the crown. chard's body have interred new, on it have bestowed more contrite tears from it issued forced drops of blood. hundred poor I have in yearly pay; o twice a day their wither'd hands hold up ward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built o chantries, where the sad and solemn priests g still for Richard's soul. More will I do; augh all that I can do is nothing worth, ace that my penitence comes after all, ploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Dau. My liege! K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice! Ay; now thy errand, I will go with thee: day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The French Camp.

Enter the DAUPHIN, OrléANS, RAMBURES, and Others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour: up, my lords! Dau. Montez à cheval! My horse! valet! laequis ! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit! Dau. Via / les eaux et la terre!


Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable! Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh! Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides, That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, And dout them with superfluous courage, ha! 11

Ram. What! will you have them weep our horses' blood? How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattail'd, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!

Do but behold you poor and starved band, And your fair show shall suck away their souls, Leaving them but the shales and husks of men, There is not work enough for all our hands; Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 29 To give each naked curtal-axe a stain, That our French gallants shall to-day draw out, And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them, The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them. 'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords, That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants, Who in unnecessary action swarm About our squares of battle, were now To purge this field of such a hilding foe, Though we upon this mountain's basis by 39 Took stand for idle speculation: But that our honours must not. What's to say? A very little let us do, And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound The tucket sonance and the note to mount: For our approach shall so much dare the field That England shall cough down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grond. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France? You island carriages, desperate of their bones, Ill-favour'dly become the morning field: Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose, And our air shakes them passing scornfully: Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host, And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps: The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks, With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips. The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes, And in their pale dull mouths the gimbal bit Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless; And their executors, the knavish crows, Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour. Description cannot sinit itself in words To demonstrate the life of such a battle In life so lifeless as it shows itself. Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death. Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender;  
And after fight with them!

Con. I stay but for my guidon : to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. Exit.

Scene III.—The English Camp.

Enter the English Host; Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury, and Westmoreland.

Glou. Where is the king?
Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi'you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If, we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!  
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

Exit Salisbury.

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;  
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O! that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to-day.

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland! No, my fair cousin:  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow;  
To do our country's loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me.
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian':

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day;
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our name
Familiar in his mouth as household words,  
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their handmaunds cheaply-wiles any shean.
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself wi's speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be:
West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle.

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwis'd fit thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of the King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf
Thou need'st must be engluttled. Besides, in mercy
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
Frail off these fields, where, wretches, the poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellow thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him;
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghill
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
draw their honours reeking up to heaven, draw their earthly parts to choke your clime, smell whereof shall breed a plague in France. f then abounding valour in our English, father, like to the bullet's grazing, cut you into a second course of mischief, in relapse of mortality.

me speak proudly: tell the constable are but warriors for the working-day; my gayness and our gait are all besmirch'd by rainy marching in the painful field; re's not a piece of feather in our host—
d argument, I hope, we will not fly— time hath worn us into slovenry:
by the mass, our hearts are in the trim; my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night y'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads, I turn them out of service. If they do this, if God please, they shall, my ransom then I soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour; I thou no more for ransom, gentle herald: y shall have none, I swear, but these my joints; ich if they have as I will leave 'em them, I'll yield them little, tell the constable.

Enter YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg leading of the vaward.

Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away: I how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Field of Battle.


ist. Yield, curf!

fr. Sold. Je pense que vous estes gentilhomme de ne qualité.

ist. Quality? Calen o custume me! Art thou a gentleman?

ist is thy name? discuss.

fr. Sold. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman: lend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark: signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox, cept, O signieur, thou do give to me region ransom.

fr. Sold. O, prenez misericorde! ayes pité de y! 
Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys: I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat drops of crimson blood.

fr. Sold. Est il impossible d'eschapper la force ton bras?

Pist. Brass, curf! 
ou damned and luxurious mountain goat, 20 fer'st me brass?

fr. Sold. O pardonnez moy!

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?

Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French: What is his name.

Boy. Escoutez: comment estes vous appelé?


Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him. Discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

fr. Sold. Que dit-il, monsieur? 

Boy. Il me commande à vous dire que vous prenez; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppede gorge, permafau, Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.


Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I 50 The crowns will take.

fr. Sold. Petit monsieur, que dit-il? 

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurément de par- donner aucun prisonnier; neant-moins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le francissement.

fr. Sold. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille re- merciements: et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et tres-distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show, Follow me!

Boy. Suivez vous le grand capitaine.

Exeunt PISTOL and French Soldier.

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more value than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys.

Exit.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

alarums. Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOUR- BON, Constable, RAMBURES, and Others.

Con. O diable! 
Orl. O seigneur! le jour est perdu! tout est perdu! Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all! Reproach and everlasting shame
Sit mocking in our plumes. *O mechant fortune!*
Do not run away.

**Con.** Why, all our ranks are broke.

**Dau.** O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

**Orl.** Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

**Bour.** Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die in honour! Once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pandar, hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

**Con.** Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

**Orl.** We are enough yet living in the field
To smoother up the English in our throns.
If any order might be thought upon.

**Bour.** The devil take order now! I'll to the thron:
Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

_Exeunt._

**SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field.**

**Alarums. Enter King Henry and Forces; Exeunt, and Others.**

**K. Hen.** Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

_Exe._ The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

**K. Hen.** Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down, thrice up again and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

_Exe._ In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Lording the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud, 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk! My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!'

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up;
He snarl'd me in the face, rangeth me his hand,
And, with a feebile gripe, says 'Dear my lord,
Command my service to my sovereign,'
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-enduring love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

**K. Hen.** I blame you not;
For hearing this, I must perforce compound
With misteful eyes, or they will issue too.

_But, hark! what new alarum is this same?_
Enter Montjoy.

Exeunt Montjoy, Fluellen, and Others.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, whyarest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if a' live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore as he was a soldier he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge, and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

Exit. K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.
And touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,  
And quickly will return an injury:  
Follow and see there be no harm between them.  
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.  

Scene VIII.—Before King Henry's Pavilion.  

Enter Gower and Williams.  

Flu.  I warrant it is to knight you, captain.  

Enter Fluellen.  

Flu.  God's will and his pleasure, captain, I  
peasech you now come apace to the king: there  
is more good toward you peradventure than is  
in your knowledge to dream of.  

Will.  Sir, know you this glove?  

Flu.  Know the glove!  I know the glove is a  
glove.  

Will.  I know this; and thus I challenge it.  

Strike him.  

Flu.  'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any's in the  
universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.  

Gow.  How now, sir! you villain!  

Will.  Do you think I'll be forsworn?  

Flu.  Stand away, Captain Gower: I will give  
treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.  

Will.  I am no traitor.  

Flu.  That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you  
in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a  
friend of the Duke Alençon's.  

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.  

War.  How now, how now! what's the matter?  

Flu.  My Lord of Warwick, here is, praised be  
God for it! a most contagious treason come to  
light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's  
day.  Here is his majesty.  

Enter King Henry and Exeter.  

K. Hen.  How now! what's the matter?  

Flu.  My liege, here is a villain and a traitor,  
that, look your grace, has struck the glove which  
your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.  

Will.  My liege, this was my glove; here is the  
fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change  
promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to  
strike him if he did.  I met this man with my  
glove in his cap, and have been as good as my  
glove.  

Flu.  Your majesty hear now, saving your  
majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally,  
beegarly, lousy knife it is. I hope your majesty  
is pear me testimony and witness, and will  
avouchment that this is the glove of Alençon  
that your majesty is give me; in your con-  
sciencenow!  

K. Hen.  Give me thy glove, soldier: look,  
here is the fellow of it.  
'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;  
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.  

Flu.  An't please your majesty, let his neck  
answer for it, if there is any martial law in the  
'orld.  

K. Hen.  How canst thou make me satisfaction?  

Will.  All offences, my lord, come from the  
heart: never came any from mine that might  
offend your majesty.  

K. Hen.  It was ourself thou didst abuse.  

Will.  Your majesty came not like yourself:  
you appeared to me but as a common man; wit- 

ness the night, your garments, your lowlines  
and what your highness suffered under that  
shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fa-  
and not mine: for had you been as I took y  
for I made no offence; therefore, I besee  
your highness, pardon me.  

K. Hen.  Here, uncle Exeter, fill this gla  
crown with,  
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;  
And wear it for an honour in thy cap  
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns.  
And, captain, you must needs be friends with hi  
Flu.  By this day and this light, the fellow  
mettle enough in his pelly. Hold, there  
twelve pence for you, and I pray you to see  
God, and keep you out of pr aws, and prabbs  
and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warn  
you, it is the better for you.  

Will.  I will none of your money.  

Flu.  It is with a good will; I can tell you  
will serve you to mend your shoes: come, whe  
are should you be so pasful? your shoes is  
so good; 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, o  
will change it.  

Enter an English Herald.  

K. Hen.  Now, herald, are the dead number.  
Her.  Here is the number of the slain  
French.  

Deliver a pay  

K. Hen.  What prisoners of good sort are tak  
e uncle?  

Ees.  Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to  
king;  
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt  
Of other lords and barons, knights and squir  
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.  
K. Hen.  This note doth tell me of ten thou  
French  
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in t  
number,  
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead  
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,  
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,  
Eight thousand and four hundred: of the wh  
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knig  
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost  
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries:  
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knight  
squires,  
And gentlemen of blood and quality,  
The names of those their nobles that lie dead  
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France  
Jacques de Chatillon, admiral of France;  
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambur  
Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guis  
Dauphin;  
John Duke of Alençon; Anthony Duke  
Brabant,  
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy;  
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lasty caris,  
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Fox  
Beaumont and Marie, Vaudemont and Lestr  
Here was a royal fellowship of death!  

Herald presents another pay  

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffo  
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;  
None else of name; and of all other men  
But five-and-twenty. O God! thy arm was he  
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
Exit.

SCENE I.—France. An English Court of Guard.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the 'orld know to be no better than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not preed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Anochient Pistol! you scurry, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirth, base Troyan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurry lousy knave, at my desires and my requests and my petition to eat, look you, this leek; pecase, you look, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestion doth not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallard and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. Strikes him.
Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Troyan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it.

Pist. Strikes him again.
You called me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take
occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock
at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a
groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take
it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which
you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing I will pay you in
cudgels: you shall be a woodmanger, and buy
nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and
keep you, and heal your pate. Exit. 72

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Guv. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly
knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,
begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as
a memorable trophy of predecessed value, and
dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words?
I have seen you gleekey and gallowing at this
gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because
he could not speak English in the native garb,
he could not therefore handle an English cudgel:
you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a
Welsh correction teach you a good English
condition. Fare ye well.

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me
now?

News have I that my Neil is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France; And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. Exit.

SCENE II.—Trojans in Champagne. An Apartment
in the French King's Palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Bedford,
Gloucester, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland,
and other Lords; at another, the
French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess
Katharine, Alice, and other Ladies, the
Duke of Burgundy, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we
are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And all princes French, and peers, health to you all!
Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face.

Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
urwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;  
d take with you free power to ratify,  
gment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
all see advantageous for our dignity,  
y thing in or out of our demands,  
d we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,  
with the princes, or stay here with us?  
K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here  
with us:  
e is our capital demand, compr'nd  
thin the fore-rank of our articles.  

\textit{Exeunt all but King Henry, Katharine,}  
and Alice.  

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,  
il you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms  
ch as will enter at a lady's ear  
d plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?  
yath. Your majesty sail mock at me; I can  
speak your England.  

K. Hen. O fair Katharine! if you will love  
soundly with your French heart, I will be  
d to hear you confess it brokenly with your  
glish tongue. Do you like me, Kate?  
Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like  
K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you  
like an angel.  

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les  
Alice. Ouy, vrayement, sauf vostre grace, ainsi  
K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must  
blush to affirm it.  
Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont  
nes de tromperies.  

\textit{K. Hen.} What says she, fair one? that the  
ques of men are full of deceits?  
Alice. Ouy; dat de tongues de mens is be  
of deceits: dat is de princes.  
\textit{K. Hen.} The princess is the better English-  
nan. I faith, Kate, my wooling is fit for thy  
derstanding: I am glad thou canst speak no  
der English; for if thou could'st, thou  
culd'st find me such a plain king that thou  
culd'st think I had sold my farm to buy my  
own. I know no ways to mince it in love, but  
dectly to say 'I love you'; then if you urge  
urther than to say 'Do you in faith?'  
I ar out my suit. Give me your answer; i'  
th, do: and so clap hands and a bargain.  
yw say you, lady?  
Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, me understand well.  
K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses,  
to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid  
for the one, I have neither words nor  
asure, and for the other, I have no strength  
ure, yet a reasonable measure in strength.  
I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting  
my saddle with my armour on my back,  
der the correction of bragging be it spoken,  
should quickly learn into a wife. Or if I might  
set for my love, or bound my horse for her  
sours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit  
jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God,  
I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my  
eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation;  
only downright oaths, which I never use till  
ured, nor never break for urging. If thou canst  
love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face  
is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in  
his glass for love of any thing he sees there,  
let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain  
soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me;  
if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true;  
but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love  
y thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take  
a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for  
he perforce must do thee right, because he hath  
not the gift to woo in other places; for these  
fellows of infinite tongue, that can rime them-  
themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason  
themselves out again. What! a speaker is but  
a prater; a rime is but a ballad. A good leg  
will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard  
will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a  
face fair will wither, a full eye will wax hollow;  
but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon;  
or rather the sun, and not the moon; for it  
shines bright and never changes, but keeps his  
course truly. If thou would have such a one,  
take me; and take me, a soldier; take a  
soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then  
to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.  

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy  
of France?  

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love  
the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving you,  
you should love the friend of France, for I love  
France so well that I will not part with a village  
of it; I will have it all mine: and Kate, when  
France is mine and I am yours, then yours is  
France and you are mine.  

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.  

K. Hen. No, Kate! I will tell thee in French,  
which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like  
a new-married wife about her husband's neck,  
hardly to be shook off. Je qued sur le possession  
de France, et quand vous avez le possession de  
me—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my  
speed!—donc vostre est France, et vous estes minee.  
It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the  
kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall  
never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh  
at me.  

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois que vous  
parles est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.  

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy  
speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly  
false, must needs be granted to be much at one.  
But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much  
English? Canst thou love me?  

Kath. I cannot tell.  

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate?  
I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me;  
and at night when you come into your closet  
you'll question this gentlewoman about me;  
and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those  
parts in me that you love with your heart: but,  
good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather,  
gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If  
ever thou be'st mine, Kate, as I have a saving  
faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee  
with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs  
prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou
and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce? 224

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to practise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et divin déesse? 222

Kath. Your majesty ave fausse French enough to deceive demost soigne damoisele dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubbbon outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine': which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine'; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de roy mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen. 271

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez!

Ma, voy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une votre indigne serviteur: excuses moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les danses et damoiselles, pour être baisées devant leur noce, il n'est pas le coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be fashion pour les ladies of France—I cannot tell vat is baiser en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre bettre que moy.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Ouy, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate! nice customs court'ry be great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, to upholding the nice fashion of your country; denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently an yielding.

Kisses her.

You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and the should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here come your father.

Re-enter the French King and Queen, Burgundy, Bedford, Gloucester, Exeter, Westmoreland, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! My royal cousin teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin how perfectly I love her; and that is goo English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my con- dition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in he that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth if answer you for that. If you would conjure me, her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear make and blind. Can you blame her then, being maid yet rose over with the virgin crimson modesty, if she deny the appearance of a make blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforcing.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, who they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousi to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: if maids, well summered and warm kept, are little flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though the have their eyes; and then they will endure hangling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time at a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, you come, in the latter end, and she must I blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of yo thank love for my blindness, who cannot so many a fair French city for one fair French ma that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspec- tively, the cities turned into a maid; for th are all girdled with maiden walls that war hat never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden city you talk of may wait on her: so the maid th
d in the way for my wish shall show me the path to my will.

r. King. We have consented to all terms of thine.

I. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England? 
est. The king hath granted every article: 
didst daughter first, and then in sequel all, 

ordring to their firm proposed natures.

r. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: 

ere your majesty demands, that the King of France, 
having any occasion to write for matter 

rant, shall name your highness in this form, 

with this addition in French, Notre très cher Henry, Roy d'Angleterre, Héritier de France; 

thus in Latin, Praeclarissimus filius nostet 

ricus, Rex Anglie, et Hares Franciae. 370

r. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so 
denied,
your request shall make me let it pass.

I. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear 

alliance,

that one article rank with the rest;

thereupon give me your daughter.

r. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up 
e to me; that the contending kingdoms 

France and England, whose very shores look pale 
h envy of each other's happiness, 

cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction

of neighbourhood and Christian-like accord

their sweet bosoms, that never war advance

bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair

France.

ll. Amen!

l. Hen. Now welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

Flourish.

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages, 

Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one! 

As man and wife, being two, are one in love,

So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal 

That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, 

Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage, 

Thrust in between the pactions of these kingdoms, 

To make divorce of their incorporate league;

That English may as French, French Englishmen,

Receive each other! God speak this Amen! 

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on 

which day,

My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath, 

And all the peers', for surety of our leagues. 

Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me; 

And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

Sennet. Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,

Our boding author hath pursu'd the story;

In little room confining mighty men,

Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd

This star of England: Fortune made his sword,

By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,

And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King

Of France and England, did this king succeed;

Whose state so many had the managing,

That they lost France and made his England bleed:

Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,

In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

Exit.
THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY
THE SIXTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King Henry the Sixth.
Duke of Gloucester, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
Duke of Bedford, Uncle to the King, Regent of France.
Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, Great-uncle to the King.
Henry Beaufort, Great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.
John Beaufort, Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
John Talbot, his Son.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Partly in England, and partly in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth; attended on by the Dukes of Bedford, Gloucester, and Exeter; the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, etc.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glou. England ne'er had a king until his time.

Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.

What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech.
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black; why mourn we in blood?

Henry is dead and never shall revive.
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King kings.

Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glou. The church! where is it? had it

The churchmen pray'd
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe

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Enter a third Messenger.

Third Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,

Wherewith you now bedew King Henry’s hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? Is’t so?

Third Mess. O, no! wherein Lord Talbot was o’erthrown:
The circumstance I’ll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck’d out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and everywhere, enrag’d he flew.
The French exclaim’d the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush’d into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal’d up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play’d the coward.
He, being in the vaward, plac’d behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin’s grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe men is betray’d.

Third Mess. O, no! he lives; but I took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter’d or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I’ll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I’ll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I; But fires in France forthwith I am to make, To keep our good Saint George’s feast withal; Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take, Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Third Scene. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged; The English army is grown weak and faint; The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply, And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exc. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn, Either to quell the Dauphin utterly, Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave, To go about my preparation. Exit.

Glou. I’ll to the Tower with all the haste I can, To view the artillery and munition; And then I will proclaim young Henry king. Exit.

Exc. To Eltham will I, where the young king is, Being ordain’d his special governor; And for his safety there I’ll best devise. Exit.

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend: I am left out; for me nothing remains. But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office. The king from Eltham I intend to steal, And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. Exeunt.

Scene II.—France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALENCON, REGNIER, and Others.

Cha. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known. Late did he shine upon the English side; Now we are victors; upon us he smiles. What towns of any moment but we have! At pleasure here we lie near Orleans; Otherwhiles the famish’d English, like pale ghosts, Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules 30 And have their provender tied to their mouths, Or pitious they will look, like drowned mice.

Regi. Let’s raise the siege: why live we hither here? Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear: Remaineth none but mad-brain’d Salisbury, And he may well in fretting spend his gall; Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Cha. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French! Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20 When he sees me go back one foot or fly.

Exeunt.

Alerums. Excursions; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENCON, REIGNIER, and Others.

Cha. Who ever saw the like? what men have I! Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne’er have fled
But that they left me ’midst my enemies.

Regi. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life: The other lords, like lions wanting food, Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froidseart, a countryman of ours, record England all Oliviers and Rowlands bred; During the time Edward the Third did reign, More truly now may this be verified; For none but Samsons and Goliases It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten! Lean raw-bon’d rascals! who would e’er suppose They had such courage and audacity?

Cha. Let’s leave this town; for they are mad brain’d slaves, And hunger will enforce them to be more eage. Of old I know them; rather with their teeth The walls they’ll tear down than forsake the siege. Regi. I think, by some odd gimmals or devil Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike or Else ne’er could they hold out so as they do. By my consent, we’ll e’en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.


Cha. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us. Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your che appall’d: Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence Be not dismay’d, for succour is at hand: A holy maid hither with me I bring, Which by a vision sent to her from heaven Ordained is to raise this tedious siege, And drive the English forth the bounds of France The spirit of deep prophecy she hath, Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome; What’s past and what’s to come she can desc. Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words, For they are certain and unfallible.

Cha. Go, call her in. Exit Bastard.

But first, to try her skill, Regnier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place: Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern, By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Retire

Re-enter the Bastard of Orleans, with JOAN L PUCELLE and Others.

Regi. Fair maid, is’t thou wilt do these wondrous feats? Joan. Regnier, is’t thou that thinkest to beguile me? Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind; I know thee well, though never seen before. Be not amaz’d, there’s nothing hid from me: In private will I talk with thee apart. Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile. Regi. She takes upon her bravely at first call Joan. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd’s daughter, My wit untrain’d in any kind of art. Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas’d To shine on my contemptible estate: Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs, And to sun’s parching heat display’d my cheeks God’s mother deigned to appear to me, And in a vision full of majesty Will’d me to leave my base vocation And free my country from calamity:
and she promised and assur’d success; 
plete glory she reveal’d herself; 
whereas I was black and swart before, 
it these clear rays which she infus’d on me, 
beauty am I bless’d with which you see. 
re what question thou canst possible 
will answer unpremeditated: 
young try by combat, if thou dar’st, 
shall find that I exceed my sex. 
ave on this, thou shalt be fortunate 
me for thy war-like mate. 
Theo hast astonish’d me with thy high 
this proof I’ll of thy valour make, 
gle combat thou shalt buckle with me, 
if thou vanquishest, thy words are true; 
wise I renounce all confidence. 
I am prepar’d: here is my keen-edg’d 
’d with five flower-de-locus on each side; 
which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine’s 
if a great deal of old iron I chose forth. 
Then come, o’ God’s name; I fear no 
And while I live, I’ll ne’er fly from a man. 
Here they fight, and JOAN LA PUCCELL E overcomes. 
Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon, 
fightest with the sword of Deborah. 
Christ’s mother helps me, else I were 
me thy servant and not sovereign be: 
the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus: 
I must not yield to any rites of love, 
your profession’s sacred from above: 
I have chased all thy foes from hence, 
ill think upon a recompense. 
Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate 
Hail. 
My lord, methinks, is very long in talk. 
Doubtless he shrives this woman to her 
ne’er could he so long protract his speech. 
Shall we disturb him, since he keeps 
no mean? 
He may mean more than we poor men 
do know: 
women are shrewd tempters with their 
tongues. 
My lord, where are you? what devise 
you on? 
If we give over Orleans, or no? 
Why, no, I say: distrustful recreants! 
 till the last gasp; I shall be your 
What she says I’ll confirm; we’ll fight 
it out. 
Assign’d am I to be the English scourge. 
ights the siege assuredly I’ll raise: 
Saint Martin’s summer, helicon days, 
I have entered into these wars. 
ry is like a circle in the water, 
never ceaseth to enlarge itself 
by broad spreading it disperse to nought. 
Henry’s death the English circle ends; 
Dispersed are the glories it included. 
Now am I like that proud insulting ship 
Which Cesar and his fortune bare at once. 
Was Mahomet inspired with a dove? 
Thou with an eagle art inspired then. 
Helen, the mother of great Constantine, 
Nor yet Saint Philip’s daughters were like thee. 
Bright star of Venus, fall’n down on the earth, 
How may I reverently worship thee enough? 
Leave off delays and let us raise the siege. 
Woman, do what thou canst to save 
our honours; 
Drive them from Orleans and be immortaliz’d. 
Presently we’ll try. Come, let’s away about it: 
No prophet will I trust if she prove false. 

SCENE III.—London. Before the Tower. 
Enter, at the gates, the Duke of Gloucester, 
with his Servicingmen, in blue coats. 
Glou. I am come to survey the Tower this day; 
Since Henry’s death, I fear, there is conveyance. 
Where be these warders that they wait not here? 
Open the gates! ’Tis Gloucester that calls. 
First Ward. Within. Who’s there that knocks 
so imperiously? 
First Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester. 
Second Ward. Within. Who’s he, you may 
not be let in. 
First Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord 
protector? 
First Ward. Within. The Lord protect him! 
so we answer him: 
We do no otherwise than we are will’d. 
Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands 
but mine? 
There’s none protector of the realm but I. 
Break up the gates, I’ll be your warrantize. 
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms? 

GLOUCESTER’S Men rush at the Tower gates, 
and WOODVILE the Lieutenant speaks 
within. 
Wood. What noise is this? what traitors have 
we here? 
Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear? 
Open the gates! here’s Gloucester that would 
enter. 
Wood. Have patience, noble duke; I may 
not open: 
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids: 
from him I have express commandement 
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in. 
Glou. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest 
me? 
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate, 
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne’er could 
brook? 
Thou art no friend to God or to the king: 
Open the gates, or I’ll shut thee out shortly. 
First Serv. Open the gates unto the lord 
protector, 
Or we’ll burst them open, if that you come not 
quickly. 

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by Servingmen in 
tawny coats. 
Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what 
means this!
Glou. Peeld priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?
Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor, and not protector, of the king or realm.
Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator, thou that contriv'est to murder our dead lord; thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin: I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat, if thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascan, be thou cursed Cain, to slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glou. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth I'll use to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.
Glou. What! am I dar'd and bearded to my face? Draw, men, for all this privileged place; blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard!
Gloucester and his Men attack the Cardinal. I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly. Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat, in spite of pope or dignities of church; here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Gloucester, thou 'lt answer this before the pope.
Glou. Winchester goose! I cry, a rope! a rope! Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay? Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array. Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!
Here Gloucester's Men beat out the Cardinal's Men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.
May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates, thus contumeliously should break the peace!
Glou. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs.
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king, hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.
Win. Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens; one that still motions war and never peace, overcharging your free purses with large fines, that seeks to overthrow religion. Because he is protector of the realm, and would have armour here out of the Tower, to crown himself king and suppress the prince.
Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. Here they skirmish again.
May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife
But to make open proclamation. Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst, cry.
Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.
Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law; but we shall meet and break our minds at large.
Win. Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
May. I'll call for clubs if you will not arm: This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.
Glou. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but wish thou may'st.
Win. Abominable Gloucester! guard thy head, for I intend to have it ere long.
Exeunt severally, Gloucester and Win.
May. See the coast clear'd, and then we depart.
Good God! these nobles should such storms bear; I myself fight not once in forty year.
Scene IV. — France. Before Orleans.
Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his lad.
M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans besieged, and how the English have the suburbs won. Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot them, Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be told by me: Chief master-gunner am I of this town; something I must do to procure me grace. The prince's espials have informed me how the English, in the suburbs close intrenched, Wont through a secret grate of iron bars In yonder tower to overpeer the city, and thence discover how with most advanta They may vex us with shot or with assault. To intercept this inconvenience, a piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd; and fully even these three days have I watered If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou wait For I can stay no longer. If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word; and thou shalt find me at the governor's. Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care; I'll never trouble you if I may spy them. Exeunt.
Enter, on the turrets, the Lords Salisbury a Talbot; Sir William Glansdale, Thomas Gargrave, and Others.
Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return How wert thou handled being prisoner, or by what means gott'st thou be released? Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles; for him I was exchange'd and ransomed. But with a baser man of arms by far once in contempt they would have barter'd in Which I disdain'd scorn'd, and craved death. Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd. In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd. But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart: Whom with my bare fists I would execute If I now had him brought into my power. Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thouwert enta'd? Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts. In open market-place produc'd they me, To be a public spectacle to all: Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd head:

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,

A holy prophetess new risen up

Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans, 

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!

It irrits his heart he cannot be reveng'd.

Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you;
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.

Scene V.—The Same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. Talbot pursues the Dauphin, drives him in and exit; then enter Joan la Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them. Then re-enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter Joan la Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightforward give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Joan. Come, come; 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

They fight.

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

They fight again.

Joan. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

A short alarum: then enter the town with soldiers.

O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. Exit.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:
So becs with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to wholes, we crying run away.

A short alarum.

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

Alarum. Another skirmish.
It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans.
In spite of us or aught that we could do,
O! would I were to die with Salisbury.
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
Allarum. Retreat. Exeunt Talbot and his Forces.

SCENE VI.—The Same.

Flourish. Enter, on the walls, Joan la Pucelle, Charles, Reignier, Alençon, and Soldiers. Joan. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English.
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Cha. Divinest creature, Astarte's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
Cha. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:
In memory of her when she is dead, Her ashes, in an urn more precious Than the rich-jewell'd cof fer of Darius, Transported shall be at high festivals Before the kings and queens of France. No longer on Saint Denis will we cry, But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint. Come in, and let us banquet royally After this golden day of victory.

Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before Orleans.

Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant.
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
First Sent. Sergeant, you shall. Exit Sergeant.

Thus are poor sentinels,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds, Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and Forces, with scaling-ladders; their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy, By whose approach the regions of Artois, Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,
Call ye the war-like Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?
_Tal._ Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

_Mess._ The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou would'st vouch-
safe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

_Bur._ Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

_Tal._ Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd,
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

_Bed._ No, truly, it is more than manners will;
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

_Tal._ Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain.

_Whippers._

You perceive my mind.

_Cap._ I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

Exeunt.

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### Scene III. — Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

_Enter the Countess and her Porter._

**Count.** Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

**Port.** Madam, I will.

_Exit._

**Count.** The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

_Enter Messenger and Talbot._

**Mess.** Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.

**Count.** And he is welcome. What? is this the man?

**Mess.** Madam, it is.

**Count.** Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be this weak and writhed shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

_Tal._ Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

**Count.** What means he now? Go ask him
whither he goes.
Scene IV.—London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, a Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and a Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud.
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth,
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suf. Faith, I have been a traitor in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, the between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies to higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best.
Suf. How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

This are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victory to Talbot, pardon my abuse;
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me;
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house.

Exeunt.
argument you held was wrong in you; 
whereof I pluck a white rose too.

m. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

n. Here in my scabbard; meditating that 
dye your white rose in a bloody red.

m. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit 
our roses; 
and they look with fear, as witnessing 
truth on our side.

n. No, Plantagenet, 
not for fear but anger that thy cheeks 
for pure shame to counterfeit our roses, 
yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

m. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

n. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

m. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his 
truth;

n. Yet thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

m. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding 
roses, 
shall maintain what I have said is true, 
false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

n. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand, 
my thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

m. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

n. Prond Pole, I will, and sorn both him and 
and thee.

m. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

n. Away, away! good William de la Pole: 
grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

m. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, 
Somerset:

n. grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence, 
d son to the third Edward, King of England.

m. A crestless yeoman from so deep a root!

n. He bears him on the place's privilege, 
not for, not his craven heart, say thus.

m. By him that made me, I'll maintain my 
words

my plot of ground in Christendom.

n. not thy father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, 
treason executed in our late king's days! 
by his treason stand'st thou attained, 
attain'd, and exempted from ancient 
gentry! 
I trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood; 
I till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

m. My father was attached, not attain'd, 
leant'd to die for treason, but no traitor; 
that I'll prove on better men than Somerset, 
according time once riper'd to my will.

n. your partaker Pole and you yourself, 
note you in my book of memory;
courage you for this apprehension: 
't is to it well and say you are well warn'd.

m. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still, 
know us by these colours for thy foes; 
shoot my friends in spite of thee shall 
wear.

n. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose, 
ignorance of my blood-drinking hate, 
I for ever and my faction wear, 
it wither with me to my grave 
flourish to the height of my degree.

m. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy 
ambition:

n. farewell until I meet thee next. 

m. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard.

n. How I am brav'd and must perforce 
endure it!

---

War. This blot that they object against your 
house

shall be wip'd out in the next parliament, 
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester; 
and if thou be not then created York, 
I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 

m. Meantime, in signal of my love to thee, 
Against proud Somerset and William Pole, 
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.

n. And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day, 
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden, 
Shall send between the red rose and the white 
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

m. Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you, 
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower, 
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same. 

n. Law. And so will I. 

m. Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say 
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

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SCENE V.—The Tower of London.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair by two 
Gaolers.

m. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age, 
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.

n. Even like a man now haled from the rack, 
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment; 
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death, 
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,

m. Arunge the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent, 
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent; 
Weak shoulders, overthrown with burdening grief, 
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine 
That droops his sapless branches to the ground: 
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb.

n. Unable to support this lump of clay, 
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave, 
As witting I no other comfort have.

m. But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

n. First Gaol. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will 
come:

we sent unto the temple, unto his chamber, 
And answer was return'd that he will come.

m. Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.

n. Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.

m. Since Henry Mowmouth first began to reign, 
Before whose glory I was great in arms, 
This leathern sequestration have I had: 
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd, 
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:

n. But now the arbitrator of despair.

m. Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries, 
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence: 
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd, 
That so he might recover what was lost.

---

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

m. First Gaol. My lord, your loving nephew now 
is come.

n. Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

m. Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly n'sd, 
Your nephew, late despis'd Richard, comes.

n. Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck, 
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.

---
O! tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock.
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that case I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requir'd him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flowing youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grand-father to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percy's of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these war-like lords to this
Was, for that, young King Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this hasty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd,
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was behended. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death.
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet methinks my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As princes do their courts, when they are clost.
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle! would some part of my you years
Might but redeem the passage of your age.

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as th' slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will k
Morrah, not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war.

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parti-
soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

Exeunt Gaoler, bearing out body of Mortimer.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer.
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good.

ACT III.


Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloucester, Warwick, Somerset, and Suffolk; the Bishop of Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, and Others. Gloucester offers to put up a bill; Winchester snarls it, and tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloucester? if thou canst acco
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedne
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissententious pranks
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well besee
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge as at the Tower.
And barding themselves in contrary parts
Do yet so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirishing, the Servingmen of Gloucester and Winchester, with bloody pates.

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughter'd hands and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

First Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones,
We'll fall to it with our teeth.

Second Serv. Do what ye dare; we are as resolute.

Skirnish again.

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this uncustom'd fight aside.

First Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty;
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

Third Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

K. Hen. O! how this discord doth afflict my soul.
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my lord protector; yield, Winchester;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smooth'd brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent!
What! shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee; 
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give. 
Glou. Aside. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart. 
See here, my friends and loving countrymen, 
This token serveth for a flag of truce 
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers. 
So help me God, as I dissemble not! 
Win. Aside. So help me God, as I intend it not! 
K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester, 
How joyful am I made by this contract! 
Away, my masters! trouble us no more; 
But join in friendship, as your lords have done. 
First Serv. Content: I'll to the surgeon's. 
Second Serv. And so will I. 
Third Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords. 

Exeunt Mayor, Servingmen, etc. 

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign, 
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet 
We do exhibit to your majesty. 
Glou. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for, sweet prince, 
An if your grace mark every circumstance, 
You have great reason to do Richard right; 
Especially for those occasions 
At Eltham-place I told your majesty. 
K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force: 
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is 
That Richard be restored to his blood. 
War. Let Richard be restored to his blood; 
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd. 
Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester. 
K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone, 
But all the whole inheritance I give 
That doth belong unto the house of York, 
From whence you spring by lineal descent. 
Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience 
And humble service till the point of death. 
K. Hen. Stoop then and set your knee against my foot; 
And, in reguardon of that duty done, 
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York: 
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet, 
And rise created princely Duke of York. 
Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall! 
And as my duty springs, so perish they 
That preudge one thought against your majesty! 
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York! 
Glou. Now will it best avail your majesty 
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France. 
The presence of a king engenders love 
Amongst his subjects and his royal friends, 
As it disanimes his enemies. 
K. Hen. When Gloucester says the word, King Henry goes; 
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes. 
Glou. Your ships already are in readiness. 
Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeuter. 
Exc. Ay, we may marchin England or in France, 
Not seeing what is likely to ensue. 
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Scene II.]

Alarum. Enter Talbot in an excursion.

Ed. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears, Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Enter Excursions. Enter, from the town, Edmond, brought in sick in a chair. Enter Albott and Burgundy without. Then, enter the walls, Joann, Pucelle, Charles, Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, Reignier, and Others.

Can. Good morrow, gallants! Want ye corn for bread? Ink the Duke of Burgundy will fast fore he'll buy again at such a rate.

Aye, will ye do, good grey-beard? transcend a breach, I run a tilt at death within a chair! Ed. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite, compass'd with thy lustful paramours! Comes it thee to taunt his valiant age! I twit with cowardice a man half dead? Aye, I'll have a bount with you again, else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Can. What will you, sir? Yea, Pucelle, hold thy peace; talbot do but thunder, rain will follow. The English whisper together in council. I speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker? Ed. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field? Joann. Be like your lordship takes us then for fools, try if that our own be ours or no. Ed. I speak not to that railing Hecate, unto thee, Alençon, and the rest; ill ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out! Alen. Signiour, no. Ed. Signiour, hang! base mullets of France! base peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls, dare not take up arms like gentlemen, Joann. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls, or Talbot means no goodness by his looks, do be wi' you, my lord: we came but to tell you at we are here.

Exit. Joann, Pucelle, etc., from the walls. Ed. And there will we be too ere it be long, else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame! ow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house, ciek'd on by public wrongs sustaine'd in France, either to get the town again or die; and I, as sure as English Henry lives, as sure as in this late-betrayed town Great Coeur-de-Lion's heart was buried, So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows. Ed. But ere we go, regard this dying prince, The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord, We will bestow you in some better place, Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me; Here will I sit before the walls of Roan, And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read That stout Pendragon in his litter sick Came to the field and vanquished his foes. Methinks I should reviue the soldiers' hearts, Because I ever found them as myself.

Ed. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast! Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe! And now no more ado, brave Burgundy, But gather we our forces out of hand, And set upon our boasting enemy.

Exit all but Bedford and Attendants.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight: We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay, All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

Exit. Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

Exit. Retreat. Excursions. Enter, from the town, Joann, Pucelle, Alençon, Charles, etc., and excit, flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please, For I have seen our enemies' overthrow. What is the trust or strength of foolish man? They that of late were daring with their scoffs Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves. Dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.

Alarum. Re-enter Talbot, Burgundy, and Others.

Ed. Lost, and recover'd in a day again! This is a double honour, Burgundy: Yet heavens have glory for this victory! Bur. War-like and martial Talbot, Burgundy Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects Thy noble deeds as valour's monument.

Ed. Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now? I think her old familiar is asleep: Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks? What! all amort? Roan hangs her head for grief That such a valiant company are fled. Now will we take some order in the town, Placing therein some expert officers, And then depart to Paris to the king; For there young Henry with his nobles lie. Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Ed. Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceas'd,  
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan.  
A braver soldier never couched lance,  
A gentler heart did never swy in court ;  
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,  
For that's the end of human misery. Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Same. The Plains near Roan.

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans,  
Alençon, Joan la Pucelle, and Forces.

Joan. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,  
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered :  
Care is no ene, but rather corrosive,  
For things that are not to be remedied.  
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,  
And like a peacock sweep along his tail ;  
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train  
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.  
Cha. We have been guided by thee hitherto,  
And of thy cunning had no diffidence :  
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,  
And we will make thee famous through the world.  

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,  
And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint :  
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Joan. Then thus it must be ; this doth Joan devise :  
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words  
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy  
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.  
Cha. Ay, marry, sweetening, if we could do that,  
France were no place for Henry's warriors ;  
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,  
But be extirp'd from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,  
And not have title of an earldom here.

Joan. Your honours shall perceive how I will work  
To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drum sounds afar off.  
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive  
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English March. Enter, and pass over at a distance, Talbot and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,  
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of Burgundy  
And Forces.

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his :  
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind,  
Summon a parley ; we will talk with him.

Trumpets sound a parley.

Cha. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!  
Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?  
Joan. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.


Cha. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Joan. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!  
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.  
Bur. Speak on ; but be not over-tedious.

Joan. Look on thy country, look on field  
France,  
And see the cities and the towns defac'd  
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.  
As looks the mother on her lowly babe  
When death doth close his tender dying eye,  
See, see the pining malady of France;  
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural  
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast,  
O! turn thy edged sword another way ;  
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those who help.

One drop of blood drawn from thy count' bosom  
Should grieve thee more than streams of gore :  
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,  
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with fair words,  
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Joan. Besides, all French and France exclaim on thee,  
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.  
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly man  
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake,  
When Talbot hath set footing once in France  
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,  
Who then but English Henry will be lord,  
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?  
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof  
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe,  
And was he not in England prisoner?  
But when they heard he was thine enemy,  
They set him free without his ransom paid,  
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends,  
See then, thou fight'st against thy countr'  
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter—  
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring law  
Charles and the rest will take thee in their air  
Bur. I am vanquished ; these naughty wo  

Joan. Have badder'd me like roaring cannon-shot,  
And made me almost yield upon my knees,  
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen  
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace  
My forces and my power of men are yours.  
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust the Joan. Aside. Done like a Frenchman; to  
And turn again!

Cha. Welcome, brave duke! thy friends  
Makes as fresh.  
Bur. And doth beget new courage in  
Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part  
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.  
Cha. Now let us on, my lords, and join  
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. Exeunt.


Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bishop  
Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset,  
Warwick, Exeter; Vernon, Basset,  
Others. To them with his soldiers, Talbot.  
Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable pee  
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,  
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
do my duty to my sovereign:  
Sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim’d  
Your obedience fifty fortresses,  
Velve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,  
Side five hundred prisoners of esteem,  
Let fall his sword before your highness’ feet;  
Kneels.

And with submissive loyalty of heart  
cribes the glory of his conquest got  
His sword:  
K. Hen. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,  
that hath so long been resident in France?  
Glou. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.  
K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!  

Hen I was young, as yet I am not old,  
To remember how my father said  
Stouter champion never handled sword.  
But since we were resolved of your truth,  
Our faithful service and your toil in war;  
Yet never hast you fisted our reward,  
Your reguardon’d with so much as thanks,  
Cause till now we never saw your face:  
Herefore, stand up; and for these good deserts,  
Here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;  
And in our coronation take your place.

Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,  
Ingracing of these colours that I wear  
By honour of my noble Lord of York,  
’st thou maintain the former words thou spakst?  
Bass. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage  
To envious barking of your saucy tongue  
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.  
Ver. Sirrach, thy lord I honour as he is.  
Bass. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.  
Ver. Hark ye; not so: In witness, take ye that.

Stikes him.

33. Villain, thou know’st the law of arms is such  
As who draws a sword, ’tis present death,  
Else this blow should branch thy dearest blood;  
At I’ll unto his majesty, and crave  
May have liberty to venge this wrong;  
Then thou shalt see I’ll meet thee to thy cost.  
Ver. Well, miscreant, I’ll be there as soon as you;  
ud. after, meet you sooner than you would.  

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Paris, A Hall of State.

Enter Sir John Fastolfe, Gloucester, Exeter, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Winchester, Warwick, Talbot, the Governor of Paris, and Others.

Glou. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glou. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,  
That you elect no other king but him,  
Estem none friends but such as are his friends,  
And none your foes but such as shall pretend  
Fellow practices against his state:  
His shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,  
To haste unto your coronation,  
A letter was deliver’d to my hands,  
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.  
Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!  
I vow’d, base knight, when I did meet thee next,  
To tear the garter from thy craven’s leg;  

Plucks it off.

Which I have done, because unworthily  
Thou wast install’d in that high degree.  
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:  
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,  
When but in all I was six thousand strong,  
And that the French were almost ten to one,  
Before we met or that a stroke was given,  
Like to a trusty squire did run away:  
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;  
Myself and divers gentlemen beside  
Were there surpris’d and taken prisoners.  
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;  
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear  
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glou. To say the truth, this fact was infamous  
And ill becomening any common man,  
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordin’d in my lords:  
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,  
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,  
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;  
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,  
But always resolute in most extremes.  
He then that is not furnish’d in this sort  
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight;  
Profaning this most honourable order,  
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,  
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain  
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hast’s thy doom.  
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight:  
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

Exit Fastolfe.

And now, my lord protector, view the letter  
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glou. What means his grace, that he hath chang’d his style?

No more but, plain and bluntly, To the King!  
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?  
Or doth this churlish superscription  
Pretend some alteration in good will?  
What’s here? I have, upon especial cause,  
Mour’d with compassion of my country’s woe,  
Together with the pitiful complaints  
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,  
Forsaken your pernicious faction  
And join’d with Charles, the rightful King of France.  
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so,  
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,  
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! dost my uncle Burgundy revolt?  
Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Hen. Why then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.
How say you, my lord? are you not content? 70
Tal. Content, my liege! Yes: but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Hen. Then gather strength and march unto
him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to float his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. Exit.

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Vern. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign,
Bas. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince! 80
Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him!
K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave
to speak.
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both
complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear; 91
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confusion of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms. 109
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forged quint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this barge,
 Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Blew'd the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York,
will out.
Though me'cr so cunningly you smother it, 110
K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in
brain-sick men.
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factions emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then. 119
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
had the passions of thy heart burst out, 
for we should have seen decipher'd there 
were an insiduous sprite, more furiously raging broils, 
an yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd, 
howsoever, no simple man that sees 
the jarring discord of nobility, 
is shouldering of each other in the court, 
is factions bandying of their favourites, 
it that it doth presage some ill event. 
such as when sceptres are in children's hands; 
more when envy breeds unkind division: 
er ere comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

Scene II. — Before Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter; 
morn their general unto the wall.

unnepet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the 
General of the French Forces, and Others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth, 
swant in arms to Harry King of England; 
d thus he would: Open your city gates, 
humble to us, call my sovereign yours, 
do him homage as obedient subjects, 
id I'll withdraw me and my bloody power; 
if you frown upon this proffer'd peace, 
tempt the fury of my three attendants, 
an famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire; 
h in a moment even with the earth 
lay your stately and air-braving towers, 
sake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death, 
with nation's terror and their bloody scourg'd 
pal period of thy tyranny approacheth. 
as thou canst not enter but by death; 
i, I protest, we are well fortified, 
e strong enough to issue out and fight; 
retire, the Dauphin, well appointed, 
with the snares of war to tangle thee: 
either hand thee there are squadron's pitch'd 
wall thee from the liberty of flight; 
no way canst thou turn thee for redress 
at death doth front thee with apparent spoil, 
pale destruction meets thee in the face.

in thousand French have ta'en the sacrament 
save their dangerous artillery 
no Christian soul but English Talbot.

are there stand'st, a breathing valiant man, 
a invincible unconquer'd spirit: 
this is the latest glory of thy praise, 
that I, thy enemy, due thee willful; 
or ere the glass, that now begins to run, 
shish the process of his sandy hour, 
hese eyes, that see thee now well coloured, 
all see thee with' thorn, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum afar off. 
ak! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell, 
ings heavy music to thy timorous soul, 
and mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

Exeunt General, etc., from the walls.

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy, 
some light horsemen, and peruse their wings! 
ill negligent and heedless discipline; 
ow are we park'd and bounded in a pale, 
little herd of England's timorous deer, 
and did with a yelping kennel of French curs! 
be English deer, be then in blood;

Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch, 
But rather moody-mad and desperate stags, 
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel 
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay: 
Sell every man his life as dear as mine, 
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends, 
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right, 
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

Exeunt.

Scene III.—Plains in Gascony.

Enter York, with Forces; to him, a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again 
That drog'd the mighty army of the Dauphin? 
Mess. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out 
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power, 
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along, 
By your espials were discovered 
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led, 
Which join'd with him and made their march 
for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset, 
That thus delays my promised supply 
Of horsemen that were levied for this siege! 
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid, 
And I am low'd by a traitor villain 
And cannot help the noble chevalier. 
God comfort him in this necessity! 
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength, 
Never so needful on the earth of France, 
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot, 
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron 
And hemm'd about with grim destruction. 
To Bourdeaux, war-like duke! to Bourdeaux, York!

Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset, who in proud heart 
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place; 
So should we save a valiant gentleman 
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward. 
Mad ire and wrathful fury make me weep 
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O! send some succour to the distress'd lord.

York. He dies, we lose; I break my war-like word;

We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get; 
All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul.

And on his son young John, whom two hours since 
I met in travel toward his war-like father. 
This seven years did not Talbot see his son; 
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have 
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?

Away! vexation almost stops my breath 
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death. 
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can 
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Scene IV.—Other Plains in Gascony.

Enter Somerset, with his Army; a Captain of Talbot's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a salary of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour.
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off albof with worthless emulation.

Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exchanges;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrap'd the noble-minded Talbot.
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain,
Scene VI.—A Field of Battle.

Alarum. Excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight! the regent hath with Talbot broke his word, and left us to the rage of France his sword. here is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath; gave thee life and resc'd thee from death.

John. O! twice my father, twice am I thy son: life thou gav'st me first was lost and done; l's with thy war-like sword, despite of fate, my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire, warn'd thy father's heart with proud desire bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age, chicken'd with youthful spleen and war-like rage, eat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy, ad from the pride of Gallia resc'd thee. an irreful bastard Orleans, that drew blood from thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood of thy first fight, I soon encountered, ad, interchanging blows, I quickly shed one of his bastard blood; and in disgrace to spoke him thus: 'Contaminated, base misbegotten blood I spil of thine, can and right poor, for that pure blood of mine which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy.'

cre, purposing the Bastard to destroy, am in strong resuce. Speak, thy father's care, et thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare? ill thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly, ow art seal'd the son of chivalry? to, to revenge my death when I am dead; help of one stands me in little stead.

Too much folly is it, well I wot, a hazard all our lives in one small boat. I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage, morrow I shall die with mickle age: me they nothing gain an if I stay; is but the short'ning of my life one day.

a thee thy mother dies, our household's name, ly death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame. these and more we hazard by thy stay; these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart; these words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.

In that advantage, bought with such a shame, to save a paltry life and slay bright fame, before young Talbot from old Talbot fly, he coward horse that bears me fall and die! and like me to the peasant boys of France, to be shame's scorn and subject of mishance! surely, by all the glory you have won, if I fly, I am not Talbot's son: then talk no more of flight, it is no boot; son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete, Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet: If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side, And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

Scene VII.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Talbot, wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone:
O! where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity, Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee. When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee, His bloody sword he brandish'd over me, And like a hungry lion did commence Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience; But when my angry guardant stood alone, Tend'rend my ruin and assail'd of none, Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart Suddenly made him from my side to start Into the clust'ring battle of the French; And in that sea of blood my boy did drench His over-mounting spirit; and there died My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot.

Serv. O! my dear lord, lo! where your son is borne.

Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh'st us here to scorn, Anon, from thy insulting tyranny, Coupled in bonds of perpetuity.

Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky, In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.

O! thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death, Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath; Brave death by speaking whether he will or no; Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.

Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say, Had death been French, then death had died to-day.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms: My spirit can no longer bear these harms.

Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have, Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

Dies.

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, BURGUNDY, the Bastard of ORLEANS, JOAN LA PUCHELLE, and Forces.

Cha. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood, Did fesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood! Joam. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said: 'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid; But with a proud majestic high scorn, He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born To be the pillage of a giant wench.'

So, rushing in the bowels of the French, He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

But. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight;
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones
asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Cha. O, no! forbear; for that which we have
fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead. 59

Enter Sir William Lucy, attended; a French
Herald preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's
tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Cha. On what submissive message art thou
sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis amereFrench
word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Cha. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison
is,
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the
field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsby?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of
Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of
Sheffield,
The thirce-victorious Lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece,
Great marshall to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Joan. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifisest with all these titles
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only
scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O! were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
O! that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left amongst you here
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as becomes their worth.

Joan. I think this uppstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding
spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them
here
They would but stink and putrefy the air.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.
Cha. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what
thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours now bloody Talbot's slain.

Exeunt.
I am to attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Aside. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
be inferior to the proudest peer.

Charles. This news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
said the stout Parisians do revolt
and turn again unto the war-like French.

Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
d keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Joan. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us;
be, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
d happiness to his accomplishments!

Cha. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
in two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
d means to give you battle presently.

Cha. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
w he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Joan. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd.
mand the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Henry fret and all the world repine.

Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

Exeunt.

Scene II.—France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURLYNGO, ALÉNOÇ, JOAN la PUCelle, and Forces, Marching.

Cha. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
said the stout Parisians do revolt
d turn again unto the war-like French.
Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
d keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Joan. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us;
be, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
d happiness to his accomplishments!

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in two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
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we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
w he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Joan. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd.
mand the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Henry fret and all the world repine.

Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Same. Before Angiers.

Enter EXCURSIONS. Enter JOAN la PUCelle.

Joan. The regent conquers and the Frenchmen fly.
w help, ye charming spells and peripats;
ad ye choice spirits that admonish me
give me signs of future accidents:

Thunder.

io speedy helpers, that are substitutes
under the lovely monarch of the north,
spear and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Friends.

his speedy and quick appearance argues proof
if your accustomed diligence to me.
now, ye familiar spirits, that are call'd
out of the powerful legions under earth,
sell me this once, that France may get the field.

They walk; and speak not.

bould me not with silence over-long.
here I was wont to feed you with my blood,
'll pop a member off and give you
 earnest of a further benefit,
so you do condescend to help me now.

They hang their heads.

o hope to have redress? My body shall
my recompense if you will grant my suit.

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

They depart.

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to bucke with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

Exit.

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting; JOAN la PUCelle and YORK fight hand to hand. JOAN la PUCelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if with Circé she would change thy shape.

Joan. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man:
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Joan. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!

Joan. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in Lady MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Gaze on her.

O fairest beauty! do not fear nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whoseoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Do not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

She turns away as going.

O, stay! I have no power to let her pass!

My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeit beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink and write my mind.

Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confound the tongue and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom
must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember that thou hast a
wife;  
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not
hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling
card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is
mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?

Why, for my king: tush! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

Mar. Hear ye, captain! Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.

Madam, I have a secret to reveal—

Mar. What though I be enthral'd? he seems
a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesies.

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a
cause—

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere
now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but quid for quo.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy to be made a queen? in

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains and our colours
forth!
VER YET TANT WITH LOVE, I SEND THE KING.
SIF. AND THIS WITHEA.
KISSES HER.
War. That for thyself: I will not so presume
Send such peevish tokens to a king.
Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.
SIF. O! Wert thou for myself. But, Suffolk,
Stay;
On may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
Ere Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Kist Henry with her wondrous praise:
Think thee on her virtues that surmount
D natural graces that extinguish art;
Peat their semblance often on the seas,
At, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
On may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.
Exit.


Enter York, Warwick, and Others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter Joaum, the pucielle, guarded; and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah! Joan, this kills thy father's heart,
Outright.
Ve sought every country far and near,
D, now it is my chance to find thee out,
St. I beheld thy time less cruel death?
Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.
Joan. Decrepit miser! Base ignoble wretch!
D ascended of a gentler blood:
Art no father nor no friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
D beget her all the parish knows:
Mother liveth yet, can testify
Was the first fruit of my bachelorship.
War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been:
Red and vile; and so her death concludes.
Rep. Fie! Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle;
Thou know'st art a collop of my flesh;
D for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
My me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.
Joan. Peasant, avanti! You have suborn'd this man,
Purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true I gave a noble to the priest
Emorn that I was wedded to her mother.
Eel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
It thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Thy nativity! I would the milk
Mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
D been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
Dish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee
St. thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
Burn her, burn her: hanging is too good. Exit. York.
Take her away; for she hath lived too long
Fill the world with vicious qualities.
Joan. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
D me begotten of a shepherd swain,
Tissu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously offus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
York. Ay, ay: away with her to execution!
War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be snow;
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.
Joan. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child
War. The greatest miracle that e'rye wrought!
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially since Charles must father it.
Joan. You are deceipt'd; my child is none of his.
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.
York. Ailecon! that notorious Machiavel:
It dies an if it had a thousand lives.
Joan. O! give me leave; I have declaim'd you;
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reigmeir, King of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man: that's most intolerable.
York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well.
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.
York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Trumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.
Joan. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
Exit, guarded.

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beauprot, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellency
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

[ACT I.]

And here at band the Dauphin and his train approacheth to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect? After the slaughter of so many peers, So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers, That in this quarrel have been overthrown, And sold their bodies for their country's benefit, Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace? Have we not lost most part of all the towns, By treason, falsehood, and by treachery, Our great progenitors had conquisted? 110 O! Warwick, Warwick, I forebode with grief The utter loss of all the realm of France. War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace, It shall be with such strict and severe covenants As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, attended; ALÉNÇON, the Bastard of Orleans, REIGNIER, and Others.

Cha. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France, We come to be informed by yourselves What the conditions of that league must be. York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler The hollow passage of my poison'd voice, By sight of these our baleful enemies. Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus: That, in regard King Henry gives consent, Of mere compassion and of lenity, To ease your country of distressful war, And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace, You shall become true liegemen to his crown. And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear To pay him tribute, and submit thyself, Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him, And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must be he then as shadow of himself? Adorn his temples with a coronet, And yet, in substance and authority, Retain but privilege of a private man? This proffer is absurd and reasonless. Cha. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd With more than half the Gallian territories, And therein reverence'd for their lawful king: Shall I, for lucrè of the rest unvanquish'd, Detract so much from that prerogative As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole? No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep That which I have than, coveting for more, Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means Us'd ingratitude to obtain a league, And, now that matter grows to compromise, Stand'st thou afoot upon comparison? Either accept the title thou usurpest, Of benefit proceeding from our king And not of any challenge of desert, Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy To cavil in the course of this contract; If once it be neglected, ten to one We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy To save your subjects from such massacre And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen By our proceeding in hostility; And therefore take this compact of a truce, Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles! shall condition stand? Cha. It shall; Only reserv'd, you claim no interest In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty As thou art knight, never to disobey Nor be rebellious to the crown of England, Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England So now dismiss your army when ye please; Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still. For here we entertain a solemn peace. Exe.}

SCENE V.—London. The Palace.

Enter King HENRY, in conference with S. FOLK; GLOUCESTER and EXETER fol- lowing.

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl, Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me: Her virtues graced with external gifts Do breed love's settled passions in my heart And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide So am I driven by breath of her renown Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush! my good lord, this superficial Is but a preface of her worthy praise: The chief perfections of that lovely dame, Had I sufficient skill to utter them, Would make a volume of enticing lines, Able to ravish any dull conceit: And, which is more, she is not so divine, So full replete with choice of all delights, But with as humble lowliness of mind She is content to be at your command; Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intent To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er resume. Therefore, my lord protector, give consent That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glu. So should I give consent to flatter you, You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd Unto another lady of esteem; How shall we then dispense with that contract And not deface your honour with reproach? Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd To try his strength, forsketh yet the lists By reason of his adversary's odds. A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds, And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glu. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that? Her father is no better than an earl, Although in glorious titles he excel. Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king; The King of Naples and Jerusalem; And of such great authority in France As his alliance will confirm our peace, And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glu. And so the Earl of Armagnac may Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower, Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.
A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king, that he should be so abject, base, and poor, choose for wealth and not for perfect love. Henry is able to enrich his queen, and not to seek a queen to make him rich: worthless peasants bargain for their wives, market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse. Marriage is a matter of more worth than to be dealt in by attorneyship: of whom we will, but whom his grace affects, must be companion of his nuptial bed; and therefore, lords, since he affects her most, most of all these reasons bindeth us, our opinions she should be preferred. for what is wedlock forced but a hell, page of discord and continual strife? whereas the contrary bringeth bliss, and is a pattern of celestial peace. whom should we match with Henry, being a king, at Margaret, that is daughter to a king? or peerless feature, joined with her birth, proves her fit for none but for a king: or valiant courage and undaunted spirit, more than in women commonly is seen, will answer our hope in issue of a king; or Henry, son unto a conqueror, likely to beget more conquerors, with a lady of so high resolve is fair Margaret he be link'd in love. then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me that Margaret shall be queen, and none but she. K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report, My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that My tender youth was never yet attain'd With any passion of inflaming love, I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd, I feel such sharp dissension in my breast, Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear, As I am sick with working of my thoughts. Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France. Agree to any covenants, and procure That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come To cross the seas to England and be crown'd King Henry's faithful and anointed queen. For your expenses and sufficient charge, Among the people gather up a tenth, Be gone, I say; for till you do return I rest perplexed with a thousand cares. And you, good uncle, banish all offence: If you do censure me by what you were, Not what you are, I know it will excuse This sudden execution of my will. And so conduct me, where from company I may revolve and ruminate my grief. Exit. Gloucester. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last. Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter. Suffolk. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes, As did the youthful Paris once to Greece; With hope to find the like event in love, But prosper better than the Trojan did. Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king; But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. Exit.
THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Dramatis personae.

King Henry the Sixth.
Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, his Uncle.
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, Great-uncle to the King.
Edward and Richard, his Sons.
Duke of Somerset.
Duke of Suffolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Lord Clifford.
Young Clifford, his Son.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Warwick.
Lord Scales, Governor of the Tower.
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and William Stafford, his Brother.
Sir John Stanley.
Vaux.
Matthew Goffe.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald: Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, etc.

A Spirit.

Scene.—In various Parts of England.

Act I.

Scene I.—London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets: then haudboys. Enter, on one side, King Henry, Duke of Gloucester, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort; on the other, Queen Margaret, led in by Suffolk; York, Somerset, Buckingham, and Others, following.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alenson,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are a
substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.
Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss. O Lord! that lends a
life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.
Q. Mer. Great King of England and my
gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alderliest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Dyes me from wondering to weeping joys;
Ch is the fulness of my heart's content.

Q. Mar. We thank you all. Flourish.

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
We are the articles of contracted peace
Twixt our sovereign and the French King Charles,
Are eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glu. Imprimis, It is agreed between the French Charles and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, at the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, and the Duke of Anjou, and the duchy of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father—

Let the paper fall.

K. Hen. Uncle, how now!

Glu. Pardon me, gracious lord;
One sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart
As dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

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

K. Hen. They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel down:
Ere create thee the first Duke of Suffolk, and gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
Ere discharge thy grace from being regent of the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester, successor, York, Buckingham, Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
To thank you all for this great favour done,
An entertainment to my princely queen.

One, let us in, and with all speed provide
to see her coronation be perform'd.

Excert KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK.

Glu. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
You Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What? did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?

And did my brother Bedford toll his wins,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham, brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy

Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?
O peers of England! shameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,

Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?

This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.
Glu. Ay, uncle; we will keep it, if we can; But now it is impossible we should.

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

Sal. Now, by the death of him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

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

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

Mort Dieu! York.

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

Glu. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France.

Car. My Lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glu. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind:
'Tis not my speech that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.

Lordlings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. Exit.

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.

What though the common people favour him,
Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,'  
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice  
"Jesus maintain your royal excellence!"

With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'  
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
He will be found a dangerous protector.

_Buck._ Why should he then protect our sovereign,  
He being of age to govern of himself? 
_Cousin of Somerset._ Join you with me,  
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,  
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.  
_Car._ This weighty business will not brook delay;

I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.  
_Exeunt._

_Som._ Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride  
And greatness of his place be grief to us,  
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:  
His insolence is more intolerable  
Than all the princes in the land beside:  
If Gloucester be displac'd, he'll be protector.  
_Buck._ Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,  
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.  
_Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET._

_Sal._ Pride went before, ambition follows him,  
While these do labour for their own preferment,  
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.  

I never saw but Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester,  
Did bear him like a noble gentleman,  
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal  
More like a soldier than a man of the church,  
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,  
Swear like a ruffian and demean himself.  
Unlike the ruler of a commonwealth,

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,  
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,  
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,  
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:  
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,  
In bringing them to civil discipline,  
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,  
When thou wast regent for our sovereign,  
Hast made their fear and honour of the people.  
Join we together for the public good,  
In what we can to bridle and suppress  
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,  
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;  
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,  
While they do tend the profit of the land.  

_War._ So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,  
And common profit of his country!

_York._ Aside. And so says York, for he hath  
greatest cause.

_Sal._ Then let's make haste away, and look  
unto the main.

_War._ Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost!  
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,  
And would have kept so long as breath did last:  
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,  
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

_Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.

_York._ Anjou and Maine are given to the French;  
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy  
Stands on a tickle point now they are gone.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI. 485

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty! 72
Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
your grace's title shall be multiplied.
Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promised, to show your
highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions 83
As by your grace shall be propounded him.
Duch. It is enough: I'll think upon the questions.
When from Saint Albans we do make return
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

Exit.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy. 93
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
I dare not say from the rich cardinal
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet do I find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say 'A crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
to call them both a pair of crafty knives.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear at last
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort how it will I shall have gold for all. Exit.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

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

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

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

Enter Suffolk and Queen Margaret.

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

Second Petit. Come back, fool! this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! would'st any thing with me?

First Petit. I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. To my Lord Protector! Are your sup-
plcations to his lordship? Let me see them:
what is thine?
First Pet. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that's some wrong indeed.

What's yours? What's here! Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.

How now, sir knave!

Second Pet. Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What sayest thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown? a

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there?

Enter Servants.

Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently. We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

Exeunt Servants with Peter.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected

Under the wings of our protector's grace,

Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

Turn the petition.

Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

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

Q. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise

Is this the fashion in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What! shall King Henry be a pupil still

Under the surly Gloucester's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours

Thou ram'st a tilt in honour of my love,

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,

I thought King Henry had resembled thee

In courage, courtship, and proportion:

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number Ave-Maries on his beads;

His champions are the prophets and apostles,

His weapons holy swards of sacred writ,

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

I would the college of the cardinals

Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head:

That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was cause

Your highness came to England, so will I

In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort

The imperious churchman, Somerset, Bucking-

ham, and grumbling York; and not the least of these

But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all

Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:

Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much

As that proud dame, the lord protector's wi'

She sweeps it through the court with trophies

ladies,

More like an empress than Duke Humphry's

wife.

Strangers in court do take her for the queen.

She bears a duke's revenues on her back,

And in her heart she scorcs our poverty.

Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?

Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,

She vaunted 'mongst her minions 'other day,

The very train of her worst wearing gown

Was better worth than all my father's lands.

Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for it,

And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds

That she will light to listen to the lays,

And never mount to trouble you again.

So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;

For I am bold to counsel you in this.

Although we fancy not the cardinal,

Yet must we join with him and with the lords

Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.

As for the Duke of York, this late complain

Will make but little for his benefit:

So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,

And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sound a hornet. Enter King Henry, York, of Somerset; Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;

Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

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

Then let him be denay'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place

Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or nay,

Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy better sence

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

Buck. All in this presence are thy better.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of us.

Sal. Peace, son! and show some regard,

Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will be it so.

Glou. Madam, the king is old enough himself;

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

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs ye grace

To be protector of his excellency?

Glou. Madam, I am protector of the realm

And at his pleasure will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then and leave thine insolence.

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

The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck

The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas.

And all the peers and nobles of the realm

Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; 

clergy's bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wise

attire
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTH- WELl, and BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises. Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft while you are busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us.

Exit Hume.

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

Enter DUCHESS aloft, HUME following.

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

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times; Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night. The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

Here they do the ceremonies belonging,
And make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, etc.
It thundered and lightens terribly; then the Spirit violeth.

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

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said
and done!
Boling. First, of the king: what shall of him become?
Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.

Boling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?
Spir. By water shall he die and take his end.
Boling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?
Spir. Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!

Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.

Enter York and Buckingham, hastily, with their Guard.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their
trash.
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.
What! madam, are you there? the king and commonwealth
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatrest where's no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call
you this?
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us;
Stafford, take her to thee.

Exeunt above Duchess and Hume, guarded.

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.
All, away! Exeunt Guard, with Southwell, Bolingbroke, etc.

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd
her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?
The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

Why, this is just
Aio te, Abaica, Romanus vineare poss.
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my lords; these oracles Are hardly attain'd, and hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's;
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news as fast as horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

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

Enter a Servingman.
Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away! Exit.
Why, you, my lord; t'like your lordly lord-protectorship.


Mar. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

K. Hen. I prithee, peace, good queen, and whet not on these furious peers; they bless'd are these peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make amidst this proud protector with my sword.

Glo. Aside to the Cardinal. Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!

Car. Aside to Gloucester. Marry, when thou dost.

Glo. Aside to the Cardinal. Make up no factious numbers for the matter; thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. Aside to Gloucester. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st, is evening on the east side of the grove.

K. Hen. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloucester, if not your man put up the fowl so suddenly, I had had more sport. Aside to Gloucester.

Come with thy two-hand sword.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Aside to Gloucester. Are ye advis'd? the east side of the grove.

Glo. Aside to the Cardinal. Cardinal, I am with you.


Suf. to the Cardinal. Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown or this, or all my fence shall fail.

Car. Aside to Gloucester. Melitus, teipsum—protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.

Glo.irk some is this music to my heart? seen such strings jar, what hope of harmony? ray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter One, crying 'A miracle!'

Glo. What means this noise? allow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One. A miracle! a miracle!

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

One. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight; man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Car. Here comes the townsman on procession, to present his highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale, although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters; bring him near the king: his highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance, That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What! hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

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

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.

K. Hen. Where went thou born?

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

K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:

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

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, can'st thou here by chance, Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

A hundred times and oftener in my sleep, By good Saint Alban; who said, 'Simpcox, come;

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What! art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O! born so, master.

Glo. What! and would'st climb a tree?

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

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

Glo. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas! master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

And made me climb with danger of my life.

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

Let me see thine eyes: wink now; now open them.

In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

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

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

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

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

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

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

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

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

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

Simp. Alas! master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.
Glou. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glou. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saundra Simpson, an if it please you, master.
Glou. Then, Saunders, sit there, the liestest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou might'st as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and wouldn't not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again!
Simp. O master, that you could! 132
Glou. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beaddles in your town, and things called whips?
May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Glou. Then send for one presently.
May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.
Exit an Attendant.
Glou. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.
Simp. Alas! master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.
Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.
Glou. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.
Reed. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.
Simp. Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.
After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, 'A miracle!'
K. Hen. O God! seest thou this, and bearst so long?
Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.
Glou. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.
Wife. Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.
Glou. Let them be whipped through every market-town till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.
Execut Mayor, Beadle, Wife, etc.
Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.
Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.
Glou. But you have done more miracles than I; you made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.
Enter BUCKINGHAM.
K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold, A sort of naughty persons, lowly bent, Under the countenance and conferency Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife: The ringleader and head of all this ront, Have practis'd dangerously against your state, Dealing with witches and with conjurers; 170 Whom we have apprehended in the fact; Raising up wicked spirits from underground, Demanding of King Henry's life and death, And other of your highness' privy council, As more at large your grace shall understand.
Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means Your lady is forthcoming yet at London. This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapons edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your ho
Glou. Ambitious churchman, leave to affect my heart: Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers: And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee. Or to the meanest groom.
K. Hen. O God! what mischiefs work we wicked ones. Heaping confusion on their own heads there.
Q. Mar. Gloucester, see here the tainture thy nest, And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
Glou. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do app. How I have lov'd my king and commonweal And, for my wife, I know not how it stands. Sorry I am to hear what I have heard: Noble she is, but if she have forgot Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such As, like to pitch, desile nobility, I banish her my bed and company, And give her as a prey to law and shame, That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest man.
K. Hen. Well, for this night we will reposes here: To-morrow toward London back again, To look into this business thoroughly, And call these foul offenders to their answer And poise the cause in justice' equal scales, Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful can prevail.
Flourish. Exeunt.


Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.
York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Suf. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy cause be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:
Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was—Edmund Langley, Duke of York.
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke Gloucester;
William of Wilt'sor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful king.
Scene II.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

at his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
and to Pumfret ; where, as all you know, unless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

Var. Father, the duke hath told the truth ;
and got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force and not by right ;

Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
issue of the next son should have reign'd. &

But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose
line
aim the crown, had issue Philippe, a daughter, who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March ;
and had issue, Roger, Earl of March ;
and had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke, I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;
d, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
and kept him in captivity till he died,
to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
mother, being heir unto the crown,
married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who was son
Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
her I claim the kingdom : she was heir
Roger, Earl of March, who was the son
Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
deughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence.

But the issue of the elder son
ceased before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
e four son; York claims it from the third.
Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign : fails it not yet, but flourishes in thee,

in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.

in, father Salisbury, kneel we together,
and in this private plot be we the first
shall salute our rightful sovereign
with honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords! But I am not your king
ill I be crown'd and that my sword be stain'd
with the blood of the house of Lancaster;
and that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
at with advice and silent secrecy.

you as I do in these dangerous days,
link at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,

at Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
at Buckingham and all the crew of them,
ill they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
with virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey;
is that they seek ; and they in seeking that
shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

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

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself : richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
the greatest man in England but the king.

Exit. SCENE III.—The Same. A Hall of Justice.

Sound trumpets. Enter King HENRY, Queen
MARGARET, GLoucester, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY ; the Duchess of GLou-
Cester, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham,
Gloucester's wife.

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again ;
From thence unto the place of execution :
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,

And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,

Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glou. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

Evacn the DUCHESS and the other
Prisoners, guarded.

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah! Humphry, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go ;
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphry, Duke of Gloucester:
ere thou go,
Give up thy staff : Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphry, no less belov'd
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.

God and King Henry govern England's realm!
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glou. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff,
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine ;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king! when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

Exit.

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Mar-
egaret queen ;

And Humphry Duke of Gloucester scarce him-
self,
That bears so shrewd a maine : two pulls at once;
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught : there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus dropes this lofty pine and hangs
his sprays;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days,
York. Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty
This is the day appointed for the combat ;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court to see this quarrel tried.
K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!
York. I never saw a fellow worse bosted,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, Horner, and his neighbours drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and
he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him; at the other side, Peter,
with a drum and sand-bag; and Prentices drinking to him.

First Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink
to you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour,
you shall do well enough.
Second Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a
cup of charneco.
Third Neigh. And here's a pot of good double
beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all;
and a fig for Peter!
First Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and
be not afraid.
Second Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.
Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.
Sal. Come, leave your drinking and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?
Peter. Peter, forsooth.
Sal. Peter! What more?
Peter. Thump.
Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.
Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were,
upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave,
and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death I never
meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen:
and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a
down-right blow.
York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to
double. Sound, trumpets, alarm to the combatants. Alarum. They fight, and PETER strikes down his Master.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess
treason. Dies.
York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.
Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies
in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.
K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our
sight;
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd with
full.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.
Sound a flourish. Exit.

Scene IV.—The same. A street.

Enter Gloucester and Servingmen, in mourning cloaks.

Glou. Thus sometimes hath the brightest cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold.
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock?
Serv. Ten, my lord.
Glou. Ten is the hour that was appointed
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess.
Unearth may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face.
With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot whee.
When thou didst ride in triumph through streets.
But soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloucester, in a white sheet, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir John Stanley, a sheriff, and Office.

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

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

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my own
shame?
Now thou dost pence too. Look! how thy gaze.
See! the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on the
Ah! Gloucester, hide thee from their hate
looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue thy shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine
Glou. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.
Duch. Ah! Gloucester, teach me to forget
myself;
For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Maid'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah! Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world?
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day.
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife
And her a prince and ruler of the land.
Yet so he ruleth and such a prince he was
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild and blush not at my shame;
Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's daimion, holden at Bury the first of this next nth.

Now. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before! is close dealing. Well, I will be there, Exit Herald.

Nell, I take my leave; and, Master sheriff, t her penance exceed the king's commision. Sher. An't please your grace, here my com mission stays, 
d Sir John Stanley is appointed now 
take her with him to the Isle of Man.
Now. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

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

Now. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray use her well. The world may laugh again if 
i may live to do you kindness if 
a do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell. Duch. What! gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell.

Now. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak. Exit Gloucester and Servants.

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!

r none abides with me: my joy is death; 
ath, at whose name I oft have been afraid, 
cause I wished'd this world's eternity. mley, I prithee, go, and take me hence; 
are not whitner, for I beg no favour, 
lv convey me where thou art commanded. Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man: 
er to be us'd according to your state. Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach: 
d shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady:

cording to that state you shall be used. Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare, 
thou hast been conduct of my shame. Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me. Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd. 
ue, Stanley, shall we go!

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet, 
And go to we to attire you for our journey. 
Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my 
sheet: No; it will hang upon my richest robes, 
And show itself, attire me how I can. 19 
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury St. Edmunds.

Sound a sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, and Others.

K. Hen. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man, 
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will ye not observe 
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance? 
With what a majesty he bears himself, 
How insolent of late he is become, 
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself? 
We know the time since he was mild and affable, 
An if we did but glance a far-off look, 
Immediately he was upon his knee, 
That all the court admiring him for submission: 
but meet him now, and, be it in the morn, 
When every one will give the time of day, 
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye, 
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee, 
Disdaining duty that to us belongs. 
Small curs are not regarded when they grin, 
But great men tremble when the lion roars; 
And Humphrey is no little man in England. 
First note that he is near you in descent, 
And should you fall, he is the next will mount. 
Me seemeth then it is no policy, 
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears, 
And his advantage following your decease, 
That he should come about your royal person 
Or be admitted to your highness' council, 
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts, 
And when he please to make commotion, 
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him. 
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow rooted; 
Suffer them now and they'll o'ergrow the garden, 
And chose the herbs for want of husbandry. 
The reverent care I bear unto my lord 
Made me collect these dangers in the duke. 
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear; 
Which fear if better reasons can supplant, 
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke. 
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York, 
Reprove my allegation if you can; 
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke; 
And had I first been put to speak my mind, 
I think I should have told your grace's tale. 
The duchess by his subornation, 
Upon my life, began her devilish practices; 
Or if he were not privy to those faults, 
Yet, by repeating of his high descent, 
As next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign’s fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harvests treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb:
No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectoryship,
Loye great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers’ pay in France, and never sent it?
By means wherof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults
unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke
Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once: the care you have
of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my con-
science,
Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

q. Mar. Ah! what’s more dangerous than
this fond affiance.
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow’d,
For he’s disposed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he’s inclin’d as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news
from France?
Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God’s
will be done!
York. Aside. Cold news for me; for I had
hope of France
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long;
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay’d so long.
Suf. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art
come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
Glou. Well, Suffolk’s duke, thou shalt not see
me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unsettled is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York. ’Tis thought, my lord, that you took
bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay’d the soldiers’ pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.
Glou. Is it but thought so? What are they
that think it?
I never robb’d the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch’d the night.
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England.
That doth that e’er I wrested from the king.
Or any grant I heeded to my use.
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store
Because I would not tax the needy common
Have I dispersed to the garrisons,
And never ask’d for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
Glou. I say no more than truth, so help me God.
York. In your protectoryship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard
That England was defam’d by tyranny.

Glou. Why, ’tis well known that, while I was
protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender’s tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec’d poor
sengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur’d
Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly
answer’d;
But mightier crimes are laid unto your char.
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness’ name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My Lord of Gloucester, ’tis my solemn
hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect.
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glou. Ah! gracious lord, these days are
dangerous.
Virtue is chok’d with foul ambition,
And charity chas’d hence by runcour’s hand.
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil’d your highness’ land.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play
For thousands more, that yet suspect no pet,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort’s red sparkling eyes blab his heart’s
malice,
And Suffolk’s cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon
Whose overweening arm I have pluck’d back
By false accuse doth level at my life:
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless hath laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavours have stirr’d up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy.
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

all not want false witness to condemn me,
store of treasons to augment my guilt;
an ancient proverb will be well effected:
staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Mar. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
hose that care to keep your royal person
on treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
the offender granted scope of speech,
will make them cool in zeal of your grace.

Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
inignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
if she had suborned some to swear
all allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

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

Humphrey. He'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day.
d cardinal, he is your prisoner.

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

Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch
fore his legs be firm to bear his body;
us is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
d wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
that my fear were false; ah! that it were;
good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

Exeunt Attendants with Gloucester.

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
or undo, as if ourself were here.

2. Mar. What! will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
ose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
body round engirt with misery,
what's more miserable than discontent?

Uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see
map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
at 'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
hat lowring star now envies thy estate,
at these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
seek subversion of thy harmless life?
never didst them wrong, nor man wrong;
ad as the butcher takes the calf,
binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
caring it to the bloody slaughter-house;
so, remorseless, have they borne him hence;
ad, as the dam runs lowing up and down,
looking the way her harmless young one went,
can do not long; but wait her darling's loss;
so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
with sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
after him, and cannot do him good;
mighty are his vowed enemies.

is fortunes I will weep; and 'twixt each groin
'Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none.'

Exit.

Q. Mar. Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams,
emy my lord is cold in great affairs,
so full of foolish pity; and Gloucester's show
agues him as the mournful crocodile
with sorrow snareth relenting passengers;

Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death.
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But in my mind that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

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

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

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were't not all one an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness then
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock.
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quillet's how to slay him:
Be it by gius, by snares, by subtily,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit.
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke and seldom meant:
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner;
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come again,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither.

'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;

Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,

Had been the regent there instead of me,

He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.

I rather would have lost my life betimes

Than bring a burden of dishonour home,

By staying there so long till all were lost.

Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:

Men's flesh preserve'd so whole do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.

No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:

Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,

Might haply have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What! worse than nought I may, then a sinner take all.

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

Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.

The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms

And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:

To Ireland will you lead a band of men,

Collected choice'ly, from each county some,

And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,

And what we do establish he confirms:

Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content; provide me soldiers, lords,

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.

But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.

And so break off; the day is almost spent.

Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days

At Bristol I expect my soldiers;

For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

Exeunt all but York.

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

And change misdoubt to resolution:

Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art

Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.

Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

Well, nobles, well; 'tis politicly done,

To send me packing with an host of men:

I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:

I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd

You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.

While I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,

I will stir up in England some black storm

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell.

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,

Until the golden circuit on my head,

Like to the glorious sun's transparent beam

Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

And, for a minister of my intent,

I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,

John Cade of Ashford,

To make commotion, as full well he can,

Under the title of John Mortimer.

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade

Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,

And fought so long, till that his thighs with soil

Were almost like a sharp-qui'd' d'portentine

And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen

Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,

Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.

Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,

Hath he conversed with the enemy,

And undiscover'd come to me again,

And given me notice of their villainies.

This devil here shall be my substitute;

For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,

In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble

By this I shall perceive the commons' mind

How they affect the house and claim of Yor.

Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,

I know no pain they can inflict upon him

Will make him say I mov'd him to those acts,

Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,

Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,

And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd.

For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,

And Henry put apart, the next for me.

SCENE II.—Bury St. Edmunds. A Room of the Castle.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

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

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

Second Mur. O! that it were to do. We have we done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

First Mur. Here comes my lord.

Enter Suffolk.

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

First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

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

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand,

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

According as I gave directions?

First Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.

Suf. Away! be gone. 

Exeunt Murderers.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Somers, Lords, and Others.

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;

Say we intend to try his grace to-day,

If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.
K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you, all, oced no straiter against our uncle Gloucester than from true evidence, of good esteem, 2 to be approv’d in practice culpable.
Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail at faultless may condemn a nobleman! ay God he may acquit him of suspicion! K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.

Re-enter Suffolk.

now! why look’st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
here is our uncle? what’s the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.
Q. Mar. Marry, God forfend! 20
Car. God’s secret judgment: I did dream to-night
a duke was dumb and could not speak a word.

The King swoons.
Q. Mar. How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king is dead.
Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.
Suf. He doth revive again. Madam, be patient.
K. Hen. O heavenly God!
K. Hen. What! doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?

He right now to sing a raven’s note, 40 these dismal tune bereft my vital powers, did think he that the chirping of a wren, crying comfort from a hollow breast, in chase away the first-conceived sound? do not thy poison with such sugar’d words; do not thy hands on me; forbear, I say: sir touch affrights me as a serpent’s sting, a baleful messenger, out of my sight! on thy eye-balls murderous tyranny is in grim majesty to fright the world. 50 ask not upon me, for thine eyes are wound’st: at do not go away: come, basilisk, ad kill the innocent gazer with thy sight; or in the shade of death I shall find joy, life but double death, now Gloucester’s dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
though the duke was enemy to him, et he, most Christian-like, laments his death: nd for myself, foe as he was to me, light liquid tears or heart-offending groans; blood-consuming sighs recall his life, would be blind with weeping, sick with groans, pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs, all to have the noble duke alive.
that know I how the world may deem of me? or it is known we were but hollow friends: may be judg’d I made the duke away: o shall my name with slander’s tongue be wounded, nd princes’ courts be fill’d with my reproach: his get I by his death. Ay me, unhappy! 70 be a queen, and crown’d with infamy!
K. Hen. Ah! woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man.

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
Q. Mar. dost thou turn away and hide thy face? I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
Q. Mar. art thou, like theadder, waxen deaf? Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen. Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester’s tomb? Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne’er thy joy: Erect his statua and worship it, 80 and make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I for this night wreck’d upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England’s bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well forewarning wind
Did seem to say ‘Seek not a scorpion’s nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore’?
What did I then, but curs’d the gentle gusts
And he that loes’d them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England’s blessed shore,
or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.
Yet Eolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty-vaulting sea refus’d to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldest have me drown’d
on shore
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower’d in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their sinking sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest gaping sight of thy land’s view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,
And threw it towards thy land: the sea receive’d it,
And so I wish’d thy body might my heart: 109
And even with this I lost fair England’s view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call’d them blind and dusky spectacles
For losing ken of Albion’s wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk’s tongue,
The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
To sit and watch me, as Ascanius did
When he to madd’ng Dido would unfold
His father’s acts, concern’d in burning Troy!
Am I not wish’d like her? or thou not false like him?
Aye me! I can no more. Die, Margaret! 120
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick and Salisbury.
The Commons press to the door.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder’d
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort’s means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm’d their sullenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.
K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, ’tis too true;
But how he died God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his branchless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI. [ACT 1]

War. That I shall do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury, With the rude multitude till I return.

Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.

K. Hen. O! thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts, My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey’s life. If my suspect be false, forgive me, God, For judgment only doth belong to thee. 140 Fain would I go to clothe his paly lips With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain Upon his face an ocean of salt tears, To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk, And with my fingers feel his hands unfeeling; But all in vain are these mean obsequies, And to survey his dead and earthly image What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Re-enter WARWICK and Others, bearing GLOUCESTER’S body on a bed.

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

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made; 153 For with his soul fled all my worldly solace, For seeing him I see my life in death.

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

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

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow? War. See how the blood is settled in his face. Often have I seen a timely-parted ghost, Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless, Being all desecred to the labouring heart; Who, in the conflict that it holds with death, Attracts the same for aidance ‘gainst the enemy; Which with the heart there cools, and ne’er returneth To blush and beautify the cheek again. But see, his face is black and full of blood, His eye-balls further out than when he liv’d, Staring full ghastly like a strangled man; His hair uprear’d, his nostrils stretch’d with struggling;

His hands abroad display’d, as one that grasp’d And tug’d for life, and was by strength subdued. Look! on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking; His well-proportion’d beard made rough and rugged, Like to the summer’s corn by tempest lodg’d. It cannot be but he was murder’d here; The least of all these signs were probable.

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

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection; 180 And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow’d Duke Humphrey’s foes, And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep: ‘Tis like you would not feast him like a friend, And ’tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noble men As guilty of Duke Humphrey’s timeless death.

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

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where your knife?

Is Beaufort term’d a kite? where are his talon

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping me But here’s a vengeful sword, rusted with ease That shall be scour’d in his rancorous heart That shall stand me with murder’s crimson bade Say, if thou dar’st, proud Lord of Warwickshire! That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey’s death.

Exeunt Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, and Other

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

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

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

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

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour If ever lady wrong’d her lord so much, Thy mother took into her blameful bed Some stern untutor’d churl, and noble stock Was grafted with crab-tree slip; whose fruit the art,

And never of the Nevils’ noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder buckled thee,

And I should rob the deathsmen of his fee, Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames And that my sovereign’s presence makes men I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech, And say it was thy mother that thou meant’s That thou thyself wast born in bastardy: And after all this fearful homage done, Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell, Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

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

If from this presence thou darst go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thence:

Unworthy though thou art, I’ll cope with the And do some service to Duke Humphrey’s ghost.

Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK

K. Hen. What stronger breasplate than heart untainted!

Thrice is he arm’d that hath his quarrel just, And he but naked, though lock’d up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. A noise within

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold? Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

Exeunt King Henry, Warwick, Lords, etc.

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!

Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these executions,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

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

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,

As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

With full as many signs of deadly hate,

As lean-f'd Envy in her loathsome cave,

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil

And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O! let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,

To wash away my woeful monuments.
O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand signs are breath'd for thee.

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,

Adventure to be banish'd myself;
And banish'd I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.
O! go not yet. Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Leather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

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

Enter VAUX.

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

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

Exit VAUX.

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

Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe.
Dying with mother's dreg between its lips;
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee were but to die in jest;

From thee to die were torture more than death.
O! let me stay, befell what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel, locked in the wofulst cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitd barking souder we;

This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.

Exeunt severaliy.


Enter King Henry, Salisbury, Warwick, and Others. The Cardinal in bed; attendants by him.


Cor. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah! what a sign it is of evil life
Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

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

Cor. Bring me unto my trial when you will,
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live when they will or no?
O! torture me no more, I will confess.
Alive again! then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sul. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul! if God's good pleasure be.

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hands, may signal of thy hope,
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him.

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners.

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close
And let us all to meditation.

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.

Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat Captain, a Master, a Master's Mate, WALT WHITMORE, and Others; with them SUFFOLK disguised, and other gentlemen, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful
does
Is crept into the bosom of the sea.

And now loud-howl-ling wolves arouse the jad
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowzy, slow, and flagging win
Clipped men's men's graces, and from their misty ja
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize
For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs
Here shall they make their ransom on the san
Or with their blood stain this discollour'd shot
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate make boot of this
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.
first Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

fast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

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

app. What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns, do bear the name and port of gentlemen? both the villain’s threats! for die you shall; of lives of those which we have lost in light a counterpoise’d with such a petty sum!

first Gent. I’ll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

second Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
SUFFOLK. And therefore to revenge it shall thou die; so should these if I might have my will.

app. Be not so rash; take ransom; let him live.

suf. Look on my George; I am a gentleman, come at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

w now! why start’st thou? what! doth death affright?

suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death,

running man did calculate my birth,
d told me that by Water I should die:

let not this make thee bloodily-minded;
y name is Gautier, being rightly sounding.

Whit. Gautier or Walter, which it is, I care not;
ver yet did base honour blus our name
with our sword we wip’d away the blot: refore, when merchant-like I sell revenge, to be my sword, my arms torn and defac’d, I proclaim’d a coward through the world!

suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,

Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
sometime went disguis’d, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry’s blood,
e honourable blood of Lancaster,
ast not shed by such a jaded groomsman thou kisst thy hand and held my stirrup!
reheaded plodding by my foot-cloth mule, thought thee happy when I shook my head?
if often hast thou waited at my cup, from my trenter, kneel’d down at the board, then I have feasted with Queen Margaret! member it and let it make thee crest-fall’n;
and alway this thy abortive pride.

in our voiding lobby hast thou stood duly waited for my coming forth?

hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf, therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

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

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

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat’s side
Strike off his head.

suf. Thou dar’st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Pole.

suf. Pole!

Cap. Pool! Sir Pool! lord!

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt

Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth

For swallowing the treasure of the realm:

Thy lips, that kiss’d the queen, shall sweep the ground;

And thou that smil’st at good Duke Humphrey’s death,

Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,

Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again;

And wadded be thou to the hags of hell,

For daring to affy a mighty lord

Unto the daughter of a worthless king,

Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great,

And, like ambitions Sylla, overgord’d

With gobbets of thy mother’s bleeding heart.

By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,

The false revolting Normans thorough thee

Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy

Hath slain their governors, surpris’d our forts,

And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,

Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,

As hating thee, are rising up in arms:

And now the house of York, thrust from the crown

By shameful murder of a guiltless king,

And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,

Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours

Advance our half-fac’d sun, striving to shine,

Under the which is writ Invitis nubibus.

The commons here in Kent are up in arms;

And, to conclude, reproach and beggary

Is crept into the palace of our king,

And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

suf. O! that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges.

Small things make base men proud: this villain here,

Being captain of a pinaccle, threatens more

Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.

Drones suck not eagles’ blood but rob bee-hives.

It is impossible that I should die

By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:

I go of message from the queen to France;

I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Walter!

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

suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus: it is thee I fear.

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

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

First Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

suf. Suffolk’s imperial tongue is stern and rough,

Us’d to command, untaight to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit; no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.

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

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot.
Great men oft die by vile beiizonsians.
A Roman swordman and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutos bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

Exit Whitmore and Others with Suffolk.

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us and let him go.

Exeunt Whitmore, with Suffolk's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. Exit.
First Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

Exit, with the body.

SCENE II.—Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

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

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

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

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

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded
in handicraftsmen.

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

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

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

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

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's
son, the tanner of Winingham,

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies
to make dog's-leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,

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

John. And Smith the weaver,

Geo. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come; let's fall in with them.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

CODE.

Here's a villain!

Smirch. Has a book in his pocket with red

ters in't.

CODE. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write

art-hand.

CODE. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper

m, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty,

shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must

amine thee. What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters,

will go hard with you.

CODE. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write

name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like

honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God I have been so well

ought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he's

villain and a traitor.

CODE. Away with him! I say: hang him with

pen and ink-horn about his neck.

Exeunt some with the Clerk.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

CODE. Here I am. thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford

and his brother are hard by, with the king's

prces.

CODE. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee

own. He shall be encountered with a man as

ood as himself: he is but a knight, is a't?

Mich. No.

CODE. To equal him, I will make myself a

night presently.

Kneels. Rise. low have at him!

Exeunt Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM

his Brother, with drum and Forces.

STAFF. Rebellious hinds, the fifth and scum of

Kent,

ark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;

ome to your cottages, forsake this grooms;

he king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. STAFF. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to

blood,

if you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

CODE. As for those Silken-coated slaves, I pass

ot:

it is to you, good people, that I speak,

'er whom in time to come I hope to reign;

For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

STAFF. Villain! thy father was a plasterer;

And thou thyself a shewnman, art thou not?

CODE. And Adam was a gardener.

W. STAFF. And what of that?

CODE. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl

of March.

Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he

not?

STAFF. Ay, sir.

CODE. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. STAFF. That's false.

CODE. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis

true.

The elder of them, being put to nurse,

Was by a beggar-woman stole away;

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

Became a bricklayer when he came to age:

His son am I; deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be

king.

SMITH. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's

house, and the bricks are alive at this day to
testify it; therefore deny it not.

STAFF. And will you credit this base drudge's

words,

That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we: therefore got ye gone.

W. STAFF. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath
taught you this.

CODE. Aside. He lies, for I invented it myself.

Go to, sirrah; tell the king from me, that for

his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time

boys went to span-counter for French crowns,

I am content he shall reign: but I'll be protector

over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the Lord

Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

CODE. And good reason; for thereby is England

mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my

puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you

that that Lord Say hath gelled the common-

wealth, and made it an ennuch; and more than

that, he can speak French; and therefore he is

a traitor.

STAFF. O gross and miserable ignorance!

CODE. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen

are our enemies; go to then, I ask but this: can

he speak that with the tongue of an enemy be

a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we 'll have his head.

W. STAFF. Well, seeing gentle words will not

prevail,

Assail them with the army of the king.

STAFF. Herald, away; and throughout every
town

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;

That those which fly before the battle ends

May, even in their wives' and children's sight,

Be hang'd up for example at their doors.

And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

Exeunt the two STAFFORDS and Forces.

CODE. And you that love the commons, follow

me.

Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:

Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,

For they are thrifty honest men, and such

As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward

us.

CODE. But then are we in order when we are most

cut out of order. Come: march! forward!

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Part of Blackheath.

ALARUMS. The two parties enter, and fight, and

both the STAFFORDS are slain.

CODE. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

CODE. They fell before thee like sheep and

oxen, and thou behaved'st thyself as if thou

had'st been in thine own slaughter-house: there-

fore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be

as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a

license to kill for a hundred lacking one.
Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou dost deserve no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor’s sword borne before us.

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

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come; let’s march towards London.

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, reading a supplication; the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Say, with him: at a distance, Queen Margaret, mourning over Suffolk’s head.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind, and makes it fearful and degenerate; think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep. But who can cease to weep and look on this? Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast; but where’s the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels’ supplication?

K. Hen. I’ll send some holy bishop to entreat; for God forbid so many simple souls should perish by the sword! And I myself, rather than bloody war shall cut them short, will parley with Jack Cade their general. But stay, I’ll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah! barbary villains, hath this lovely face roll’d like a wandering planet over me, and could it not enforce them to relent, that were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope thy highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam! still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk’s death? I fear me, love, if that I had been dead, thou wouldest not have mourn’d so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com’st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord! Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer, descended from the Duke of Clarence’s house, and calls your grace usurper openly, and vows to crown himself in Westminster. His army is a ragged multitude of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless; Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother’s death hath given them heart and courage to proceed. All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen, they call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth, until a power be rais’d to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of Suffolk now alive, these Kentish rebels would be soon appeas’d.

SCENE V.—The Same. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales and Others, walking on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

First Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain for they have won the bridge, killing all that withstand them. The lord mayor craving of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command; but I am troubled here with them myself; the rebels have essay’d to win the Tower. But get you to Smithfield and gather head, and thither I will send you Matthew Goffe; fight for your king, your country, and your lives. And so farewell, for I must hence again.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The Same. Cannon-street.

Enter Jack Cade and his Followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. An here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge an command that, of the city’s cost, the pissing conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward I shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. They kill him Smith. If this fellow be wise, he’ll never call you Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there’s an army gathered to gather in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let’s go fight with them. But first, go and set London-bridge on fire, and if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let’s away.

Exeunt.
Scene VII.—The Same. Smithfield.

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

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

Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar writ,
Is term’d the civil’st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.  70
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov’d me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow’d on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr’d me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess’d with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me:
This tongue hath parley’d unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut! when struckest thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.
Geo. O monstrous coward! what! to come behind folks.

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

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

Say. Long sitting, to determine poor men’s causes,
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then,
And the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say,
I’ll be even with you: I’ll see if his head will
Stand steadier on a pole or no. Take him away
And behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.

Dick. Why dost thou bear, and so fast sore printing to be used;
Contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity,
Hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved
Thou hast appointed justices of peace,
Call poor men before them about matters they
Are not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put
Men in prison; and because they could not read,
Hast hanged them; when indeed only for
Their grace they have been most worthy to live.
O dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thyself wear a cloak,
When honest men than thine go in their hose and doublets.

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

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: ’tis bona terra, malo genis,
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Act IV. Scene VIII.

And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command you.

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it. Men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marr, presently.

All. O! brave.

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord Say and his Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. Away!

Scene VIII.—The Same. Southwark.

Alarum. Enter Cade and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! A parley sounded, then a retreat. What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and Old Clifford, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you, Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths? Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon, Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!' Who hatest him, and honours not his father, Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

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

Cade. What! Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark! I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all reprobates and traducers, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me, I will make shift for one, and so, God's curse light upon you all.

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

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth, That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him Will he conduct you through the heart of France And make the meanest of you earls and dukes? Alas! he hath no home, no place to fly to; Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil, Unless by robbing of your friends and us. We're not a shame, that whilst you live at The fearful French, whom you late vanquish Should make a start o'er seas and vanish y Methinks already in this civil broil I see them lording it in London streets, Crying Viligeo! unto all they meet. Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscar Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.

To France, to France! and get what you have lost; Spare England, for it is your native coast. Henry hath money, you are strong and man; God on our side, doubt not of victory.

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

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

Buck. What! is he fled? go some, and follow him; And he that brings his head unto the king Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

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

Scene IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

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

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earth throne, And could command no more content than I No sooner was I crept out of my cradle But I was made a king at nine months old: Was never subject long'd to be a king As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty! K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprise'd? Or is he but retir'd to make him strong? Enter a number of Cade's Followers, with halterers about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers yield; And humble thus, with halterers on their necks Expect your highness' doom, of life or death K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates, To entertain my vows of thanks and praise! Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your li-
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

I show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Time still in this so good a mind,
Henry, though he be unfortunate,
'cure yourselves, will never be unkind;
I so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20
dismiss you to your several countries.

II. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Tell. Please it your grace to be advertised
Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
With a puissant and a mighty power
galloglasses and stout kerns
marching hitherward in proud array;
I still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
arms are only to remove from thee
Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

I. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
e to a ship that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
rightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate.
now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,
now is York in arms to second him.
ay thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
I ask him what's the reason of these arms.
I him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
Somerset, we will commit thee this, till his army be dismissed from him.

om. My lord,
yield myself to prison willingly,
unto death, to do my country good.

I. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms,
he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Thick. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
all things shall redound unto your good.

I. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to
govern better;
yet may England curse my wretched reign.

Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE X.—Kent. IDEN'S Garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. I lie on ambition! lie on myself, that
we a sword, and yet am ready to famish;
ese five days have I hid me in these woods
and ne'er preached out, for all the country is laid for;
but now am I so hungry, that if I might have
ease of my life for a thousand years I could
no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have
climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat
, or pick a sallet another while, which is not
to ass a man's stomach this hot weather.
If I think this word 'sallet' was born to do me
for: many a time, but for a sallet, my
in-pan had been eft with a brown bill;
and any a time, when I have been dry and bravely
arching, it hath served me instead of a quart
'to drink in; and now the word 'sallet'
us serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN.

Iden. Lord! who would live turbened in the
court,
and may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
his small inheritance my father left me
entertained me, and worth a monarchy,
seek not to wax great by others' waning,
的理想 wealth I care not with what envy:
uffeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize
me for a stray, for entering his ease-simple
without leave. All I villain, thou wilt betray me, and
get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying
my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an
ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great
pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatso'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden?
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that
ever was bronched, and beard thee too. Look
on me well: I have cat no meat these five days;
yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not
leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God
I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England
stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick compared with this thrummeon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete
champion that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn
the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown
in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath,
I beseech God on my knees thou mayest be
turned to hobsails.

They fight. Cade falls.
O! I am slain. Famine and no other hath slain me;
let ten thousand devils come against me, and
give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd
defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth
a burying-place to all that do dwell in this
house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is
fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that
moustous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy
victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her
best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards;
for I, that never feared any, am vanquished
by famine, not by valour.

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be
my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare
thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the helms
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave;
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. Exit.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King’s camp on one side. On the other, enter York and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry’s head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England’s lawful king.
Ah! saeeta juechestas, who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold;
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I’ll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

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

York. Aside. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:
O! I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king.
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.
O Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George’s field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, my all, my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I’ll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
What! wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles!
O! where is faith? O! where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

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

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends
Thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

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

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,

Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now, by my father's badge, old Neville's crest,
The rampant bear claw'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

Rich. Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.
Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

Exeunt severally.

**Scene II.**—**Saint Alban's.**

**Marius.** **Excursions.** Enter **Warwick.**

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Yield northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

**Enter York.**

How now, my noble lord! what! all afoot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

**Enter Clifford.**

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chace,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unsaill'd. Exit.
Cliff. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Cliff. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword
As I in justice and true right express it.
Cliff. My soul and body on the action both!
York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.
Cliff. La fin couronne les œuvres.
They fight, and **Clifford falls and dies.**
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! 29 Exit.

**Enter Young Clifford.**

Y. Cliff. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour. Seeing his father's body.
O! let the vile world end,
And the premises flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together;
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particulars and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days thine,
To die in fullman battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 'tis not
It shall be stony. York not our old men spare.
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity;
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many goblets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house.
Taking up the bat As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

**Enter Richard and Somerset, fighting.**

Somerset is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;
For underneath an alcheon's paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

**Enter Richard and Somerset, fighting.**

Somerset. Three strokes and the issue is clear.
Rich. And I, O Wellington, make thy sword
A deadly lay! And now, my worthy friend,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

Alarum after

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottle
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply 'scape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd.
And where this breach now in our fortunes may
May readily be stopp'd.

**Re-enter Young Clifford.**

Y. Cliff. But that my heart's on future chief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day and them our fortune give,
Away, my lord, away!  

**Scene III.**—**Fields near Saint Alban's.**

**Alarum.** **Retreat.** **Flourish:** then enter **Youth, Richard, Warwick, and Soldiers, with drums and colours.**

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
at itself, nor have we won one foot, Salisbury lost.

My noble father, 6 times to-day I help him to his horse, 6 times brestrid him; thrice I led him off, ended him from any further act: still, where danger was, still there I met him; like rich hangings in a homely house, as his will in his old feeble body. noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

l. Now, by my sword, while hast thou fought to-day; se mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard: knows how long it is I have to live; it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day You have defended me from imminent death. Well, lords, we have not got that which we have: 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled, beings opposites of such repairing nature. York: I know our safety is to follow them; For, as I hear, the king is fled to London, to call a present court of parliament: Let us pursue him ere the wits go forth. What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them? War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.

Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day: Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York, shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.

Sound drums and trumpets! and to London all: And more such days as these to us befall!

Exeunt.

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THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

NG Henry the Sixth.

WARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.

WIS the Eleventh, King of France.

ike of Somerset,

ike of Exeter,

rl of Northumberland,

rl of Westmoreland,

rd Clifford,


ward, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward the Fourth.

MUND, Earl of Rutland,

orob, afterwards Duke of Clarence,

hard, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,

ike of Norfolk,

quess of Montague,

rl of Warwick,

rl of Pembroke,

rd Hastings,

rd Stafford,

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, etc.

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

ACT I.


rans. Some Soldiers of York's party break in, then enter the Duke of York, Edward,

ichard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Others, with white roses in their hats.

r. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands. York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north, silly stole away and left his men: creat the great Lord of Northumberland,

Whose war-like ears could never brook retreat, Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself, Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast, Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking in Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham, Is either slain or wounded dangerously; I clefth his beaver with a downright blow: That this is true, father, behold his blood. Showing his bloody sword.

Mont. To York, showing his. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

_Somerset's head._
York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.
But is thine grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

_Norfolk._ Such hope have all the line of John of
Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's
head.

_War._ And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I
will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norfolk. We'll assist you; he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me, my lords;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.
War. And when the king comes, offer him
no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

_The Soldiers retire._

_Flourish._ Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Essex,
and Others, with red roses in their hats.

_King._ My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have
now revenge.
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

_Northumberland._ If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

_Clifford._ The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn
in steel.

_Westmoreland._ What! shall we suffer this? let's pluck
him down:
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

_King._ Be patient, gentle Earl of West-
moreland.

_Clifford._ Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd;
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

_Warwick._ Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be

_King._ Ah! know you not the city favours us,
And they have troops of soldiers at their back.
_Exc. But when the duke is slain the
quickly fly._

_King._ Far be the thought of this in
Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house.
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats.
Shall be the war that Henry means to use,

_They advance to the Door._
Thou factious Duke of York, descend thy
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

_York._ I am thine.

_Exc._ For shame! come down: he made

_Duke of York._

_York._ 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom

_Exc._ Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

_Warwick._ Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown.
In following this usurping Henry,

_Clifford._ Whom should he follow but his nat.

_Warwick._ True, Clifford; and that's Rich.

_Duke of York._

_King._ And shall I stand, and thou sit

_Thine._

_York._ It must and shall be so: content thyself.

_Warwick._ Be Duke of Lancaster: let him be k

_Westmoreland._ He is both king and Duke of Lancaster
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

_Warwick._ And Warwick shall disprove it.

Forego.
That we are those which chas'd you from the
And slew your fathers, and with colours sp.
March'd through the city to the palace gate.

_Northumberland._ Yes, Warwick, I remember it my gr.
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall ru.

_Clifford._ Plantagenet, of thee and these thy so.

_Westmoreland._ Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more!
Than drops of blood were in my father's vein.

_Clifford._ Urge it no more; lest that instead of

_Warwick._ I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

_Westmoreland._ Poor Clifford! how I scorn his wor.
less threats.

_York._ Will you show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

_King._ What title hast thou, traitor, to

_York._ My father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of Mal
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to sti.
_and seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

_Warwick._ Talk not of France, sith thou hast
it all.

_King._ The lord protector lost it, and not
When that was crown'd I was but nine months old.

_York._ You are old enough now, and yet, I
_thinks, you lose.

_Father._ Tear the crown from the usurper's he

_Edward._ Sweet father, do so; set it on your he.

_Montgomery._ Good brother, as thou loy
_and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thu
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

KICH. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly. 

YORK. Sons, peace! 

HEN. Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak. 

PLANTAGENET. Shall speak first: hear him, lords; 

I be that intervals him shall not live. 

HEN. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne, 

my grand sire and my father sat? 

I shall war unpeopled this realm; 

and their colours, often borne in France, 

I now in England to our heart's great sorrow, 

thee my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords? 

title's good, and better far than his. 

Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king. 

HEN. Henry the Fourth by conquest got 

the crown. 

ORK. Twas by rebellion against his king. 

HEN. Aside, I know not what to say: my 

title's weak. 

me, may not a king adopt an heir? 

ORK. What then? 

HEN. An if he may, then am I lawful king; 

Richard, in the view of many lords, 

the crown to Henry the Fourth, 

one heir my father was, and I am his. 

ORK. He rose against him, being his sovereign, 

I made him to resign his crown perforce. 

Suppose, my lords, he did it uncon- 

straim'd, 

you twere prejudicial to his crown? 

ER. No; for he could not so resign his crown 

that the next heir should succeed and reign. 

HEN. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter? 

ER. His is the right, and therefore pardon me. 

ORK. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not? 

ER. My conscience tells me he is lawful king. 

HEN. All will revolt from me, and turn to him. 

PLANTAGENET, for all the claim thou lay' st, 

not that Henry shall be so depos'd. 

Depos'd he shall be in despite of all. 

Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern 

power, 

Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent, 

ich makes thee thus presumptuous and proud, 

set the duke up in despite of me. 

KING Henry, be thy title right or wrong, 

d Clifford vows to fight in thy defence: 

that ground gape and swallow me alive, 

ere I shall kneel to him that slew my father! 

HEN. O Clifford! how thy words revive my 

heart. 

ORK. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown, 

at murther you, or what conspire you, lords? 

Do right unto this princely Duke of York, 

will fill the house with armed men, 

'ter the chair of state, where now he sits, 

ite up his title with usurping blood. 

He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers 

show themselves. 

HEN. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but 

one word: 

me for this my life-time reign as king. 

ORK. Confirm the crown to me and to mine 

heirs, 

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st. 

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet, 

Enjoy the kingdom after my decease. 

Cliff. What wrong is this unto the prince your 

son? 

War. What good is this to England and him- 

self! 

WEST. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry! 

Cliff. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and ans! 

WEST. I cannot stay to hear these articles. 

Nor. Nor I. 

Cliff. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these 

news. 

WEST. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate 

king, 

whose cold blood no spark of honour bides. 

Nor. Be thou a prey unto the house of York, 

And die in bands for this unmanly deed! 

Cliff. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome, 

Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd! 

Exit NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, 

and WESTMORELAND. 

WAR. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not. 

Exe. They seek revenge and therefore will not 

yield. 


War. Why should you sigh, my lord? 

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but 

my son, 

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit. 

But be it as it may; I here entail 

The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever; 

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath 

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live, 

To honour me as thy king and sovereign; 

And neither by treason nor hostility 

To seek to put me down and reign myself. 

York. This oath I willingly take and will perform. 

Coming from the throne. 

War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, 

embrace him. 

K. Hen. And long live thou and these thy for- 

ward sons! 

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd. 

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them 

foes! Senec. The Lords come forward. 

York. Farewell, my gracious lord: I'll to my 

castle. 

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers. 

NOR. And I to Norfolk with my followers. 

MONT. And I unto the sea from whence I came. 

Exit YORK and his Sons, WARWICK, 

NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, 

and Attendants. 

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the 

court. 

Enter Queen MARGARET and the Prince 

of WALES. 

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks be- 

wray her anger: 

I'll steal away. 

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. 

Q. MAR. Nay, go not from me; I will follow 

thee. 

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will 

stay. 

Q. MAR. Who can be patient in such extremes? 

Ah! wretched man; would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son.
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father.
Hath he desert't to lose his birthright thus?
Hast thou but lov'd him half so well as I?
Or felt that pain which I did for him once.
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinheriteth thee only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.
If you be king, why should not I succeed?
K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son.
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enfore'd me.
Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah! timorous wretch;
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy sephulchre,
And creep into it far before the time?
Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The Duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environ'd with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes
Before I would have granted to that act;
But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd
Whereby my son is disinherit'd.
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow me, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away;
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.
K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already:
Get thee gone.
K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay
with me?
Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I'll see your grace; till then I'll follow her.
Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage.
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, wing'd with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torment's my heart:
I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.
Come, cousin; thou shalt be the messenger.

Exec. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

Scene II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.

Enter Edward, Richard, and Montague.
Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and force.

Enter York.
York. Why, how now, sons and brother a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your grace
and me.
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it then.
By giving the house of Lancaster to break
It will return you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quit his reign.
Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid your grace should forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not true.
Before a true and lawful magistrate
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms! and, father, do the rest.
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heir.
York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or brother,
thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk
And tell him privately of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentish men will willingly
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courtiers, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth to me?
But that I seek occasion how to rise.
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay: what news? why com'st thou in so post?
Mess. The queen with all the northern earls
and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg’d up thy forefathers’ graves,
And hung their rotten coﬃns up in chains,
It could not shake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul:
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—

Lifting his hand.

Rut. O! let me pray before I take my death.
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier’s point afords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me.
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah! let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of oﬃence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause!

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

Stabs him.

Rut. Di faciam landis summa sit iustitia! Dies.
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son’s blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal’d with this, do make me wipe oﬀ both.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
     With downright payment show'd us to my father.
     Now Plantagenath hath tumbled from his car,
     And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
     A bird that will revenge upon you all;
     And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
     Scouring whate'er you can afflict me with.
     Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
     So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
     So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
     Breathe out invective 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford! but bethink thee once again,
     And in thy thought o'errun my former time;
     And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
     And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
     But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

Drews. Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
     I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.
     Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
     To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
     What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
     For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
     When he might spurn him with his foot away?
     It is war's prize to take all vantages,
     And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

They boy hands on York, who struggles.

Clif. Ay, ay: so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
     So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
     Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
     That rought at mountains with outstretched arms,
     Ye parted but the shadow with his hand.
     What! was it you that would be England's king?
     Was't you that knitt'd in our parliament,
     And made a preachment of your high descent?
     Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
     The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
     And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
     Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
     Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
     Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
     Look! York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
     That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
     Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
     And if thine eyes can water for his death,
     I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
     Alas! poor York, but that I hate thee deadly,
     I should lament thy miserable state.

I prithee grieve, to make me merry, York.
     What! hath thy thievish heart so parch'd the entrails
     That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death
     Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st
     mad;
     And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus
     Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and da
     Thou wouldst be feed'd, I see, to make me sp.
     York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.
     A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to h
     Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.

Puts a paper crown on his h

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a crown!
     Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair
     And this is he was his adopted heir.
     But how is it that great Plantagenet
     Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn o
     As I bethink me, you should not be king
     Till our King Henry had shook hands with de
     And wilt you pale your head in Henry's glor
     And rob his temples of the diadem,
     Now in his life, against your holy oath?
     O! 'tis a fault too unpardonable.
     Off with the crown; and, with the crown,
     head;
     And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him d
     Q. Mar. That is my office, for my father's sa
     Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orison

York. She-wolf of France, but worse the wolves of France,
     Whose tongue more poisons than the add tooth!
     How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
     To triumph like an Amazonian thrall,
     Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
     But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging
     Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
     I would assay, proud queen, to make thee bl
     To tell thwèghen thou cam'st, of whom deri
     Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
     Thy father bears the type of King of Naples
     Of both the Sills and Jerusalem,
     Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
     Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insu
     It needs not, nor it bothe thee not, proud que
     Unless the adage must be verified,
     That beggars mounted run their horse to de
     'Tis beauty that doth oft make women prone
     But, God he knows, thy share thereof is sur
     'Tis virtue that doth make them most admi
     The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at :
     'Tis government that makes them seem divin
     The want thereof makes thee abominable.
     Thou art as opposite to every good
     As the Antipodes are unto us,
     Or as the south to the septentrion.
     O! tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide,
     How could'st thou drain the life-blood of thech
     To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
     And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
     Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
     Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseles
     Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast wi
     Would'st thou make weep? why, now thou h
     thy will.
     For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
when the rage allays, the rain begins.

So far'd our father with his enemies; 
So fled his enemies my war-like father:
Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son. 

See how the morning opes her golden gates, 
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun; 
How well resembles at the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younger prancing to his love. 

Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns? 
Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun; 
Not separated with the racking clouds, 
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky. 
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss, 
As if they vow'd some league inviolable: 
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun. 
In this the heaven figures some event. 

'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of. 
I think it cites us, brother, to the field, 
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet, 
Each one already blazing by our needs, 
Should notwithstanding join our lights together, 
And over-shine the earth, as this the world. 
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear 
Upon my target three fair-shining suns. 

Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell 
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue? 

Ah! one that was a woeful looker-on 
When as the noble Duke of York was slain, 
Your princely father and my loving lord. 

Speak no more, for I have heard too much. 

Environed he was with many foes, 
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy 
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy. 
But Heracles himself must yield to odds; 
And many strokes, though with a little axe, 
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak. 
By many hands your father was subdu'd; 
But only slaughter'd by the irreful arm 
Of unfretting Clifford and the queen, 
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite; 
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept, 
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks 
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood 
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain: 
And after many scorns, many foul taunts. 
They took his head, and on the gates of York 
They set the same; and there it doth remain, 
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd. 

Sweet Duke of York! our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay. 
O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain 
The flower of Europe for his chivalry; 
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him, 
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee. 
Now my soul's palace is become a prison; 
Ah! would she break from hence, that this my body 
Might in the ground be closed up in rest, 
For never henceforth shall I joy again, 
Never, O! never, shall I see more joy.
Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart.
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say:
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick and Montague,
with their Army.

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?
Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.

O valiant lord! the Duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears,
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Must'd my soldiers, gather'd docks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albans met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his war-like queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thrower with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled: the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk and my self,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you.
For the marches here we heard you were making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, go Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with soldiers:
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick flest:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; but me not:
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gown?
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads;
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say 'Aye,' and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting que
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland:
And of their feather many more proud birds
Have wrought the easy-melting king into a flame;
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand.

Why, Via! to London will we march again;
And once again beside our foaming steeds
And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!' But never once again turn back and fly.

Aye, now methinks I hear great Warwick
Ne'er may he live to see a sunny day,
That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lay
And when thou fail'st, as God forbid the hour,
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven foretold.

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:

The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed.
every borough as we pass along;  
1 he that throws not up his cap for joy  
2 all for the fault make forfeit of his head.  
3 Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,  
4 we no longer dreaming of renown;  
5 sound the trumpets, and about our task.  
6

Enter a Messenger.

Var. How now! what news?  
less. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,  
8 queen is coming with a puissant host;  
9 cries thy company for speedy counsel.  
Var. Why then it sorts; brave warriors, let's  
10 away.  

Scene II.—Before York.

mish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with drums and trumpets.

1 Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave  
2 town of York.  
3 der's the head of that arch-enemy  
4 sought to be encompass'd with your crown;  
5 not the object cheer your heart, my lord?  
6 Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear  
7 their steep:  
8 see this sight, it isk my very soul.  
9 hold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,  
10 wilfully have I infring'd my vow.  
11 Tif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
12 harmful pity must be laid aside.  
13 whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
14 to the beast that would usurp their den.  
15 hand is that the forest bear doth lack?  
16 his that spoils her young before her face.  
17 scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
18 that she sets his foot upon her back.  
19 smallest worm will turn being trodden on,  
20 doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.  
21 obvious York did level at thy crown;  
22 on smiling while he knelt his angry bows:  
23 but a duke, would have his son a king,  
24 raise his issue like a loving sire;  
25 on, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,  
26 yield consent to disinherit him,  
27 his arg'd thee a most unloving father,  
28 reasonable creatures feed their young;  
29 though man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
30 in protection of their tender ones,  
31 hath not seen them, even with those wings  
32 which sometime they have us'd with fearful  
33 flight,  
34 the war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
35 fering their own lives in their young's defence?  
36 shame, my liege! make them your precedent;  
37 ere it not pity that this goodly boy  
38 would lose his birthright by his father's fault,  
39 long hereafter say unto his child,  
40 What my great-grandfather and grandsire got  
41 careless father fondly gave away?  
42! what a shame were this. Look on the boy;  
43 let his manly face, which promised  
44 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
45 To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.  
46 Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the  
47 orator,  
48 Inferring arguments of mighty force.  
49 But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear  
50 That things ill got had ever bad success?  
51 And happy always was it for that son  
52 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?  
53 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
54 And would my father had left me no more!  
55 For all the rest is held at such a rate  
56 As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep  
57 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.  
58 Ah! cousin York, would thy best friends did  
59 know  
60 How it doth grieve me that thy head is here.  
61 Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes  
62 are nigh,  
63 And this soft courage makes your followers faint.  
64 You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;  
65 Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.  
66 Edward, kneel down.  
67 Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
68 And learn this lesson: draw thy sword in right.  
69 Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly  
70 leave,  
71 I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,  
72 And in that quarrel use it to the death.  
73 Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness;  
8 for with a band of thirty thousand men  
9 comes Warwick, back of the Duke of York;  
10 and in the towns, as they do march along,  
11 proclaims him king, and many fly to him.  
12 Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.  
13 Clif. I would your highness would depart the  
14 field:  
15 The queen hath best success when you are  
16 absent.  
17 Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our  
18 fortune.  
19 Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore  
20 I'll stay.  
21 North. Be it with resolution then to fight.  
22 Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble  
23 lords,  
24 And hearten those that fight in your defence.  
25 Unsheathe your sword, good father: cry, 'Saint  
26 George!'  
27

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard,  
28 Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.  

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry, will thou kneel  
29 for grace,  
30 And set thy diadem upon my head;  
31 Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?  
32 Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting  
33 boy!  
34 Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms  
35 Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?  
36 Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his  
37 knee:  
38 I was adopted heir by his consent:  
39 Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,  
40 Thou, that are king, though he do wear the crown,  
41 Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Cliff. And reason too:

Who should succeed the father but the son?


Cliff. Ay, crook-back; here I stand to answer thee,

Or any be the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Cliff. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,

Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Cliff. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.


Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Cliff. I slew thy father; call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,

As thou dist kill our tender brother Rutland,

But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:

I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Cliff. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here

Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.

By him that made us all, I am resolv'd

That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?

A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,

That 'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;

For York in justice puts his armour on.

Priner. If that be right which Warwick says is right,

There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;

For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,

But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,

Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided.

As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,

Whose father bears the title of a king,

As if a channel should be call'd the sea,

Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extragaunt,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,

To make this shameless callat know herself,

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

Although thy husband may be Menelaus;

And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wronged

By that false woman as this king by thee.

His father revell'd in the heart of France,

And tam'd theking, and made the dauphin to go.

And had he match'd according to his state,

He might have kept that glory to this day;

But when he took a beggar to his bed,

And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day.

Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for h'n

That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of Farn

And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.

For what hath breach'd this tumult but thy pride

Hadst thou been meek our title still had slept

And we, in pitty of the gentle king,

Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made a spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase,

We set the axe to thy usurping root;

And though the edge hath something hit of selves,

Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike

We'll never leave till we have wewn thee down,

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blood.

Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;

Not willing any longer conference,

Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak,

Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave

And either victory, or else a grave.


Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:

These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Field of Battle near Towton.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a run,

I lay me down a little while to breathe;

For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid.

Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,

And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, crying.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungen'd death!

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun clouded.

War. How now, my lord! what hap? will hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad desp.

Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.

What counsel give you? whither shall we fly

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;

And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Alas! Warwick, why hast thou withdraw thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thristy earth bath drunk

Breach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance.
Scene V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When d'ying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
For'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
For'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am theene.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my eyes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life was this; how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O yes! it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely cards,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couch'd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits upon him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father,
with the dead body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them.
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,
Third prood begetting it I that pity, no, 80 awa boy, hadst mine pity, iiio what Whom And Have Be Give For Throw Erroneous, Blown O And The The The Misthink Take The The other one his heart, for- son! The thousand '11 Woes could, give- man's ears, with wouuds, this miserabie with me Not that I fear to stay, but love to go Whither the queen intends. Forward! away

Scene VI.—Another Part of the Field.
A loud alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here dies, Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry lig O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow More than my body's parting with my soul. My love and fear glued many friends to thee And, now I fall, thy tough cominance melt Impairing Henry, strengthening misprond Ye The common people swarm like summer flies, And whither fly the gnats but to the sun? And who shins now but Henry's enemies? O Phæbus! hadst thou never given consent That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds Thy burning car never had search'd the earth And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should Or as thy father and his father did, Giving no ground unto the house of York, They never then had sprung like summer flies I and ten thousand in this luckless realm Had left no mourning widows for our death, And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air? And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity! Bootless are plaints, and careless are my wounds No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight The foe is merciless, and will not pity; For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity. The air hath got into my deadly wounds, And much effuse of blood doth make me faint Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast. He faints.

Marvin and retreat. Enter Edward, Geo. Richard, Montague, Warwick, and Soli-

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

I smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks. The troops pursue the bloody-minded queen, Sir Edward, call Henry, though he were a king, doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust, amand an argosy to stem the waves.  

I think, lords, that Clifford was fiiid with them?  

Var. No, 'tis impossible he should escape; though before his face I speak the words, or brother Richard mark'd him for the grave; where is he, he's surely dead.  

CLIFFORD GROANS AND DIES.  

Edge. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?  


Edge. See who it is; and, now the battle's ended, friend or foe let him be gently ns'd.  

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford; so not contented that he lopp'd the branch leaving Rutland when his leaves put forth, he set his murdering knife unto the root on whereon that tender spray did sweetly spring, seen our princely father, Duke of York.  

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head, ur father's head, which Clifford placed there; dead wherewithal, let this supply the room; assue for measure must be answered.  

Edge. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house, at nothing sung but death to us and ours:  

death shall stop his dismal threatening sound, d his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.  

Attendants bring the body forward.  

War. I think his understanding is bereft.  

Eke, Clifford; dost thou know who speaks to thee?  

Rich. O! I wish he were; and so perhaps he doth: is but his policy to counterfeit, cause he would avoid such bitter taunts high in the time of death he gave our father.  

Geo. If so he think'st, vex him with eager words.  

Rich. Clifford! ask mercy and obtain no grace.  

Edge. Clifford! repent in bootless penitence.  

War. Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.  

Geo. While we devise fell fortunes for thy faults, Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.  

Edge. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.  

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence thee now?  

War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.  

Rich. What? not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard  

then Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath, know by that he's dead; and, by my soul, this right hand would buy two hours' life, so that I in all despite might rail at him, his hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood  

the villain whose unstoned thirst  

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.  

War. Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head, And rear it in the place your father's stands, And now to London with triumphant march, There to be crowned England's royal king, From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France, And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen.  

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together; And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread  

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again; For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt, Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears. First will I see the coronation; And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea, To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.  

Edge. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;  

For in thy shoulder do I build my seat, And never will I undertake the thing  

Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting. Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester; And George, of Clarence; Warwick, as ourself, Shall do and undo as he pleaseth best.  

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester, For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.  

War. Tut! that's a foolish observation: Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London, To see these honours in possession.  

Exeunt.  

ACT III.  


Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.  

First Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;  

For through this land anon the deer will come;  

And in this covert will we make our stand, Culling the principal of all the deer.  

Second Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.  

First Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow  

Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.  

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:  

And, for the time shall not seem tedious, I'll tell thee what befell me on a day  

In this self place where now we mean to stand.  

Second Keep. Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.  

Enter King HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.  

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love  

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.  

No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;  

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,  

Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:  

No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,  

No humble suitors press to speak for right;  

No, not a man comes for redress of right:  

For how can I help them, and not myself?  

First Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's foe:  

This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.
K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,
For wise men say it is the wisest course.
Second Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands
upon him.
First Keep. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little
more.
K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France
for aid;
And as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator.
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words,
By this account then Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse.
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give;
She on his left side craving aid for Henry,
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no
more:
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret! thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.
Second Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st
of kings and queens?
K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I
was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?
Second Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou
wert a king.
K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's
enough.
Second Keep. But if thou be a king, where is
thy crown?
K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my
head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen; my crown is call'd content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.
Second Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd
with content,
Your crown and content you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.
K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break
an oath?
Second Keep. No, never such an oath; nor
will not now.
K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was
King of England?
Second Keep. Here in this country, where we
now remain.
K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months
old;
My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me.
And tell me then, have you not broke your oath?
First Keep. No.
For we were subjects but while you were king.
K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not break
a man!
Ah! simple men, you know not what you say.
Look! as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the likeness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sort
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings: command, and I'll obey.
First Keep. We are true subjects to the king
Edward.
K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.
First Keep. We charge you, in God's name,
and the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.
K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name
be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. Exit.

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence,
and Lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Albans
field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain;
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.
Glow. Your highness shall do well to grant her
suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make
pause.
Glow. Aside to Clarence. Yea: is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. Aside to Gloucester. He knows no
game: how true he keeps the wind!
Glow. Aside to Gloucester. Silence!
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit:
And come some other time to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot bring
delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me no
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.
Glow. Aside to Clarence. Ay, widow? the
I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall please you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
Clar. Aside to Gloucester. I think he means
unless she chance to fall.
Glow. Aside to Clarence. God forbid the
for he'll take vantages.
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow
tell me.
Clar. Aside to Gloucester. I think he means
to beg a child of her.
Edw. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.

Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glou. Give me to CLARENCE. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

Edw. T'were pity they should lose their father's lands.

Grey. Most pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

Glou. Give me to CLARENCE. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave, youth take leave and leave you to the cratch.

GLOUCESTER and CLARENCE stand apart.

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness's service.

Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

Edw. But you will take exception to my boon.

Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glou. Give me to CLARENCE. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

Jar. Give me to GLOUCESTER. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

Edw. An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.

Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glou. Give me to CLARENCE. The match is made; she seals it with a court'sy.

Edw. But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. Is love think'st thou I saw so much to get?

Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers: it love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive.

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

Grey. To tell thee plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my crown;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my suit:

Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay' or 'no.'

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request;

No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand.

Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glou. Give me to CLARENCE. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar. Give me to GLOUCESTER. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. Give me to. Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.

Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee

I speak no more than what my soul intends;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.

I know I am too mean to be your queen,

And yet too good to be your comembine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing

To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glou. Give me to CLARENCE. The ghostly father now hath done his shift.

Clar. Give me to GLOUCESTER. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glou. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glou. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glou. By so much is the wonder in extremes.
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband’s lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey’d unto the Tower:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.

Exeunt all but Gloucester.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring;
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul’s desire and me,
The justfal Edward’s title buried,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook’d for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that swells him from thence,
Saying, he’ll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it,
And so I say, ’ll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.

My eye’s too quick, my heart overweening too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I’ll make my heaven in a lady’s lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.

Why, love foresware me in my mother’s womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bire,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither’d shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick’d bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.

And am I then a man to be belov’d?

O monstrous fault! to harbour such a thought.
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
But to command, to check, to o’erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I’ll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my missap’d trunk that bears this head
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.

And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many live stand between me and home:
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.

Why, I can smile, and murder wiles I smile,
And cry ‘Content’ to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my checks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I’ll drown more sailors than the mermaid still,
I’ll play more gazers than the basilisk;
I’ll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more silly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Simon, take another Troy.
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages
And set the mur’dous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I’ll pluck it down.

Scene III.—France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, his son BONA, attended: his Admiral, called BOUQUIN.
The King takes his state. Then enter Queen MARGARET, Prince Edward, and the Earl of EY
Lew Sits, and riseth up again.

K. Leu. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth that thou should’st stand while I doth sit.

Q. Mor. No, mighty King of France; let Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to see
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion’s queen in former golden days.
But now mischance hath trod my title down
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Leu. Why, say, fair queen, whence sprit
This deep despair?

Q. Mor. From such a cause as fills mine eyes
With tears
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown’d
in cares.

K. Leu. Whate’er be, be thou stilllikethy
And sit thce by our side.

Yield not thy neck
To fortune’s yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief
It shall be eas’d, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mor. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrow leaves to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish’d man,
And forc’d to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
Usurps the regal title and the seat
Of England’s true-annointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, hence
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled.
Our treasure seiz’d, our soldiers put to flight.
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

K. Lev. Renowned queen, with patience calm
The storm,
Where we bethink a means to break it off.

War. The more we stay, the more grows our foe.

K. Lev. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

War. O! but impatience waiteth on true sorrow;
See where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

K. Lev. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

War. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lev. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

Descending from his state. Queen MARGARET rises.

War. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
This is he that moves both wind and tide.
War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
Lord and sovereign, and thy vassal friend, to one,
In kindness and unfeigned love,
St to do greetings to thy royal person;
Then to crave a league of amity;
Lastly to confirm that amity
Th' unspotted knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
To virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
England's king in lawful marriage.

War. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. To BONA. And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
So commanded, with your leave and favour,
Emblem to kiss your hand, and with your tongue
tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
were fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
A place'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

War. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
And answer Warwick. His demand fornot from Edward's well-meaned honest love,
From deceit bred by necessity;
How can tyrants safely govern home,
Less abroad they purchase great alliance? to prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
If Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
There Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Oh, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
You draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
Though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Heavens are just, and times suppresseth wrongs.

Injurious Margaret! prince.

And why not queen? War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
Dethroned no more art prince than she is queen.

Q. Lev. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Rich did subdue the greatest part of Spain; after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Rose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest; after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
By his prowess conquered all France; on these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten? Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.

But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Off. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy lies?
Whom thou obeyest thirty and six years,
And not betray thy treason with a blush?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
Off. For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Off. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lev. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

They stand aloof.

Q. Lev. Heavens grant that Warwick's words
Bewitch him not?

K. Lev. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I was loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lev. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lev. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fixed in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintaining with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lev. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.

To WARWICK. Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lev. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make.
Which with her dowry shall be counterpart'd.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Lev. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lev. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 'were you troubled than France.

Q. Mar. Peace! impudent and shameless Warwick, peace,

Proud setter up and puller down of kings;
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

A horn sounded within.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:
These from our king unto your majesty;
And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

They all read their letters.

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?
Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.
War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This prostheth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I gurn'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-maid bride shall succour him.
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than hor
Or than for strength and safety of our court.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bonabe revolve
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine Margaret's.

Therefore at last I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for a once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masque
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou seest what's past; go fear thy king with
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a wiser man,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me that he hath done wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward: be gone. Exit L. Llewellyn.

But, Warwick, I
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward bid
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyal heart,
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick,
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserv'd it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

He gives his hand to Warwick.

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiery shall be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

Exeunt all but Warwick.
Would more have strengthen'd this our common-
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred

Host. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

Host. 'Tis better using France than trusting
France.

Let us be back'd with God and with the seas
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves:
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well

deserves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will

And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glow. And yet methinks your grace hath not
done well,

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride:
She better would have fitted me or Clarence;

But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the

heir

Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas! poor Clarence, is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In choosing for yourself you show'd
your judgment,

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be

king,

And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;

And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their

frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befal thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,

Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;

Which if they do, yet well I keep thee safe,

And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glow. Aside. I hear, yet say not much, but

think the more.

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what

news

From France?

Post. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few

words,

But such as I, without your special pardon,

Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee; therefore, in
brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.

What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Post. At my departure these were his very words:

'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king, That Lewis of France is sending over masquers To revel with him and his new bride.'

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry. But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:

'Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly, I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could ay little less; She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen? For I have heard that she was there in place.

Post. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done, And I am ready to put armour on.'

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon. But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your majesty Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words: 'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong, And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd: They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Post. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so linked in friendship, That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger. Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast, For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter; That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage I may not prove inferior to yourself.

You that love me and Warwick follow me. Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.

Glow. Aside. Not I: My thoughts aim at a further matter; I Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick! Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen, And haste is needful in this desperate case. PEMBROKE and STAFFORD, you in our behalf, Go levy men, and make prepare for war; They are already, or quickly will be landed: Myself in person will straight follow you. Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague, Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest, Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance: Tell me if you love Warwick more than me? If it be so, then both depart to him; I rather wish you foes than hollow friends: But if you mind to hold your true obedience, Give me assurance with some friendly vow, That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glow. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so? then am I sure of victory. Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

Exit.

SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD with French and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto well; The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But see where Somerset and Clarence come. Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends? Clar. Fear not that, my lord. War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome to Warwick: And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardly To rest mistrustful where a noble heart Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love: Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother, Were but a feigned friend to our proceeding. But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine. And now what rests, but in night's covertur Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd, His soldiers lurking in the towns about, And but attended by a simple guard, We may surprise and take him at our plea. Our scouts have found the adventure very easy: That as Ulysses and stout Diomed With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tent, And brought from thence the Thracian fal steeds, So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle, At unawares may beat down Edward's guard, And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him, For I intend but only to surprise him. You that will follow me to this attempt, Applaud the name of Henry with your loud huzzas. They all cry 'Henry!' Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort. For Warwick and his friends, God and St. George! Exit.

SCENE III.—King EDWARD'S Camp near Warwick.

Enter three Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

First Watch. Come on, my masters, each to take his stand:
The king by this is set down to sleep. Second Watch. What! will he not to bed? First Watch. Why, no; for he hath made solemn vow Never to lie and take his natural rest Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd. Second Watch. To-morrow then belike shall the day, If Warwick be so near as men report. Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobbler is that That with the king here resteth in his tent? First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
Thir'd Watch. O! is it so? But why command's the king
At his chief followers lodge in town's about him,
Dost he himself keep in the cold field?
Seco'd Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because
More dangerous.
Thir'd Watch. Ay, but give me worship and
Quietness;
Ke it better than a dangerous honour.
Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
To be doubted he would waken him.
First Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up
His passage.
Seco'd Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard he
His royal tent,
To defend his person from night-foes?
Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford,
Somerset, and Forces.
War. This is his tent; and see where stand
His guards:
Rage, my masters! honour now or never!
I follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
First Watch. Who goes there?
Seco'd Watch. Stay, or thou diest.
Warwick and the rest cry all, 'Warwick!' Warwick!
And set upon the Guard; who fly, crying, 'Arm! arm!' Warwick
And the rest following them.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must
Needs abide:
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

Exeunt King Edward, led out:
And Somerset.

Ors. What now remains, my lords, for us to do
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have
to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonmet,
And see him seated in the regal throne. Exeunt.

Scene IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.
Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.
Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?
Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against
Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?
Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. These news I must confess are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. Eliz. Tell then fair hope must hinder life's
decay:
And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridie passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
Q. Eliz. I am informed that he comes towards
London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends
must down:
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come therefore; let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. Exeunt.

Scene V.—A Park near Middleham Castle
in Yorkshire.
Enter Gloucester, Hastings, Sir William
Stanley, and Others.

Glou. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William
Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case. You know my king, my brother,  
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands  
He hath good usage and great liberty,  
And often but attended with weak guard,  
Comes hunting this way to disjoint himself.  
I have advertis’d him by secret means  
That if about this hour he make this way,  
Under the colour of his usual game,  
He shall here find his friends with horse and men  
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop’s deer?  
Glou. Brother, the time and case requireth haste.

Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?  
Host. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glou. Well guess’d, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glou. But wherefore stay we? ’tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say’st thou? wilt thou go along?  
Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang’d.

Glou. Come then, away; let’s ha’ no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick’s frown,  
And pray that I may repossess the crown.

Exeunt.

Scene VI.—London. The Tower.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends  
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,  
And turn’d my captive state to liberty,  
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,  
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?  
Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;  
But if an humble prayer may prevail,  
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?  
Nay, be thou sure I’ll well requite thy kindness,  
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;  
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds  
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts  
At last by notes of household harmony  
They quite forgot their loss of liberty.  
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett’st me free,  
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;  
He was the author, thou the instrument.  
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune’s spite  
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,  
And that the people of this blessed land  
May not be punish’d with my thwarting state,  
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,  
I here resign my government to thee,  
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam’d or virtuous,  
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,  
By spying and avoiding fortune’s malice;  
For few men rightly temper with the stars  
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,  
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of a sway,  
To whom the heavens in thy nativity  
Adjudg’d an olive branch and laurel crown,  
As likely to be blest in peace and war;  
And therefore I yield thee my thron’ consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protestation.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence give me to your hands:  
Now join your hands, and with your hands in hearts,  
That no dissension binder government;  
I make you both protectors of this land,  
While I myself will lead a private life,  
And in devotion spend my latter days,  
To sin’s rebuke and my Creator’s praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign’s will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;  
For on thy fortune I reposè myself.  
War. Why then, though loath, yet must content.  
We’ll yoke together, like a double shadow  
To Henry’s body, and supply his place;  
I mean, in bearing weight of government,  
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.  
And, Clarence, now then it is more than need  
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc’d a traitor,  
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be termin’d.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your affairs,  
Let me entreat, for I command no more,  
That Margaret your queen and my son Edw.  
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;  
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
My joy of liberty is half eclips’d.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what you’ve that  
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?  
Som. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

Lays his hand on his head.  
If secret pow’rs  
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country’s bliss.  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,  
His head by nature fram’d to wear a crown,  
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself  
Likely in time to bless the great realme.  
Might much of him, my lords, for this is he  
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.
Enter a Post.
War. What news, my friend?
Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
died, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?
Post. He was convey’d by Richard Duke of Gloucester
d the Lord Hastings, who attended him
secret ambush on the forest side,
d from the bishop’s huntsmen rescu’d him;
hunting was his daily exercise.
War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
Post. Let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
alive for any sore that may betide.

Exeunt all but SOMERSET, RICHMOND, and OXFORD.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of
Edward’s;
Doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
and we shall have more wars before ‘tis long.
Henry’s late presaging prophecy
I glad my heart with hope of this young
Richmond,
Doth my heart misgivon me, in these conflicts
That may befall him to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
With we will send him hence to Britanny.
I storm be past of civil enmity.
Def. Ay, for if Edward repose the crown,
Like that Richmond with the rest shall down.
Som. It shall be so; he shall to Britanny. I,
Me, therefore, let’s about it speedily. Exeunt.

Scene VII.—Before York.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Thus far fortune maketh us amends,
I say that once more I shall interchange
Wan’d state for Henry’s regal crown.
All have we pass’d, and now repass’d the seas;
I brought desired help from Burgundy:
That then remains, we being thus arriv’d
Am Ravensburgh haven before the gates of York.
That we enter, as into our dukedom?
Glow. The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this;
No many men that stumble at the threshold
Well foretold that danger lurks within.
K. Edw. Tush, man! Abodes not must not now
Affright us:
Fair or foul means we must enter in,
Or hitter will our friends repair to us.
Hast. My liege, I’ll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
Shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K. Edw. But, Master mayor, if Henry be your king,
At Edward at the least is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord: I know you for a less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but
My dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.
Glow. Aside. But when the fox hath once got
In his nose,
He’ll soon find means to make the body follow.
Hast. Why, Master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are King Henry’s friends.
May. Ay, say you so! the gates shall then be open’d.
Exeunt from above.
Glow. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So twere not long of him; but being enter’d,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen.

K. Edw. So, Master mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
Takes his keys.

For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces.

Glow. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv’d.
K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! but why come you in arms?
Mont. Tohelp King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

A march begun.

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we’ll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover’d.
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you not here proclaim yourself our king,
I’ll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glow. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we’ll make our claim.
Till then, ’tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Host. Away with scurrilous wit! now arms must rule.
Glow. And fearless minds climb stearest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The blunt thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for ’tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward’s champion.
Hast. Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here
proclaim'd.
Come, fellow-soldier, make thon proclamation.

Gives him a paper. Flourish.

Sold. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God,
King of England and France, and Lord of Ire-
land, etc.

Mont. And whose'er gain-ays King Edward's
right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

Throws down his gauntlet.

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and
thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let 's harbour here in York,
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.
Ah! froward Clarence, how evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother.
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and War-
wick.

Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLA-
RENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from
Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with histroops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let's levy men, and beat him back
again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwick-shire I have true-hearted
friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war; 10
Those will I musteur up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thon, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd
In Oxfordshire, shalt master up thy friends.

My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girl in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's
true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortu-
unate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord; and so I take my
leave.

Oxf. Kissing King Henry's hand. And thus
I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Ma-
tague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell
War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet
Coventry.

Exeunt all but King Henry and Exe.

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile,
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in file
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the re
K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed he
11

Shout within, 'A Lancaster! a Lancaster! What's this?

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and
Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Hen
bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of England
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flie:
Now stop thy spring; my sea shall suck them flat;
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower! let him not spe.

Exeunt some with King Hen.

And, lords, towards Coventry we do go.
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd for hay.

Glow. Away betimes, before his forces join.
And take the great-grown traitor unawares;
Brave warriors, march amain towards Covent.

Exe.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, Warwick, the Mayor,
Coventry, two Messengers, and Others.

War. Where is the post that came from val
Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest felo
First Mess. By this at Dunsmore, march'd
hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague
Where is the post that came from Montague
Second Mrs. By this at Dainty, with a puiss.
troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving so
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now
Som. At Southam I did leave him with arm
forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

Drum heard.
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum. Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies: a drum your honour hears marches from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

vtech. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Forces.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glou. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.
War. O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come? were slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd, at we could hear no news of his repair? 29
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates?
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence, who set thee up and pluck'd thee down, Warwick patron, and be penitent; thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.
Glou. I thought, at least, he would have said the king; did he make the jest against his will? 30
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift? Glou. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give: I do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight: d'you know, Warwick takes his gift again; d'he is my king, Warwick is my subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner; d'he gallant Warwick, do but answer this: 40
Glou. Alias! that Warwick had no more forecast, it, whereas he thought to steal the single ten, te king was slily finger'd from the deck.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, and with the other fling it at thy face, 51
K. Edw. Sain how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend, his hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair, all, whilsts thy head is warm and new cut off, rite in the dust this sentence with thy blood:
Glou. 'Tis even so: yet you are Warwick still.

K. Edw. Sain how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend, his hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair, all, whilsts thy head is warm and new cut off, rite in the dust this sentence with thy blood:
K. Edw. Sain how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend, his hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair, all, whilsts thy head is warm and new cut off, rite in the dust this sentence with thy blood: Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.
War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

Oxford and his Forces enter the city.
Glou. The gates are open, let us enter too. 60
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs. Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt, will issue out again and bid us battle: If not, the city being but of small defence, We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
War. O! welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.
Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster! He and his Forces enter the city.
Glou. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.
Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
He and his Forces enter the cit.
Glou. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset, Have sold their lives unto the house of York; And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.
War. And lo! where George of Carnece sweeps along, Of force enough to bid his brother battle; With whom an upright zeal to right prevails More than the nature of a brother's love.

GLOUCESTER and CLARENCE whisper.
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.
Clav. Father of Warwick, know you what this means? Taking the red rose out of his hat.
Look here, I throw my infancy at thee: I will not ruin my father's house, Who gave his blood to line the stones together, And set up Lancaster. Why, trowst thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural, To bend the fatal instruments of war Against his brother and his lawful king? Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath: To keep that oath were more impolicy Than Jephthah's, when he sacrifice'd his daughter. I am so sorry for my trespass made That, to deserve well at my brother's hands, I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe; With resolution, where-oe'er I meet thee, As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad, To plague thee for thy foul mil-leading me. And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee, And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks. Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends; And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults, For I will henceforth be no more unconstantly.
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hast deserv'd our hate.
Glou. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.
War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust! K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas! I am not coept'd here for defence: 10
I will away towards Barnet presently, and bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.

Lords, to the field! Saint George and victory! 15

March. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums, and excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing in Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. So lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

Exit.

War. Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepultures;
For who liv'd king but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood;
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsoke me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah! Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news. Ah! could'st thou fly.
War. Why, then I would not fly. Ah! Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile,
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
That gushes my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah! Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother,'
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That mought not be distinguished; but at
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,
'O! farewell, Warwick.'
War. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

Oauf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!

Exeunt, bearing off Warwick.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; Clarence, Gloucester, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the que.
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast.
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud
And blow it to the source from whence it came,
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Flourish. Glot. The queen is vait'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertised by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury,
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rides with.
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented in every county as we go along.

Strike up the drum! cry 'Courage!' and away.

Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, Princeward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit still their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard?
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed'd in the flood;
Yet lives our pilot still: 'tis meet that he
Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath so much
Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have said! Ah! what a shame, ah! what a fault were't
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast: what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of them?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another godly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tackling
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp’d,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancel’d, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
So you fight in justice: then, in God’s name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

**Aurum. Retreat. Excursions. Extant.**

**SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.**

**Flourish. Enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloucester, and Forces; with Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset, Prisoners.**

**K. Edw.** Now here a period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Oxford to Hames castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxford, guard them, and I’ll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I; but stoop with patience to my fortune.

**Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.**

**Q. Mar.** So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

**K. Edw.** Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he life?

**Glo.** It is: and lo! where youthful Edward comes.

**Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.**

**K. Edw.** Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn’d me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.

Suppose that I am now my father’s mouth:
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee, Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

**Q. Mar.** Ah! that thy father had been so resolv’d.

**Glo.** That you might still have worn the petticoat,

And ne’er have stol’n the breech from Lancaster.

**Prince.** Let Esop fable in a winter’s night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

**Glo.** By heaven, brat, I’ll plague ye for that word.

**Q. Mar.** Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

**Glo.** For God’s sake, take away this captive scold.

**Prince.** Nay, take away this scolding crook-backed rather.

**K. Edw.** Peace, willful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

**Clive.** Untutor’d lad, thou art too malapert.

**Prince.** I know my duty; you are all unfruitful,
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur’d George,
And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are;
And thou usurp’m my father’s right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.
Glo. Sprawlst thou? take that, to end thy agony.
Clar. And there's for twisting me with perjury: Stabs him.
Q. Mar. O! I kill me too.
Glo. Marry, and shall. Offers to kill her.
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much. Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
Glo. The Tower! the Tower! Exit. 69
Q. Mar. O Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!
They that stabb'd Caesar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blane,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst an if I speak;
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals! 70
How sweet a plant have you untimely crop'd?
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off:
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!
K. Edw. Away with her! go, bear her hence perforce.
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here:
Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.
What! wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.
Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher?
Hard-favoured Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy aims-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back. 89
Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!
Exit.
K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?
Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He's sudden if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common
With pay and thanks, and let's away to LoussAnd see our gentle queen how well she far. By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. Exit.

SCENE VI.—London. The Tower.

King Henry is discovered sitting with a in his hand, the Lieutenant attending.

GLOUCESTER.
Glo. Good day, my lord. What! at your so hard?
K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: my lord, I shall say rather;
'Tis sin to slatter; 'good' was little better.'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were a
And both preposterous; therefore, not 'lord.'
Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we coner.
Exit Lieutenant.
K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd of the wolf;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his flock,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to
Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty man.
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bough.
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught
And kill'd.
Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was the Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drow
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea.
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not with words.
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my
Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art.
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy: that many a thousand
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a wide
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,
Men for their sons', wives for their husband
And orphans for their parents' timeless dear.
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook the trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top.
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain.
And yet brought forth less than a mother's lo
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffsords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands: two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their courters at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague;
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.
Glou. Aside. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.
Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute.
K. Edw. Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.
Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.
Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.
Glou. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.
Aside. To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.
Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.
K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.
Exeunt.
THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD
THE THIRD.

Dramatis Personae.

King Edward the Fourth.
Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward the Fifth.
George, Duke of Clarence.
Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard the Third.
A young Son of Clarence.
Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry the Seventh.
John Morton, Bishop of Ely.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Norfolk.
Earl of Surrey, his Son.
Earl Rivers, Brother to Elizabeth.
Marquess of Dorset and Lord Grey, Sons to Elizabeth.
Earl of Oxford.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Stanley, called also Earl of Derby.

Lords and other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scribe, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, 

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard the Third.

Scene.—England.

Act I.

Scene I.—London. A Street.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour’d upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang’d to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag’d war hath smooth’d his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady’s chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap’d for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp’d, and want love’s majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail’d of this fair proportion,
KING RICHARD III.

I. KING. I am an old man; what mean'st thou, sailor? I beseech thee, follow me.

SAILOR. Upon what cause?

KING. Because my name is George.

GLOUCESTER. Alack! my lord, that fault is none of yours.

KING. Beseech him, by his majesty, that by his disinheritance,

GLOUCESTER. Your name George begins with G,

KING. Tell me, what's the matter, Clarence? I must know.

GLOUCESTER. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest

KING. I do not; but, as I can learn,

GLOUCESTER. What, this it is, when men are ruled by women:

KING. Not the king that sends you to the Tower;

GLOUCESTER. Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she

KING. Tempts him to this extremity,

GLOUCESTER. It not she and that good man of worship,

KING. Woodville, her brother, that

GLOUCESTER. Made me send Lord Hastings to the Tower,

KING. Whence this present day he is deliver'd?

GLOUCESTER. Are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

KING. By heaven, I think there is no man secure

GLOUCESTER. The queen's kindred and night-walking heralds

KING. Strudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.

GLOUCESTER. Do ye not what an humble subject

KING. Hastings was to her for his delivery?

GLOUCESTER. Humly complaining to her deity,

KING. 'Tis my lord chamberlain's liberty.

GLOUCESTER. Tell you what; I think it is our way,

KING. We will keep in favour with the king,

GLOUCESTER. Be her men and wear her livery;

KING. Jealous o'er worn widow and herself,

GLOUCESTER. Her brother and all the gentlewomen,

KING. Mighty gossips in our monarchy.

GLOUCESTER. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;

KING. Majesty hath straitly given in charge

GLOUCESTER. At no man shall have private conference,

KING. What degree soever, with his brother.

GLOUCESTER. Even so; an't please your worship,

KING. Brakenbury,

GLOUCESTER. May partake of any thing we say;

KING. Speak no treason, man: we say the king

GLOUCESTER. Wise and virtuous, and his noble queen

KING. Shall struck in years, fair, and not jealous;

GLOUCESTER. Say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,

KING. Cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;

GLOUCESTER. The queen's kindred are mad gentlefolks.

KING. I say you, sir? can you deny all this?

GLOUCESTER. With this, my lord, myself have nought
to do.

GLOUCESTER. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,

KING. That doth naught with her, excepting one,

GLOUCESTER. He doth he do it secretly, alone.
The which will I; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market: 199
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street.

Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, borne
in an open coffin. Gentlemen bearing halberds, to
guard it; and Lady Anne as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the same selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Lo! In these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
O! cursed be the hand that made these holes;
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
20
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be ne'er to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him
Than I am made by my young lord and thee!
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, whilst I lament King Henry's corse.

The Bearers take up the corpse and advance.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glou. Villains! set down the corse; or, by
Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

First Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glou. Unmann'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

The Bearers set down the coffin.

Anne. What! do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avant! thou dreadful minister of hell;
Thou hast but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have: therefore, be gone.

Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell.
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaim.
If thou delight to view thine heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O! gentlemen; see, see! dead Henry's wound
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity.
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge death;
O earth! which this blood drink'st, revenge death;
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer,
Or earth, gape open wide, and cat him quick.
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-governd arm hath butcheted
Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity.
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curse:
Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God or man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity,
Glou. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O! wonderful, when devils tell the truth.
Glou. More wonderful when angels are so amiss.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.
Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.
Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee,
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glou. By such despair I should accuse myself.
Anne. And by despairing shouldst thou still excuse'd.

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others
Glou. Say that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say they were not slain.
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by the
Glou. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is all
Glou. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Que Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood
The which thou once didst bend against her breast
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glou. I was provoked by her bland rous tongue
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulder.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody min
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king?
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!  
Glon. I would they were, that I might die at once;  
For now they kill me with a living death.  
These eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,  
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops;  
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear;  
No, when my father York and Edward wept  
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made  
When black- fraudulent Clifford shook his sword at him;  
Nor when thy war-like father, like a child,  
Told the sad story of my father's death,  
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,  
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,  
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time  
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;  
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,  
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.  
I never said to friend nor enemy;  
My proud heart sue's, and prompts my tongue to speak.  
She boon's scornfully at him.  
Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made  
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;  
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,  
And let the soul forth that adores thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.  
He lays his breast open: she offers at it  
with his sword.  
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry;  
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.  
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;  
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.  
She lets fall the sword.  
Take up the sword again, or take up me.  
Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,  
I will not be the executioner.  
Glon. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.  
Anne. I have already.  
Glon. That was in thy rage:  
Speak it again, and even with the word,  
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,  
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love:  
To both their deaths shalt thou be necessary.  
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.  
Glon. 'Tis figured in my tongue.  
Anne. I fear me both are false.  
Glon. Then never man was true.  
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.  
Glon. Say, then, my peace is made.  
Anne. That shall thou know hereafter.  
Glon. But shall I live in hope?  
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.  
Glon. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.  
Anne. To take is not to give.  
Glon. Look! how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
And if thy poor devoted servant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.  
Anne. What is it?  
Glow. That it may please you leave these sad  

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby-place;  
Where, after I have solemnly interred  
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,  
I will with all expedient duty see you:  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.  
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys  
me too  
To see you are become so penitent.  
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.  
Glow. Bid me farewell.  
Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;  
But since you teach me how to flatter you,  
Imagine I have said farewell already.  


Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.  
Glow. Sirs, take up the corse.  
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?  
Glow. No, to White-Friars; there attend my  

Was ever woman in this humour wo'd?  
Was ever woman in this humour won?  
I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.  
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,  
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;  
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,  
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;  
Having God, her conscience, and these bars  
against me,  
And I no friends to back my suit withal,  
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,  
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!  
Ha!  
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,  
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,  

Stab'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?  
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,  
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,  
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,  
The spacious world cannot again afford:  
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,  
That crop'd the golden prime of this sweet  
prince,  
And made her widow to a woeful bed?  
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?  
On me, that halt and am misshapen thus?  
My dukedom to a beggarly denier  
I do mistake my person all this while:  
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.  
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,  
And entertain a score or two of tailors,  
To study fashions to adorn my body:  
Since I am crept in favour with myself,  
I will maintain it with some little cost.  
But first I'll turn you fellow in his grave,  
And then return lamenting to my love.  
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass.  


Scene III.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.  
Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.  
Riv. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt  
his majesty  
Will soon recover his accustomed health.  
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes me  

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good con-  
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.  
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would be  
on me?  
Grey. No other harm but loss of such a  
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes  
harms.  
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with  
goodly son,  
To be your comforter when he is gone.  
Q. Eliz. Ah! he is young; and his minor  
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester—  
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.  
Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?  
Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded  
But so it must be if the king miscarry.  

Enter Buckingham and Stanley.  
Grey. Here come the Lords of Buckingham  
and Stanley.  
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace.  
Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you  
have been!  
Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good  
Lord of Stanley,  
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.  
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,  
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd  
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.  
Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers;  
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,  
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proc'd  
From wayward sickness, and no grounded ma-  
Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord  
Stanley?  
Stan. But now the Duke of Buckingham a  
Are come from visiting his majesty.  
Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment?  
Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks  
cheerfully.  
Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you con-  
with him?  
Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make at-  

ment  
Between the Duke of Gloucester and his  
brothers,  
And between them and my lord chamberlain.  
And sent to warn them to his royal presence  
Q. Eliz. Would all were well! But that  
never be.  
I fear our happiness is at the highest.  

Enter Gloucester, Hastings, and Dorset.  
Glow. They do me wrong, and I will  
endure it:  
Who are they that complain unto the king,  
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?  
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly.  
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumo-
I had rather be a country servant maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessend be that small, God, I
beseech him
Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.

Glo. What! threat ye me with telling of
the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look! what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband
king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs,
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his,
or thine.

Glo. In all which time you and your husband
Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Albin's slain?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderousovillain, and sotstillthouart.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father
Warwick,
Ay, and forsware himself, which Jesu pardon!

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. Tofigh on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave
the world,
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar.
Far be it from my heart the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. 

Advancing,
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels!
Ah! gentle villain, do not turn away.

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou
in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.
Glow. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in
banishment.

Then death can yield me here by my abode. 
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me; 170
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance: 
This sorrow that I have by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glow. The curse my noble father laid on thee.
When thou diest crown his war-like brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;
His curses, then from bitterness of soul 179
Denounce'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O! 'twas the foulest deed to slay that 
babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was
reported.
Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to 
see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before
I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me? 190
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with
heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick

If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence! 201
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live to wall thy children's loss,
And see another, as I see thee now.
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stail'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray
him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glow. Have done thy charm, thou hateful
wither'd bag!
Q. Mar. And leave out thee! stay, dog, for
thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee.
O! let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the tribune of the poor world's peace.
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,

Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Afrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glow. Margaret.
Q. Mar. Richard! 210
Glow. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee!
Glow. I cry thee mercy then, for I did this
That thou hast call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no re
O! let me make the period to my curse.

Glow. 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret
Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd thy curse against
yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish
my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spire?
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Foof, fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thy

The day will come that thou shalt wish for
To help thee curse this pois'rous bunching

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy false

curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.
Q. Mar. Fool shame upon you! you have
mow'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would
have

taught your duty.
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should
me
do.

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subject;
O! serve me well, and teach yourselves that do.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace! Master marquess, you
malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce curr't
O! that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.
They that stand high have many blasts to smote
them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pie.

Glow. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn

marquess.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as

Glow. Ay, and much more; but I was bore
high,
Our acry buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorn's the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! as

Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wind
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your acry buildeth in our acry's nest.

O God! that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace! for shame, if not for char

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rag.

Buck. Have done, have done.
Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham! I'll kiss

hand,
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates! Are you now going to dispatch this thing? First Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant, That we may be admitted where he is. Gloo. Well thought upon; I have it here about me. Gives the warrant. When you have done, repair to Crosby-place. But, sirs, be sudden in the execution, Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead; For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him. First Murd. Tut, tut! my lord, we will not stand to prate; Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd We go to use our hands and not our tongues. Gloo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes fall tears: I like you, lords; about your business straight; Go, go, dispatch. First Murd. We will, my noble lord. Exeunt.

Scene IV. — The Same. The Tower.
Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day? Clar. O! I have pass'd a miserable night, So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams, That, as I am a Christian faithful man, I would not spend another such a night, Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days, So full of di-mal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower, And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy; And in my company my brother Gloucester. Who from my cabin tempted me to walk Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England, And cite'd up a thousand heavy times, During the wars of York and Lancaster That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along Upon the giddy footing of the bat hes, Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling, Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard, Into the tumbling billows of the main. Lord, Lord! methought what pain it wastodrown: What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears! What ugly sights of death within mine eyes! Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks; A thousand men that fish'd; gnaw'd upon; Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl, Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels, All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea, Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes Where eyes did once inhabit, there were cleft. As twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems, That wou'd the slimy bottom of the deep, And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by. Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death To gaze upon the secrets of the deep? Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth To find the empty, vast, and wandering air; But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after-life;

O! then began the tempest to my soul.

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, 'What scourg' for perjury?

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?

And so he vanished: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him! Furies, take him unto torment.'

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears.
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling wak'd, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. Nomarvel, lord, though it alighted on me,
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury! I have done those things
That now bear evidence against my soul.
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me.
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O! spare my guiltless wife and my poor children.
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord. God give your grace
good rest!

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makesthenightmorning, and thenoon-tidenight.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfit imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how can'st thou hit her?

First Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and
I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What! so brief?

Second Murd. 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.
Let him see our commission, and talk no more.

A paper delivered to Brakenbury,
who reads it.

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.
I'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resigned to you my charge.

First Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of
wisdom; fare you well.

Exit Brakenbury.

Second Murd. What shall we stab him as he
sleeps?

First Murd. No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly,
when he wakes.

Second Murd. When he wakes! why food
shall never wake till the judgment-day.

First Murd. Why, then he'll say we stab
him sleeping.

Second Murd. The urging of that word 'judgment'
hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd. What! art thou afraid?

Second Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant
for it; but to be damned for killing him,
the which no warrant can defend us.

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Second Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. Back to the Duke of Gloucester
tell him so.

Second Murd. I pray thee, stay a while: I,
my holy humour will change; 'twas wise
hold me but while one would tell twenty,

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself?

Second Murd. Some certain drops of conscience
yet within me.

First Murd. Remember our reward when
deed's done.

Second Murd. 'Zounds! he dies: I had for
the reward.

First Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

Second Murd. In the Duke of Gloucester's一大批

First Murd. So when he opens his purse,
give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Second Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go:
the few or none will entertain it.

First Murd. What if it come to thee again?

Second Murd. I'll not meddle with it;
I makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal,
accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but
checkshim; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's
wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing
fast spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom,
fills a man full of obstacles; it made me
cannot restore a purse of gold that I found;
I began any man that keeps it; it is turned out
towns and cities for a dangerous thing;
every man that means to live well endeavours
to trust to himself and live without it.

First Murd. 'Zounds! it is even now at
elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Second Murd. Take the devil in thy mind,
believe him not: he would insinuate with me
but to make thee sigh.

First Murd. I am strong-framed; he can
prevail with me.

Second Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that
specketh his reputation. Come, shall we tothg-thy

First Murd. Take him over the costard
in the hills of thy sword, and then throw him
the malmsey-butt in the next room.

Second Murd. O excellent device! and in

a sop of him.

First Murd. Soft! he wakes.

Second Murd. Strike.

First Murd. No; we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a

wine.

First Murd. You shall have wine enough,

lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

First Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

First Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks

humble.
First Murd. My voice is now the king’s, my
locks mine own.
Cor. How darkly and how deadly dost thou
speak?  
Why, he, therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Clarin. Have I offended you? 
First Murd. Offended we you not, but
the king.
Cor. I shall be reconcil’d to him again.
Second Murd. Never, my lord; therefore pre-
pare to die.
Cor. Are you call’d forth from out a world
of men
slay the innocent? What is my offence? 
Cor. Are there the evidences that do accuse me?
at lawful quest have given their verdict up
to the frowning judge? or who pronounc’d
a bitter sentence of poor Clarence’s death? 
Cor. I’m by a certain course of law,
threaten me with death is most unlawful.
Cor. Hurl these as you will, as you hope to have redemption
Chita dear blood shed for our grievous
sins,
at you depart and lay no hands on me;
I doed you undertake is damnable.
First Murd. What we will do, we do upon
command.
Second Murd. And he that hath command’d
is the king.
Cor. Erroneously sal! the great King of kings
in the table of his law command’d
at thou shalt do no murder: will you then
in his edict and fulfill a man’s
heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
hurl upon their heads that break his law.
Second Murd. And that same vengeance doth
he hurl on thee,
false forsaying and for murder too:
and didst receive the sacrament to fight
quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of
God,
dist break that vow, and with thy treacherous
blade
rip’dst the bowels of thy sovereign’s son.
Second Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to
cherish and defend.
First Murd. How canst thou urge God’s dread-
ful law to us,
then thou hast broke it in such dear degree? 
Cor. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
Cor. Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
sends you not to murder me for this;
or in that sin he is as deep as I.
Cor. God will be avenged for that deed,
I know you yet, he doth it publicly:
he not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
e needs no indirect or lawless course
but of those that have offended him.
First Murd. Who made thee then a bloody
minister,
then gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,  
at princely novice, was struck dead by thee?
Cor. My brother’s love, the devil, and my rage.

First Murd. Thy brother’s love, our duty, and
thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
Cor. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you be hir’d for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life.
Than Edward will for tiding of my death.
Second Murd. You are deceiv’d, your brother
Gloucester hates you.
Cor. O, no! he loves me, and he holds me
dear:
Go you to him from me.
Both Murd. Ay, so we will.
Cor. Tell him, when that our princely father
York
Bless’d his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg’d us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloucester think on this, and he will weep.
First Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lesson’d us
to weep.
Cor. O! do not slander him, for he is kind.
First Murd. Right,
As snow in harvest. Thou deceiv’st thyself: 
’Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.
Cor. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg’d me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
First Murd. Why, so he doth, now he delivers
you
From this earth’s thraldom to the joys of heaven.
Second Murd. Make peace with God, for you
must die, my lord.
Cor. Have you that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt wage with God by murdering me?
O! sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.
Second Murd. What shall we do?
Cor. Relent and save your souls.
First Murd. Relent! ’tis cowardly and
womanish.
Cor. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince’s son,
Being pen’t from liberty, as I am now.
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks; 
O! if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress:
A begging prince what beggar pityes not?
Second Murd. Look behind you, my lord.
First Murd. Take that, and brand him.
If all this will not do,
I’ll drown thee in the malmsey-but within.
Exit, with the body.
Second Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately
dispatch’d!
How faint, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder.
Re-enter First Murderer.
First Murd. How now! what mean’st thou,
that thou help’st me not? 
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack thou
art.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester,  
To make the perfect period of this peace.  
Buck. And, in good time, here comes  

noble duke.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;  
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!  
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the night.  
Gloucester, we have done deeds of charity;  
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,  
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.  
Glou. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.  
Among this princely heap, if any here,  
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,  
Hold me a foe;  
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,  
Have aught committed that is hardly borne  
By any in this presence, I desire  
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:  
Tis death to me to be at enmity;  
I hate it, and desire all good men’s love.  
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
Which I will purchase with my dutie service.  
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
If ever any grudge were lodg’d between us;  
Of you, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, of you,  
That all without desert have wrong’d on me;  
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all  
I do not know that Englishman alive  
With whom my soul is any jot at odds  
More than the infant that is born to-night:  
I thank my God for my humiliation.  
Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:  
I would to God all strifes were well compound.  
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness  
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.  
Glou. Why, madam, have I offered love for that  
To be so flouted in this royal presence?  
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?  
They all start.

You do him injury to scorn his corse,  
K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead? I know he is.  
Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!  
Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest.  
Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in thy presence  
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.  
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order we revers’d.  
Glou. But he, poor soul, by your first order died  
And that a winged Mercury did bear;  
Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,  
That came too late to see him buried.  
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal  
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,  
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did  
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter Stanley.

Sten. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!  
K. Edw. I pray thee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.  
Sten. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.  
K. Edw. Then speak at once what is it thou demand’st.
The king mine uncle is to blame for it:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayer; all to that effect.

_Girl._ And so will I.

_Duch._ Peace, children, peace! the king doth
love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

_Boy._ Grandam, we can; for my good uncle
Gloucester
Told me, the king, provok'd to it by the queen,
Devil's impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept.
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

_Duch._ Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle
shape,
And with a virtuous wizard hide deep vice.
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

_Boy._ Think you my uncle did dissemble,
grandam?

_Duch._ Ay, boy.

_Boy._ I cannot think it. Hark! what noise
is this!

_Enter Queen Elizabeth, distractedly; Rivers
and Dorset following her._

_Q. Eliz._ Oh! who shall hinder me to wail and
weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

_Duch._ What means this scene of rude impa-
tience?

_Q. Eliz._ To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-wing'd souls may catch the
king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

_Duch._ Ah! so much interest have I in thy
sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband.
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liev'd with looking on his images;
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine
arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,
Clarence and Edward. O! what cause have I,
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries.

_Boy._ Good aunt, you wept not for our father's
death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
_Girl._ Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-colour likewise be unwept.

_Q. Eliz._ Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes.
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon, may send forth plenteous tears to drown the world! Ah! for my husband, for my dear lord Edward! Ah! for our father, for our dear lord Clarence.

Duch. Alas! for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence.

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss. Alas! I am the mother of these griefs: Their woes are parcel'd, mine are general. She for an Edward weeps, and so do I; I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she: These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I; I for an Edward weep, so do they: Alas! you three on me, threefold distress'd, Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse, And I will pamper it with lamentation.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd That you take with unthankfulness his doing, In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful With dull unwillingness to repay a debt Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent; Much more to be thus opposite with heaven, For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethekn you, like a careful mother, Of the young prince your son: send straight for him; Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives. Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave, And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Ratcliff, and Others.

Glou. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause To wail the dimming of our shining star; But none can cure their harms by wailing them. Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy; I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee! and put meekness in thy mind, Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glou. Amen; aside. and make me die a good old man!

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers, That bear this mutual heavy load of moan, Now cheer each other in each other's love: Though we have spent our harvest of this king, We are to reap the harvest of his son. The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts, But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together, Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept: Me seemeth good, that, with some little train, Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetched,

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?
KING RICHARD III.

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In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pray thee, let me hear it.

York. Merry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wert born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parous boy: go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news?

Q. Eliz. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news then?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed:
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ay me! I see the ruin of my house.
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne:
Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self; O! preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace.
The seal I keep: and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, Gloucester, Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, Catesby, and Others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glow. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glow. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glow. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.

I thought my mother and my brother York:
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie! what a sling is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no.

Enter Hastings.

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers. Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?

If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserve'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place.
Thus prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserve'd:
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have:
Then, taking him from thence that is not the
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mien
for once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with it?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speed you
may.

Exeunt Cardinal Bourchier, etc.

HAST. Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glow. Where it seems best unto your royal state.

If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower.
Then where you please, a'd shall be thought
most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, in that beginning;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd
Methinks the truth should live from age to age:
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glow. Aside. So wise so young, they say,
ever live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glow. I say, without characters, fame lives lor

Aside. Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Caesar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glow. Aside. Short summers lightly have
forward spring.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and Cardinal Bourchier.


Prince. Richard of York! how fares our not brother?

York. Well, my dreadful lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours.
Too late he died that might have kept that title
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.
KING RICHARD III.

You. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

Ork. I thank you, gentle uncle. O! my lord, I said that idle weeds are fast in growth; prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

You. He hath, my lord.

Ork. And therefore is he idle?

You. O! my fair cousin, I must not say so.

Ork. Then he is more beholding to you than I. You may command me as my sovereign; you have power in me as in a kinsman.

You. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger. You. My dagger, little cousin! with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother!

Ork. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give; I being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

You. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

Ork. A greater gift! O! that's the sword to it.

You. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

Ork. O! then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts; weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

You. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

Ork. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

You. What! would you have my weapon, little lord?

Ork. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

You. How?

Ork. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk.

Ork. Your grace knows how to bear with me.

You. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.

Ork. Yes, my brother mocks both you and me.

You. Cause that I am little, like an ape, thinks you that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Ork. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!

You. Mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle, prettily and aptly taunts himself; cunning and so young is wonderful.

Ork. My lord, will't please you pass along? Self and my good cousin Buckingham to your mother, to entreat of her meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

You. What! will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Ork. My lord protector needs will have it so.

You. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Ork. Why, what should you fear?

You. Marry, my uncle Clarence's angry ghost: grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncle deads.

You. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear. Come, my lord; and with a heavy heart, nailing on them, go I unto the Tower.

A Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York is not incensed by his subtle mother taunt and scorn you thus oppressibly?

You. Nodoubt, no doubt. O! 'tis a parlous boy; bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable: He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them re-t. Come hither, Catesby; thou art sworn As deeply to effect what we intend As closely to conceal what we impart.

You. Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way: What think'st thou! is it not an easy matter To make William Lord Hastings of our mind, For the instalm of this noble duke In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,

That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? what will he?

Cates. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings, How he doth stand affected to our purpose; And summon him to-morrow to the Tower, To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,

Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,

Be thou so too, and so break off your talk,

And give us notice of his inclination;

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,

Wherein thyself shall highly be employ'd.

Glou. Command me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries

To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;

And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,

Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cat's. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cates. You shall, my lord.

Glou. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both. Exit Catesby.

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do if we perceive Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glou. Chop off his head; something we will determine:

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glou. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards We may digest our complots in some form. Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Same. Before Lord Hastings' House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! Knocking.

Hast. Within. Who knocks?

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. What is 't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self. This

Hast. And then?

Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this

night He dreamt the boar had raged over his helm;

Besides, he says there are two councils held;

And that may be determined at the one

Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's

pleasure,

If you will presently take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the

north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;

Bid him not fear the separated councils:

His honour and myself are at the one,

And at the other is my good friend Catesby;

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:

And for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.

To fly the boar before the boar pursues,

Were to incense the boar to follow us

And make pursuit where he did mean: no chase.

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early

stirring.

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;

And I believe will never stand upright

Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou

mean the crown?

Cates. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my

shoulders

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd:

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cates. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you

forward

Upon his party, for the gain thereof:

And thereupon he sends you this good news,

That this same very day your enemies,

The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,

Because they have been still my adversaries;

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,

God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Cates. God keep your lordship in that gracious

mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth

hence,

That they which brought me in my master's hate,

I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,

I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,

When men are unprepared and look not for

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so it

out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so'twill

With some men else, who think themselves as

As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are due

To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cates. The princes both make high account

you;

Aside. For they account his head upon the block;

Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserved.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, my

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; good morrow,

Catesby:

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,

I do not like these several council's, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you;

And never in my days, I do protest,

Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.

Think you but that I know our state secure

I would be so triumphant as I am!

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they ran

from London,

Were jocund and supposed their state was safe

And they indeed had no cause to mistrust; but

Yet you see how soon the day d'ercast.

This sudden stab of rancour I misdeal;

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!

What, shall we toward the Tower! the day is up,

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you

what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better

wield their heads

Than some that have access'd them wear their

But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good

fellow. Eecent STANLEY and CATESBY

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with th' 

Purs. The better that your lordshipplease to

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with men

Than when I met thee last where now we met;

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies; but

Now, I tell thee, keep it to thyself,

This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold thee to thy honour's good conté

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that

me.

Throws him his pu

Purs. God save your lordship!

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to your

honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with my

heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content y

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What! talking with a priest, my

chamberlain;

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priæ

Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well; 20
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part. 29

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glon. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounce'd your part,
I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.

Glon. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder:
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, 31
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

Exeunt.

Glon. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

Takes him aside.

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
As he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile; I'll go with you.

Exeunt Gloucester and Buckingham.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord, the Duke of Gloucester?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth
this morning:

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's never a man in Christendom 41
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any livelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;

For, were he, he had show'd it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glon. I pray you all, tell me what they desire
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom the offenders, whoseoe'er they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitch’d; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither’d up:
And this is Edward’s wife, that monstrous witch,
Consortcd with that harlot strumpet Shore, 70
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord—
Glou. If! thon protector of this damned
strumpet,
Talk’st thou to me of ‘ifs’? Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

Exeunt all but HASTINGS, RATCLIFF
and LOWEL.

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this. 80
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;
And I did scorn it, and disdain’d to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look’d upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O! now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher’d,
And myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings’ wretched head.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch; the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O! momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; ’tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England! I
prophesy the fearfull’st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look’d upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head;
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Same. The Tower Walls.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glou. Come, cousin, cast thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror.
Buck. Tat! Tat! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion; ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what! is Catesby gone?

Glou. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Lord mayor.

Glou. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Hark! a drat.

Glou. Catesby, o’erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent
Glou. Look back, defend thee; here are enemys,
Buck. God and our innocency defend a guard us!

Glou. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff
and Lovel.

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTING head.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glou. So dear I lov’d the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath’d upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul records
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub’d his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with Shore’s wife,
He liv’d from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covent’s shelter
traitor
That ever liv’d.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were’t not that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester.

May. Had he done so?

Glou. What! think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain’s death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our person’s safety
Enforc’d us to this execution?

May. Now, fair beseal you! he deserv’d death;
And your good graces both have well proceed
To warn false traitors from the like attempts;
I never look’d for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Glou. Yet had we not determin’d he should
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friens
Something against our meaning, have prevent;
Because, my lord, I would have had you hear
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace’s we shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I’ll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

Glou. And to that end we wish’d your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intent
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

Exeunt Lord May.

Glou. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

**Glow.** Touch’d you the bastardy of Edward’s children?

**Buck.** I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France;
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.

Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch’d or slightly handled in discourse;
And when mine oratory drew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country’s good
Cry ‘God save Richard. England’s royal king!’

**Glow.** And did they so?

**Buck.** No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,
Star’d each on other, and look’d deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask’d the mayor what meant this wifil
silence:
His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urg’d to tell my tale again:
‘Thussaith the duke, thus hath the duke infer’d’;
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hurl’d up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, ‘God save King
Richard!’
And thus I took the vantage of those few,
‘Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,’ quoth I;
‘This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard.’
And even here brake off, and came away.

**Glow.** What tongueless blocks were they?
Would they not speak?

**Buck.** Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

**Glow.** Go, go, up to the leads! the lord mayor
knocks.

**Exit Gloucester.**

**Enter** the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

**Enter from the Castle, Catesby.**

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Cates. He doth entreat your grace, my noble
lord.

To visit him to-morrow or next day.
He is within, with two right reverend fathers, 60
Divinely bent to meditation:
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke:
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs and matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cates. I'll signify so much unto him straight.

Exit.

Buck. Ah, ah! my lord, this prince is not an Edward,
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say
us nay!

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return, and tell his grace.

Exit CATESBY.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloucester in a gallery above, between
Two Bishops. CATESBY returns.

May. See! where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen.

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity;
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornament to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glow. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungodly'd isle.

Glow. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; would it might please your grace
On our entreaties to amend your fault.

Glow. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;
Whiles, in the wildness of your sleepy thought
Which here we waken to our country's good
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost should'd in the swallowing gulch
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charg
And kingly government of this your land;
Not as protector, Stewart, substitute,
or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause come I to move your grace.

Glow. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
It to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friend
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my daze
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a barb to break no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me
And much I need to help you, were there none;
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit.
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should vring from him.

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in my grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first was he contract to Lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
se both put off, a poor petitioner, are craz'd mother to a many sons, 
etzy-waning and distressed widow, n in the afternoon of her best days, le prize and purchase of his wanton eye, 'd the pitch and height of his degree base declension and loath'd bigamy, her, in his unlawful bed, he got s Edward, whom our manners call the prince. e bitterly could I expostulate, 191 e that, for reverence to some alive, ve a sparing limit to my tongue. n, good my lord, take to your royal self proffer'd benefit of dignity; of to bless us and the land withal, to draw forth your noble ancestry m the corruption of abusing times, o a linol true-derived course.

lou. Alas! why would you heap this care on me?  

ack. If you refuse it, as in love and zeal, th to depose the child, your brother's son; vell we know your tenderness of heart gentle, kind, effeminate remorse, ch we have noted in you to your kindred, equally indeed to all estates; whether you accept our suit or no, r brother's son shall never reign our king; we will plant some other in the throne, he disgrace and downfall of your house: in this resolution here we leave you.

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ack. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

lou. O! make them joyful: grant their lawful suit.

Enter BRACKENBURY.

Buck. Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet, 

led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester: Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower, On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes. Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both A happy and a joyful time of day!  

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! whither away?  

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess, Upon the like devotion as yourselves, To gratulate the gentle princes there. 

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.

Enter BRACKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes. Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave, How doth the prince, and my young son of York?  

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience, I may not suffer you to visit them: The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.  

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?  

Brak. I mean the lord protector.  

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title! 

Hath he set bounds between their love and me? I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?  

Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.  

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother: Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame And take thy office from thee, on my peril.  

Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so: I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence, And I'll salute your grace of York as mother, And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.  

To ANNE. Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster, 

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.  

Q. Eliz. Ah! cut my lace asunder, That my pent heart may have some scope to beat, Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news. 

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O! unpleasing news.
KING RICHARD III.

Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your grace?
Q. Eliz. O Dorset! speak not to me, get thee gone:
Death and destruction dog thee at th' heels:
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:
Go, tie thee, tie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispensing wind of misery!
O! my accurs'd womb, the bed of death,
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavailing eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O! would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain.
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!
Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why? When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dartsaint which then I weeping follow'd;
O! when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish: 'Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou weald'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable by the life of thee
Than thou hast made me by my dearlord's death!'
Lo! ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell! thou woeful welcomer of glory.

Anne. Adieu! poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it.

Duch. To Dorset. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

To Anne. Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!

To Queen Elizabeth. Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy work'd with a week of pain:
Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back with me to the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babbles!
Whom envy hath immur'd within your wall.
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well.
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

Scene II.—The Same. A Room of State.

Flourish of trumpets. Richard, in pomp, crowns BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and Others.
Buck. My gracious sovereign!
He ascends the throne.

Thus high, by thy assistance,
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated
But shall we wear these glories for a day,
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them.
K. Rich. Ah! Buckingham, now do I in the touch.

To try if thou be current gold indeed:
Young Edward lives: think now what I will speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned
K. Rich. Hal! am I king? '"Tis so;'

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequent,
That Edward still should live! 'True, noble prince.'

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, boy!
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kingdom freezeeth.
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some little breath, some piteous dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve you herein presently.

Cates. Aide. The king is angry: see, he gives his lip.

K. Rich. Descends from his throne. I will reverse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumcised
Boy!

Page. My lord!

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom courting gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his high spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing
K. Rich. What is his name?
KING RICHARD III.

Scene I.—Londontown.


Deep-revolving witty Buckingham more shall be the neighbour to my counsel. Thus, he so long held out with me untir'd, I stop he now for breath? well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

Now, Lord Stanley! what's the news? You, know, my loving lord, Marquess Dorset, as I hear, is fled Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad that Anne my wife is very grievous sick; till take order for her keeping close, sire me out some mean poor gentleman, on I will marry straight to Clarence, daughter:

Boy is foolish, and I fear not him, on how thou dream'st! I say again, give out with that I have our queen is sick: let it out: for it stands me much upon stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

Exit CATESBY.

I must be married to my brother's daughter, else my kingdom stands on brittle glass. Order her brothers, and then marry her: certain way of gain! But I am in far in blood that sin will perplex on sin: falling pity dwell not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.

Hast thy name Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Rich. Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,

to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers, that they would have thee deal upon. Rich. Let me have open means to come to them, soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrell:

by this token: rise, and lend thine ear.

There is no more but so: say it is done, I will love thee, and prefer thee for it. I will dispatch it straightly. Exit.

Re-enter Buckingham.

Tyr. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind late request that you did sound me in.

Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Rich. I hear the news, my lord.

Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son; well look unto it.

Rich. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise, which your honour and your faith is pawn'd; earldom of Hereford and the moveables rich you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me, Henry the Sixth Did prophesy that Richmond should be king, When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king! perhaps—

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,— K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exeter, The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle, and call'd it Rougemont, at which name I started, Because a bard of Ireland told me once I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike? K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke Between thy begging and my meditation. I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.


Buck. And is it thus? repays he my service With such contempt! made I him king for this! O! let me think on Hastings, and be gone To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. Exit.

Scene III.—The same.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done; The most arch deed of piteous massacre That ever yet this land was guilty of. Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn To do this piece of ruthless butchery, Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs, Melted with tenderness and mild compassion, Wept like to children in their deaths' sad story, 'Oh! thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes,'

'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another

Within their alabaster innocent arms:

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk, And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other. A book of prayers on their pillow lay; Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost chang'd my mind;

But O! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd; When Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered The most replenished sweet work of nature, That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.' Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;

They could not speak; and so I left them both, To bear this tidings to the bloody king,
Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news? 

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,

For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;

But how or in what place I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after-supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Meantime, but think how I may do thee good, And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. Exit.

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom, And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.

Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter, And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown, To her go I, a jolly thriving woer.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My lord!

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cates. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen.

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength. Come; I have learn'd that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and smail-pac'd beggary: Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.

Go, master my counsel is my shield;

We must be brief when traitors bare the field.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow

And drop into the rotten mouth of death. Here in these confines silly have I lurk'd To watch the waning of mine enemies. A dire induction am I witness to, And will to France, hoping the consequence Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical. Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.

Q. Eliz. Ah! my poor princes, ah! my tender babes, My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets, But fly I upright, who my 52

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air And be not fix'd in doom perpetual, Hover about me with your airy wings, And hear you mother's lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right right Hath din'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have cra'd my weep That my woe-wearied tongue is still and me Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead? 

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagen; Edward for Edward pays a dying debt. 

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God! fly from such griefs, And throw them in the entrails of the wolf. When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal lig

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by usurp'd, 

Brief abstract and record of tedious days, Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

Sitting a Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood

Q. Eliz. Ah! thou would'st as soon as a grave, As thou canst yield a melancholy seat; Then would I hide my bones, not rest them! Ah! who hath any cause to mourn but I?

Sitting down by Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent, Give mine the benefit of seniory, And let my griefs frown on the upper hand. If sorrow can admit society,

Sitting down with Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine: I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him; I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him; Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him; Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, a Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath o'er A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death That dog, that had his teeth before his eye To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood, That foul defacer of God's handiwork, That excellent grand-tyrant of the earth, That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls. Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our grave. O! upright, just, and true-disposing God, How do I thank thee that this carnal cur Preys on the issue of his mother's body, And makes her pew-fellow with others' maw.

Duch. O! Harry's wife, triumph not in my woe! God witness with me, I have wept for thee.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge. And now I cloy me with beholding it. Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward. Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward Young York he is but boot, because both the match not the high perfection of my loss: Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward. And the beholders of this frantic play,
Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me, And in the breath of bitter words let’s smother My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother’d. A trumpet heard. The trumpet sounds: be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition? Duch. O! she that might have intercepted thee By strangling thee in her accursed womb, From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid’st thou that forehead with a golden crown, Where should be branded, if that right were right, The slaughter of the prince that ow’d that crown, And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers? Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children? Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence, And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women Rail on the Lord’s anointed. Strike, I say! Flourish. Alarums.

Either be patient, and treat me fair, Or with the clamorous report of war Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition, That cannot brook the accent of reproof. Duch. O! let me speak.

K. Rich. Do then; but I’ll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words. K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay’d for thee, God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you? Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know’st it well, Thou canst on earth to make the earth my hell. A grievous burden was thy birth to me; Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy; Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious;

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold and venturesous; Thy age confirm’d, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody, More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred: What comfortable hour canst thou name That ever grace’d me with thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, That call’d your grace

To breakfast once forth of my company. If I be so disgraceful in your eye, Let me march on, and not offend you, madam. Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.


Duch. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So!
Duch. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordainance,
From this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
And never more behold thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies
And promise them success and victory,
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend. Exit.

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse
Abides in me: I say amen to her. Going.
K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must talk a word
with you.
Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O! let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.
K. Rich. Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess.
Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.
K. Rich. Lo! at their birth good stars were opposite.
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.
K. Rich. All unavoidable is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.
K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle
cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy heart all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stony-hard heart.
To revel in the entrails of my lamb's,
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd.
Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?
K. Rich. The advancement of your child
gentle lady.
Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to their heads?
K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of for
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Q. Eliz. Flutter my sorrow with report of
Tell me what state, what dignity, what he,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and
Will I withdraw a child of thine;
So in the Lethes of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I
thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it
her soul.
K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter's
thy soul:
So from thy soul's love didst thou love thy
brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound
meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter.
And do intend to make her Queen of England.
Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean it
be her king?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen:
else should be?
Q. Eliz. What! thou?
K. Rich. Even so: how think you of it?
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That I would learn of
As one being best acquainted with her heart
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart
Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that
her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply will she see
Therefore present to her, as sometime Marg
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood
A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bosom;
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence
Hast by the side of rivers; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good a
Anne.
K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is
the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shap
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot cho
but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spo
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be
amended:
Q. Eliz. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then plainly to tell my loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
Q. Eliz. O, no! my reasons are too deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heartstrings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—
Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. Rich. I swear—
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath. Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour; Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue; Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory. If something thou wouldest swear to be believe'd, Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now, by the world,—
Q. Eliz. "Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death,—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself,—
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misus'd.
K. Rich. Why then, by God,—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all. If thou hast fear'd to break an oath by him, The unity the king my husband made
Thou hast not broken, nor my brothers died:
If thou hast fear'd to break an oath by him, The imperial metal, circling now thy head, Had grac'd the tender temples of my child, And both the princes had been breathing here, Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust, Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms. What canst thou swear by now?—
K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wrong'd in the time o'erpast;
For myself I have many tears to wash
Hereafter time for time past wrong'd by thee. The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughtered,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age. Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent, So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound! Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest! Be opposite all planets of good luck To my proceeding, if, with dear heart's love, Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter! In her consists my happiness and thine; Without her, follows to myself, and thee, Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul, Death, desolation, ruin, and decay: It cannot be avoided but by this: It will not be avoided but by this. Therefore, good mother, I must call you so, Be the attorney of my love to her: Plead what I will be, not what I have been; Not my deserts, but what I will deserve: Urge the necessity and state of times, And be not peevish-fond in great designs.


K. Rich. But in your daughter’s womb I bury them:

Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed
Selves of themselves to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. Write to me very shortly,

And you shall understand from me her mind. 430

K. Rich. Bear her my true love’s kiss; and so farewell. Exit Queen Elizabeth.

Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman!

Enter Ratcliff; Catesby following.

How now! what news?

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm’d, and unresolv’d to beat them back.
’Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hurl, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore. 440

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the

Duke of Norfolk:

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?

Cates. Here, my good lord.


Cates. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury;

When thou com’st thither, To CATESBY. Dull, unmindful villain,

Why stay’st thou here, and go’st not to the duke?

Cates. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness’ pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O! true, good Catesby: bid him

levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cates. I go. Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang’d. Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad but well may be reported.


What needst thou run so many miles about,

When thou may’st tell thy tale the nearest way?

Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the sea.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the sea on him!

White-liver’d runagate! what doth he there

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but bygins,

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr’d up by Dorset, Buckingham & Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the seat unsway’d?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess’d?

What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England’s king but great York’s heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess,

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welsh come.

Thou wilt revolt and fly to him I fear.

Stan. No, my good lord; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is the power then to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king.

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,

I’ll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,

Where and what time your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou would’st be gone to join with Richmond:

But I’ll not trust thee.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubt,

I never was nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go then and muster men: but let me

Yourson, George Stanley: look your heart be firm

Or else his head’s assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire

As I by friends am well advertised,

Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate

Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,

With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Second Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildford

are in arms;

And every hour more competitors

Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strer
Enter a third Messenger.

ward Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death!
ward Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty is that by sudden floods and fall of waters, Sir Richard's army is dispersed and scattered; he himself wandered away alone, man knows whither.
Rich. I cry thee mercy: it is my purse to cure that blow of thine. I any well-advised friend proclaimed and to him that brings the traitor in? ward Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter a Fourth Messenger.

ward Mess. Sir Thomas Lovell and Lord Marques Dorset, said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms: this good comfort bring I to your highness, Breton navy is dispersed 'by tempests'.
mund, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat to the shore to ask those on the banks "well were his assistants, yea or no; "answer'd him, they came from Buckingham at his party; he, mistrusting them, "sail and made away for Brittany.
Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms; to fight with foreign enemies, to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY.

jes. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;
"the best news: that the Earl of Richmond "with a mighty power landed at Milford; wider news, but yet they must be told.
Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here "battle might be won and lost.
"take order Buckingham be brought to Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Same. A Room in Lord STANLEY's House.

Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

an. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me: "in the sty of the most bloody boar "George Stanley is franks'd up in hold; "recoil, off goes young George's head;
"fear of that holds off my present aid. "get thee gone: commend me to thy lord, and, say, that the queen hath heartily consented "should espouse Elizabeth her daughter. "tell me, where is princely Richmond now? "At Pembroke or at Ha'ford-west, in Wales.

an. What men of name resort to him?

risi. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier, Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley, lord, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt, And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew; And many other of great name and worth: And towards London do they bend their power, If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Well, hec thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand; These letters will resolve him of my mind. Farewell.

EXEUNT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. An open Place.
Enter the Sheriff and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?
Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward, Vaughan, and all that have mis-carried
by underworld corrupted foul injustice, If that your moody discontented souls Do through the clouds behold this present hour, Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day that, in King Edward's time, I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found False to his children or his wife's allies;
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall By the false faith of him whom most I trusted; This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-Seer which I dallied with Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head, And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest. Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men To turn their points on their masters' bosoms: Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck: 'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow, Remember Margaret was a prophetess.' Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame; Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Plain near Tamworth.
Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER HERBERT, and Others, with Forces, marching.
Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends, Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny, Thus far into the bowels of the land Have we march'd on without impediment: And here receive we from our father Stanley Lines of fair comfort and encouragement. The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar, That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines, Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine Lies now even in the centre of this isle, Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn: From Tamworth this is but one day's march, In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends.
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty homicide.
Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear.
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.
Richm. All for our vantage: then, in God's name, march.
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Exeunt.

Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?
Cates. It's supper-time, my lord.

It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cates. It is, my liege; and all things are readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, he thec to thy charge.
Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, get
Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliffe!

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his person,
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too soft
Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy
Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and him
Much about cock-shot time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiery.

K. Rich. So; I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my
tent. And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

King Richard retires into his tent. Exeunt.

RICHMOND'S tent opens, and discovers him a
his Officers, etc.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm.
Richm. All comfort that the dark night afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother: Who prays continually for Richard's good
So much for that. The silent hours steal on
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitration
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may, that which I would I cannot,
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!

All. To Richmond. Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him: awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of Hastings rises.

Ghost. To King Richard. Bloody and guilty, guilty awake;
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die! 150
To Richmond. Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. To King Richard. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die!
To Richmond. Sleep, Richard, sleep in peace, and
And wise in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish. 160

The Ghost of Lady Anne rises.

Ghost. To King Richard. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!
To Richmond. Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
Dream of success and happy victory!
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.

Ghost. To King Richard. The first was I that helped thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O! in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Painting, despair; despairing; yield thy breath!
To Richmond. I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jesu! Soft! I did but dream. 130
O! coward conscience, how dost thou afflicte me.
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What! do I fear myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes; I am:
Then fly: what! from myself? Great reason why;
Lest I revenge. What! myself upon myself?
Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O! no: alas! I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie: I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us’d in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, ‘Guilty! guilty!’
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder’d
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow’s vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord!
K. Rich. ‘Zounds! who is there? 219
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; ’tis I. The early village
cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I have dream’d a fearful
dream.
What thinkst thou, will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear.—
Rat. Nay, good my lord, beno’t afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me; 222
Under our tents I’ll play the caves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me. Exeunt.

RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and Others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!
Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentle-
men,
That you have ta’en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
dreams
That ever enter’d in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords,
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard
murder’d,
Came to my tent and cried on victory:
I promise you my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then ’tis time to arm and give
direction.

His oration to his soldiers.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear’d bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One rais’d in blood, and one in blood establish’d;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter’d those that were the means to
help him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England’s chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God’s enemy.
Then, if you fight against God’s enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country’s foes,
Your country’s fat shall pay your pains the hill.
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conqueror.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights
Advance your standards, draw your will
swords.

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth’s cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and che-
fully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victo-

Exeunt.

Re-enter King Richard, RATCLIFF, Attendance
and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as tou-
ing Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.
K. Rich. He said the truth: and what is
Surrey then?
Rat. He smil’d and said, ‘The better for pur-
pose.’
K. Rich. He was! the right; and so indeed.

Clock strikes.

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.
Who saw the sun to-day?
Rat. Not I, my lord.
K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for the
book
He should have brav’d the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.
Ratcliff!
Rat. My lord!
K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day.
The sky doth frown and pour upon our army
I would these dewy tears were from the groun
d Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the self-same beat
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts
the field.
K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle; carapin-
horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his pow-
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surr
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose prudence or elsei
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot! What think
thou, Norfolk?
For. A good direction, war-like sovereign, I find on my tent this morning.

Giving a scroll.

Rich. Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold; For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

ning devised by the enemy,
gentlemen; every man to his charge: not our babbling dreams affright our souls; science is but a word that cowards use; an is'ld at first to keep the strong in awe: strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

ch on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell; to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his army.

at shall I say more than I have inferr'd? member whom you are to cope withal; ort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways, num of Bretons and base lackey peasants, on their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth desperate adventures and assur'd destruction. sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest; having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives, y would restrain the one, distain the other. I who doth lead them but a paltry fellow, g kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost! ilksope, one that never in his life so much cold as over shoes in snow? 'tis whip these stragglers o'er the seas again; hence these overweening rags of France, so famish'd beggars, weary of their lives; but for dreaming on this fond exploit, want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.

be conquer'd, let men conquer us, not these bastard Bretons, whom our fathers in their own land beaten, bobbd, and thump'd, in record, left them the heirs of shame.

these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives? th' our daughters? Drum afar off.

Hark! I hear their drum. ht, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen! w, archers, draw your arrows to the head! r your proud horses hard, and ride in blood; az the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

ays Lord Stanley? will he bring his power? fess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

Rich. Off with his son George's head! for, My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh: the battle let George Stanley die.

Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom: vance our standards! set upon our foes! ancient word of courage, fair Saint George, pire us with the spleen of fiery dragons! on them! Victory sits on our helmets. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK and FORCES fighting; to him CATESBY.

ates. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!

king enacts more wonders than a man, Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cates. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Exeunt.

alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND; and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends; The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.

Lo! here, this long-usurped royalty From the dead temples of this bloody wretch Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal; Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen to all! But tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town, Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?


Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births:
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled That in submission will return to us; And then, as we have ten' the sacrament, We will unite the white rose and the red: Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction, That long hath frown'd upon their enmity! What traitor bears me, and says not amen? England hath long been mad, and scar'd herself; The brother blindly shed the brother's blood, The father rashly slaughter'd his own son, The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire: All this divided York and Lancaster Divided in their dire division, O! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth, The true successors of each royal house, By God's fair ordinance conjoin together; And let their heirs, God, if they will be so, Enrich the time to come with smooth-face'd peace, With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days! Abate the edge of traitors, gracious lord, That would reduce these bloody days again, And make poor England weep in streams of blood! Let them not live to taste this land's increase, That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again: That she may long live here, God say amen! Exeunt.
THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsey.
Cardinal Campeius.
Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.
Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Suffolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Abercawenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.

Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
Chorwell, Servant to Wolsey.
Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine
Three Gentlemen.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber.
Porter, and his Man.
Pag to Gardiner. A Crier.
Queen Katharine, Wife to King Henry, a year divorced.
Anne Bulen, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bulen.
Patience, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb-shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

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

PROLOGUE.
I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too: Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long woollen coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As foot and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.

Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are to
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye; think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living: think ye see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then in a moment see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.


Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door; at
other, the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl
of Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How ha'
ye done
Since last we saw in France?
Nur. I thank your gra
An untimely ague
'd me a prisoner in my chamber when
suns of glory, those two lights of men,
in the vale of Andren.

"Twixt Guynes and Arde: then present, saw them salute on horseback; did them, when they lighted, how they clung their embracement, as they grew together; had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd

a compounded one?

All the whole time
s my chamber's prisoner.

Then you lost
view of earthly glory: men might say, this time pomp was single, but now married above itself. Each following day
me the next day's master, till the last
a former wonders its. To-day the French linquant, all in gold, like heathen gods, e down the English; and to-morrow they
Britain India: every man that stood
'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
scrubins, all gilt: the madams too, as'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
pride upon them, that their very labour to them as a painting. Now this masque
cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
's a fool and beggar. The two kings,
in lustre, were now best, now worst, presence did present them; him in eye, 30
him in praise; and, being present both,
said they saw but one; and no discern
wag his tongue in censure. When these
sun's, 40
they phrase 'em, by their heralds'challenge'd
able spirits to arms, they did perform
thought's compass; that former fabulous
now seen possible enough, got credit,
Bevis was believ'd. 50

O! you go far.
As I belong to worship, and affect
honour honesty, the tract of every thing
by a good discoverer lose some life,
haction's self was tongue to. All was royal;
re disposing of it nought rebell'd,
gave each thing view; the office did
ctly his full function.

Who did guide,
an, who set the body and the limbs
as great sport together, as you guess?
One, certes, that promises no element
ch a business.

I pray you, who, my lord?
All this was order'd by the good discretion
right reverend Cardinal of York.
The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
his ambitious finger. What had he
in these fierce vanities? I wonder
such a keech can with his very bulk
up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
keep it from the earth.

Surely, sir,
e's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
being not prop'd by ancestry, whose grace
ks successors their way, nor call'd upon
high feats done to the crown; neither allied

To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him: let some graver
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he
that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him! He makes up the
file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Most fetch him in the papers.

I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

O! many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy: That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, abode
The sudden breach on't.

Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath
attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

The ambassador is silenc'd?
Is it therefore

The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
And take it from a heart that wishes towards
you
Honour and plenteous safety, that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 't will not extend, in
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo! where comes
that rock
That I advise your shunning.
Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the person borne before him, certain of the Guards, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixed his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha? Where's his examination?

First Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

First Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham Shall lessen this big look.

Exeunt Wolsey and Train.

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What! are you chaf'd? Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance Only Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks Matter against me; and his eye revil'd Me, as his abject object: at this instant He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the king; I'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord, And let your reason with your choleric question What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills Requires slow pace at first: anger is like A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way, Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England Can advise me like you: be to yourself As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king; And from a mouth of honour quite cry down This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd; Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot That it do singe yourself. We may outrun By violent swiftness that which we run at, And lose by overrunning. Know you not, The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er, In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd: I say again, there is no English soul More strong to direct you than yourself, If with the sap of reason you would quench, Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir, I am thankful to you, and I'll go along By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow, Whom from the flow of gull I name not, but From sincere motions, by intelligence, And proofs as clear as fountains in July, when We see each grain of gravel, I do know To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.' Buck. To the king I'll say 't, and make my warrant as strong As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox, Or wolf, or both, for he is equal ravenous As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief As able to perform 't, his mind and place Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally, Only to show his pomp as well in France As here at home, suggests the king our master To this last costly treaty, the interview, That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it is.

Buck. Pray give me favour, sir. This can cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified As he cried 'Thus let be,' to as much end As give a crutch to the dead. But our cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wol. Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follow, Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy To the old dam, treason, Charles the emper. Under pretence to see the queen his aunt, For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came To whisper Wolsey, here makes visitation: His fears were, that the interview betwixt England and France might, through their alliance, Breed him some prejudice; for from this latter Peep'd harms that menace'd him. He privy Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow, Which I do well; for I am sure the emper. Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit granted Ere it was ask'd; but when the way was nought, And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desièd That he would please to alter the king's co-ope And break the foresaid peace. Let the king's head As soon he shall by me, that thus the card. Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases, And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry To hear this of him; and could wish he were Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllab. I do pronounce him in that very shape He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant-at-Arms before and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I arrest thee of high treason, in the name Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord, The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on The business present. 'Tis his highness' plea You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me not To plead mine innocence, for that dye is o'er Which makes my whitest part black. The news of heaven Be done in this and all things! I obey. O! my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well. Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. ABERGAVENNY. The king Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke The will of heaven be done, and the kirk's pleasure By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
Scene II.—The Council-chamber.

Enter the King leaning on the Cardinal’s shoulder, the Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas Lovell, Officers, and Attendants. A Cardinal places himself under the King’s right side.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it, asks you for this great care: I stood the level full-charg’d confederacy, and give thanks you that shok’d it. Let be call’d before us a gentleman of Buckingham’s; in person hear him his confessions justify; point by point the treasons of his master hall again relate.

Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a sitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us: half our suit name to us; you have half our power; ther moiety, ere you ask, is given; at your will, and take it.

Kath. Thank your majesty, you would love yourself, and in that love unconsider’d leave your honour, nor dignity of your office, is the point your petition. The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who, Unfit for other life, compell’d by hunger And lack of other means, in desperate manner Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar, And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation! Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal, You that are blam’d for it alike with us, Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir, I know but of a single part in aught Pertains to the state; and front but in that file Where others tell steps with me. You know no more than others; but you frame Things that are known alike; which are not wholesome To those which would not know them, and yet must Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions, Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear ’em, The back is sacrifice to the load. They say They are devis’d by you, or else you suffer Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction! The nature of it? In what kind, let’s know, Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous In tempting of your patience; but am bolden’d Under your promis’d pardon. The subjects’ grief Comes through commissions, which compel from each The sixth part of his substance, to be levied Without delay; and the pretence for this Is nam’d, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now Live where their prayers did; and it’s come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness Would give it quick consideration, for There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life, This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me, I have no further gone in this than by A single voice, and that not pass’d me but By learned approbation of the judges. If I am Tradition’d by ignornant tongues, which neither know My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say ’Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake That virtue must go through. We must not stint Our necessary actions, in the fear

To cope malicious censurers; which ever, As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm’d, but benefit no further Than vainly longing. What we oft do best, By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow’d; what worst, as oft, Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up For our best act. If we shall stand still, In fear our motion will be mock’d or car’d at, We should take root here where we sit, or sit State-statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear; Things done without example, in their issue Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent Of this commission? I believe, not any. We must not rend our subjects from our laws, And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each? A trembling contribution! Why, we take From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber; And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd, The air will drink the sap. To every county Where this is question'd send our letters, with Free pardon to each man that has denied The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't; I put it to your care.

Wol. To the Secretary. A word with you. Let there be letters writ to every shire, Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd That through our intercession this revokement And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you Further in the proceeding. Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many: The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker, To nature none more bound; his training such That he may furnish and instruct great teachers, And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see, When these so noble benefits shall prove Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt, They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly Than ever they were fair. This man so complete, Who was enroll'd amongst wonders, and when we, Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady, Hath into monstrous habits put the graces That once were his, and is become as black As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear, This was his gentleman in trust, of him Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount The fore-recited practices; whereof We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you, Most like a careful subject, have collected Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely. Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day It would infect his speech, that if the king Should without issue die, he'll carry it so To make the sceptre his. These very words I've heard him utter to his son-in-law, Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menac'd Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note This dangerous conception in this point. Not friended by his wish, to his high person His will is most malignant; and it stretches Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal, Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on: How grounded he his title to the crown Upon our fall? to this point hast thou heard him At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins? Surv. Sir, a Chartreuse His confessor, who fed him every minute With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou Surv. Not long before your highness spake

France, The duke being at the Rose, within the par Saint Lawrence Poultnay, did of me demand What was the speech among the Londoner Concerning the French journey: I replied, Men fear'd the French would prove perfid To the king's danger. Presently the duke Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he dou 'Twould prove the verity of certain words Spoke by a holy monk; 'that oft,' says he, 'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour To hear from him a matter of some moment Whom after under the confession's seal He solemnly had sworn, that what he spok My chaplain to no creature living but To me should utter, with demure confidence This pausingly ensu'd: Neither the king his heirs, Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath. If I know you well You were the duke's surveyor, and lost office

On the complaint o' the tenants: take good You charge not in your spleen a noble pers And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take he Yes, heartily beseech you.


Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but true I told my lord the duke, by the devil's ill The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 't dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until It forg'd him some design, which, being bel It was much like to do. He answer'd 'Tas it can do me no damage'; adding further, That had the king in his last sickness fail'd The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's hea Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah there's mischief in this man. Canst thou further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenw After your highness had reprov'd the duke About Sir William Blomer, --

K. Hen. I remember Of such a time: being my sworn servant, The duke retain'd him his. But on; what he

Surv. 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been mit

As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have pl The part my father meant to act upon

The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury Madesuit to come in's presence; which ifgran As he made semblance of his duty, would Have put his knife into him.'

II: Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom, his man out of prison?

Koth. God mend all! 

Hen. There's something more would out of thee; what say'st thou?

Koth. After 'the duke his father,' with 'the knife,' etch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger, her spread on 's beast, mounting his eyes, I discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour were he evil us'd, he would outgo another by as much as a performance in irresolute purpose.

Hen. There's his period; etathe his knife in us. He is attach'd; 

in present trial: if he may

tercy in the law, 'tis his; if none, m not seek 't of us: by day and night! 

maitor to the height.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

1. Is't possible the spells of France should giggle
2. to such strange mysteries?
3. As far as I see, all the good our English
4. got by the late voyage is but merely
5. two of the face; but they are shred'ed ones;
6. men they hold 'em, you would swear directly
7. very noses had been counsellors
8. sin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 
9. They have all new legs, and lame ones:
10. would take it,
11. ever saw 'em pace before, the spavin
12. inhaught reign'd among 'em.
13. Death! my lord,
14. clothes are after such a pagan cut too;
15. here, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now! 

ews, Sir Thomas Lovell? 

Faith, my lord, of none but the new proclamation clapp'd upon the court-gate.

What's 't for? 

The reformation of our travell'd gallants, 

of the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors, 

'm glad 'tis there; now I would pray 

r monseigneur 

n an English courtier may be wise, 

er see the Louvre. 

They must either, 

run the conditions, leave those remnants 

and feather that they got in France, 

all their honourable points of ignorance 

ing thereunto, as fights and fireworks, 

better men than they can be, 

n foreign wisdom; renouncing clean 

they have in tennis and tall stockings, 

ister'd breeches, and those types of travel, 

derstand again like honest men: 

to their old playfellows: there, I take it, 

a, cun privilegio, wear away 

end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at. 

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases 

Are grown so catching. 

Cham. What a loss our ladies 

Will have of these trim vanities! 

Lov. Ay, marry, 

There will be woe indeed, lords: the whoresons 

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies; 

A French song and a fiddle has no fellow. 

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they're going, 

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now 

An honest country lord, as I am, beaten 

A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song 

And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady, 

Hold current music too. 

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands; 

Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord; 

Nor shall not, while I have a stump 

Cham. 

Whither were you a-going? 

To the cardinal's: 

Sands. 

Your lordship is a guest too. 

Cham. 

O! 'tis true: 

This night he makes a supper, and a great one, 

To many lords and ladies; there will be 

The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you. 

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind 

indeed, 

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us; 

His dews fall every where. 

Cham. 

No doubt he's noble: 

He had a black mouth that said other of him. 

Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal: 

in him 

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine: 

Men of his way should be most liberal; 

They are set here for examples. 

Cham. 

True, they are so; 

But few new give so great ones. 

My barge stays; 

Your lordship shallalong. 

Come, good Sir Thomas, 

We shall be late else; which I would not be, 

For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford, 

This night to be comptrollers. 

Sands. 

I am your lordship's. 

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Presence-chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for Cardinal Wolsey, a longer table for the guests; then enter Anne Bulleen and divers Lords, Ladies, 

and Gentlewomen as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace 

Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates 

To fair content and you. 

None here, he hopes, 

In all this noble bevy, has brought with her 

One care abroad; 

he would have all as merry 

As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome 

Can make good people. 

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and 

Sir Thomas Lovell.

O, my lord! you're tardy: 

The very thought of this fair company 

Clapp'd wings to me. 

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford. 

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal 10
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please ‘em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

_Lov._ O! that your lordship were but now
confessor
To one or two of these.

_Sands._ I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

_Lov._ Faith, how easy?
_Sands._ As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

_Cham._ Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir
Harry,
Place you that side, I’ll take the charge of this;
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac’d together makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep ‘em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

_Sands._ By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet
ladies:

_Seats himself between Anne Bullen and
another Lady._

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

_Anne._ Was he mad, sir?

_Sands._ O! very mad, exceeding mad; in love
too;
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

_Kisses her._

_Cham._ Well said, my lord.

So, now you’re fairly seated. Gentlemen, the
penance lies on you if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

_Sands._ For my little cure,
Let me alone.

_Hautboys._ Enter Cardinal Wolsey, attended, and
takes his state.

_Wol._ You’re welcome, my fair guests: that
noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry, Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health.

_Drinks._

_Sands._ Your grace is noble;
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

_Wol._ My Lord Sands, I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen, Whose fault is this?

_Sands._ The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have ‘em

_Talk us to silence._

_Anne._ You are a merry gamester,

_My Lord Sands._

_Sands._ Yes, if I make my play.

_Here’s to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For’tis to such a thing,—

_Anne._ You cannot show me.

_Sands._ I told your grace they would talk anon.

_Drum and trumpets within; chambers
discharged._

_Wol._

_What’s that?_

_Cham._ Look out there, some of ye.

_Exit a Servant._

_Wol._ What war-like voice,

And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear. By all the laws of war you’re privilieg’d.

_Re-enter Servant._

_Cham._ How now! what is ‘t?

_Serv._ A noble troop of straesp
For so they seem: they’ve left their barges
landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

_Wol._ Good lord chamberlains, Go, give ‘em welcome; you can speak the French

And, pray, receive ‘em nobly, and conduct
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend.

_Exit the Lord Chamberlain, attended,
rise, and tables remove._

You have now a broken banquet; but mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more,
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

_Hautboys._ Enter the King and Others as masque
habitants like shepherds, ushered by the Lord
Chamberlain. They pass directly before the CARDINAL,
and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

_Cham._ Because they speak no English, and they pray’d.

To tell your grace: that, having heard by

Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty.
But leave their flocks; and, under your

conduct,

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entre

An hour of revels with ‘em.

_Wol._ Say, lord chamberlain.

They have done my poor house grace; for

I pay ‘em

A thousand thanks, and pray ‘em take

pleasures.

_They choose Ladies for the dance._

_KING chooses ANNE BULLEN._

_K. Hen._ The fairest hand I ever touch’d beauty!

Till now I never knew thee. _Music._

_Wol._ My lord!

_Cham._ Your grace?

_Wol._ Pray, tell ‘em thus much from me: There should be one amongst ‘em, by his presence,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom
If I but knew him, with my love and duty, I would surrender it.

_Cham._ I will, my lord.

_Whispers the name._

_Wol._ What say they?

_Cham._ Such a one, they all conspire.

There is indeed; which they would have in grace
Find out, and he will take it.

_Wol._ Let me see it.

_Comes from his chair._

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I’ll make My royal choice.

_K. Hen._ Unmasking. Ye have found my

_cardinal._

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lot
are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal, and judge now unhappily.

I. I am glad

Grace is grown so pleasant.

Hen. My lord chamberlain, see, come hither. What fair lady's that?

An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter, Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart, re unmannerly to take you out, not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen! Go round.

Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready in privy chamber?

Yes, my lord.

Your grace, r, with dancing is a little heated. Your grace, I fear, too much.

There's fresher air, my lord, in next chamber.

Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner, st not yet forsake you. Let's be merry: my lord cardinal, I have half-a-dozen healths risk to these fair ladies, and a measure ad'em once again; and then let's dream best in favour. Let the music knock it.

Execut, with trumpets.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Westminster. A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

St Gent. Whither away so fast?

Gent. O! God save ye. To the hall, to hear what shall become of great Duke of Buckingham.

St Gent. I'll save you labour, sir. All's now done but the ceremony bringing back the prisoner.

Gent. Were you there?

St Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

Gent. Pray speak what has happened.

St Gent. You may guess quickly what, and.

Gent. Is he found guilty?

St Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemned upon't.

St Gent. I am sorry for't.

Gent. So are a number more.

St Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke to the bar; where to his accusations led still not guilty, and alleg'd sharp reasons to defeat the law.

King's attorney on the contrary and on the examinations, proofs, confessions, vixers witnesses, which the duke desir'd he brought, viva voce, to his face: which appear'd against him his surveyor; Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,essor to him: with that devil-monk, sins, that made this mischief.

Second Gent. That was he fed him with his prophecies.

First Gent. The same. All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence, have found him guilty of high treason. Much he spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Second Gent. After all this how did he bear himself?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear his knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd With such an agony, he sweat extremely, and something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty: But he fell to himself again, and sweetly In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Second Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not; he never was so womanish; the cause he may a little grieve at.

Second Gent. Certainly, the cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'Tis likely, by all conjectures; first, Kildare's attainer, then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd, Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too, lest he should help his father.

Second Gent. That trick of state was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return No doubt he will requite it. This is noted, and generally, whoever the king favours, the cardinal instantly will find employment, and far enough from court too.

Second Gent. All the commons hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience, wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham, the mirror of all courtesy;—

First Gent. Stay there, sir, and see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people.

Second Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him. But All good people, you that thus far have come to pity me, hear what I say, and then go home and lose me. I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment, and by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness, and if I have a conscience, let it sink me, even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful! The law I bear no malice for my death, 't has done upon the premisses but justice; but those that sought it I could wish more Christians: Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em. Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief, nor build their evils on the graves of great men; for then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em. For further life in this world I ne'er hope, nor will I sue, although the king have merces more than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham, 
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave 
Is only bitter to him, only dying, 
Go with me, like good angels, to my end; 
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me, 
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice, 
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity, 
If ever any malice in your heart 80
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you 
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all. 
There cannot be those numberless offences 
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Command me to his grace; 
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him 
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake, 
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live 90
Longer than I have time to tell his years! 
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be! 
And when old time shall lead him to his end, 
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace; 
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux, 
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there! 
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready; 
And fit it with such furniture as suits 
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me. 
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun: 
Yet I am richer than my base accusers, 
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it; 
And with that blood will make them one day 
groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, 
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard, 
Flying for succour to his servant Banister, 
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, 110
And without trial fell: God's peace be with him! 
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying 
My father's loss, like a most royal prince, 
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins, 
Made my name once more noble. Now his son, 
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all 
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken 
For ever from the world. I had my trial, 
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father: 120
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes; both
Fall by our servants, by those men we lov'd most:
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear me, 
This from a dying man receive as certain: 
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive 
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God give me!

Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and
First Gent. O! this is full of pity. Sir, it
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.
Second Gent. If the duke be guilty 
'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inklings
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.
First Gent. Good angels keep it from
What may it be? You do not doubt my
sir?
Second Gent. This secret is so weighty, 
require
A strong faith to conceal it.
First Gent. Let me have 
I do not talk much.
Second Gent. I am confident:
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?
First Gent. Yes, but it held
For when the king once heard it, out of all
He sent command to the lord mayor strait 
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.
Second Gent. But that slander 
Is found a truth now; for it grows again 
 Fresher than e'er it was; and held for ever
The king will venture at it. Either the
dinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a 
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.
First Gent. 'Tis the card 
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purposed
Second Gent. I think you have hit the 
but is 't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this 
cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
First Gent. 'Tis we
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more.

EXEUNT.

Scene II. — An Antechamber in the Palace.
Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter
Cham. My lord, The horses you must have
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, re 
and furnished. They were young and hand 
and of the best breed in the north. When they 
ready to set out for London, a man of my lord 
dinal's, by commission and main power, took 
from me; with this reason: His master would served before a subject, if not before the king; it 
stopped our mouths, sir.
he will indeed. Well, let him have them: will have all, I think.

am. Good day to both your graces.

How is the king employ'd?

I left him private, of sad thoughts and troubles.

What's the cause?

It seems the marriage with his brother's wife crept near his conscience.

No; his conscience crept near another lady.

'Tis so; is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal: blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune, is what he list. The king will know him one day.

Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.

How holy he works in all his business, with what zeal! for now he has crack'd the league between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew, lives into the king's soul, and there scatters gers, doubts, wringing of the conscience, and desairs; and all these for his marriage: out of all these to restore the king, counsels a divorce; a loss of her, like a jewel has hung twenty years at his neck, yet never lost her lustre; that loves him with that excellence angels love good men with; even of her, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls, bless the king: and is not this course pious? Heaven keep me from such counsel! Tis most true news are every where; every tongue peaks 'em, every true heart weeps for 't. All that dare into these affairs see this main end, French king's sister. Heaven will one day open king's eyes, that so long have slept upon bold bad man.

And free us from his slavery.

We had need pray, heartily, for our deliverance, his imperious man will work us all up princes into pages. All his honours like one lump before him, to be fashion'd what pitch he please.

For me, my lords, be him not, nor fear him; there's my creed. I am made without him, so I'll stand, the king please; his curses and his blessings ch me alike; they're breath I not believe in, ew him, and I know him; so I leave him him that made him proud, the pope.

Let's in; with some other business put the king in these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.

lord, you'll bear us company?

Excuse me; king hath sent me otherwhere: besides, you'll find a most unfit time to disturb him: Health to your lordships.

Thanks, my good lord chamberlain. Exit Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The KING is discovered sitting and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry. K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way is business of estate; in which we come To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye are too bold. Go to; I'll make ye know times of business: Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? O! my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a care fit for a king. To CAMPEIUS.
You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us, and it. To WOLSEY. My good lord, have great care I be not found a talker.

Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour Of private conference.

K. Hen. To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK. We are busy. Go.

Nor. Aside to SUFFOLK. This priest has no pride in him!

Suf. Aside to NORFOLK. Not to speak of; I would not be so sick though for his place: But this cannot continue.

Nor. Aside to SUFFOLK. If it do, I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. Aside to SUFFOLK. I another.

Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom Above all princes, in committing freely Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you? The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her, Must now confess, if they have any goodness, The trial just and noble. All the clerks, I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment.

Invited by your noble self, hath sent One general tongue unto us, this good man, This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius, Whom once more I present unto your highness. K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome, And thank the holy conclave for their loves: They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cm. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves.
You are so noble. To your highness' hand I tender my commission, by whose virtue, The court of Rome command'g you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and
my favour
To hym that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithée, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. Exit Wolsey.

Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.

Wol. Aside to Gardiner. Give me your hand;
much joy and favour to you:
You are the king's now.

Gard. Aside to Wolsey. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. They converse apart.

Cam. My lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which grief'd him,
That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living mur-
murers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will be none so near. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my lord!
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-
science!
O! 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—An Antechamber of the Queen's
Apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen and an Old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang
That pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing: O! now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire, after this pro-
To give her the avanti! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old Lady. Hearts of most hard ten-
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O! God's will; much be
She ne'er had known pomp: though 'tis betemp-
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, pangin
As soul and body's severing.

Old Lady. Alas! poor I
She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble lives in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old Lady. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenly,
I would not be a queen.

Old Lady. Beshrew me, I was
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You, that have so fair parts of woman on;
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty:
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which
Saving your mincing, the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good to
Old Lady. Yes, troth, and troth; you
not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under her

Old Lady. 'Tis strange: a three-pence b
would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you lien
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old Lady. Then you are weakly made. Pl
off a little:
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than bluffing comes to; if your I
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old Lady. In faith, for little En-
You'd venture an embalming: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there I'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo! com-
here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What we
worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good
Not your demand; it values not your askin'
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becom
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav
blessings
ow such creatures. That you may, fair lady, 
elive I speak sincerely, and high note's 
all of your many virtues, the king's majesty 
mends his good opinion of you, and 
als purpose honour to you no less flowing 
a Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title 
IUousand pound a year, annual support 
of his grace he adds. 

I do not know 
it kind of my obedience I should tender; 
e than my all is nothing, nor my prayers 
not words duly lallow'd, nor my wishes 
worth as empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes 
all I can return. Beseech your lordship, 70 
chase to speak my thanks and my obedience, 
oron a blushing handmaid, to his highness, 
se health and royalty I pray for. 

(3) 

Lady, 
al not fail to approve the fair conceit 
king hath of you. Aside. I have perus'd 
her well; 
ay and honour in her are so mingled 
that they have caught the king; and who 
knows yet 
from this lady may proceed a gem 
gluten all this isle? 'Tll to the king, 
say I spoke with you. Exit. 

ne. 

My honour'd lord. 80 
'd Lady. Why, this it is; see, see! 
ve been begging sixteen years in court, 
yet a courtier beggarly, nor could 
e pat betwixt too early and too late, 
y suit of pounds; and you, O fate! 
yry fresh-fish here, fie, fie, fie upon 
compell'd fortune! have your mouth fill'd up 
ere you open it. 

ne. 

This is strange to me. 
'd Lady. How tastes it? is it bitter! forty 
pence, no. 
'e was a lady once, 'tis an old story, 
would not be a queen, that would she not, 
'll the mud in Egypt: have you heard it! 
ne. Come, you are pleasant. 
'd Lady. 

With your theme I could 
ount the lack. The Marchioness of Pembroke! 
ousand pounds a year for pure respect! 
other obligation! By my life 
promises more thousand: honour's train 
ger than his foreskirt. By this time 
now your back will bear a duchess: say, 
you not stronger than you were? 
ne. Good lady, 100 
yourself mirth with your particular fancy, 
leave me out on 't. Would I had no being, 
strate to my blood a jot: it faints me 
think what follows. 
queen is comfortless, and we forgetful 
our long absence. Pray, do not deliver 
here you've heard to her. 
ld Lady. 

What do you think me? 

Exeunt.

ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, 
follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the 
great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, 
bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman- 
Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant- 
at-Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentle- 
men bearing two great silver pillars; after them, 
side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen 
with the sword and mace. Then enter the King 
and Queen and their Trains. The King takes 
place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals 
sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place 
some distance from the King. The Bishops place 
themselves on each side the court, in manner of a 
consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords 
sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants 
stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read, 
Let silence be commanded. 

K. Hen. 

What's the need? 
It hath already publicly been read, 
And on all sides the authority allow'd; 
You may then spare that time.

Wol. 

Be't so. Proceed. 
Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come 
into the court. 

Orier. Henry King of England, come into the court.

K. Hen. Here. 

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, 
get into the court. 


The Queen makes no answer, rises out of 
her chair, goes about the court, comes to 
the King, and kneels at his feet; then 

speaks.

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and 
justice 
And to bestow your pity on me; for 
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, 
Born out of your dominions; having here 
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance 
Or equal friendship and proceeding. Alas! sir 
In what have I offended you? what cause 
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, 
That thus you should proceed to put me off 
And take your good grace from me? Heaven 
witness, 
I have been to you a true and humble wife, 
At all times to your will conformable; 
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, 
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry 
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour 
I ever contradicted your desire, 
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your 
friends 
Have I not strove to love, although I knew 
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine 
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I 
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice 
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind 
That I have been your wife, in this obedience, 
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest 
With many children by you; if, in the course 
And process of this time, you can report, 
And prove it too, against mine honour aught, 
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, 
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckn'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore
I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel
I will implore: if not, I, the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your case. It shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

To you I speak.

Your pleasure, madam?

Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Be patient yet.

I will, when you are humble; nay,
Before Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench! Therefore Isay again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'topping woman's power. Madam, you do
me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the words
Before His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speech
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath.

My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You're meek
humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full sear
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cram'md with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favour,
Goneslightly o'er lowest steps, and now are mount'd
Where powers are your retainers, and your will
Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness
And to be judged by him.

She court'sies to the KING, and off.

The queen is obstin
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen.

Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come
the court.

Grieth. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray
keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord
They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass,
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

Exeunt QUEEN and her ATTEND.

Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report her
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, else could she speak the
The queen of earthly queens. She's noble
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Most gracious
In humblest manner I require your highness
That it shall please you to declare, in heart,
Of all these ears, for where I am robb'd and boi'd
There must I be unloos'd, although not the
At once and fully satisfied, whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness,
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for so
A royal lady, speak one the least word that may
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen.

My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taugh
That you have many enemies, that know no
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her, 230
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

K. Hen. Aside. I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer, 
Prithie, return: with thy approach, I know, an
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on. Execut in manner as they entered.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the QUEEN'S Apartment.

The QUEEN and her Women at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea;
Hang their hearts, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!
Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near.

Exit Gentleman.

Enter Wolsey and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife,
I would all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to
withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.
Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina
serenissima.—

Q. Kath. O! good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
suspicious.
Pray, speak in English: here are some will
thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord
cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.
Wol.
Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.
Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgotten, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. Kath. Aside. To betray me.
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men, pray God ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been, for I feel
The last fit of my greatness, good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.
Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with
these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highest
pleasure,
Though he be grown so desperate to be hone
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friend,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not heed.
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
In mine own country, lords.
Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. Kath. How, s
Cam. Put your main cause into the king
protection;
He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be my
Both for your honour better and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you right.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both
my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men
thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye.
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this ye
comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd!
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity; but say, I warn'd ye:
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest
once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: wo upon
And all such false professors! Would you haven,
If ye have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me
Alas! has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago. I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studi
Make me a curse like this.
Cam. Your fears are not
Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long, let me speak
myself,
Since virtue finds no friends, a wife, a true one
A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven
obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitions to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords,
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasur
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.
Wol. Madam, you wander from the good w
aim at.
Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself's
guilty,
give up willingly that noble title ir master wed me to: nothing but death shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Vol. Pray hear me, Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth, felt the flatteries that grow upon it! have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts. as will become of me now, wretched lady? in the most unhappy woman living. I poor wenches, where are now your fortunes? wreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity, friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me; lost no grave allow'd me. Like the lily, once was mistress of the field and flourish'd, hang my head and perish.

Vol. If your grace bid but be brought to know our ends are honest, I'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady, on what cause, wrong you? alas! our places, way of our profession is against it: are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them. goodness' sake, consider what you do; v you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly w from the king's acquaintance by this carriage.

hearts of princes kiss obedience, much they love it; but to stubborn spirits y swell, and grow as terrible as storms. ow you have a gentle, noble temper, not as even as a calm: pray think us se we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

am. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues in these weak women's fears: a noble spirit, ours was put into you, ever ca-ts doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you; are you lose it not: for us, if you please trust in our business, we are ready use our utmost studies in your service. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and pray forgive me have us'd myself unmanfully.

I know I am a woman, lacking wit make a seemly answer to such persons. y do my service to his majesty: has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers ile I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers, bow your counsels on me: she now begs a little thought, when she set footing here, should have bought her dignities so dear.

Exc. But that you shall sustain more new disgraces With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful To meet the least occasion that may give me Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke, To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least Strangely neglected? when did he regard The stamp of nobleness in any person Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures. What he deserves of you and me I know; What we can do to him, though now the time Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot Bar his access to the king, never attempt Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft Over the king in 's tongue.

Nor. O! fear him not; His spell in that is out: the king hath found Matter against him that for ever mars The honey of his language. No, he's settled, Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir, I should be glad to hear such news as this Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true: In the divorce his contrary proceedings Are all unfolded; wherein he appears As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O! how? how?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried, And came to thee eye o' the king; wherein was read, How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive My king is tangled in affection to A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.' Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts And hedges his own way. But in this point All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic After his patient's death: the king already Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord! For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy

Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to 't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There's order given for her coronation: Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left To some ears uncounted. But, my lords, She is a gallant creature, and complete In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the king Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal
Campeius
Is stole'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhanded; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried Ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry Ha! louder.

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly I believe
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager, 70
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal!

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe; he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed 80
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile. Exit CROMWELL.

Aside. It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: she shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him;
There's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke! 90

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he hears the king
Does what his anger to him.

Suf. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. Aside. The late queen's gentlewoman, a
knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes. What though I know her
virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of 100
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would 'twere something that would f
the string,
The master-cord on's heart!

Enter the KING, reading a schedule; and LOVE

Suf. The king, the king
K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he ac
mulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the h
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name thrif
Does he make this together? Now, my lords
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him; some strange co
motion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Spring's out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most stra
postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forssooth an inventory, thus importing;
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, whi
I find at such proud rate that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

He takes his seat, and whispers LOVE!
who goes to WOLSEY

Wol. Heaven forgive me
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the
ventory
Of your best grace in your mind, the which
You were now running o'er: you have scan
time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly and: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which performe
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said we
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke t
gether,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
'tis a kind of good deed to say well: yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you; aid he did, and with his deed did crown word upon you: since I had my office ye kept you next my heart; have not alone loy'd you where high profits might come home, car'd my present havings, to bestow counties upon you.  

ob. Aside. What should this mean?  

r. Aside. The Lord increase this business!  

Hen. Have I not made you prime man of the state? I pray you tell me at I now pronounce you have found true; if you may confess it, say withal u are bound to us or no. What say you?  

l. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces, yr'd on me daily, have been more than could studied purposes requite; which went nd all man's endeavours: my endeavours ever came too short of my desires,  

i'd with my abilities. Mine own ends been mine so, that evermore they pointed ie good of your most sacred person and profit of the state. For your great graces i'd upon me, poor undeserver, I nothing render but allegiant thanks, rayers to heaven for you, my loyalty, h ever has and ever shall be growing, ceth, that winter, kill it.  

Hen. Fairly answer'd; al and obedient subject is an illustrated; the honour of it pay the act of it, as, 't the contrary, onliness is the punishment. I presume as my hand has open'd bounty to you, cart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour ore an; than any; so your hand and heart, brain, and every function of your power, i, notwithstanding that your bond of duty, ere in love's particular, be more to your friend, than any.  

I do profess for your highness' good I ever labour'd than mine own; that am, have, and will be, gh all the world should crack their duty to you throw it from their soul; though perils did nd as thick as thought could make 'em, and ar in forms more horrid, yet my duty, with a rock against the chiding flood, id the approach of this wild river break, stand unshaken yours.  

Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken, notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, you have seen him open't. Read o'er this; Giving him papers, after, this; and then to breakfast with appetite you have.  

vii. Frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey: the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.  

What should this mean?  

s sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it? arsted frowning from me, as if ruin d' from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion the daring huntsman that has gall'd him; Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper; I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so: This paper has undone me! 'Tis the account Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom And fee my friends in Rome. 'O negligence! Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil Made me put this main secret in the packet. I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this? No new device to beat this from his brains? I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune Will bring me off again. What's this? 'To the Pope!'  

The letter, as I live, with all the business I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell! I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness; And from that full meridian of my glory I haste now to my setting: I shall fall Like a bright exhalation in the evening, And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.  

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you To render up the great seal presently Into our hands; and to confine yourself To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's, Till you hear further from his highness.  

Wol. Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry Authority so weightily.  

Suf. Who dare cross 'em, Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly? Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it, I mean your malice, know, officious lords, I dare and must deny it. Now I feel Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy: How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin! Follow your envious courses, men of malice; You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt In time will find their fit rewards. That seal You ask with such a violence, the king, Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me; Bade me enjoy it with the place and honours, During my life; and to confirm his goodness, Tied it by letters-patent: now who'll take it?  

Sur. The king, that gave it.  

Wol. It must be himself then.  

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.  

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest: Within these forty hours Surrey durst better Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition, Thou scarlet sin, rob'd this blessing land Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law: The heads of all thy brother cardinals, With thee and all thy best parts bound together, Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy! You sent me deputy for Ireland, Far from his succour, from the king, from all That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'est him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv’d him with an axe.

Wol. This and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov’d many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou
shouldst feel
My sword i’ the life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land’s wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the pope against the king; your
goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis’d nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life; I’ll startle you
Worse than the sacing bell, when the brown
wrench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise
this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king’s hand;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry ‘guilty,’ cardinal,
You’ll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head.
Have at you!
First, that without the king’s assent or knowledge
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You main’d the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, 
Was still inscrib’d; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Sur. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the king’s will or the state’s allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Sur. That, out of mere ambition, you hast’d
Your holy hat to be stamp’d on the king’s coat

Sur. Then that you have sent immemorial
substance,
By what means got I leave to your own
science,
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; ’tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to
So little of his great self.

Sur.

Sur. Lord cardinal, the king’s further purpose is,
Because all those things you have done have
By your power legatine within this kingdom
Fall into the compass of a precomunire,
That therefore such a writ be sued against you.
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king’s protection. This is my

Nor. And so we’ll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, at
thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear!
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness.
This is the state of man: to-day he puts for
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him,
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full sure
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur’d
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladder.
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown
At length broke under me, and now has left
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate;
I feel my heart new open’d. O! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes’ favours,
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin.
More pangs and fears than wars or women had.
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.
What! amaz'd my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder reat man should decline? Nay, an you weep, a fall'n indeed.

How does your grace? Why, well; so truly happy, my good Cromwell. now myself now; and I feel within me since above all earthly dignities, still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me, umbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders, ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken would sink a navy, too much honour: 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden heavy for a man that hopes for heaven. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks, of a fortiitude of soul I feel, endure more miseries and greater far in my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. at news abroad? The heaviest and the worst our displeasure with the king. God bless him! The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen chancellor in your place.

That's somewhat sudden: he's a learned man. May he continue in his highness' favour, and do justice truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones, en he has run his course and sleeps in blessings, have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em! it more! That Cranmer is return'd with welcome, all'd lord archbishop of Canterbury. That's news indeed.

Last, that the Lady Anne, in the king hath in secrecy long married, a day was view'd in open as his queen, going to chapel; and the voice is now about her coronation. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell! king has gone beyond me: all my glories that one woman I have lost for ever. sun shall ever usher forth mine honours, rild again the noble troops that waited on my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell; a poor fall'n man, unworthy now or thy lord and master: seek the king; sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him at and how true thou art: he will advance thee; little memory of me will stir him, how his noble nature, not to let hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell, Nec him not: make use now, and provide thine own future safety.

O my lord! I then leave you? must I needs forgo Good, so noble, and so true a master?

Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron, With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord. The king shall have my service; but my prayers For ever and for ever shall be yours. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear In all my miseries; but thou hast for'd me, Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be, And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee, Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory, And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour, Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in; A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it. Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me. Cromwell, I charge thee, stinging away ambition: By that sin fell the angels; how can man then, The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't? Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, To silence envious tongues: be just and fear not. Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell! Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king; And,—prithee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have, To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe And my integrity to heaven is all I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell! Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Good sir, have patience. So I have. Farewell The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. You're well met once again. Second Gent. So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold The Lady Anne pass from her coronation? Second Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

Second Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens, I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds, As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward, In celebration of this day with shows, Pageants, and sights of honour.

First Gent. Never greater; Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Second Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains, That paper in your hand?

First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

Second Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known
those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Amphilph, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

Hautboys.

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.
A lively flourish of trumpets.

1. Two Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before
   him.
3. Choristers, singing.
4. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then,
   Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a
gold copper crown.
5. Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold:
   on his head a demi-coroal of gold. With him,
   the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver
   with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet.
Collars of SS.
6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate,
   his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand,
as high-steward. With him, the Duke of
   Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a
   coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports;
   under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair
   richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each
   side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.
8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of
   gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's
   train.
9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets
   of gold without flowers.
   They pass over the stage in order and state.

Second Gent. A royal train, believe me. These
   I know;
Who's that that bears the sceptre?
First Gent. Marquess Dorset.
And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod.
Second Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That
   should be
The Duke of Suffolk?
First Gent. 'Tis the same; high-steward.
Second Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?
First Gent. Yes.
Second Gent. Heaven bless thee!

Looking on the Queen.

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains to
lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.

First Gent. They that
The cloth of honour over her, are four baron
Of the Cinque-ports.
Second Gent. Those men are happy; and
are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.
First Gent. It is; and all the rest are counts
Second Gent. Their coronets say so. These
stars indeed;
And sometimes falling ones.

First Gent. No more of the
Exit Procession, and then a great flour
of trumpets.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been
broiling?

Third Gent. Among the crowd 't the Abbey
where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

Second Gent. You
The ceremony?
Third Gent. That I did.
First Gent. How was it?
Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.
Second Gent. Good sir, speak it to
Third Gent. As well as I am able. The
stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the que
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half-an-hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrill notes make at sea in a stiff tempe.
So loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their far
Been loose, this day they had been lost.

joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the pro
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man liv
Could say 'This is my wife' there; all were wor
So strangely in one piece.

Second Gent. But what follow'd?
Third Gent. At length her grace rose, with modest pace
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, saint-like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people.
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen:
As holy oil, Edward Conessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such embers
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the chri
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung Te Deum. So she parted,
i with the same full state pae'd back again York-place, where the feast is held.  

Sir.  

I must no more call it York-place, that’s past;  

since the cardinal fell, that title’s lost;  

now the king’s, and call’d Whitehall.  

I know it;  

’tis so lately alter’d that the old name  

resih about me.  

What two reverend bishops  

re those that went on each side of the queen?  

Stokesley and Gardiner; the one,  

of Winchester,  

vly prefer’d from the king’s secretary;  

other, London.  

de no great lover of the archbishop’s,  

a virtuous Crammer.  

All the land knows that:  

never, yet there’s no great breach; when it  

comes,  

man will find a friend will not shrink from  

him.  

Who may that be, I pray you?  

Thomas Cromwell;  

an in much esteem with the king, and truly  

worthy friend. The king  

made him master of the jewel house,  

one, already, of the privy council.  

He will deserve more.  

Yes, without all doubt,  

ye, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  

the court, and there ye shall be my guests:  

nothing I can command. As I walk thither,  

tell ye more.  

You may command us, sir.  

Exeunt.  

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.  

Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between Griffith and Pattlece.  

How does your grace?  

O Griffith! sick to death;  

eggs, like laden branches, both to the land,  

fig to leave their burden. Reach a chair:  

now, methinks, I feel a little ease.  

Then you will tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd’st me,  

t’the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,  

dead?  

Yes, madam; but I think your grace,  

of the pain you suffer’d, gave no ear to’t.  

Pithe. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he  

died:  

ell, he stapp’d before me, happily  

my example.  

Well, the voice goes, madam;  

after the stout Earl Northumberland  

est him at York, and brought him forward,  

man sorely tainted, to his answer,  

fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill  

could not sit his mule.  

Ah! poor man.  

At last, with easy reads, he came to  

Leicester;  

ld in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,  

all his covent, honourably receiv’d him:  

whom he gave these words: ‘O! father  

abbot;  

old man, broken with the storms of state,  

Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  

Give him a little earth for charity.’  

So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness  

Purs’d him still; and three nights after this,  

About the hour of eight, which he himself  

Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,  

Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  

He gave his honours to the world again,  

His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.  

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently  

on him!  

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  

And yet with charity. He was a man  

Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  

Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion  

Tied all the kingdom; simony was fair-play;  

His own opinion was his law; ’t he presence  

He would say untruths, and be ever double  

Both in his words and meaning. He was never,  

But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:  

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  

But his performance, as he is now, nothing:  

Of his own body he was ill, and gave  

The clergy ill example.  

Noble madam,  

Men’s evil manners live in brass; their virtues  

We write in water. May it please your highness  

To hear me speak his good now?  

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;  

I were malicious else,  

This cardinal,  

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  

Was fashion’d to much honour from his cradle.  

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  

Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;  

Lofty and sour to them that lov’d him not;  

But to the 22 men that sought him sweet as  

summer.  

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  

Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,  

He was most princely. Ever witness for him  

Those twins of learning, that he rais’d in you,  

Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with  

him,  

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;  

The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,  

So excellent in art, and still so rising,  

That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  

His overthrow heap’d happiness upon him;  

For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  

And found the blessedness of being little:  

And, to add greater honours to his age  

Than man could give him, he died fearing God.  

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,  

No other speaker of my living actions,  

To keep mine honour from corruption,  

But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  

Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  

With thy religious truth and modesty,  

Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!  

Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:  

I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,  

Cause the musicians play me that sad note  

I nam’d my knell, whilst I sit meditating  

On that celestial harmony I go to.  

Sad and solemn music.  

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let’s sit  

down quiet,  

For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.
The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of boys, and golden wands on their faces; branches of boys or palm in their hands. They first congoe unto her; then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent courtly: then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. Music ceases.
Pat. Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark her eyes!
Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow: so
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wondred greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to; kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

Exit Griffith and Messenger.

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should belord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.
Kath. O my lord!
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort
Kath. O! my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd;
But now I am past all comforts here but pray
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good heart.
Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flour.
When I shall dwell with worms, and my own
Banish'd the kingdom. Patience, is that let,
I caus'd you write yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam.

Giving it to Katharine
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
Cap. Most willing, madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to
goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his yo
daughter:
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings her!
Beseecing him to give her virtuous breeding
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,
I hope she will deserve well,—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd
Heaven knows howdearly. My next poor pet
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I should not lie, but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have
'em,
The last is, for my men: they are the poore:
But poverty could never draw 'em from me:
That they may have their wages duly paid, and
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me long life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents: and, good lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge
king
To do me this last right.
Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!
Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remem
me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I ble
him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farew.
My lord, Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
me be us’d with honour: straw me over
h maiden flowers, that all the world may know
is a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
lay me forth: although unqueen’d, yet like
een, and daughter to a king, inter me.
no more. _Exeunt, leading _KATHARINE._

**ACT V.**

**SCENE I.—London. A Gallery in the Palace.**

1. **GARDINER,** Bishop of Winchester, a Page

with a torch before him, met by _Sir THOMAS
OVELL._

1r. It’s one o’clock, boy, is’t not?

2r. It hath struck.

3r. These should be hours for necessities,

for delights; times to repair our nature

h comforting repose, and not for us

waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir

Thomas! Ither so late?

4r. Came you from the king, my lord?

4r. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at

primero

i the Duke of Suffolk.

4r. I must to him too, o’re he go to bed. I’ll take my leave.

4r. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What’s the

mater!

9ems you are in haste: an if there be

great offence belongs to t, give your friend

u touch of your late business: affairs, that

walk

ney spirits do, at midnight, have

em a wilder nature than the business

y seeks dispatch by day.

6r. My lord, I love you,

durst commend a secret to your ear

h weigher than this work. The queen’s in

y say, in great extremity; and fear’d

‘ill with the labour end.

1r. The fruit she goes with

ay for heartily, that it may find

a
don time, and live: but for the stock, Sir

Thomas, ish it grubb’d up now.

9r. Methinks I could

s the amen; and yet my conscience says
's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does

se our better wishes.

1r. But, sir, sir,

r me, Sir Thomas: you’re a gentleman

me own way: I know you wise, religious;

, let me tell you, it will ne’er be well,

ill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take ‘t of me,

1r. Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she, ep in their graves.

otr. Now, sir, you speak of two

a most remark’d i’ the kingdom. As for

Cromwell,

side that of the jewel house, is made master

the rolls, and the king’s secretary; further,

sir,

Stands in the gap and trade of more prefer-
ments,

With which the time will load him. The arch-

bishop

Is the king’s hand and tongue; and who dare

speak

One syllable against him?

_Gar._ Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,

There are that dare; and I myself have ventur’d

to speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,

Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have

Insens’d the lords o’ the council that he is,

For so I know he is, they know he is,

A most arch heretic, a pestilence

That does infect the land: with which they

mov’d

Have broken with the king; who hath so far

Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace

And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs

Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded

To-morrow morning to the council-board

He be convened. He’s a rank weed, Sir

Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your affairs

I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas!

_Lov._ Many good nights, my lord. I rest your

servant. _Exeunt_ GARDINER _and Page._

_Enter the KING and SUFFOLK._

_K. Hen._ Charles, I will play no more to-night;

My mind’s not on’t; you are too hard for me.

_Suf._ Sir, I did never win of you before.

_K. Hen._ But little, Charles;

Nor shall not when my fancy’s on my play.

_Den._ Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

_Lov._ I could not personally deliver to her

What you commanded me, but by her woman

I sent your message; who return’d her thanks

In the greatest humbleness, and desir’d your

highness

Most heartily to pray for her,

_K. Hen._ What say’st thou, ha?

To pray for her! what! is she crying out?

_Lov._ So said her woman; and that her suffer-

ance made

Almost each pang a death.

_K. Hen._ Alas! good lady.

_Suf._ God safely quit her of her burden, and

_with gentle travail, to the gladding of

Your highness with an heir!_ K. Hen._ The midnight, Charles;

Prithie, to bed; and in thy prayers remember

The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;

For I must think of that which company

Would not be friendly to.

_Suf._ I wish your highness

A quiet night; and my good mistress will

Remember in my prayers.

_K. Hen._ Charles, good night. _Exit SUFFOLK._

_Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY._

_Well, sir, what follows?_ Den._ Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-

bishop,

As you commanded me.

_K. Hen._ Ha! Canterbury?

_Den._ Ay, my good lord.

_K. Hen._ 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

_Den._ He attends your highness’ pleasure.
K. Hen. Bring him to us. Exit DENNY.

Lov. Aside. This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery. LOVELL seems to stay.

Ha! I have said. Be gone.

What! Except LOVELL and DENNY.

Cran. I am fearful. Wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror: all's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord! You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. Kneeling. It is my duty

To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.

Ah! my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented.
To make your house our Tower: you a brother
of us.

It suits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. Kneeling. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder; for I know
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury: Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up;
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my hollidame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,

Without endurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands in the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it. At what end
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corn?
To swear against you? such things have been done.

You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
As of great size. Woe you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your master.
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd.

Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And wool your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence! or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way,
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaty
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look! the good weeps;

He's honest, on mine honour. God's b' Enter CRANMER.

Cran. He has strangle.

His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. Within. Come back: what mean ye?

Old Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now, go,
Angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy love
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd
Say, ay? and of a boy,

Old Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like y
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell!

Re-enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir!

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll the queen.

Old Lady. An hundred marks! By this lig
I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment: I will have more, or scold it out of him. Said I for this the girl was like to him? I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now, While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. Exec
SCENE II.—The Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Pursuivants, Pages, etc., attending.

Enter CRANMER.

CRAN. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman
that was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
so waits there?

Enter Keeper.

KEEP. Sure, you know me?

CRAN. Yes, my lord; yet I cannot help you.

KEEP. Why? My grace must wait till you be call'd for.

CRAN. Enter Doctor BUTTS.

BUTTS. Sir, Iam this a piece of malice. I am glad
that they speak so happily: the king
is not used to it presently. Exit.

CRAN. This is Butts, the king's physician. As he pass'd along,
I saw him set his eyes upon me.

CRAN. Why is this, my grace? I should have
be call'd for.

BUTTS. If the king's pleasure were to be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

CRAN. Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above.

BUTTS. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—
H. Hen. What's that, Butts? Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
H. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

BUTTS. There, my lord: the high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
who holds his state at door, among pursuivants, yes, and footboys.
K. Hen. Ha'! 'tis he, indeed.

SWEL. 'Tis the honour they do one another?

H. Hen. Swell there's one above 'em yet. I thought
they had part so much honesty among 'em, least good manners, as not to suffer
man of his place, and so near our favour,
danceattendsion their lordships' pleasures, and
at the door too, like a post with packets.

BUTTS. Holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery: 't's alone, and draw the curtain close;
shall hear more anon.

SCENE III.—The Council-Chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Suffolk, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, the Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, and Cromwell. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Arch Bishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.

CHAN. Speak to the business, Master secretary: by are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours, The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes. Nor. Who waits there? Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes. Keep. My lord archbishop; And has done half-an-hour, to know your pleasures.

CHAN. Let him come in.

Keep. Your grace may enter now.

CRANMER enters, and approaches the council-table.

CHAN. My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry To sit here at this present and behold That chair stand empty: but we all are men, 10 In our own natures frail, and capable Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us, Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little, Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
For so we are inform'd, with new opinions, Divers and dangerous; which are hersies, And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious. 19 Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses Face' em not in their hands to make 'em gentle, But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity To one man's honour, this contagious sickness, Farewell all physic: and what follows then? Commotions, uproars, with a general taint Of the wholestate: as, of late days, our neighbours, The upper Germany, can dearly witness, Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

CRAN. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress Of my life and office, I have laboured;
And with no little study, that my teaching And the strong course of my authority Might go one way, and safely; and the end Ever to do well: nor is there living,
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place, 29 Of defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven the king may never find a heart With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships
That in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will; may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

SUF. Nay, my lord,

Gar. That cannot be: you are a councillor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you. 39 Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower; Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly.
More than, I fear, you are provided for,
Cron. Ah! my good lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend: if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end; 61
'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary; 70
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discover,
To mention that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Crom. Good Master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Gar. Why, my lord?
Crom. Do not I know you for a favourer 89
Of this new sect! ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do. Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.

Cham. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner; 89
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome,
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the grimes of cruel men, and give it 100
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all.

When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
I would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords, The king will suffer but the little finger

Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him
Would I were fairly out on 't!

Crom. My mind gave me
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye.

Enter the King, frowning on them; he takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strength
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden condonements,
Bishop of Winchester; but now, I come not
To hear such slatternly now, and in my present
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the spank
And think with wagging of your tongue to win
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.

To CRANMER. Good man, sit down. Now I see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at
By all that's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee.

Sur. May it please your grace,

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me
I had thought I had had men of somestanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none,
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, few of you deserve that title,
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you ar
Why, what a shame was this! Did my com-
mission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity.
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never while I live.

Cham. Thus far
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was pur-
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather.
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him,
Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords! My lord of
Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism
You must be godfather, and answer for her.
KING HENRY VIII.

Scene IV.—The Palace Yard.

Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals; you take the court for Paris-garden! ye rude es, leave your gaping.

Man. Good Master porter, I belong to the yard. You belong to the gallows, and be hanged, gue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these at switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads: must be seeing christenings! Do you look for cakes here, you rude rascals? I'll be no patient; sir, ye patient: 'tis as much impossible, as we sweep 'em from the door with cannons, cutter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep day-day morning; which will never be, may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em. How got they in, and be hang'd?

An' alas! I know not; how gets the tide in? such as one sound cudgel of four foot, see the poor remainder, could distribute, so no spare, sir.

You did nothing, sir.

An' I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, now 'em down before me; but if I spared any had a head to hit, either young or old, or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, me ner' hope to see a chine again; a that I would not for a cow, God save her! Thikin. Do you hear, Master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good sir puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em in by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to ter in? or have we some strange Indian with great tool come to court, the women so be-
KING HENRY VIII.

Scene V.—The Palace.
Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, the Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, the Duke of Norfolk, with his marshal's staff, the Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc., train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter the King and Train.

Cran. Kneeling. And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!
K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?
Cran. Elizabeth.
K. Hen. Stand up, lord.
The King kisses the Child.
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.
Cran. Amen.
K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady
When she has so much English.
Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, heaven still move about her!
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be,
But few now living can behold that goodness,
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be lov'd and fear'd; her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow; good grows with her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours,

God shall be truly known; and those about
From her shall read the perfect ways of hon;
And by those claim their greatness, not by lie:
Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as w,
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoebe;
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one.
When heaven shall call her from this cloud:
Darkness,
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she:
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant:
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to his:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations; he shall flow,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his brand
To all the plains about him; our children
Shall see this and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wrong.
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must be,
She must, the saints must have her, yet a vine.
A most unspotted lily she shall pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn:
K. Hen. O lord archbishop!
Thou hast made me now a man: never, bel
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Mr.
I thank ye all. To you, my good lord may
And your good brethren, I am much behold,
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the lords:
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank,
She will be sick else. This day, no man thi
Has business at his house; for all shall stay.
This little one shall make it holiday.

EpiLOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their case,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frightened with our trumpets; 'tis else.
They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the cit
Ambush'd extremely, and to cry 'That's witty'
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play, at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile
And say 'twould do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

RIAM, King of Troy. 
[HECTOR, 
BOILEUS, 
ARIS, 
EPHOBUS, 
ELenus, 
ARGANELON, a bastard Son of Priam. 
NEANAS, 
NTENOR, 
ALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks. 
ANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida. 
AMEMNON, the Grecian General. 
ENELAUS, his Brother.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

PROLOGUE.

Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece, princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
To the port of Athens sent their ships, right with the ministers and instruments
To land: sixty and nine, that were
crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
forth: and their row is made
ravish'd Troy, within whose strong immures
hasten'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
want Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
Tended they come,
The deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
war-like fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
and Tymbria, Helius, Cletus, Trojan,
Antenorides, with massy staples
corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
up the sons of Troy.

Expectation, tickling skittish spirits
one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
as all on hazard. And hither am I come
prologue armed, but not in confidence
author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
like conditions as our argument,
tell you, fair beholders, that our play
ups o'er the variant and firstlings of those broils,
running in the middle; starting thence away
what may be digested in a play.

or find fault; do as your pleasures are: 
so good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.


Enter Troilus armed, and Pandaralus.

Tro. Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractic'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this:

for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further.
He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry

the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the

leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in

the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the making

of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  

**Scene I.—The Camp.**

**Exit Pandarus.** An **alarum.**

**TROILUS.** Pray, you speak no more to me! I will leave all as I found it, and there end.

**Exit Pandarus.**

**TROILUS.** Peace, you ungracious clamours! per
rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be!
When with your blood you daily paint her til
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv’d a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus,—O gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he’s as tetchy to be woo’d to woo.
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne’s love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we
her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl;
Between our Ilium and where she resides.
Let it be call’d the wild and wandering flood.
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pand;
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

**ALARUM.** Enter **Æneas.**

**ÆNEAS.** How now, Prince Troilus! wheref
not a-field?

**TROILUS.** Because not there; this woman’s ans
sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

**ÆNEAS.** That Paris is returned home, and ha

**TROILUS.** By whom, Æneas?

**ÆNEAS.** Troilus, by Menelaus.

**TROILUS.** Let Paris bleed: ’tis but a scar to see
Paris is gor’d with Menelaus’ horn. **Alarum.**

**ÆNEAS.** Hark! what good sport is out of to-
do.

**TROILUS.** Better at home, if ‘would I might’ w
may,

But to the sport abroad; are you bound thil

**ÆNEAS.** In all swift haste.

**TROILUS.** Come, go we then together.

**Exit.**

**SCENE II.—The Same.** A Street.

**Enter Cressida and Alexander.**

**CRESSIDA.** Who were those went by?

**ALEX.** Queen Hecuba and Helen.

**CRESSIDA.** And whither go they?

**ALEX.** Up to the eastern tow.

Whose height commands as subject all the w

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience I
Is, as a virtue, fix’d, to-day was mov’d;
He chid Andromache, and struck his armour.
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness’d light.
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Died, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector’s wrath.

**CRESSIDA.** What was his cause of anger?

**ALEX.** The noise goes, this: there is ame
the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

**CRESSIDA.** Good; and what of him?

**ALEX.** They say he is a very man per se,

And stands alone.

**CRESSIDA.** So do all men; unless they are drun
sick, or have no legs.

**ALEX.** This man, lady, hath robbed many be
of their particular additions: he is as vali

baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or
you may chance to burn your lips.

**TROILUS.** Patience herself, what goddess e’er she be,

That she would have the dinner rise a tine I do.

At Pram’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.

**TROILUS.** I was about to tell thee: when my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,

Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,

I have, as when the sun doth light a storm.

Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;

But sorrow, that is couched in seeming gladness,

Is like that mirthful face 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—

**TROILUS.** O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus.—

When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown’d;

Reply not in how many fathoms deep

They lie indrench’d. I tell thee I am mad

In Cressid’s love: thou answer’st, she is fair;

Pour’st in the open ulcer of my heart

Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her
voice;

Handlest in thy discourse, O! that her hand,

In whose comparison all whites are ink,

Writing their own reproach; to whose soft
seizure

The 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.

**TROILUS.** 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.

**TROILUS.** Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

**PAN.** I have had my labour for my travail;

ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you:

gone between, and between, but small thanks
for my labour.

**TROILUS.** What! art thou angry, Pandarus! what
with me?

**PAN.** Because she’s kin to me, therefore she’s
not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me,

she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on

Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were

a black-a-moor; ’tis all one to me.

**TROILUS.** Say I she is not fair?

**PAN.** I do not care whether you do or no,

She’s a fool to stay behind her father: let her
to the Greeks; and so I’ll tell her the next time
I see her. For my part, I’ll meddle nor make
no more i’ the matter.

**PAN.** Pandarus,

**TROILUS.** Not I.

**TROILUS.** Sweet Pandarus,—
troilus how you there for she his good yes, 401 100605 he when i he why, poor not and 141 queen hex. ’a??.

res. Who comes here?

ler. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter Pandarus.

res. Hector’s a gallant man.

tex. As may be in the world, lady.

’an. What’s that? what’s that?

res. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

tex. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How you, cousin? When were you at Ilion?

’an. This morning, uncle.

’an. What were you talking of when I came? is Hector armed and gone ere ye came to m? Helen was not up, was she?

res. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

’an. Even so; Hector was stirring early.

’an. That were we talking of; and of his anger.

’an. Was he angry?

’an. So he says here.

’an. True, he was so; I know the cause too: I lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: there’s Troilus will not come far behind; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell at that too.

’an. What! is he angry too?

’an. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man in two.

’an. O Jupiter! there’s no comparison.

’an. What! not between Troilus and Hector? you know a man if you see him?

’an. Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew

’an. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

’an. Then you say as I say; for I am sure he not Hector.

’an. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some grees.

’an. ’Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

’an. Himself! Alas! poor Troilus, I would were.

’an. So he is.

’an. Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

’an. He is not Hector.

’an. Himself! no, he’s not himself. Would were himself: well, the gods are above; time ist friend or end. Well, Troilus, well, I would heart were in her body. No, Hector is not a tier man than Troilus.

’an. Excuse me.

’an. He is elder.

’an. Pardon me, pardon me.

’an. ‘Th other’s not come to’t; you shall tell me another tale when th’ other’s come to’t. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

’an. He shall not need it if he have his own.

’an. Nor his qualities.

’an. No matter.

’an. Nor his beauty.

’an. ’Twould not become him; his own’s better.

’an. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th’ other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, for so ’tis I must confess, not brown neither,—

’an. No, but brown.

’an. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

’an. To say the truth, true and not true.

’an. She prais’d his complexion above Paris.

’an. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

’an. So he has.

’an. 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.

’an. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

’an. Then she’s a merry Greek indeed.

’an. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th’ other day into the compassed window, and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,—

’an. Indeed, a tapster’s arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

’an. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

’an. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

’an. But to prove to you that Helen loves him: she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

’an. Juno have mercy! how came it clien?

’an. Why, you know, ’tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

’an. O! he smiles valiantly.

’an. Does he not?

’an. O! yes, an ’twere a cloud in autumn.

’an. Why, go to then. But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

’an. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you’ll prove it so.

’an. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

’an. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens? the shell.

’an. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin: indeed, she has a marvelous white hand, I must needs confess,—

’an. Without the rack.

’an. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

’an. Alas! poor chin; many a wart is richer.

’an. But there was such laughing: Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o’er.

’an. With millstones.

’an. And Cassandra laughed.

’an. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o’er too?

’an. And Hector laughed.

’an. At what was all this laughing?
Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troy's 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 two-and-fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. 'Two-and-fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he; 'pluck't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing, and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by. Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true: he will weep you, an' twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an' twere a nettle against May. 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 then all by their names as they pass by, but mark Troylus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS passes over. Pan. That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troylus; 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 of the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troylus? I'll show you Troylus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over. Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there's a countenance! Is not a brave man?

Cres. O! a brave man.

Pan. Is a' not? It does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lic does one's heart good. Yonder comes Pr; yonder comes Paris.

PARIS passes over. Look ye yonder, niece; 'tis not a gallant too, 'tis not? Why, this is brave now. I said he came harn home to-day? he's not he, why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Would I could see Troylus now! You shall Troylus anon.

HELENUS passes over. Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Helenus. I marvel where Tro is. That's Helenus. I think he went not fo to-day. That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troylus is. Hark! you not hear the people cry 'Troylus'? Hele is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder.

TROYLUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Delphobus. Troylus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Br Troylus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace! for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him. O brave Troylus! Look well upon him, niece: look you how sword is bloodied, and his helm more hard than Hector's; and how he looks, and how goes. O admirable youth! he ne'er saw the and-twenty. Go thy way, Troylus, go thy way. Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; a I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an to boot.

Cres. Here come more.

Soldiers pass over.

Pan. Asses, fools, do!s! chaff and bran, cl and bran! porridge after meat! I could l and die f' the eyes of Troylus. Ne'er look, no look; the eagles are gone: crows and da crows and daws! I had rather be such a n as Troylus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles better man than Troylus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a va camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. 'Well, well!' Why, have you any c creation? have you any eyes? Do you know w' a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good sha discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, vir youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and s that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be ba with no date in the pie, for then the man's dat out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my bell upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secr, to defend mine honesty: my mask defend my beauty; and you, to defend all the
at all these wards I lie, at a thousand ches.

So, say one of your watches.

Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot
what I would not have hit, I can watch
for telling how I took the blow; unless it
past hiding, and then it's past watching.

You are such another!

Enter Troilus's Boy.

Sir, my lord would instantly speak with
at your own house; there he unarms

Good boy, tell him I come. Exit Boy.

I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

To bring, uncle?

Ay, a token from Troilus.

By the same token, you are a bawd.

Exit Pandarus.

ds, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
offers in another's enterprise;
more in Troilus thousand-fold I see
in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.

I hold off. Women are angels, wooing:
I's won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing;
she belov'd knows nought that knows not

prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

she was never yet that ever knew

so sweet as when desire did sue.

before this maxim out of love I teach:

venement is command; ungain'd, beseech:

though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

sighing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

Exeunt.


Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, and Others.

Princes, grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

ample proposition that hope makes

ds, designs begun on earth below

in the veins of actions highest rear'd;

notes, by the conflux of meeting sap,

the sound pine and divert his grain

live and errant from his course of growth.

princes, is it matter new to us

we come short of our suppose so far

afterseven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;

every action that hath gone before,

where we have record, trial did draw

and thwart, not answering the aim,

that unbodied figure of the thought

I gave't surmised shape. Why then, you

princes,

you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,

think them shames? which are indeed

the protractive trials of great Jove.

To find persistent 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 thygod-likescat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply

Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance

Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail

Upon her patient breast, making their way

With those of nobler bulk!

But let the 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 Persus' horse: 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

Both valour's show and valour's worth divide

In storms of fortune; for in her rayand brightness

The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze

Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind

Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,

And flies fled under shade, why then, the thing

of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,

And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,

Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,

In whom the tempers and the minds of all

Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.

Besides the applause and approbation

The which, To AGAMEMNON most mighty for thy place and sway,

To NESTOR. And thou most reverend for thy

stretch'd-out life,

I give to both your speeches, which were such

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece

Should hold up high in brass; and such again

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree

On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish

ears

To his experience'd tongue, yet let it please both,

Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't of less express

That matter needless, of importless burden,

Divide thy lips, than we are confident,

When rank Thersites opes his mastick 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 foragers shall all repair,

What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworlist shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinal eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad: but when the
planets in evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plague, 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 doracinate
The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixture! O! when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
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, unturn that string,
And, hark! what discord follows; each thing
meets
In mere oppugnacy: 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 perform 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, in a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath; so every step,
Examined by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Neat. 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?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion
crowns
The stout and the foremost 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 Patro
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests,
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
He pagents us. Sometime, great Agamem
Thy topless deputation he puts on,
And, like a strutting politician, whose conceit
Lies in his horseman, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretched foot and the sward,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he spea,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms squard,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Ty
dropped,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling
From his deep chest laughs out a loud appla
Cries 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke
beard,
As he being dress'd to some oration.'
That's done; as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife,
Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patro,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and
And with a palsy-fumbling on his goter,
Shake in and out the rivet; and at this spot
Sir Valour dies; cries 'O! enough, Patro,
Or give me ribs of steel; I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fash
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severs and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice, many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a min
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call
cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental part
That do contrive how many hands shall stri
When fitness calls them on, and know
measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-wa
So that the man that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his pole
They place before his hand that made
engine,
those that with the fineness of their souls reason guide his execution. 210

Vest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse kes many Thetis' sons. A tucket.


Enter *Aeneas.

*Agam. What would you 'fore our tent? *En. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

*Agam. Even this. *En. May one, that is a herald and a prince, a fair message to his kingly ears? *Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm re all the Greekish heads, which with one voice I Agamemnon head and general.

*En. Fair leave and large security. How may stranger to those most imperial looks ow them from eyes of other mortals?

*Agam. How! *En. Ay; sk, that I might waken reverence, I bid the cheek be ready with a blush dest as morning when she coldly eyes youthful Phoebus. ich is that god in office, guiding men? *En. Is this the high and mighty Agamemnon?

*Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy

ceremonious courtiers.

*En. Courtiers as free, as de风尚, unarm'd, bending angels; that's their fame in peace: when they would seem soldiers, they have galls, of arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord, being so full of heart. But peace, *Aeneas! sce, Trojan! lay thy finger on thy lips. *En. Worthiness of praise distains his worth, *En. But the praise'd himself bring the praise forth: what the repining enemy commends, a breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

*Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself *Aeneas?

*En. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

*Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

*En. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

*Agam. He hears not privately that comes from Troy.

*En. Nor from Troy come not to whisper him:

rung a trumpet to awake his ear,

set his sense on the attentive bent,

then to speak.

*Agam. Speak frankly as the wind: 't is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour; 

It thon shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,

Tell's thee so himself.

*En. Trumpet, blow loud, of thy brass voice through all these lazy tents; I every Greek of mettle, let him know, that Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

Trumpet sounds.

*En. have great Agamemnon, here in Troy; Prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father, so in this dull and long-continued truce rustily grown: he bade me take a trumpet, to this purpose speak: Kings, princes, lords!

If there be one among the fair'est 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 279

In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge. Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks, Shall make it good, or do his best to do it, He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer, Than ever Greek did compass in his arms; And will to-morrow with his trumpet call, Midway between your tents and walls of Troy, To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:

If any come, Hector shall honour him; If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires, The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

*Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord *Aeneas:

If none of them have soul in such a kind, We left them all at home: but we are soldiers; And may that soldier a mere recreant prove, That means not, hath not, or is not in love! If then one is, or hath, or means to be, That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

*Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now; But if there be not in our Grecian host One noble man that hath one spark of fire To answer for his love, tell him from me. I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver, And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn; And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste As may be in the world: his youth in flood, I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

*En. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

*Ulyss. Amen.

*Agam. Fair Lord *Aeneas, let me touch your hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you first. 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.

*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 wedge'd 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. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up: And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, though, Apollo knows,
’Tis dry enough, will, with great speed of judgment.
Ay, with celerity, find Hector’s purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, ‘tis most meet: whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though ‘tis he sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear’st repug
With their fin’st 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 scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos’d
He that meets Hector issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As ‘twere from forth us all, a man distill’d
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain’d, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

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 yet to show
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg’d with two strange followers.

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 wear 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 as the worthier man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest that prouter than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We’ll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project’s life this shape of sense assumes:
Ajax employ’d plucks down Achilles’ plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two ours shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as ‘twere their bo.

Ere.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites!

Thers. Agamemnon, how if he had boils? if all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!

Thers. And those boils did run? say so:
not the general run then? were not that botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Thers. Then would come some matter from him:
I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf’s son, canst thou hear? Feel then.

Thers. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vineyardist! speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Thers. I shall sooner rail thee into wit holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner an oration than thou learn a prayer without bones:
Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrally thy jade’s tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamatic

Thers. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou striketh me thus?

Ajax. The proclamatic!

Thers. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not: my finger itch.

Thers. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. Wilt thou art forth in the incursions, thou striketh slow as another?

Ajax. I say, the proclamatic!

Thers. Thou grimblest and railest every body on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina’s beauty, thy, that thou harkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Thers. Thou should’st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Thers. He would pun thee into shivers with fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! Beating

Thers. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Thers. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted loath hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; an assinego may tutor thee, thou scatter good; thou art here but to trash Troja; and thou art bought and sold among those any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell with thy art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, the

Ajax. You dog!

Thers. Thou scurrvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! Beating

Thers. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; camel; do, do.
Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Achil. What! with me too, Thersites?

Chil. There is's for you, Patroclus.

Chil. Why, when now, Ajax! wherefore do
thus? How now, Thersites! what's the
21 ter, man?

Chil. You see him there, do you?

Chil. Ay; what's the matter?

Chil. Nay, look upon him.

Chil. So I do; what's the matter?

Chil. Nay, but regard him well.

Chil. "Well!" why, so I do.

Chil. But yet you look not well upon him;

Achil. What? I know that, fool.

Chil. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Chil. Therefore I beat thee.

Chil. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicum of wit he
22 ers! his evasions have ears thus long. I have

Achil. bed his brain more than he has beat my
23 es: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and

Chil. What?

Chil. Nay, good Ajax.

Chil. Has not so much wit—

Chil. Nay, I must hold you.

Chil. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle,

Chil. Peace, fool! I would have peace and quietness, but

Chil. fool will not: he there; that he; look you

Achil. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Chil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Chil. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will I

Exit. 31

Achil. Good words, Thersites.

Chil. What? is the quarrel?

Chil. I bade the vile owl go learn me the

Chil. of the proclamation, and he raises upon me.

Chil. I serve thee not.

Chil. Well, go to, go to.

Chil. I serve here voluntary.

Chil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas volun-

Chil. tary; no man is beaten voluntary:

Chil. x was here the voluntary, and you as under

Chil. impress. E'en so; a great deal of your wit too in

Chil. your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector

Chil. ill have a great catch if he knock out either

Chil. your brains: a' were as good crack a fasting

Chil. with no kernel.

Chil. What! with me too, Thersites?

Chil. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor, whose

Chil. was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on

Chil. toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make

Chil. plough up the wars.

Chil. What, what?

Chil. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, to! to! 32

Chil. I shall cut out your tongue.

Chil. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much

Chil. thou afterwards.

Chil. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Chil. I will hold my peace when Achilles' ch bids me, shall I?

Scene II.—Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and

Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,

Pri. Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:

Pri. 'Deliver Helen, and all damage else,

Pri. As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,

Pri. Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is con-

Pri. sum'd

Pri. In hot digestion of this cormorant war,

Pri. Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks

Hect. than I,

Hect. As far as toucheth my particular,

Hect. Yet, dread Priam,

Hect. There is no lady of more softer bowels,

Hect. More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,

Hect. More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows,'

Hect. Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,

Hect. Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd

Hect. The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches

Hect. To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:

Hect. Since the first sword was drawn about this

Hect. question,

Hect. Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismies,

Hect. Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of our:

Hect. If we have lost so many tenth of ours,

Hect. To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,

Hect. Had it our name, the value of one ten,

Hect. What merit's in that reason which denies

Hect. The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie! my brother,

Tro. Weigh you the worth and honour of a king

Tro. So great as our dread father in a scale

Tro. Of common ounces? will you with counters sum

Tro. The past proportion of his infinite?

Tro. And buckle in a waist most fathomless

Tro. With spans and inches so diminutive

Tro. As fears and reasons! fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at

Hel. reasons,

Hel. You are so empty of them. Should not our father

Hel. Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,

Hel. Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother

Hel. priest;

Tro. You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your

Tro. reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason files 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 disord'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have bare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale and lusthoothd 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 inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

**Tro.** I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from th'is and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder
we do not throw in unrespective sink
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce
And did him service: he touch'd the ports'desir'd,
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive.
He brought a Grecian, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt;
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pear,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went:
As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go';
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands
And cried 'Indescribable!' 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 stoll'n what we do fear to keep;
But thieves unworthy of a thing so stoll'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace
We fear to warrant in our native place.

**Cas. Within.** Cry, Trojans, cry!

**Pri.** What noise? what shriek?

**Tro.** 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.
Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a guilt counterfeit, thou would'st 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 corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon 'tis never shroud 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 hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell that knowest. Achilles! 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 to the Creator. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?
Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.

Come in with me, Thersites.

THER. Here is such patchery, such juggling,
And such knavery! All the argument is a cuckold
And a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous
Factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the
Dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery
Confound all!

Exit. 92

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR,
DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

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 appartenances, 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. 90

ULYS. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

AJAX. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you
May call it melancholy if you will favour the
Man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why?
Let him show us a cause. A word, my lord.

Takes AGAMEMNON aside.

NEST. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

ULYS. Achilles hath inveigled his foe from

NEST. Who, Thersites?

ULYS. He.

NEST. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have
lost his argument.

ULYS. 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 fool could disunite.

ULYS. The amity that wisdom knits not folly
may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus. 100

NEST. No Achilles with him?

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

ULYS. 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; 120
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

If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest, in self assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier
than himself.

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command.
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His petitious 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 hold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an eng
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.

PAIR. I shall; and bring his answer present

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
Thinks himself a better man than I am?

AGAM. No question.

AJAX. Will you subscribe his thought, and
he is?

AGAM. No, no noble Ajax; you are as still
as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much
more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

AJAX. Why should a man be proud? I
doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

AGAM. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax;
your virtues the fairer. He that is proud
up himself: pride is his own glass, his
trumpet, his own chronicle: and what praises
itself but in the deed, doverts the
duty in the praise.

AJAX. I do hate a proud man, as I hate
engendering of toads.

NEST. Aside. Yet he loves himself: is't strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES.

ULYS. Achilles will not to the field to-morn.

AGAM. What's his excuse?

ULYS. He doth rely on no
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
Untent his person and share the air with us?

ULYS. Things small as nothing, for requisite
sake only,
He makes important: possessed he is with
Greatness.
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imag'd worth
Holds in his blood such soul and hot discount.
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
And batters 'gainst itself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud that the death-token
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.

ULYS. O Agamemnon! let it not be so.

We'll consecrate the step; that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud
That bastes his arrogance with his own scan
And never suffers matter of the world
er his thoughts, save such as do revolve
I ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd
that we hold an idol more than he?
This thrice-worthy and right valiant lord
Or not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
by my will, asubjugate his merit,
amply titled as Achilles is,
go to Achilles:
were to enlard his fat already pride
I add more coals to Cancer when he burns
entertaining great Hyperion.
Lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
say in thunder 'Achilles, go to him.'
'est. Aside. O! this is well; he rubs the vein
of him.
'io. Aside. And how his silence drinks up
this applause!
'ax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
pash him o'er the face.
'am. No, no! you shall not go.
'ax. An a' be proud with me, I'll pheze his pride
me go to him.
lys. Not for the worth that hangs upon our
quarrel.
'ax. A paltry, insolent fellow!
'est. Aside. How he describes himself!
'ax. Can he not be sociable?
'lys. Aside. The raven chides blackness.
'ax. I'll let his humours blood.
'am. Aside. He will be the physician that
uld be the patient.
'ax. An all men were o' my mind,—
'lys. Aside. Wit would be out of fashion.
'ax. 'A should not bear it so, 'a should eat
reds first: shall pride carry it!
'est. Aside. An 'twould, you'd carry half.
'lys. Aside. 'A would have ten shares.
'ax. I will knead him; I'll make him supple.
'am. Aside. He's not yet through warm:
he him with praises; pour in, pour in; his
ition is dry.
'ax. To Agamemnon. My lord, you feed
too much on this dislike.
est. Our noble general, do not so.
'ax. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
'lys. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him
arm.
'e is a man—but 'tis before his face;
'll be silent.
est. Wherefore should you so?
'est. Is not emulous, as Achilles is.
'lys. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
'ax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus
with us!
uld he were a Trojan!
est. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—
'lys. If he were proud,—
' Dio. Or covetous of praise,—
'lys. Ay, or surly borne,—
' Dio. Or strange, or self-affected—
'lys. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of
sweet composure;
use him that got thee, shethatgave thee suck:
'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
rice-fam'd, beyond all erudition;
the that disciplin'd thine arms to fight,
Mars divide eternity in twain,
give him half: and, for thy vigour,
ll-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.
Axax. Shall I call you father?
Nest. Ay, my good son.
 Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is noorrying 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:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to
west,
And call their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
deep.
Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. Priam's Palace.
Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: do not
you follow the young Lord Paris?
Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me
Pan. You depend upon him! I mean.
Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.
Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman;
I must needs praise him.
Serv. The Lord be praised!
Pan. You know me, do you not?
Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.
Pan. Friend, know me better. I am the Lord
Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.
Pan. I do desire it.
Serv. You are in the state of grace.
Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lord-
ship are my titles.
Music within.
What music is this?
Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in
parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?
Serv. Wholly, sir.
Pan. Who play they to?
Serv. To the hearers, sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.
Serv. Who shall I command, sir?
Pan. Friend, we understand not one another
I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At
whose request do these men play?
Serv. That's to 't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at
the request of Paris my lord, who's there in
person; with him the mortal Venus, the heart-
blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.
Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?
Serv. No, sir, Helen: could you not find out
that by her attributes?
Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business.

Serr. Sudden business: there’s a stewed phrase, indeed.

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir!

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! Well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we’ll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,—

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to: commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen! that’s a sweet queen, I’faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Par. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth. In! Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?

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.

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.


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 are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may in them three.

Pan. Come, come, I’ll hear no more of it! I’ll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my true sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i’ faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing love.

Pan. In good truth, it begins so. So

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, O! love’s bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry O! O! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to

Doth turn O! O! to ha! ha! ha!

So dying love lives still:

O! O! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

O! O! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i’ faith, to the very tip of nose.

Pan. He eats nothing but doves, love; that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets 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 vipers: is love a generation of vipers? So lord, who’s a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Anteus and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain bide, armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it. How enforces my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something: know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long hear how they sped to-day. You’ll remem your brother’s excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Command me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

A retreat sound.

Par. They’re come from field: let us Priam’s hall

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I mwoo you

To help enarm our Hector: his stubborn buck

With these your white enchanting fingers touch.

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel

Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall more

Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. ’Twill make us proud to be his serv.

Paris;

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty

Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,

Yea, overshines oursel.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

Exeunt.
Enter Troilus.

'Troilus. How now! where's thy master? at my sin Cressida's?

Joy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him her.

Enter Troilus.

'Troilus. O! here he comes. How now, how now!

'Sirrah, walk off.

'Troilus. Have you seen my cousin?

'Sirrah. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, the strange soul upon the Stygian banks ying for waftage. O! be thou my Charon, I give me swift transference to those fields ere I may walk in the lily-beds pos'd for the deserver. O gentle Pandarus! in Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings, I fly with me to Cressid.

'Troilus. Walk here i' the orchard. I'll bring her straight.

Enter Pandarus.

'Troilus. She's making her ready; she'll come sight: you must be witty now. She does so, and fetches her wind so short, as if she frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is a prettiest villain: she fetches her breath so as a new-ta'en sparrow.

'Exit.

'Troilus. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:

'Troilus. My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse; all my powers do their bestowing lose, es vassalage at unawares encountering eye of majesty.

Re-enter Pandarus with Cressida.

'Exit.

'Troilus. Come, come, what need you blush? me's a baby. Here she is now: swear the 'ns now to her that you have sworn to me, at are you gone again? you must be watched you be made tame, must you? Come your y's, come your ways; an you draw backward, I'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak her? Come, draw this curtain, and let 's see r picture. Alas the day! how lown you are offend daylight; an 'twere dark, you'd close her. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. Iw now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, cener; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall it your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon she tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to.

'Troilus. You have bereft me of all words, lady. 'Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds; she'll bereave you o' the deeds too if she call your activity in question. What! billing again! Here's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.

'Exit. 62

Cressida. Will you walk in, my lord?

'Troilus. O Cressida! how often have I wished me thus.

Cressida. Wished, my lord! The gods grant,— O my lord!

'Troilus. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dregs espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cressida. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

'Troilus. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cressida. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

'Troilus. O! let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cressida. Not nothing monstrous neither!

'Troilus. 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 monstruous in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cressida. 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?

'Troilus. 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.

Cressida. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What! blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cressida. Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

'Troilus. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wood, they are constant being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they will stick where they are thrown.

Cressida. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.

Prince Troilus. I have loved you night and day. For many weary months.

'Troilus. 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; 130
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I wou'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see! your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth. 140
Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.
Pan. Pretty, 't faith.
Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd: 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.— 151
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. Where is my wit?
I would be gone, I speak not what.
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 aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays:
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be afronted 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 come Agree their truths with Troilus: when their crimes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similés, truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentick author to be cited,
As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.
Cres. Prophet may you?
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 Th:
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grant'd
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love
Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the kind, or stepdame to her son,
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehe
As false as Cressid.'
Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal!
I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand, sir,
my cousin's. If ever you prove false one another,
Since I have taken such pains to be
you together, let all pitiful goers-between
called to the world's end after my name;
them all Pandars; let all constant men
Troilusses, all false women Cressids, and
brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.
Tro. Amen.
Cres. Amen.
Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show yo' chamber with a bed; which bed, because it is
not speak of your pretty encounters, press in death: away!
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens beds,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear.

Scene III.—The Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have to you,
The advantage of the time prompts me alon;
To call for recompense. Appear it to your minds That through the sight I bear in things to come; I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself, From certain and possess'd conveniences, To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me 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, Troj?
makes demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor. Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear. Oft have you, often have you thanks therefor. Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange, Whom Troy hath still denied; but this Antenor I know is such a wrest in their affairs That their negotiations all must slack, Wanting his manage; and they will almost Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:
use it our general to pass strangely by him, if he were forgot; and, princes all, negligent and loose regard upon him: all come last. 'Tis like he'll question me by such unpleasing eyes are bent on him: a, I have derision medicable use between your strangeness and his pride, igh his own will shall have desire to drink. may do good: pride hath no other glass show itself but pride, for supple knees'd arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

Ulyss. We'll execute your purpose, and put on form of strangeness as we pass along: 81 to each lord, and either grieve him not else disdainfully, which shall shake him more if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

cchil. What! comes the general to speak with me? I know my mind; I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Ulyss. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

cchil. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Ulyss. No.

Ulyss. Nothing, my lord.

Ulyss. The better.

Exit AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.

cchil. Good day, good day.


cchil. What! does the euckold scorn me?

jux. How now, Patroclus!

cchil. Good morrow, Ajax.

jux. Ha?

cchil. Good morrow.

jux. Ay, and good next day too. Exit.

cchil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Ulyss. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend, send their smiles before them to Achilles; come as humbly as they us'd to creep holy altars.

cchil. What! am I poor of late? certain, greatness, once fell out with fortune, fall out with men too: what the declin'd is, shall as soon read in the eyes of others feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies, flew not their mealy wings but to the summer, I not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honour, but honour for those honours That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit: Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me: Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did po-sess, Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding As they have often given. Here is Ulysses: I'll interrupt his reading.
How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son! Achil. What are you reading? Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me:

That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boost 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 turns not to itself.
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position, It is familiar, but at the author's drift;
Who in his circumstance expressly proves That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates

The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this; And apprehended here immediately

The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things, again most dear in the esteem, And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-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 fastening 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-six'd monster of ingratiations:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are
devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant
way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: then what they do in
present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop
yours;
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the corner: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O! let not virtue
seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things
past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on
thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou 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-

Achil. Of this my privacy.

I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. 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.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulyss. 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
gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery, with whom relation
Durst never meddle, in the soul of state,
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give 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
home,
When fame shall in our islands sound

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sin
'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 shall
break.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I me-
you.

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd this:
They think my little stomach to the war
And your great love to me restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak war

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fangs;
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shuck to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and perhaps receive much hon-
by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O! then beware
Those wounds heal ill that men do give th-

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an aque, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet
troilus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarm'd. I have a won-
longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, ask-
for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight single to-morrow with
Hector, and is so prophetically proud of
heroical cudgelling that he raves in say-
nothing.
TROILUS

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, AENEAS, and Servant with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHIBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord Aeneas.

Aeneas. 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.


Par. A valiant Greek, Aeneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Aene. Health to you, valiant sir; during all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long, health!
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Aene. 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 sympathize. Jove, let Aeneas 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!

Aene. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, lord, so early?

Aene. 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 Cressid.

Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Aene. That I assure you

Troilus had rather Troy were born to Greece
Than Cressid born from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Aene. Good morrow, all.

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most, Myself or Menelaus?

**Dio.**
Both alike:
He merits well to have her that doth seek her, Not making any scruple of her solire, 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 a thee and dregs of a flat tamed piece; You, like a lecher, out of whorsho loins Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors: Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

**Par.**
You are too bitter to your countryman.
**Dio.**
She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris:
For every false drop in her bawdy veins A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple Of her contaminated carrion weight A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak, She hath not given so many good words breath As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death. 

**Par.**
Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do, Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy; But we in silence hold this virtue well, We'll but commend what we intend to sell. Here lies our way.

**Exeunt.**

**Scene II.**—The Same. Court of Pandarus's House.

**Enter Troilus and Cressida.**

**Tro.**
Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.
**Cres.**
Then, sweet my lord, I will call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

**Tro.**
Trouble him not; To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes, And give as soft attachment to thy senses As infants' empty of all thought!

**Cres.**
Good morrow then.

**Tro.**
I prithee now, to bed.
**Cres.**
Are you aware of me?

**Tro. O Cressida!** but that the busy day, Wuk'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows, And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer, I would not from thee.

**Cres.**
Night hath been too brief.

**Tro.**
Beshear 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.**
Prithee, tarry: You men will never tarry. O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off, And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

**Pan.**
Within. What! 's all the doors open here?
**Tro.**
It is your uncle.

**Cres.**
A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking: I shall have such a life!

**Enter Pandarus.**

**Pan.**
How now, how now! how go maid's heads?
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid
**Cres.**
Go hang yourself, you naughty mock-uncle!
You bring me to do—and then you flout me.
**Pan.**
To do what? to do what? let her what: what have I brought you to do?
**Cres.**
Come, come; beshear your head you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

**Pan.**
Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a capoccia! hast not slept to-night? would not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bighearted him!

**Knocking within.**

**Cres.**
Did not I tell you? Would he 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 naught.

**Tro.**
Ha, ha!
**Cres.**
Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of such thing.

**Knocking within.**

How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come I would not for half Troy have you seen her.

**Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.**

**Pan.**
Who's there! what's the matter? 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 troth, I knew you not: what news with you early?

**Æne.**
Is not Prince Troilus here?
**Pan.**
Here! what should he do here?
**Æne.**
Come, he is here, my lord; do not do him: It doth import him much to speak with me.

**Pan.**
Is he here, say you? 'tis more the know, I'll be sworn: for my own part, I care in late. What should he do here?

**Æne.**
Who? nay, then: come, come, ye do him wrong ere you're ware. You'll be true to him, to be false to him. Do not know of him, but yet go fetch him hither;

**Re-enter Troilus.**

**Tro.**
How now! what's the matter?
**Æne.**
My lord, I scarce have leisure to say you, My matter is so rash: there is at hand Paris your brother, and Delphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliv'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The Lady Cressida.

**Tro.**
Is it concluded so?

**Æne.**
By Priam and the general state of Tr. They are at hand and ready to effect it.

**Tro.**
How my achievements mock me! I will not meet them: and, my Lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

**Æne.**
Good, good, my lord; the secret's nature Have not more gift in taciturnity.

**Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.**
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Scene IV.—The Same. A Room in Pandarus’s House.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violenst in a sense as strong As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it? If I could temporize 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, heavy heart,
Why sigh’st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not case thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rime. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lambs!

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain’d a purity, That the bless’d gods, as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; ’tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What! and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of change Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause, rudely begulges our lips Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents Our lock’d embrasures, strangles our dear vows Even in the birth of our own labouring breath. We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injurious time now with a robber’s haste Crams his rich thievry up, he knows not how: As many farewell 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, Distasting with the salt of broken tears.

Aine. Within. My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call’d: some say the Genius so.

Cres. ‘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!

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

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;
Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise:
How novelties 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 heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtile games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.
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.
Aene. Within. Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.
Par. Within. Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas! it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is 'plain and true'; there's all the reach of it.

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Gree,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword.
Now Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Pram is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid, So please you, save the thanks this prince expe,
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him who
Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteous.
To shame the seal 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 chieftain,
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 privileng'd by my place and messengers
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,'
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, 'no.'
Tro. Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Dion.
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy Lady,
give me your hand, and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

Execut Troilus, Cressida, Diomedes. Trumpet sounds.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Aene. 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 ride with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Aene. 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.

Scene V.—The Grecian Camp. Lists set on.

Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor and Others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fit and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
That dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my punch
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pi
Blow, villain, till thy thready bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes sp
blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. Trumpet sounds.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed with Caleb's daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his ga
rises on the toe; that spirit of his aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.

Cam. Is this the Lady Cressida?

Troil. Even she.

Cam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Est. Our general doth salute you with a kiss. /lyss. Yet is the kindness but particular; were better she were kiss'd in general.

Est. And very courteously: I'll begin. much for Nestor, Chil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:

Illes bids you welcome.

En. I had good argument for kissing once.

At. But that's no argument for kissing now; thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment, parted thus and your argument. /lyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our corns! which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

At. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine: nucke kisses you.

En. O! this is trim.

At. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

En. I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.

Es. In kissing, do you render or receive?

At. Both take and give.

Es. I'll make my match to live, kiss you take is better than you give; before no kiss.

En. I'll give you boot; I'll give you three for one.

Es. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

En. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.

Es. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true, you are odd, and he is even with you.

En. You fillip me 'o' the head.

Es. No, I'll be sworn.

Es. It were no match, your nail against his horn.

1. sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

2. You may.

3. I do desire it.

Es. Why, beg then.

Es. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss, Helen is a maid again, and his. 50 I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.

Es. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Es. Lady, a word: I'll bring you to your father.

Diomedes leads out Cressida.

Est. A woman of quick sense.

Es. Fie, fie upon her!

Es. Her language in her eye, her cheek, her lip, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out very joint and motive of her body. These encouterers, so glib of tongue, give a coasting welcome ere it comes, wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts very tickling reader, set them down slutish spoils of opportunity daughters of the game. Trumpet within.

1. The Trojans' trumpet.

Tam. Yonder comes the troop.

for HECTOR, armed; AENEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Tm. Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done to him that victory commands! or do you purpose

A victor shall be known? will you the knights Shall to the edge of all extremity Pursue each other, or shall be divided By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Aem. Which way would Hector have it?

Aeneas. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achilles. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done, A little proudly, and great deal disgracing The knight oppos'd.

Aeneas. If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

Achilles. If not Achilles, nothing.

Aeneas. Therefore Achilles; but, what'eer, 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. Achilles. A maiden battle then? O! I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomedes.

Aem. Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight, Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas Consent upon the order of their fight, 90 So be it; either to the uttermost, Or else a breath: the combatants being kin Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ajax and Hector enter the lists.

Ulysses. They are oppos'd already.

Aem. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulysses. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word, Speaking in deeds and 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 impure thought with breath.

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes To tender objects; but he in heat of action Is more vindicative than jealous love.

They call him Troilus, and on him erect A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says 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.

Aem. There are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Troilus, Hector thou sleepest; awake thee!

Ajax. His blows are well dispos'd: there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more.

Trum. Trumpets cease.

Aeneas. 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. 130
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy communion 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 cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's; 'by Jove multiform,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressed made
Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hec. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
On whose bright crest Fame with her lowest eyes
Cries 'This is he!' could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Aene. There is expectance 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.

Dido. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hec. Envies, call my brother Troilus to me,
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hec. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion:
But in this extant moment, faith and truth,
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. To Troilus. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:
You brace of war-like brothers, welcome hither.

Hec. Who must we answer?

Aene. The noble Menelaus.

Hec. O! you, my lord? by Mars his guilt lends thanks!
Mock not that I affect the untraded oath;
Your quondam wife sweats still by Venus' ghast.
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a dear theme.

Hec. O! pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I I
seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduing
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword
th' 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 the
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in ste
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire
And once fought with him: he was a soul
good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace th
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Aene. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hec. Let me embrace thee, great old chorom
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with

time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp th

Nest. I would my arms could match thee contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hec. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the tim
Uliss. I wonder now how yonder city stan
When we have here her base and pillar by u
Hec. I know your favour, Lord Ulisses, we
Uliss. Ah! sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan de
Since first I saw yourself and Dionys
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Uliss. Sir, I foretold you then what we ensu
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your tow
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do bus
clounds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hec. I must not believe ye,
There they stand yet, and modestly I think.
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns al
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Uliss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welco
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Uliss,

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
TROILUS

Is this Achilles?

Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Nay, I have done already.

Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body I may give the local wound a name, I make distinct the very breach whereon Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man, answer such a question. Stand again: ask'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly to prenominate in nice conjecture ere thou wilt hit me dead?

I tell thee, yea.

Wert thou the oracle to tell me so, not believe thee. Hencethfore guard thee well, I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there; by the forge that stieth Mars his helm, kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.

wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragg; insolence draws folly from my lips; I'll endeavour deeds to match these words, may I never—

Do not chafe thee, cousin: you, Achilles, let these threats alone, accident and purpose bring you to't: may have every day enough of Hector, you have stomach. The general state, I fear, scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

I pray you, let us see you in the field; have had peltins wars since you refuse'd Grecians' cause.

Dost thou entreat me, Hector? morrow do I meet thee, fell as death; night all friends.

Thy hand upon that match.

First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent; ere in the full convive we: afterwards, Hector's leisure and your bounties shall occur together, severally entreat him.

loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
at this great soldier may his welcome know.

Enter all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.

My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you, what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

At Mencius' tent, most princely Troilus: Diomed doth feast with him to-night; so neither looks on heaven nor on earth, gives all gaze and bent of amorous view the fair Cressid.

Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent, To bring me thither?

You shall command me, sir. As gentle tell me, of what honour was This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there That wails her absence?

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord? She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth: But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
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; so
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus!

**Exit Achilles and Patroclus.**

**Ther.** With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be aurer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckold; a thifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg.—to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox; to an ox, were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a Roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hey-day! spirits and fires!

**Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomedes, with lights.**

**Agam.** We go wrong; we go wrong.

**Ajax.** No, yonder 'tis.

**There.** There, where we see the lights.

**Hect.** I trouble you.

**Ajax.** No, not a whit.

**Ulyss.** Here comes himself to guide you.

**Re-enter Achilles.**

**Achil.** 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 Lord Menelaus.

**Ther.** Sweet draught: 'sweet' quoth a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

**Achil.** Good night and welcome both at once to those
That go or tarry.

**Agam.** Good night.

**Exit Agamemnon and Menelaus.**

**Achil.** Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

**Dio.** I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great
Hector.

**Hect.** Give me your hand.

**Ulyss.** Aside to Troilus. Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent.

**I'll keep you company.**

**Tro.** Sweet sir, you honour me.

**Hect.** And so, good night.

**Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.**

**Achil.** Come, come; enter my tent.

**Ereunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax and Nest.**

**Ther.** That same Diomed's a false-hear- rogue, a most unjust knife; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serp when he hisses. He will spend his mouth, a promise, like Brabbler the hound; but whl he performs, astronomers foretell it: it is digous, there will come some change: the borrow of the moon when Diomed keeps word. I will rather leave to see Hector, th not to dog him: they say he keeps a Tro dram, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent after. Nothing but lechery! all incontin varlets!

**Exit.**

**Scene II.—The Same. Before Calchas' Tent.**

**Enter Diomedes.**

**Dio.** What, are you up here, ho? speak.

**Cal.** Within. Who calls?

**Dio.** Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

**Cal.** Within. She comes to you.

**Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance after them, Thersites.**

**Ulyss.** Stand where the torch may not cover us.

**Enter Cressida.**

**Tro.** Cressid comes forth to him.

**Dio.** How now, my charge.

**Cres.** Now, my sweet guardian! Hark! word with you.

**Whisp.** Tro. Yea, so familiar!

**Ulyss.** She will sing any man at first sight.

**Ther.** And any man may sing her, if she take her cleft; she's noted.

**Dio.** Will you remember?

**Cres.** Remember! yes.

**Dio.** Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your word.

**Tro.** What should she remember?

**Ulyss.** List!

**Cres.** Sweet honey Greek, tempt me not to folly.

**Ther.** Rognery!

**Dio.** Nay, then,—

**Cres.** I'll tell you what,—

**Dio.** Foh! foh! come, tell a pin: you are sworn.

**Cres.** In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

**Ther.** A juggling trick,—to be secretly ope.

**Dio.** What did you swear you would best on me?

**Cres.** I prithee, 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 foe no more.

**Tro.** Thy better must.

**Cres.** Hark! one word in your ear.

**Tro.** O plague and madness
Troilus come,
120 I did sweare patience.
Cressida You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;
I'll give you something else.
Troilus I will have this. Whose was it?
Cressida 'Tis no matter.
Troilus Come, tell me whose it was.
Cressida Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Troilus Whose was it?
Cressida By all Diana's waiting-women round,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Troilus To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Troilus Wert thou the devil, and worst it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.
Cressida Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past: and yet it is not:
I will not keep my word.
Troilus Why then, farewell; Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cressida You shall not go: one cannot speak a word
But it straight starts you.
Troilus I do not like this fooling.
Cressida Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not me
Pleases me best.
Troilus What shall I come? the hour?
Cressida Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do come:—I shall be plag'ud.
Troilus Farewell till then.
Cressida Good night: I prithee, come.
Exit Diomedes.
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah! poor our sex; this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads must err. O! then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.
Exit.
Cressida
Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said 'My mind is now turn'd whore.'
Ulysses All's done, my lord.
Troilus It is.
Ulysses Why stay we then?
Troilus To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperanee so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptive functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Ulysses I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Troilus She was not, sure.
Ulysses Most sure she was.
Troilus Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
Ulysses Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
Troilus 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! 130

**Tro.** Nothing at all, unless that this were she. **Ther.** Will he swagger himself out on his 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 sanctimon'y,
If sanctimon'y be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against thyself;
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt 140
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.
Within my soul there doth proceed a fight
Of this strange nature that a thing inseparable
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and
loos'd; 152
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fragments of her faith, arts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

**Ulyss.** May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

**Tro.** Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart

Infam'd with Venus; never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed;
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear in his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spot
Which shipmen do the hurricane call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more emolour Neptune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompt sword
Falling on Diomed.

**Ther.** He'll tickle it for his concupiscence.

**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 Aeneas.**

**Aene.** I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy:
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

**Tro.** Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

**Ulyss.** I'll bring you to the gates.

**Tro.** Accept distracted thanks.

**Exit Troilus, Aeneas, and Ulysses.**

**Ther.** Would I could meet that rogue Diomed!

I would croak like a raven; I would bow down my bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whorse: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he to commodius drahis. Lechery, lechery; still, and lechery: nothing else holds fashion, burning devil take them!

**Scene III.—Troy. Before Priam's Palace.**

**Enter Hector and Andromache.**

**And.** When was my lord so much ungen-temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment? Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

**Hect.** You train me to offend you; get you by all the everlasting gods, I'll go! And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous the day.

**Hect.** No more, I say.

**Enter Cassandra.**

**Cas.** Where is my brother Hect.

**And.** Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intents, Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamed Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

**Cas.** O! 'tis true.

**Hect.** Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

**Cas.** No notes of sally, for the heavens, so my brother.

**Hect.** Be gone, I say: the gods have been with me swear.

**Cas.** The gods are deaf to hot and peevish voice;
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd Than spotted liars in the sacrifice.

**And.** O! be persuaded: do not count it ful.
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent the And rob in the behalf of charity.

**Cas.** It is the purpose that makes strong 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 dearer the Holds honour far more precious-dear than.

**Enter Troilus.**

How now, young man! mean'st thou to to-day?

**And.** Cassandra, call my father to persuasion.

**Hect.** No, faith, young Troilus; doff thine harness, youth;
I am to-day 't the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strung
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

**Andromache.** Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave! 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? do for it.

**Tro.** When many times the captive Greece...
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Pri. Farewell; the gods with safety stand about thee!

Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR.

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?
Tro. What now?
Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.
Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ti-ick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one of these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
The effect doth operate another way.

Tearing the letter.

Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.

My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds.

Exeunt severally.

SCENE IV.—Plains between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

THERSITES. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurry doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O the 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 dog-pronder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to day; wherein the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t' other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for should'st 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 where, Grecian! now for thy where, Trojan; now the sleeve! now the sleeve!

Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, 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.
Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle; yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. Exit.

Scene V.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter Diomedes and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse; Present the fair steed to my Lady 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.

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margareon Hath Dorens prisoner, And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam, Upon the passed corse of the kings Epistrophus and Cælius; Polyxenes is slain; Amphilochus, and Thoas, deadly hurt; Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadful Sagittary Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed, To reinforcement, or we perish all. 

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles; And bid the snall-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 armimg, weeping, 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 fouls at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it, Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day Mad and fantastic execution, Engaging and redeeming of himself With such a careless force and forceless care As if that luck, in very spite of cunning, Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! In Dio. Ay, there, the Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Achill. Where is this Hector? Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face. Know what it is to meet Achilles angry: Hector! where's Hector! I will none but Hector! Exit.

Scene VI.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show head!

Enter Diomedes.


Enter Hector.

Heet. Yea, Troilus! O! well fought, youngest brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achill. Now do I see thee. Ha! Have at thee! Hector! Heet. Pause, if thou wilt. Achill. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Troilus, Be happy that my arms are out of use: My rest and negligence befriended thee now, But thou anon shalt hear of me again; Till when, go seek thy fortune. Heet. 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 Aeneas; shall it be? No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven, He shall not carry him: I'll be ta'en too, Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say I reck not though thou end my life to-day.

Enter One in swarthy armour.

Heet. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art goody mark. No! wilt thou not? I like thy armour well; I'll fresh it, and unlock the rivets all, But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, be abide? Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. Exeunt.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Scene VII.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Chil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons; what I say. Attend me where I wheel: if not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath: when I have the bloody Hector found, pale him with your weapons round about; fittest manner execute your aims. How me, sirs, and my proceedings eye: decreed Hector the great must die. Exeunt.

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting: then Therites.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Lo, Paris, 'tis! my double-henned sparrow! 'Lo, Paris! The bull has the game: ware horns, ho! Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight. 13


Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard mind, bastard in value, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and therefore should one bastard? Take heed, the unrefined most ominous to us: if the son of a whore, he tempts judgment. Rewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! Exeunt.

Scene VIII.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without, goodly armour thus hath cost thy life. is my day's work done? I'll take good breath:

sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death. Puts off his helmet, and lays his sword aside.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set; ugly night comes breathing at his heels: en with the vail and darkening of the sun, close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarmed; forgo this vantage, Greek. Achil. Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man I seek. HECTOR falls. 10

Ilion, full thou next! now, Troy, sink down! lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone! Myrmidons, and cry you all amain, hilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

A retreat sounded.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth, stickler-like, the armies separates, half-sup'd sword, that frankly would have fed, with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed. Sheathe's his sword. Come, tie his body to my horse's tail; Along the field I will the Trojan trail. Exeunt.

Scene IX.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and Others, marching. Shouts within.


Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles. Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be; Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along. Let one be sent To pray Achilles see us at our tent. If in his death the gods have us befriended, Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. Exeunt, marching.

Scene X.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter Æneas and Trojan Forces.

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 screech-owl 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 maidens and wives, Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word, Scare Troy out of itself. But march away: Hector is dead; there is no more to say. Stay yet. You vile abominable tents, Thusly proud fight upon our Phrygian plains, Let Titan rise as early as he dare, I'll through and through you! And, thou great-six'd coward, No space of earth shall sunder our two hastes: I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still, That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzies thoughts. Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go: Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe. Exeunt Æneas and Trojan Forces.

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! L

*Exit.*

**Pan.** A goodly medicine for mine aching bones! O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised. O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it? Let me see:

*Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing, Till he hath lost his honey and his sting; And being once subdued in armed tail, Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.*

Good traders in the flesh, set this in ye 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 made:

*It should be now, but that my fear is this,* Some galled goose of Winchester would kiss. Tll then I'll sweat, and seek about for cases; And at that time bequeath you my diseases.  

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**C ORI OLANUS.**

**DRAMATIS PERSONAE.**

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.

TITUS LARTIUS, } Generals against the Volscians.

COMINIUS, MENENIUS AGrippa, Friend to Coriolanus.

SICINIIUS VELUTUS, } Tribunes of the People.

YOUNG MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.  

A Roman Herald.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ediles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

**SCENE.—**Rome and the neighbourhood; Corioli and the neighbourhood; Antium.

**ACT I.**

**SCENE I.**—Rome. A Street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

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

All. We know’t, we know’t.

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

All. No more talking on ’t; let it be done.

Away, away!

Second Cit. One word, good citizens.

First 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 inven-

tory to particularize their abundance; our sufficiency is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes; for the gossh know I speak this in hunger for bread, not thirst for revenge.

Second Cit. Would you proceed especial against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he’s a very dog to commonalty.

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

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for ’t, but that he paid himself with being proud.

Second Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done falsely, he did it to that end: though set conciliated men can be content to say it for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud; which he is, even the altitude of his virtue.

Second Cit. What he cannot help in his nation you account a vice in him. You must in any way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barned of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, tire in repetition.  

*Shouts with*
at shouts are these? The other side o' the
risen: why stay we prating here? to
Capitol!
Ut. Come, come.
First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

Second Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one
thath has always loved the people.
First Cit. He's one honest enough: would all
rest were so!

Ten. What work's, my countrymen, in hand?
where go you
hats and clubs? The matter? Speak,
I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the
state; they have had inking this fortnight
at we intend to do, which now we'll show
in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong
whisks: they shall know we have strong arms

Ten. Why, masters, my good friends, mine
honest neighbours,
you undo yourselves?
First Cit. We cannot, sir; we are undone
already.

Ten. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
for the patricians of you. For your wants,
suffering in this dearth, you may as well
be at the heaven with your staves as lift
them
unst the Roman state, whose course will on
way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
more strong link asunder than can ever
bear in your impediment. For the dearth,
gods, not the patricians, make it, and
kneel to them, not arms, must help. Alack!
are transported by calamity
there where more attends you; and you slander
heins of the state, who care for you like
fathers,
on you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They
cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and
storehouses cramped with grain; make
acts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily
wholesome act established against the rich,
I provide more piercing statutes daily to chain
and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us
up, they will; and there's all the love they
have to us.

Men. Either you must
afflict yourselves wondrous malicious,
be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
prettiest tale: it may be you have heard it;
t, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
state 'tis a little more.

First Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must
think to fob off our disgrace with a tale;
at, 'tisn't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's
members
did against the belly; thus accus'd it:
at only like a gulf it did remain
midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
ill cupboarding the viand, never bearing
ke labour with the rest, where the other
instruments
d see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
ad, mutually participate, did minister

Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—
First Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?
Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,
Which 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.

First 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 trumpet,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?
Fare me this fellow speaks! What then? what
then?
First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be
restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—
Men. Well, what then?
First Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
Men. If you'll bestow a small, of what you have
little,
Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer,
First Cit. Ye're long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
'Twas true 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—
First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.
Men. 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to't?
First Cit. It was an answer. How apply you this?
Men. The senators of Rome are this good
belly,
And you the mutinous members; for examine
Their 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?
First Cit. I the great toe? Why the great toe?
Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest, Of this most wise rebellion, thou go’st foremost: Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run, Lead'st first to win some vantage. But make you ready your stiff hats and clubs: Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

The one side must have bale. Hail, noble Marcius! Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious rogues? That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, to make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word. Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs, That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you. The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, Where he should find you lions, finds you hares; Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no, Than is the coal of fire upon the ice, or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is To make him worthy whose offence subdues him, And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness Deserves your hate; and your affections are A sick man’s appetite, who desires most that Which would increase his evil. He that depends Upon your favours; swims with fins of lead, And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind, And call him noble that was now your hate, Him vile that was your garland. What’s the matter, That in these several places of the city You cry against the noble senate, who, Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else Would feed on one another! What’s their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates: whereof, they say, The city is well stord.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say! They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know What's done in the Capitol: who's like to rise, Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and give out. Conjugal marriages; making parties strong, And feasting 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 persuaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion, Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you, What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: hang 'em!

They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd for proverbs: That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat That meat was made for mouths; that the grave sent not Corn for the rich men only. With these shrill They vented their complaining; which be answer'd, And a petition granted them, a strange one. To break the heart of generosity, And make bold power look pale, they th' their caps As they would hang them on the horns of the moon, Shouting their emulation. Men. What is granted the Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms, Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus, Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath! The rabble should have first unroof'd the cit. Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time Win upon power, and throw forth greater then For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange. Mar. Go; get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: what is the matter? Mess. The news is, sir, the Volscians are in arms, Mar. I am glad on't; then shall we h' me to vent Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS and SCIINI VELUTUS.

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you hastily told us;

The Volscians are in arms.

Mar. They have a lede. Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to it. I sin in envying his nobility, And were I any thing but what I am, I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. We were half to the world by the east and he Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make Only my wars with him: he is a lion That I am proud to hunt.

First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is; And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face What art thou stuff? stand't out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius, I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'oth Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O! true bred. First Sen. Your company to the Capitol, where I know Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. To COMINIUS. Lead you on! To MARCIUS. Follow Cominius; we must follow you; Right worthy you priority.
Noble Marcius!

First Sen. To the Citizens. Hence! To your homes! be gone.

Mar. Nay, let them follow: the Volscs have much corn; take these rats thither.

gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners, your valour puts well forth; pray, follow. 

Second Senators, COMINIUS, MARCIUS, TITUS, and MENERIUS. Citizens steal away.

Was ever man so proud as this Marcius? He has no equal.

When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Benock the modest moon. The present wars devour him; he is grown proud to be so valiant.

Such a nature, bred with good success, disdains the shadow which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder: insolence can brook to be commanded by Cominius.

Fame, at which he aims, whom already he's well grac'd, can not be held nor more attain'd than by place below the first; for what miscarries will be the general's fault, though he perform the utmost of a man; and giddy censure I then cry out of Marcius, 'O! if he bore the business.'

Besides, if things go well, you, that so sticks on Marcius, shall his demerits rob Cominius.

All Cominius's honour are to Marcius, through Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults Marcius shall be honour'd, though indeed he merit not.

Let's hence and hear the dispatch made; and in what fashion, or short by his singularity, he goes on his present action.

Let's along. Exit.

These three lead on this preparation.

Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:

Consider of it.

First Sen. Our army's in the field.

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready

To answer us.

Aunf. Nor did you think it folly

To keep your great pretences veil'd till when they needs must show themselves; which in the hatching, it seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery we shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was, to take in many towns ere almost Rome should know we were afoot.

Second Sen. Noble Anfidius,

Take your commission; tie you to your bands;

Let us alone to guard Corioli:

If they set down before's, for the remove

Bring up your army; but I think you'll find they've not prepar'd for us.

Aunf. O! doubt not that; I speak from certainties. Nay, more; some parcels of their power are forth already, and only hitherward. I leave your honours

If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,

'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Aunf. And keep your honours safe!

First Sen. Farewell.

Second Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell.

Exit.


Enter Volumnia and Virgilia. They set them down on two low stools and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embraces 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 pluck'd all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding. I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first 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 Volsces shunning him:

Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome.'

His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow.
Or all or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter! no blood.

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lower
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords, contemning. 'Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome.'

Exit Gentlewoman.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and an
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 set his teeth and tear it; O! I warrant, how he mocked it.

Vol. One on 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Vol. Come, lay aside your stitchery; 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. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come; you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all they shespun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, would your cambric were sensible as your fin that you might leave pricking it for pity. Co you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O! good madam, there can be none.

Val. Verily. I do not jest with you; I came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, 'tis true; I heard a sent speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an a forth; against whom Cominius the general gone, with one part of our Roman power; ye lord and Titus Lartius are set down before city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailed to make it brief wars. This is true, on honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

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

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

Vol. In troth, I think she would. Fare well then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virginia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and along with us.

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

Val. Well then, farewell.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TRI
LARTIUS, Captains, and Soldiers. To the
Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they ha met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agre.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke yet.

Lart. So the good horse is mine.

Mar. 'I'll buy him of y

Lart. No, I'll not sell nor give him: lend him I will

For half a hundred years. Summon the tow
Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and ha

Mar. Then shall we hear their larum, a they ours.

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work.
That we with smoking swords may march for
hence,
To help our fielded friends! Come, blow a blast.

A parley sounded. Enter, on the walls, two
Senators, and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you but he,

That's less than a little. Drums off.

Hark! our drum Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break o
walls,
CORIOLANUS.

Scene IV.

CORIOLANUS.

To Alarum

Not I mend he come "tis but, our Pluto Bold now!

"639 O fare sir. Now believe they backs O,

ENE. ther which Lart. longst ere

lich [larum. wuppy u. ster rther

r m far. th ther)

r/thcond 'Jorioli, Jjier

Third Lart. "Mrtipp'd-to

hurt ou th by plagues you, hell home, make for

seconds the followers flight slaves '11

fires them heaven, I

of the gates. for the followers fortune widens them,

for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

He enters the gates.

First Sol. Foolhardiness! not I.

Second Sol. Nor I.

MARCIUS is shut in.

Third Sol. See, they have shut him in.

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Alarum continues.

Re-enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcus?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels, then he enters; who, upon the sudden, opp’d-to their gates; he is himself alone, answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow! so sensibly outdare his senseless sword, d, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcus:

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.

First Sol. Look! sir.

Lart. O! ’tis Marcus: Let’s fetch him off, or make remain alike. 62 They fight, and all enter the city.

Scene V.—Corioli. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

Second Rom. And I this.

Third Rom. A murrain on’t! I took this for silver.

Alarum continues still afar off.

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

MAR. See here these movers that do prize their hours

At a crack’d drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons, Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves, Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with them!

And hark, what noise the general makes! To him! There is the man of my soul’s hate, Anfidius, to Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take Convenient numbers to make good the city, Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste

to help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed’st; Thy exercise hath been too violent

For a second course of fight.

MAR. Sir, praise me not; My work hath yet not warm’d me: fare you well: The blood I drop is rather physical Than dangerous to me: to Anfidius thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune, Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms Misguide thy opposers’ swords! Bold gentleman, Prosperity be thy page!

MAR. Thy friend no less Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcus!

Exeunt.

Scene VI.—Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter Cominius and Forces, as in retreat.

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. Ye Roman gods!
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-
countering,
May give you thankful sacrifice.

Enter a Messenger.

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 speakest 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 Volscians
Here came in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, 20
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'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 tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius's tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart 30
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your
trenches?

Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file,—a plague! tribunes for them!
Themone sides shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From masts worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not
think.

Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on
which side?

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius.
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that ye

Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and dar
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could w
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And baths applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are the
That most are willing. If any such be here,
As it were sin to doubt, that love this pain't
When in you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

They all about and waxe their swords; take b
up in their arms, and cast up their ee
O! me alone! Make you a sword of me!
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volscians? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from a
the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to mark
And four shall quickly draw out my commar
Which men are best inclin'd.

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

EXECUT

SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon Cori
going with drum and trumpet toward COMONI
and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a LIEUTENANT
a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.

LART. So; let the ports be guarded; keep ye
duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispa
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will ser
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

LIEU. Fear not our care, s
LART. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp con
us.

EXECUT

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

ALARUM. Enter from opposite sides MARCIUS
and AUFIDIIUS.

MAR. I'll fight with none but thee; for I
hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
We hate alike: Afric owns a serpent I abhor
She thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Var. Let the first bulger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

If I fly, Marcins,
look me like a hare.

Var. Within these three hours, Tullius,
I fought in your Coriolanus,
did what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my blood
Here thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge
Crown up thy power to the highest.

Wert thou the Hector
At was the whip of your brag'd progeny,
On should'st not 'scape me here.

They fight, and certain Volscus come to the
Aid of Aufidius.

In the name of the noble, and not valiant, you have sham'd me
Your condemned seconds.

EXECUT FIGHTING, ALL DRIVEN BY MARCIUS.

SCENE IX.—The Roman Camp.

vrum. A retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter, at
~side, Cominius and Romans; on the other side,
Marcius, with his arm in a scarf, and other
Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's
work,
'Wert not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
Here senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Here great patricians shall attend and shrug,
End his ambition; where ladies shall be frightened,
Gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
Tribunes,
It with the sly plebeians, hate thine honour,
Say, against their hearts,
Thank the gods our Rome hath such a soldier!
I am'st thou to a morel of this feast,
Dung fully din'd before.

Ter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the
pursuit.

Cor. O general,
Be the stead, we the caparison:
Thon beheld—

Cor. Pray now, no more: my mother
Has a charter to extol her blood,
She does praise me grieves me. I have done
You have done; that's what I can; induc'd
You have been; 'tis for your country:
That has but effect'd his good will
Overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be a
Grave of your deserving; Rome must know
A value of her own: 'twere a concealment
As a thief, no less than a traducement,
Hide your doings; to silence that,
Dich, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Uld seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
Sign of what you are, not to reward
At you have done, before our army hear me.

Var. I have some wounds upon me, and they
Smell hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Ill might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
I tent themselves with death. Of all the
horses,

Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,
Of all
The treasure, in this field achieved and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry, 'Marcius! Marcius!' Cast up their caps and lances.

Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

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 a covert for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foid some debile wretch,
Which, without note, here's many else have done,
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dictated
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 incess'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!

All. Caius Marcins Coriolanus!

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.

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 undercrust 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.

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 then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
to give my poor host freedom.

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

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter! forgot. 20

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.

SCENE X.—The Camp of the Volsces.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIOUS, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

First Sold. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, 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, 19

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation

Hath not that honour in't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,

True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way
Or wrath or craft may get him.

First Sold. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's
poison'd

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep nor sanctuary,

Being naked, sick, or fare nor capitol, 20

The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,

Embarcements all of fury, shall lift up

Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst

My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,

Against the hospitable canon, would I

Wash my fierce hand in heart. Go you to the

city;

Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must

Be hostages for Rome.

First Sold. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you,

'Tis south the city mills, bring me word thither

How the world goes, that to the pace of it

I may spur on my journey.

First Sold. I shall, sir. Exeunt.

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 

beasts would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baa like a 

beast. 

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a 

lamb. 

You two are old men: tell me one th' 

that I shall ask you.

Sic, Bru. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in th' 

you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stol 

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 me 

of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Sic, Bru. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—

you not be angry?

Sic, Bru. Well, well, sir; well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a 

little thief of occasion will rob you of a 

deal of patience: give your dispositions the rei 

and be angry at your pleasures; at the least 

you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. Y 

blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone;

your helps are many, or else your actions wo 

grow wondrous single: your abilities are 

infant-like for doing much alone. You 

talk pride: O! that you could turn your 

eyes to the napes of your necks, and make 

but an inter 

survey of your good selves. O! that you con

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a br 

of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistral 

alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic, Menenius, you are known well enough.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patri 

tone and one that loves a cup of hot wine with a 

drop of allying Tiber in't; said to be somet 

imperfect in favouring the first complaint; ha 

and tender-like upon too trivial motion; one th 

converses more with the buttoc of the mi 

with than with the forehead of the morning. 

I think I utter, and spend my misuse in my bre 

Meeting two such weals-men as you are, I can 

call you Lygourges, if the drink you give 

touch my palate adventrily, I make a crock 

face at it. I can't say your worshipshave 

livered the matter well when I find th 

ass compound with the major part of your syllabi 

and though I must be content to bear with th 

that say you are reverend grave men, yet y 

lie deadly that tell you you have good face. 

you see this in the map of my microcosm, follo 

it that I am known well enough too! What ha 

can your bisson conspecuncties glean out of 
	character, if be known well enough too?

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

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, i 

any thing. You are ambitious for poor knay 

caps and legs: you wear out a good wholes 

forenoon in hearing a cause between an orch 

wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn t 

controversy of three-pence to a second day 

audience. When you are hearing a mata 

between party and party, if you chance to 

pinched with the colic, you make faces li
Brutus and Sicinius go aside.

Inter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

Now, my as fair as noble ladies, and the on, were she earthly, no nobler, whither do I follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius proaches; for the love of Juno, let’s go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most spurious approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.

Vol. O! Marcius coming home!

Men. A letter for me! It gives me, an estate seven years’ health; in which time I will be a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric, and, this preservative, of no better report than horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was not to come home wounded.

Vir. O! no, no, no.

Vol. O! he is wounded! I thank the gods!

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much,ings a victory in his pocket? The wounds come him.

Vol. On’s brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And ‘twas time for him too, I’ll warrant, a that: an he had stayed by him I should have been so fiducial for all the chests to rolli, and the gold that’s in them. Is the state possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let’s go. Yes, yes, yes; a sonate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action undone his former deeds doubly.

Vol. In troth there’s wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I’ll be sworn they are true.

Where is he wounded? To the Tribunes. God save your good worshippes! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

Vol. I the shoulder and i the left arm: there will be large cicatrizes to show the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i the body.

Men. One i the neck, and two i the thigh, there’s nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it’s twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy’s grave.

A shout and flourish.

Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in’s nervous arm doth lie; Which, being advance’d, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,

With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these

In honour follows Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart:

Pray now, no more.

Con. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. You have, I know, petition’d all the gods

For my prosperity.

Kneels.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly 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 Corioli wear,

And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? To VALERIA. O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn: O! welcome home;

And welcome, general; and ye’re welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy.
Welcome!
A curse begin at very root on 's heart
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should 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.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on!
Cor. To VOLUMNIA and VIRGINIA. Your hand, and yours:
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 liv'd in
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy; only
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

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

Vol. On, to the Capitol!
Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt state, as before.
The Tribunes remain.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the
bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him; your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him; the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smoother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hord'd
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: sold-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask
In Their nicely-gawled checks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phoebus' burning kisses: such a pother
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were silly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt 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 I as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he

Appear 'i the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word. Oh! he would in
it rather
Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him
And the desire of the nobles.

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

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then as our good will
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to's power
Would have made them mules, silen'd their pleasures
Disproportioned their freedoms; holding them
In human action and capacity.
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war; who have their prov'd
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggest
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people, which time shall not wait
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. I thought
That Marcus shall be consul.
I have seen the dumb men thronch to see him, a
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flaunt their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchee.
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 a-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.

First Off. Come, come; they are almost here.
How many stand for consulships?
Second Off. Three, they say; but 'tis thought
of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That's a brave fellow: but he
vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

Second Off. Faith, there have been many gentry
men that have flattered the people, who not
loved them; and there be many that they ha
loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if th
they know not why, they hate upon no

ter a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus
ter to care whether they love or hate him
isest the true knowledge he has in his
osition; and out of his noble carelessness
hem plainly see't.

first Off. If he did not care whether he had
love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt
ning them neither good nor harm; but he
s their hate with greater devotion than they
render it him, and leaves nothing undone
may fully discover him their opposite,
, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure
he people is as bad as that which he dislikes,
latter them for their love.

second Off. He hath deserved worthily of his
try; and his ascent is not by such easy
rees as those who, having been supple and
eous to the people, bonneted, without any
her deed to have them at all into their es-
ion and report; but he hath so planted his
ours in their eyes, and his actions in their
rts, that for their tongues to be silent, and
confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful
ry; to report otherwise, were a malice, that,
ing itself the lie, would pluck reproof and
ake from every ear that heard it.

first Off. No more of him ; he's a worthy man:
ke way, they are coming.

Enter, with Lectors before them, COMI-
US the Consul, Menenius, Coriolanus, any
other Senators, Sicinius and Brutus.
the Senators take their places; the Tribunes take
reirs also by themselves.

len. Having determin'd of the Voisces, and
send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
the main point of this our after-meeting,
gratify his noble service that
thus stood for his country : therefore,
please you,
 reverence and grave elders, to desire
present consul, and last general
well-found successes, to report
ittle of that worthy work perform'd
Caius Marius Coriolanus, whom
met here both to thank and to remember
honours like himself.

Sen. Speak, good Cominius; we
nothing out for length, and make us think
her our state's defective for requital
we to stretch it out. To the Tribunes.
Masters o' the people,
do request your kindest ears, and after,
loving motion toward the common body,
yield what passes here.

e we are convened

a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
nable to honour and advance

theme of our assembly.

Which the rather
shall be blest to do, if he remember
nder value of the people than
hath hereto priz'd them at.

That's off, that's off;
ould your rather had been silent. Please you
ear Cominius speak?

Most willingly;
yet my caution was more pertinent
an the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
but tie him not to be their bedellow.
Worthy Cominins, speak.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.
Nay, keep your place.

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

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

Sir, I hope
My words dischend you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
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 alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd.

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 on's ears to hear it? Proceed,
Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'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 meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he wax'd like a sea,
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
He hurl'd all swords of the garland. For this
last
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fillers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd.
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's
stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement 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 fatiguate.

And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

First 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 precios 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.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

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

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

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

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage
please you

That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

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

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;
Show them the unaching scars which I should
hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them; and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

Flourish. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sic. May they perceive'st intent! He will
require them,
As if he did contend what he requested
Should be in them to give.

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

Scene III.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

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

Second Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to
it, but it is a power that we have no power
do; for if he show us his wounds, and tell
his deeds, we are to put our tongues into the
wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us
noble deeds, we must also tell him our no
acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstro
and for the multitude to be ingratitude were
make a monster of the multitude; of the win
we being members, should bring ourselves to
monstrous members.

First Cit. And to make us no better thoug
of, a little help will serve; for once we st
up about the corn, he himself stuck not to o
us the many-headed multitude.

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

Second Cit. Think you so? Which way do
judge my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon
as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged
in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty,'twould, sure, southward.

Second Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; when
being three parts melted away with rotten de
the fourth would return, for conscience sake
help to get thee a wife.

Second Cit. You are never without your trie
you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give yo
voices! But that's no matter, the greater pu
aries it. I say, if he would incline to
people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of humility, an
Menenius.

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

All. Content, content. Exeunt Citizens.

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you no
known

The worthiest men have done't!

Cor. What must I say
'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my wound
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 des
them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! Hang 'em
I would they would forget me, like the virtu
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar
Re-enter two Citizens.

So, here comes a brace.

Know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

first Citt. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.

second Citt. Your own desert!

third Citt. Ay, not mine own desire.

first Citt. How not your own desire?

second Citt. No, sir; 'twas never my desire yet to bleed the poor with begging.

first Citt. You must think, if we give you any g, we hope to gain by you.

second Citt. Well then, I pray, your price o' the commodity?

first Citt. The price is, to ask it kindly.

third Citt. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha' t: I wounds to show you, which shall be yours private. Your good voice, sir; what say?

second Citt. You shall ha' t, worthy sir.

third Citt. A match, sir. There's in all two worthy es begged. I have your alms: adieu.

first Citt. But this is something odd.

second Citt. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis matter.

Exeunt the two Citizens.

Re-enter two other Citizens.

or. Pray you now, if it may stand with you of your voices that I may be consul, I have the customary gown.

third Citt. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

or. Your enigma?

third Citt. You have been a scoundrel to her sisters, you have been a rod to her friends; have not indeed loved the common people.

or. You should account me the more virtuous, I have not been common in my love. I will, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn earner estimation of them; 'tis a condition account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my rust, I will practise the insinuating nod, and off to them most counterfeith; that is, sir, will counterfeit the bewitchment of some salar man, and give it bountiful to the decent. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

fourth Citt. We hope to find you our friend, I therefore give you our voices heartily.

third Citt. You have received many wounds your country.

or. I will not seal your knowledge with winging them. I will make much of your voices, so trouble you no further.

both Citt. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! Exeunt.

The dust on antique time would lie unswept, And mountainous error be too highly heap'd For truth to o'erpeer. Rather than fool it so, Let the high office and the honour go To one that would do thus, I am half through; The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Re-enter three 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.

Fifth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

Sixth 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! Exeunt Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:

The people do admit you, and are summoned
to meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Brutus. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks, 'Tis warm at's heart.

Brutus. 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?

First Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Brutus. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

Second Cit. Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice, He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

Third Cit. Certainly, he flouted us downright.

First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

Second 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.
No, no; no man saw 'em.

Third Cit. He said he had wounds, which he
could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,
Here was, 'I thank you for your voices, thank you;
Your most sweet voices: now you have left
your voices
I have no further with you.' Was not this
mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy, ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-adviz'd, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'n on the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unselected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves, and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you
Ere now denied the asker? and now again
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sud-for-tongues?

Third Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny
him yet.

Second Cit. And will deny him:
I' ll have five hundred voices of that sound.

First 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 lo
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most glibingly, ungravely, he did fast
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labo
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say you chose
More after our commandment than as guide
By your own true affections; and that your min
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against

To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectu
to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued, and what stock he spheld
The noble house o' the Marcians, from who
came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were
That our best water brought by conduits hith
And Censorinus that was so surnam'd;
And nobly named so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descend
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say you ne'er had done
Harp on that still, but by our putting on;
And presently, when you had drawn your number
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so: almost a
Repent in their election. Exeunt Citize

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' people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. Exeunt

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Minnius, Titus Larthius, Senators and Pat
cians.

Cor. Tullius Aufidius then had made new hen
Lvat. He had, my lord; and that it was whi
caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at fr
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to ma
road

Upon's again,
They are worn, lord consul, so
we shall hardly in our ages see
ir banners wave again.

Saw you Aufidius?

On safe-guard he came to me; and did
curse
inst the Volscs, for they had so vilely
ded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Spoke he of me?

He did, my lord.

How? what?

How often he had met you, sword to
sword;
t of all things upon the earth he hated
person most, that he would pawn his
fortunes
hopeless restitution, so he might
call'd your vanquisher.

At Antium lives he?

I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
propose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

old! these are the tribunes of the people,
tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;
they do prank them in authority
inst all noble suffrance.

Pass no further.

Ha! what is that?

It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

What makes this change?

The matter?

Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?

Cominius, no.

Have I had children's voices?

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

The people are incensed against him.

Stop, old will fall in broil.

Are these your herd?

t these have voices, that can yield them now,
I straight declare their tongues? What are
your offices?

being their mouths, why rule you not their
teeth?

you not set them on?

Be calm, be calm.

It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
curb the will of the nobility:
fer't, and live with such as cannot rule
ever will be rul'd.

Call 't not a plot: 40

people cry you mock'd them, and of late,
en corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
and the suppliants for the people, call'd them
flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Why, this was known before.

Not to them all.

Have you inform'd them sithence?

How! I inform them.

You are like to do such business.

Not unlike,
ch way, to better yours.

Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

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
paltering

Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus

Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor.

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—

Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them

Regard me as I do not flatten, and

Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd,

and scatter'd.

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay against those measles,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought

The very way to catch them.

You speak o' the people

As if you were a god to punish, not

A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well

We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further.

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 monster's, wants not

To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,

And make your channel his? If he have power,

Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake

Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,

Be not as common fools; if you are not,

Let them have cushions by you. You are

plebeians

If they be senators; and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magis-
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself!
It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometimes in Greece,—

Men. Well, well; no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more abso-
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.
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words: 'We did request
it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more: may
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title,
Wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable sightness; purpose so barr'd, it
follows
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech
you,
You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't, that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishon-
Manges 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. Has said enough.

Cor. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall ans
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm the
What should the people do with these br-
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, is
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 in

Bru. The ediles, ho!

Enter an Edile.

Sic. Let him be apprehend

Edile. Call the people;

Sic. Edile, in whose name mys-
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old go
Senators. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off
Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake
bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Re-enter the Edile, with Others, and a rabble
of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you
your power.

Bru. Seize him, ediles!

Citizens. Down with him!—down with him!

Senators. Weapons!—weapons!—weapons!

They all hustle about Coriolanus, cry
Tribunes!—Patricians!—Citizens!—What, ho!
Sicinius!—Brutus!—Coriolanus!—Citizens!
Peace! Peace! Peace!—Stay!—Hold!—Pea
Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath
Confusion's near; I cannot speak. You, tribus
To the people! Coriolanus, patience!

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace
Citizens. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace!

Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties
Marcius would have all from you; Marcuis,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

First Sen. To unbuild the city and to lay all fl
Sic. What is the city but the people?

Tru. The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establis
The people's magistrates.

Citizens. You so remain,

Men. And so are like to do.
CORIOLANUS.

[Scene 1]

That is the way to lay the city flat; bring the roof to the foundation, bury all, which yet distinctly ranges, eaps and piles of ruin.

This deserves death.

Therefore lay hold of him; to him the rock Tarpeian, and from thence destruction cast him.

Ediles, seize him! Tribunes, Yield, Marcius, yield!

Hear me one word; such you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Be that you seem, truly your country’s friend, temperately proceed to what you would violently redress.

Sir, those cold ways, seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous are the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him, bear him to the rock.

No; I’ll die here. Drawing his sword.

re’s some among you have beheld me fighting:
be try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

Lay hands upon him.

Help Marcius, help, that be noble; help him, young and old!

Down with him!—down with him! In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ediles, and the People, are beat in.

Go, get you to your house; be gone, away! will be naught else.

Get you gone.

Stand fast: have as many friends as enemies.

Shall it be put to that?

The gods forbid!

rithae, noble friend, home to thy house; we to use to cure this cause.

For’tis a sore upon us: a cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.

Come, sir, along with us.

I would they were barbarians, as they are, ough in Rome litter’d, not Romans, as they are not, ough calv’d i’ the porch of the Capitol,—

Be gone; not your worthy rage into your tongue; the time will owe another.

On fair ground could beat forty of them.

I could myself keep up a brace o’ the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

But now ’tis odds beyond arithmetic; at manhood is call’d foolery when it stands against a falling fabric. Will you hence, fare the tag return? whose rage doth rend

Like interrupted waters and o’erbear
What they are us’d to bear.

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.

Nay, come away.

EXECUT CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and Others.

First Pat. This man has mar’d his fortune. Men. His nature is too noble for the world: He would not flatter Neptune for his trident, Or Jove for’s power to thunder. His heart’s his 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 goody work!

Second Pat. I would they were a-bed! Men. I would they were in Tiber! What the vengeance!

Could he not speak ’em fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rubble.

Sic. Where is this viper

That would depopulate the city and

Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be brought down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law, And therefore law shall scorn him further trial Than the severity of the public power, Which he so sets at nought.

First Cit. He shall well know The noble tribunes are the people’s mouths, And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on’t.

Men. Sic. Sir, sir,—

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes ’t that you

Have holp to make this rescue?

As I do know the consul’s worthiness, So can I name his faults.

Sic. Consul! what consul?

Men. The Consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul!

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes’ leave, and yours, good people, I may be heard, I would crave a word or two, Which shall turn you to no further harm Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory to dispatch This viperous traitor. To eject him hence Were but one danger, and to keep him here Our certain death; therefore it is decreed He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude Towards her beloved children is enroll’d In Jove’s own book, like an unnatural dam Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He’s a disease that must be cut away.
Men. O! he's a limb that has but a disease; Mortal to cut it off; to cure it easy. What has he done to Rome that's worthy death? Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost, Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath, By many an ounce, he dropp'd it for his country; And what is left, to lose it by his country, Were to us all, that do 't and suffer it, A brand to th' end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry; when he did love his country It honour'd him. Men. The service of the foot Being once gangren'd, is not then respected For what before it was. Bru. We'll hear no more. Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence, Lest his infection, being of catching nature, Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word, This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late, Tie leaden punds to 's heels, Proceed by process; Lest parties, as he is belov'd, break out, And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk? Have we not had a taste of his obedience? Our rediles smote? ourselves resisted? Come! Men. Consider this: he has been bred in the wars Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd In bol'd language; meal and bran thrown 310 He throws without distinction. Give me leave, I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him Where he shall answer, by a lawful form, In peace, to his utmost peril.

First Sen. Noble tribunes, It is the humane way: the other course Will prove too bloody, and the end of it Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Memenius, Be you then as the people's officer. Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home. Sic. Meet on the market-place. We'll attend you there: Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you. To the Senators. Let me desire your company. He must come, Or what is worst will follow.

First Sen. Pray you, let's to him. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in CORIOLANUS'S House.

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels; Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock. That the precipitation might down stretch Below the beam of sight; yet will I still Be thus to them.

First Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother Does not approve me further, who was wont To call them woollen vassals, things created To buy and sell with groats, to show bare head In congregations, to yawn, be still, and won When one but of my ordinance stood up To speak of peace or war.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you: Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me False to my nature? Rather say I play The man I am.

Vol. 0! sir, sir, sir, I would have had you put your power well Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are With striving less to be so: lesser had been The thwarings of your dispositions if You had not show'd them how ye were dispair Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them be.

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.

First Sen. There's no remedy. Unless, by not so doing, our good city Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsel I have a heart of mettle 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 

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic For the whole state, I would put mine armour Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do.

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what the Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the god 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, a tell me,

In peace what each of them by the other lost That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demar Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem The same you are not, which, for your best end You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse That it shall hold companionship in peace With honour, as in war, since that to both It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak To the people; not by your own instruction, Nor by the matter which your heart promptsye
with such words that are but rooted in
tongue, though but bastards and syllables
allowance to your bosom's truth.

Prithee
It
Do
them, although
speak
all
you
but
vowth of much blood.

I
old dissemble with my nature where
fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
ould do in so honour: I am in this,
wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
you will rather show our general louts
you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,
the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
that want might ruin.

Noble lady! I
go with us; speak fair; you may salve so,
what is dangerous present, but the loss
that is past.

I prithee now, my son, to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
thus far having stretch'd it, here be with
knee bussing the stones, for in such business
on is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
learned as the ears, waving thy head,
ch often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
umble as the ripest mulberry
will not hold the handling: or say to them,
art their soldier, and being bred in broils
not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
e for thee to use as they to claim,
sking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
self, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
hou hast power and person.

This but done,
as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
yhey have pardons, being ask'd, as free
words to little purpose.

I prithee now,
and be rul'd; although I know thou hadst rather
ow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter Cominius.

om. I have been i' the market-place; and,
sir, 'tis fit
make strong party, or defend yourself
almness or by absence: all's in anger.
en. Only fair speech.

I think 'twill serve if he
there to frame his spirit.

He must, and will.
I thee now, say you will, and go about it.
or. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd conscience?
it I with base tongue give my noble heart
that it must bear? Well, I will do't: we
were there but this single plot to lose,
smould of Marcus, they must should grind it
I throw 't against the wind. To the market-
place!
I have put me now to such a part which never
all discharge to the life.

om. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
ol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
praises made thee first a soldier, so,
have my praise for this, perform a part
hast not done before.

Well, I must do't.
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.

\textit{AEd.} I shall inform them.

\textit{Bru.} 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.

\textit{AEd.} Very well.

\textit{Sic.} Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give'them.

\textit{Bru.} Go; about it. \textit{Exit AEdile.}

Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

\textit{Sic.} Well, here he comes.

\textbf{Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius,
Senators, and Patricians.}

\textit{Men.} Calmly, I do beseech you.

\textit{Cor.} Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The honor'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!

\textbf{First Sen.} Amen, amen.

\textbf{Men.} A noble wish.

\textbf{Re-enter AEdile, with Citizens.}

\textbf{Sic.} Draw near, ye people.

\textit{AEd.} List to your tribunes. Audience: peace I say.

\textit{Cor.} First, hear me speak.

\textit{Sic., Bru.} Well, say. Peace, ho!

\textit{Cor.} Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?

\textit{Must all determine here?}

\textit{Sic.} I do demand,
If you submit to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

\textit{Cor.} I am content.

\textit{Men.} Lo! citizens, he says he is content:
The war-like service he has done, consider;
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

\textit{Cor.} Scratches with briers;
Scars to move laughter only.

\textit{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.

\textit{Com.} Well, well; no more.

\textit{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?

\textit{Sic.} Answer to us.

\textit{Cor.} Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

\textit{Sic.} We charge you, that you have consent
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.

\textit{Cor.} How! traitor!

\textit{Men.} Nay, temperately; your prompt
The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in people!

Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune,
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deal.
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy tongue lying both numbers, I would saw
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

\textit{Sic.} Mark you this, people.

\textit{Citizens.} To the rock! —To the rock with him.

\textit{Sic.} Per

We need not put new matter to his charge;
What you have seen him do, and heard him say,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even
So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

\textit{Bru.} But since he will
Serv'd well for Rome,—

\textit{Cor.} What do you prate of serv
\textit{Bru.} I talk of that, that know it.

\textit{Cor.} You!

\textit{Men.} Is this the promise that you made my mother?

\textit{Com.} Know, I pray you,—

\textit{Cor.} I'll know no futur
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian deal
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give
To have 't with saying 'Good morrow.'

\textit{Sic.} For that he
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the press
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people.
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: 'tis the people's name
I say it shall be so.

\textit{Citizens.} It shall be so.—It shall be so.—

He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

\textit{Com.} Hear me, my masters, and my comm

friends,—

\textit{Sic.} He's sentence'd; no more hearing.

\textit{Com.} Let me spe
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tend
More holy and profound, than mine own life.
Coriolanus.

Give O come bring hoo whose common It and have your fortune's heavens re-

mend or. You common cry of ours! whose breath I hate reck o' the rotten, fens, whose loves I prize the dead carcasses of unburied men 121 do corrupt my air, I banish you; here remain with your uncertainty! every feeble rumour shake your hearts! r enemies, with nodding of their plumes, you into despair! Have the power still banish your defenders; till at length r ignorance, which finds not till it feels, ding not reservation of yourselves, your own foes, deliver you as most 120 ted captives to some nation t won you without blows! Despising, you, the city, thus I turn my back: re is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators, and Patricians.

Id. The people's enemy is gone, is gone! 121

Exeunt. Our enemy is banish'd!—He is gone!—Hoo! hoo!

They all shout, and throw up their caps. 122

Go, see him out at gates, and follow him, 123

I will follow you, with all despite; 123

him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard end us through the city. 124

Exeunt. Come, come!—Let's see him out at gates! come!

 gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come!

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—Rome. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell: the beast many heads butts me away. Nay, mother, ere is your ancient courage! you were us'd ay extremities was the trier of spirits; t common chances common men could bear; t when the sea was calm all boats alike w'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows, en most struck home, being gentle, wounded, cravesoble cunning: you were us'd to load me with precepts that would make invincible heart that comm'd them. 123

O heavens! O heavens!

Volumnia, I prithee, woman,—

Nay, Volumnia, I prithee, woman.—

Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome.

Occupations perish!

What, what, what! 124

all 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 done, and sav'd Your husband so much sweat. Cominius, Drop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife! my mother! 125

I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius, Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's, And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general, I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well My hazards still have been your solace; and Believe 't not lightly, though I go alone, Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen 125

Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen, your son Will or exceed the common or be caught With cautelous baits and practice. Vol. My first son, Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius With thee awhile; determine on some course, More than a wild exposure to each chance That starts i' the way before thee. Cor. O the gods! 126

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. 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, whom we see have sided In his behalf.

Brut. Now we have shown our power, Let us seem humbler after it is done Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home;
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

_Cor._ Dismiss them home. _Exit_ _Edile._

_Enter_ _Volumnia, Virgilia,_ and _Menenius._

Here comes his mother.

_Sic._ Let’s not meet her.

_Cor._ Why?

_Sic._ They say she’s mad.

_Cor._ They have ta’en note of us; keep on your way.

_Vol._ O! ye’re well met. The hoarded plague
Of what lies heavy to t’.

Men. You have told them ho
And, by my troth, you have cause. You’ll
With me?

_Vol._ Anger’s my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let’s
Leave this faint puling and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! _Exit._

SCENE III.—A Highway between _Rome_ and _Antium._

_Enter_ _Rome_ and a _Volscian_ _Vol._

_Rom._ I know you well, sir, and you know
Your name I think is Adrian.

_Vol._ It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

_Rom._ I am a _Rome_ ; and my services
As you are, against ’em. Know you me yet?

_Vol._ _Nicanor_? No.

_Rom._ The same, sir.

_Vol._ You had more beard when I last saw
you; but your favour is well approved by your
Tongue. What’s the news in _Rome_? I have
Note from the _Volscian_ state to find you there:
You have well saved me a day’s journey.

_Rom._ There hath been in _Rome_ strange
surrections: the people against the senatorial
Patricians, and nobles.

_Vol._ Hath been! Is it ended then? It
State thinks not so; they are in a most
like preparation, and hope to come upon us
in the heat of their division.

_Rom._ The main blaze of it is past, but a
thing would make it flame again. For
nobles receive so to heart the banishment
that worthy _Coriolanus_, that they are in a
readiness to take all power from the people to
pluck from them their tribunes for ever.
This lies glowing. I can tell you, and is as
mature for the violent breaking out.

_Vol._ _Coriolanus_ banished!

_Rom._ Banished, sir.

_Vol._ You will be welcome with this inten-
tion, _Nicanor_.

_Rom._ The day serves well for them now.
Have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt
man’s wife is when she’s fallen out with his
husband. Your noble _Tullus Aufidius_ will app
well in these wars, his great opposer, _Coriolan_
being now in no request of his country.

_Vol._ He cannot choose. I am most fortunate
thus accidentally to encounter you: you had
ended my business, and I will merrily accom-
pany you home.

_Rom._ I shall, between this and supper, I
most strange things from _Rome_; all tend
to the good of their adversaries. Have you
army ready, say you?

_Vol._ A most royal one: the centurions a
irregular, a number distinctly billeted, already in
entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour
warning.

_Rom._ I am joyful to hear of their rash-
ness, and am the man, I think, that shall
them in present action. So, sir, heartily we
met, and most glad of your company.

_Vol._ You take my part from me, sir; I have
the most cause to be glad of yours.

_Rom._ Well, let us go together. _Exit._
Enter Coriolanus. 

into Coriolanus, in mean apparel, disguised
and muffled.

or. A goodly city is this Antium. City, I that made thy widows: many an heir these fair edifices 'fore my wars. 'e I heard groan and drop: then know me not, t that thy wives with spits and boys with stones my battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen. 

Save you, sir. 

it. And you. 

or. Direct me, if it be your will, are great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium? 
't. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state this house this night.

or. Which is his house, beseech you? 10 

it. This, here before you.

or. Thank you, sir. Farewell. Exit Citizen.

orld! thy slippery turns. Friends now fast sworn, the double bosoms seem to wear one heart, hour's, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise, still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love, marial, shall within this hour, a dissension of a doit, break out, tender enmity: so, fallest foes, yet passions and whose plots have broke their sleep. ake the one the other, by some chance, 20 a trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends interjoin their issues. So with me: thr-place hate I, and my loves upon enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me, go, fair justice; if he give me way, to his country service. Exit.

Enter Coriolanus. 

or. A goodly house; the feast smells well; but I hear not like a guest.

Re-enter the First Servant. 

or. What would you have, friend? once are you? Here's no place for you: go to the door. Exit. 

or. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, eing Coriolanus. 

Re-enter Second Servant. 

cond Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the er his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to his companions? Pray, get you out.

Second Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon. 

Exit. 

Enter a Third Servant. Re-enter the First. 

Third Serv. What fellow's this? 

First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my master to him. 

Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house. 

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

Third Serv. What are you? 

Cor. A gentleman.

Third Serv. A marvellous poor one. 

Cor. True, so I am. 

Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station here; there's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come. 

Cor. Follow your function; go, and batten on cold bits. Pushes him away. 

Third Serv. What! will you not! Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

First Serv. And I shall. 

Third Serv. Where dwellest thou? 

Cor. Under the canopy. 

Third Serv. Under the canopy! 

Cor. Ay. 

Third Serv. Where's that? 

Cor. 'Tis the city of kites and crows. 

Third Serv. 'Tis the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwellest with daws too? 

Cor. No; I serve not thy master. 

Third 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 trencher. Hence! Beats him away.

Enter Aufidius and the First Servant. 

Auf. Where is this fellow? 

First Serv. Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within. 

Auf. Whence comest thou? what would'st thou? thy name? 

Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name? 

Cor. Unmuffling. If, Tullus, 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 Volscians' ears, and harsh in sound to thine. 

Auf. Say, what's thy name? Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn, thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name? 

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet? 

Auf. I know thee not. Thy name?
Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscs,
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 suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men t' 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 fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'r'rt tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from
my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say 'Tis true,' I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitions strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances 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 brow,
Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,

Unbuckling helms, listing each other's throes,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Woe
Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
Into the bowls of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O! come; go
And take our friendly senators by the hand.
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, go.

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if it
will have
The leading of thine own revenge, take
The one half of my commission; and set do
As best thou art experience'd, since thou know
Thy country's strength and weakness, thine
own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rom
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shal
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcome
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your ha:
most welcome!

Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDUS.

First Serv. Here's a strange alteration!

Second Serv. By my hand, I had thought
have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet
mind gave me his clothes made a false rep
of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! He turn
me about with his finger and his thumb, as
would set up a top.

Second Serv. Nay, I knew by his face t
there was something in him: he had, sir, a k
of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to be
it.

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were
would I were hanged but I thought there
more in him than I could think.

Second Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn. H
simply the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is; but a greater sol
than he you wot on.

Second Serv. Who? my master!

First Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

Second Serv. Worth six on him.

First Serv. Nay, not so neither; but I take
to be the greater soldier.

Second Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot
how to say that: for the defence of a town
general is excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter Third Serv'ngman.

Third Serv. O slaves! I can tell you new
news, you rascals.

First and Second Serv. What, what, who
let's partake.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of
ations; I had as lieve be a condemned man
First and Second Serv. Wherefore? wheref
Third Serv. Why, he's here he that was wont
thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say 'thwack a
general'?
Enter Menenius. Is this Menenius? 10

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O! he is grown most kind Of late. Hail, sir! 20

Men. Hail to you both! Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand, And so would do, were he more angry at it. Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if He could have temporiz'd. 30


Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both! Sic. Good den, our neighbours. 20

Bru. Good den to you all, good den to you all. First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both. Sic. Live, and thrive! 30

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus Had lov'd you as we did. Sic. Now the gods keep you! 40

Sic. Enter Citizens. Sic. This is a happier and more comely time Than when these fellows ran about the streets Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking, Self-loving,— Sic. And affecting one sole throne, Without assistance. 50

Men. I think not so. Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation, If he had gone forth consul, found it so. Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Edile.

Ad. Worthy tribunes, There is a slave, whom we have put in prison. Reports, the Volscs with two several powers Are enter'd in the Roman territories, And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before 'em. 60

Men. 'Tis Aufidius, Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world; Which were insheld when Marcius stood for Rome, And durst not once peep out. Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?
Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be!
The Volsces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be! We have record that very well it can.
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave. Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising;
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir, the slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Marcus,
Join'd with Ausidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely! Good Marcus home again.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Ausidius 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 Ausidius, 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 auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news!
You have made fair work, I fear me. Pray,
your news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

Com. 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 we
You, and your apron-men; you that stood
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 in

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blast
Your enemies, and his, find something in him

Men. We are all undone unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf

Does of the shepherds: for his best friend, they

Should say, 'Be good to Rome,' they chuse
him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate
And therein shew'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 many
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.

Sic. Bru. Say not we brought it?

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; I
like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto yon
collectors,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fe
They'll roar him in again. Tullius Ausidius,
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 clast
And is Ausidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you o
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 coxcombs
As you throw 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.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit. For mine own part
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.

Second Cit. And so did I.

Third Cit. And so did I; and, to say the true


ACT VI.

CORIOLANUS.

Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the esprey 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 command-
ing peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he control'd the war; but one of these,
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unio its itself commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

Exeunt.

ONE VII.—A Camp at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUPIDIIUS and his Lieutenant.

f. Do they still fly to the Roman?
 w. I do not know what witchraft's in aim, but
 soldiers use him as the grace fore meat,
talk at table, and their thanks at end;
you are dark'd in this action, sir, by your own.

f. I cannot help it now, as by using means, I lance the foot
 of design. He bears himself more proudlier,
to my person, than I thought he would;
first I did embrace him; yet his nature
's no changeling, and I must excuse

w. Yet I wish, sir, for your particular, you had not
borne the action of yourself, or else
we had left it solely.

f. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
he shall come to his account, he knows not
I can urge against him. Although it seems,
so he thinks, and is no less apparent
a vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
's dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
raw his sword; yet he hath left undone
which shall break his neck or hazard mine, or we come to our account.

w. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

f. All places yield to him ere he sits down:
the nobility of Rome are his;
and senators and patricians love him too;
tribunes are no soldiers; and their people

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. A public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, COMINUS, 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 knee
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name.

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
Would not answer to; forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so: you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd

Men. Very well.

Com. Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chalk: 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: 30
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No; I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I do? 39
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Men. Well; and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness! say 'tis so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd: 50
The veins unfil'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning; are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore, I'll
watch him.
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.
Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
Men. Good faith, I'll prove him, 60
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have know-
ledge
Sic. Not?
Com. I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury
The gazer to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise'; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain 70
Unless his noble mother and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Volscian Camp before Rome.
The Guards at their stations.
Enter to them MENENIUS.
First Guard. Stay! Whence are you?
Second Guard. 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.
First Guard. From whence?
Men. From Rome.
First Guard. You may not pass; you must
Turn: our general
Will no more hear from thence.
Second Guard. You'll see your Rome embroiled
With fire before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.
Men. Good my friend,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks.
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.
First Guard. 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 read
His fame unparalleled, haply amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he's chief, with all the size that we
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, somet
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his path
Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therel.
Fellow,
I must have leave to pass.
First Guard. Faith, sir, if you had told
many lies in his behalf as you have uttered we
in your own, you should not pass here;
though it were as virtuous to lie as to
change. Therefore go back.
Men. Prithhee, fellow, remember my name,
Menenius, always factionary on the party of
the general.
Second Guard. Howsoever you have been
lair, as you say you have, I am one that, tel
true under him, must say you cannot p
Therefore go back.
Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for
would not speak with him till after dinner.
First Guard. You are a Roman, are you?
Men. I am, as thy general is.
First Guard. Then you should hate Rome
he does. Can you, when you have pushed
your gates the very defender of them, and
a violent popular ignorance, given your en
your shield, think to front his revenges with
easy groans of old women, the virginal palm
your daughters, or with the palsied interces
of such a decayed dotant as you seem to
Can you think to blow out the intended fire
the city is ready to flame in with such weak br
as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, be
to Rome, and prepare for your execution:
are condemned, our general has sworn you of
reprieve and pardon.
Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were he
would use me with estimation.
Second Guard. Come, my captain knows not.
Men. I mean thy general.
First Guard. My general cares not for y
back, I say: go, lest I let forth your half-
blood; back; that's the utmost of y
having: back.
Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—
Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

v. What's the matter?

Cor. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant not office from me to my son Coriolanus; guess, by my entertainment with him, if thou dost not the state of hanging, or of some more long in spectroctophilia, and crueler suffering; behold now present, and swoon what's to come upon thee. To Coriolanus, glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy peculiar prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son! son! thou art preparing fire for us; look, here's water to quench it. I was hardly led to come to thee; but being assured none myself could move thee, I have been blown of your gates with sighs, and conjure thee from Arden Rome, and thy petitionary country. The gods assure thy wrath, and the drags of it upon this varlet here; this, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

v. Away!

Cor. How! away!

w. Wife mother, child, I know not. My affairs servanted to others: though I owe revenge properly, my remission lies Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar, rate forgetfulness shall poison, rather a pity note how much. Therefore, be gone: ears against your suits are stronger than gates against my force. Yet, for I love thee, this along; I write it for thy sake,

Gives a paper.

would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius, my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st! You keep a constant temper.

Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.

1st Guard. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

cond Guard. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much er. You know the way home again?

1st Guard. Do you hear how we are shent keeping your greatness back?

cond Guard. What cause, do you think, I to swoon?

en. I neither care for the world, nor your al: for such things as you, I can scarce k there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath ill to die by himself fears it not from another, your general do his worst. For you, be that are, long; and your misery increase with age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

Exit.

1st Guard. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

cond Guard. The worthy fellows is our: the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and Others.

v. We will before the walls of Rome tomorrow 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, Lov'd me above the measure of a father;

Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him; for whose old love I have, Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him only That thought he could do more. A very little I have yielded to; fresh embassies, and suits, Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter Will I lend ear to. Shout within.

Ha! what shout is this?

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 grandchild to her blood. But out, affliction! All bond and privilege of nature, break! Let it be virtuous to be obstatute. What is that court'sy worth? or those doves' eyes, Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows; As if Olympus to a molehill should In supplication nod; and my young boy Hath an aspect of intercession. which Great nature cries, 'Deny not.' Let the Volscs Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand, As if a man were author of himself And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus 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 virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate, And the most noble mother of the world Leave unsalted. 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 unproperly Show duty, as mistaken all this while Between the child and parent. Kneels.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me! to your corrected son!
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars against the fiery sun,
Murd ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior; I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publlica.

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, 79
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy!
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
Cor. 

Vol. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me 81
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To alloy 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 Volscce, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
remitment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which
should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our pravers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we, Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find in
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, s
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade th
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no soon
March to assault thy country than to tread,
Trust to 't thou shalt not, on thy mother's will
That brought thee to this world.

Viv. Ay, and mi
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
name
Living to time.

Boy. A' shall not tread on me:
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fig
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us then
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscce whom you serve, you might o' demi us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volse
May say 'This mercy we have show'd';
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
great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a man
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man who
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 a
son!
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost thou
speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, spe
you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak the
boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in t
world
More bound to his mother; yet here he let prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in th
life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, poor hen! fond of no second brook
Has clock'd thee to the wars, and safely home
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust
And spur me back; but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest and the gods will plag thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
mother's part belongs. He turns away:

's surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride to our prayers. Down: an end;
is the last: so we will home to Rome,
die among our neighbours. Nay, behold's,
boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
meals and holds up hands for fellowship,
reason our petition with more strength
thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go.
fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
cide is in Coriolus, and his child
him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch:
hash'd until our city be a-fire,
then I'll speak a little.

He holds VOLUMIA by the hand, silent.

O mother, mother! have you done? Behold! the heavens do

What a victory have we won?
for your son, believe it, O! believe it,
dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
most mortal to him. But let it come,
thus, though I cannot make true wars,
frame convenient peace. Now, good

A true one, in my stead, would you have heard
other less, or granted less, Auffidius?
I was mov'd withal.

I dare be sworn you were:
sir, it is no little thing to make
eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
peace you'll make; advise me: for my part,
not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray
you, to me in this case. O mother! wife!
I am glad thou hast set thy mercy
and thy honour
in thee: out of that I'll work
for a former fortune.

The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.

To VOLUMIA, VIRGILIA, etc. Ay, by and

we will drink together; and you shall bear
witness back than words, which we,
ke conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
with us. Ladies, you deserve
have a temple built you: all the swords
ly, and her Confederate arms,
d not have made this peace.

Scene IV.—Rome. A public Place.

Enter Menenius and Sicinib.

See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond
stone?

Why, what of that?

If it be possible for you to displace it
your little finger, there is some hope the
of Rome, especially his mother, may
all with him. But I say there is no hope,
our throats are sentenced and stay upon
ion.

Is it possible that so short a time can
the condition of a man?

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.

He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more re-
members his mother now than an eight-year-old
horse. The tarts of his face sour 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
everty 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

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 Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone.
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurd 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, sackbutts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! A shout within.

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark! how they joy.

Music still, with shouts.

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.
Coriolanus.

Sic.  We will meet them,  
And help the joy.  Going.

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People.  They pass over the stage.

First Sen. Behold our patrones, 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 Marcus; 70 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 Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf.  Go tells the lords o' the city I am here: Deliver them this paper: having read it, Bid them repair to the market-place; where I, Even in theirs and in the commons' ears, Will vouch the truth of it.  Him I accuse The city ports by this hath enter'd, and Intends to appear before the people, hoping To purge himself with words: dispatch.

Exeunt Attendants.

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's faction.

Most welcome!  First Con.  How is it with our general?  Even so.  As with a man by his own alms empfoison'd, 10 And with his charity slain.
Second Con.  Most noble sir, If you do hold the same intent wherein You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you Of your great danger.
Auf.  Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.
Third Con.  The people will remain uncertain whilst 'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either Makes the survivor heir of all.
Auf.  I know it; And my pretext to strike at him admits A good construction.  I rais'd him, and I pawn'd Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd, 21 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, unwavayable, and free.
Third Con.  Sir, his stoutness When he did stand for consul, which he lost By lack of stooping;—
Auf.  That I would have spoke of: Being banish'd for t, he came unto my hearth; Presented to my knife his throat: I took him; Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way In all his own desires; nay, let him choose 32 Out of my files, his projects to accomplish, My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments In mine own person; holp to reap the fame Which he did end all his; and took some part To do myself this wrong: till, at the last, I seem'd his follower, not partner, and He wagg'd me with his countenance, as if I had been mercenary.

First Con.  So he did, my lord The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last, When he had carried Rome, and that we lost For no less spill than glory,—

Auf.  There was For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon A few drops of women's rheum, which as As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and hate Of our great action: therefore shall he die, And I'll renew me in his fall.  But, hark! Drums and trumpets sound, with shouts of the Pe.

First Con.  Your native town you enter'd a post; And had no welcomes home; but he return'd Splitting the air with noise.
Second Con.  And patient to Whose children he hath slain, their base the fear With giving him glory.
Third Con.  Therefore, at your vant Ere he express himself, or move the people With what he would say, let him feel your wish We will second.  When he lies along, After your way his tale pronounc'd shall be 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 deserv'd But, worthy lords, have you with heed peru What I have written to you?  Lords.  We have.
First Lord.  And grieve to hear What faults he made before the last, I think Might have found easy fines; but there to re Where he was to begin, and give away The benefit of our levies, answering us With our own charge, making a treaty when There was a yielding, this admits no excuse.
Auf.  He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, with drum and colours a crowd of Citizens with him.

Cor.  Hall, lords! I am return'd your soldi No more infected with my country's love Than when I parted hence, but still subsist 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 counterpose a full third part of The charges of the action.  We have made peace With no less honour to the Antilates Than shame to the Romans; and we have deliver, Subscribed by the consuls and patricians, Together with the seal o' the senate, what We have compounded on.
Auf.  Read it not, noble lord But tell the traitor in the highest degree He hath abus'd your powers.
Tr. Traitor! How now!

Ay. Ay, traitor, Marcius!

Marcius!

Marcius! Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name

Coriolius? heads and lords o' the state, peradventure 90 has betray'd your business, and given up, certain drops of salt, your city Rome, 'tis your city,' to his wife and mother; taking his oath and resolution like rist of rotten silk, never admitting fasel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears whom'd and roar'd away your victory, it pages blush'd at him, and men of heart youd wondering each at other.

Hear'st thou, Mars?

Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

No more. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart great for what contains it. Boy! O slave! lon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever us forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords, give this cur the lie: and his own notion, bears my stripes impress'd upon him; that bear my beating to his grave, shall join hrust the lie unto him.

Peace, both, and hear me speak. Cut me to pieces, Volscics: men and lads, all your edges on me. Boy! False hound! have writ your annals true, 'tis there, us, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I ter'd your Volscians in Corioli: I did it. Boy!

Why, noble lords, you be put in mind of his blind fortune, sh was your shame, by this unholy braggart, your own eyes and ears!

Let him die for 't. The People. Tear him to pieces.—Do it only.—He killed my son.—My daughter,—killed my cousin Marcus.—He killed my er.

Second Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace! The man is noble and his fame folds in This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius, And trouble not the peace.

O! that I had him, With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, To use my lawful sword.

Insolent villain! Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls: Aufidius stands on his body.

Hold, hold, hold, hold! My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Tullius! Second Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet. Put up your swords. 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 rejoice That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours To call me to your senate, I'll deliver Myself your loyal servant, or endure Your heaviest censure.

First Lord. Bear from hence his body; And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded As the most noble corse that ever herald Did follow to his urn.

Second Lord. His own impatience Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame. Let's make the best of it.

My rage is gone, And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up: Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one. Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully; Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he Hath 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.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Saturninus, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.
Bassianus, Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.
Titus Andronicus, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.
Marcus Andronicus, Tribune of the People, and brother to Titus.
Lucius, Quintus, Martius, sons to Titus Andronicus.
Publius, Son to Marcus Andronicus.

Sempronius, Caius, kinsmen to Titus.
Valentine, Emilius, a noble Roman.
Alarbus, Demetrius, sons to Tamora.
Chiron, Aaron, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.
Goths and Romans.
Tamora, Queen of the Goths.
Lavinia, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—I.—Rome, and the Country near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome.

The Tomb of the Andronicis appearing. The Tribunes and Senators aloft; and then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one door, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bass. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right.

If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine,
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,

Know that the people of Rome, for whom stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goth,
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm our thoughts!

Bass. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

T am. Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O! think my son to be as dear to me.

Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaught'rd in the streets
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To trouble under Titus' threatening look,
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths,
When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
MUTIUS, with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Rome's most noble heart to inter our brethren,
And with loud laurums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in
the tomb.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned drugs, here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O! bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes; re-enter Saturninus, Bassianus, and Others.

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpfer in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliation of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world!
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right:
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince: I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankfull be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and noble tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus
And gratefully his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome asTitan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say Long live our emperor.

Marc. With voices and applause of every Patrician and plebeian, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say Long live our Emperor Saturnine.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this man
I hold me highly honour'd of thy grace:
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord.
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable desert,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. To TAMORA. Now, madam, are you
Soner to an emperor;
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance
Though chance of war hath wrought this chan
of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goth;
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this!

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bass. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid
mine.

Tit. How, sir! Are you in earnest then, my lord?
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered.
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

Execute all but TITUS.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Marc. O! Titus, see; O! see what thou hast done;
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family:
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quint. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. 'And shall!' What villain was it spoke that word?

Quint. He that would vouch it in any place
but here.

Tit. What! would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Marc. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quint. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,

Quint. Father, and in that name doth nature speak;

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all.—

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.
The dismalst day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!
Well, bury him, and bury me the next,
Mutius is put into the tomb.

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. Kneeling. No man shed tears for noble Mutius.
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

TIT. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is:
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, SATURNINUS, attended; TAMORA, DEMETRUS, CHIRON, and AARON; from the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride! 400 Bass. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bass. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir; you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you. 490
Bass. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be honour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

Aside to Saturninus. My lord, be rul'd by me,
be won at last;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontent:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude.
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And rage their faction and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a que
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.
Aloud. Come, come, sweet emperor; or Andronicus;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the h
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in
These, Titus, I am incorporated in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcile'd your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable,
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia,
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven and to highness,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

Marc. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denied; sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

Come; if the emperor's court can feast twobrick
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace a bon jour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and grammarcy too.

Trumpets. Exit.

ACT II.

Enter AARON.

AAR. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash.
Advance'd above pale envy's threatening reach
when the golden sun salutes the morn,
10 having gilt the ocean with his beams,
pays the zodiac in his glistening coat,
overlooks the highest-peeking hills;

amara.

her wit doth earthly honour wait,
15 virtue stoops and trembles at her frown,
Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,

swift bound to Aaron's charming eyes
is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

y with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
gait upon this new-made emperor.

beit, said I? to warrant with this queen,
goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
see his shipwreck and his commonwealths,
what storm is this?

Demetrius and Chiron, braving.

Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
manners, to intrude where I am grace'd,
may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,
in so this, to bear me down with braves.
not the difference of a year or two
as me less gracious or thee more fortunate:
as able and as fit as thou arte,
and to deserve my mistress' grace;
that my sword upon thee shall approve,

plead my passions for Lavinia's love.
Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Why, boy, although our mother, undiv'd,
you a dancing-rapier by your side,
such a desperate gown, to threaten your friends?

have your lath glued within your sheath
you know better how to handle it.
Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
still shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Ay, boy, grow ye so brave! They draw.

Why, how now, lords! the emperor's palace dare you draw
mainain such a quarrel openly?
well I wot the ground of all this grudge:


would not for a million of gold
cause were known to them it most concerns;

would your noble mother for much more
 fareshon'd in the court of Rome.

Chame, put up.

Not I, till I have sheath'd rapier in his bosom, and withal those reproachful speeches down his throat
he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
with thy weapon nothing darst perform!

Away, I say!
by the gods that war-like Goths adore,
petty brabble will undo us all.

lords, and think you not how dangerous
to jet upon a prince's right?

is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her! how?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man I more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Aside. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then why should he despair that knows
to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality!
What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I was one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words;
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come; our empress, with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,  
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,  
But to your wishes' height advance you both.  
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame;  
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:  
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;  
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take  
your turns;  
There serve your lurs, shadow'd from heaven's  
eye,  
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.  

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.  

Dem. Sit fas out nefas, till I find the stream  
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
Per Styga, per manes vehor.  

Exeunt.

Scene II.—A Forest.  

Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, etc.,  
Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.  

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,  
The fields are fragrant and the woods are green.  
Uncouple here and let us make a bay,  
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,  
And rouse the prince and ring a hunter's peal,  
That all the court may echo with the noise.  
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
To attend the emperor's person carefully:  
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.  

A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal.  

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavina, Demetrius, Chiron, and Attendants.  

Many good morrows to your majesty;  
Madam, to you as many and as good:  
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.  
Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords;  
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.  
Bass. Lavinia, how say you?  

Lav. I say, no;  
I have been broad awake two hours and more.  
Sat. Come on then; horse and chariots let us have,  
And to our sport. To Tamora. Madam, now shall ye see  
Our Roman hunting.  

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top.  
Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game  
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.  
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,  
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.  

Exeunt.

Scene III.—A lonely Part of the Forest.  

Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.  

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit it.  
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly  
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villany:  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest  
Hides the  

That have their aims out of the empress' clasp.

Enter Tamora.  

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st sad  
When every thing doth make a gleeful bough  
The birds chant melody on every bush,  
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind  
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.  
Under their sweet shade. Aaron, let us sit,  
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hunt,  
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once,  
Let us sit down and mark their yelping notes  
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd  
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd.  
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd.  
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,  
We may, each wraithed in the other's arms,  
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber.  
While hounds and horns and sweet melody  
Be unto us as is a nurse's babe song.  
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.  

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern,  
Vesta's desires,  
Saturn is dominator over mine;  
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,  
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,  
My fleecy of woolly hair that now uncurls  
Even as an adder when she doth unroll  
To do some fatal execution?  
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:  
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand.  
Blood and revenge are hammering in my breast.  
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,  
Which never hopes more heaven than rest thee,  
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;  
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;  
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,  
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee;  
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.  
Now question me no more; we are espied  
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.  

Tam. Ah! my sweet Moor, sweeter to meet life.  

Aar. No more, great empress; Bassianus comes:  
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy so  
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.  

Enter Bassianus and Lavina.  

Bass. Whom have we here? Rome's ruler,  
Unfurnish'd of her well-becoming troop?  
Or is it Dian, habited like her,  
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,  
To see the general hunting in this forest?  

Tam. Scurvy controller of our private steps  
Had I the power that some say Dian had,  
Thy temples should be planted presently
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; thou shalt know, my boys,
your mother’s hand shall right your mother’s
wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to
her:
First thrust the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope she braves your
mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make
that sure.

Come, mistress, now performe we will enjoy
That neo-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear’st a woman’s
face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with
her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger’s young ones teach
the dam?
O! do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck’dst from her did turn
to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

To Chiron. Do thou entreat her show a
woman pity.

Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove
myself a bastard?

Lav. ‘Tis true the raven doth not hatch a
lark:
Yet have I heard, O! could I find it now, the
lion mov’d with pity did endure
To have his princely paws par’d all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their

nests:
O! be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her!

Lav. O! let me teach thee: for my father’s
sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have
slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne’er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitless.
Remember, Iours, I pour’d forth tears in vain
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you
will:
The worse to her, the better lov’d of me.

Lav. O Tamora! be call’d a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For ’tis not life that I have begg’d so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.
TAM. What beg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

LAV. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O! keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsometh pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TAM. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

DEM. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

LAV. No grace! no womanhood! Ah! beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our general name.

Confusion fall—
CHI. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

DEMETRIUS into the pit; then exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, dragging off LAVINIA.

TAM. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer until all the Andronicis be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this truss deflower.

Exit.

Re-enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

AAR. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsometh pit
Where I espied the Panther fast asleep.

QUINT. My sight is very dully whate'er it bodes.

MART. And mine, I promise you: were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

Palls into the pit.

QUINT. What! art thou fall'n? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.

SPEAK, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

MART. What! O brother! with the dismall'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

AAR. Aside. Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother.

Exit.

MART. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stain'd hole?

QUINT. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints:
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

MART. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den.
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

QUINT. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O! tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

MART. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here.
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

QUINT. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

MART. Upon his bloody finger he doth write
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheek.
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden biet.
O brother! help me with thy fainting hand,
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

QUINT. Reach me thy hand, that I may thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing worm
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

MART. I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

MART. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

QUINT. Thy hand once more; I will not fail again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.

THOU canst not come to me: I come to thee.

Exit.

Re-enter AARON, with SATURNIUS.

SAT. Along with me: I'll see what hole is this,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who are thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

MART. The unhappy son of old Andronicus
Brought hither in a most unhappy hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

SAT. My brother dead! I know thou dost jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

MART. We know not where you left him alive;

SAT. But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter TAMORA, with ATTENDANTS; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

TAM. Where is my lord the king?

SAT. Here, Tamora; though grieved with ing grief.

TAM. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

SAT. Now to the bottom dost thou search and wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

TAM. Then all too late! I bring this fatal woe.

Giving a let

The complect of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

SAT. An if we miss to meet him handsomely,
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ELEVEN.

long the nestles at the elder-tree
which overshares the mouth of that some pit
where we decrees to bury Bassianus:
this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

Tamora! was ever heard the like?
is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
sir, if you can find the huntsman out
at should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Tamora, now answer my that
by I should never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

What! are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!

w easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
this boon with tears not lightly shed;
slain was this fault of my accursed sons,
cursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—
at. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.

Tam. Am. Andronicus himself did take it up.
at. I did, my lord; yet let me be their bail;
by my fathers' reverend tomb, I vow
shall be ready at your highness' will
answer their suspicion with their lives.
at. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou
follow me.

bring the murder's body, some the murderers:

them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;
by my soul, were there worse end than death,
tend upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Come Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Forest.

r DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA,
visiting; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut.

em. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;

if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

d. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

r. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

em. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
so let's leave her to her silent walks.

An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

em. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Enter MARCUS.

arc. Who's this? my niece, that flies away so fast!

And, a word; where is your husband?

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to
sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness

As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
Alas! a crimson river of bloody blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosey lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Teres hath deflower'd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;

and, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titian's face,

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?

O! that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind.

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;

A craftier Teres hast thou met withal,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That could have better sew'd than Philomela.

O! had the monster seen those lily hands

Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,

And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,

He would not then have touch'd them for his life;

Or had he heard the heavenly harmony

Which that sweet tongue hath made,

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;

For such a sight will blind a father's eye:

One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;

What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes:

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:

O! could our mourning case thy misery.

Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice,
with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing
on to the place of execution: TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed:
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;

Be pitiful to my condemned sons,

Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed:
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
Throwing himself on the ground.
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears,
Let my tears stain the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, etc., with the
Prisoners.

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.
O reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.
Titi. Ah! Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—
Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Titi. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me, or if they did mark,
They would not pity me, yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale.
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
Rise.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?
Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.
Titi. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Titi. Will it consume me? let me see it then.
Marc. This was thy daughter.

Titi. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Titi. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's eye?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Træ?
My grief was at the height before thou camest.
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands by
For they have fought for Rome, and all in it.
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding
In bootless prayer have they been held up
And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other.
'tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands.
For hands, to do Rome service, are but va.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath made thee?

Marc. O! that delightful engine of her thought
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage.
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.
Luc. O! say thou for her, who hath done thee deed?

Marc. O! thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unaccusing wound.
Titi. It was my dear; and he that wounded
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me.
For now I stand as one upon a rock
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowls swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are slain.
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man
And here my brother, weeping at my wo.
But that which gives my soul the greatest pain
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight
It would have maddened me: what shall I do?
Now I behold thy lively body so!
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears.
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee.
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by law!
Look! Marcus: ah! son Lucius, look on her.
When I did name her brothers, then fresh
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-bee,
Upon a gather'd fly almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because they are her husband;
Perchance because she knows them innocence.
Titi. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyous.
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
Ne, no, they would not do so foul a deed.
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fire
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheer.
How they are staid? as meadows yet not
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clear
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears.
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thee?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbs
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I’ll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
Aar. Aside. If that be call’d deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:
But I’ll deceive you in another sort,
And that you’ll say ere half an hour pass.

Cuts off Titus’s hand.

Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now stay your strife; what shall be is dispatched.

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas’d at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.

Aside. Their heads, I mean. O! how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

Exit.

Tit. O! here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call. To Lavinia. What! wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we’ll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marcus. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marcus. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o’erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat’ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark! how her sighs do blow;
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow’d and drown’d;
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
to ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent’st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here’s thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back:
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock’d;
As Thy hand, till my heart is cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy tears.
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?
Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.
Why, have I not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find Revenge’s cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischief be return’d again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things:
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let’s kiss and part, for we have much to do.

Exit TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woefull’st man that ever liv’d in Rome.
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O! would thou wert as thou before hast been;
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will require your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his emperor
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng’d on Rome and Saturnine.

Scene II.—The Same. A Room in Titus’s House.
A Banquet set out.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and your
Lucius, a Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit; and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen bow:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hair,
And cannot pass in our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of me
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.
To LAVINIA. Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,
When thy poor heart beats with outrages beating
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groan;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soak in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.
Marcus. Fie, brother, fie! learn her not thus to
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee do already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ahi! whereto dost thou urge the name of hand?
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice over.
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable
O! handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie! how frantically I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands.
If Marcus did not name the word of hands,
Come, let’s fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says
I can interpret all her martyr’d signs:
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew’d with her sorrow, mash’d upon her cheeks
Speechless compressor; I will learn thy thought.
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thoushalt not sigh, nor hold thy stump to heave;
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign;
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter de
laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
Marcus. Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov’d
Doth weep to see his grandsire’s heaviness.
Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife
Marcus. At that that I have kill’d, my lord; a f
ACT IV.


_Enter Titus and Marcus._ Then enter young Lucius, _Lavinia_ running after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia doth me every where; I know not why; uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes: as! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean.

Marc. See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee; so mewhither would she have thee go with her. a! boy; Cornelia never with more care to her sons than she hath read to thee veet poetry and Tully’s Orator.

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess, less some sort or fancy do possess her; or I have heard my grandsire say full oft, extremity of griefs would make men mad; and I have read that Hecuba of Troy an mad through sorrow; that made me to fear, although, my lord, I know my noble aunt owes me as dear as e’er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth; Which made me down to throw my books and fly, Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt; And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go, I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will.

_Lavinia turns over the books which Lucius had let fall._

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see. Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy. But thou art deeper read, and better skill’d; Come, and take choice of all my library, And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens Reveal the damned contriver of this deed. Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there was more than one

Confederate in the fact: ay, more there was; Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosteth so?

Boy. Grand sire, ’tis Òvid’s Métamorphoses; My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that’s gone, Perhaps, she could it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves! What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read? This is the tragic tale of Philemèl, And treats of Tereus’ treason and his rape; And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see! note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris’d, sweet girl,

Ravish’d and wrong’d, as Philomela was,

Fors in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods? See, see!

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt, O! had we never, never hunted there. Pattern’d by that she poet here describes, By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O! why should nature build so foul a den, Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed: Or sunk not Satirumne, as ‘larquin erst, That left the camp to sin in Lucrece’ bed?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury, Inspire me, that I may this treason find! My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia: This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst, This after me.

_He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth._

I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all. Curs’d be that heart that forc’d us to this shift! Write thou, good niece, and here display at last What God will have discover’d for revenge. Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain, That we may know the traitors and the truth!

_She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes._

Tit. O! do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?

_Stampum. Chiron. Demetrius._

Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed!

Tit. Magni dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis secleræ? tam lentus vides?

Marc. O! calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me, as with the woeful fare
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus swears for Lucrece's rape,
That we will prosecute by good advice.
Mortal revenge upon these traitorius Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake, an if she wind you once:
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list. 109
You're a young huntsman, Marcus, let alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gat of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves abroad,
And where's your lesson then? Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I an it I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury:
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress's sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou 't do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,
grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house; 120
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court:
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Boy.

Marc. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstacy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just that he will not revenge.
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! Exit.

Scene II.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter from one side Aaron, Demetrius, and Chiron;
from the other side, young Lucius
and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons,
and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;
Aside. And pray the Roman gods confound us both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what's the news?

Boy. Aside. That you are both deciph'd that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. Aloud. My lords,
I pray you, my grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, aside like billy villains.

Exeunt Boy and Attend. Lucius.

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and what round about?

Let's see:

Integer vitae, sederisque purus,
Non eyet Mauri jaculis, nec arcæ.

Chi. O! 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it was
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just a verse in Horace; right, we have it.

Aside. Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath for their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quiz;
But were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.
And now, young lords, was not a happy state
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dams
At such a banch, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Aside. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.

Trumpets sound. Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.

Nurse. Good morrow, lords. O! tell me, do you see
Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whist at all.
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nurse. O gentle Aaron! we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
This maugre all the world will I keep safe; Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome. 
Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed. 
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape. 
Nurse. The emperor in his rage will doom her death. 
Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy. 
Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears. 
Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing 
The close enacts and counsels of the heart: 
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer: 
Look how the black slave smiles upon the father, 
As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine own.' 
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed 
Of that self blood that first gave life to you; 
And from that womb where you imprison'd were 
He is enfranchised and come to light: 
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side, 
Although my seal be stamped in his face. 
Nurse. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress? 
Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done, 
And we will all subscribe to thy advice: 
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe. 
Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult. 
My son and I will have the wind of you: 
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety. 
They sit. 
Dem. How many women saw this child of his! 
Aar. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league, 
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor, 
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness, 
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms. 
But say again, how many saw the child? 
Nurse. Cornelia the midwife, and myself, 
And no one else but the deliver'd empress. 
Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself: 
Two may keep counsel when the third's away. 
Go to the empress; tell her this I said: 
Stabbing her. 
Weke, weke!"

So cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore 
didst thou this? 
Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy: 
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours, 
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no lords, no. 
And now be it known to you my full intent. 
Not far, one Mulci lives, my countryman; 
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed. 
His child is like to her, fair as you are: 
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold, 
And tell them both the circumstance of all, 
And how by this their child shall be advance'd, 
And be received for the emperor's heir, 
And substituted in the place of mine, 
To calm this tempest whirling in the court; 
And let the emperor dandle him for his own. 
Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her physic, 
Pointing to the Nurse. 
And you must needs bestow her funeral; 
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms. 
This done, see that you take no longer days, 
But send the midwife presently to me. 
The midwife and the nurse well made away, 
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.
Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

Exc. Demetrius and Chiron, bearing
off the Nurse’s body.

Aur. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow
flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress’ friends.
Come on, you thick-lipp’d slave, I’ll bear you
hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I’ll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.
Exit, with the Child.

Scene III.—The Same. A public Place.

Enter Titus, bearing arrows with letters on
the ends of them; with him Marcus, young
Lucius, Publius, Sempronius, Caius, and
other Gentlemen, with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is
the way.
Sir boy, now let me see your archery:
Look ey’drawn home enough, and ’tis threestraight.
Terræ Astræa religiæ:
Be you remember’d, Marcus, she’s gone, she’s
fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may find her in the sea;
Yet there’s as little justice as at land.
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
’Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto’s region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah! Rome. Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people’s suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o’er me.
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch’d:
This wicked emperor may have shipp’d her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius! is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?
Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night to attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!
What! have you met with her?
Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you
word.
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marv, for Justice, she is so employ’d,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere
else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with dels,
I’ll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but brubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon’d men fram’d of the Cyclops’ size.
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrong with wrongs more than our bad
(can bear:
And sith there’s no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrong.
Come, to this gear. You’re a good archer, Marc.

He gives them the arrows

Ad. Jovem, that’s for you: here, Ad Apollinem
Ad. Mortem, that’s for myself
Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There’s not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw:—They shoot
O! well said, Lucius.
Good boy, in Virgo’s lap; give it Pallas.
Marc. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon.
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Hal! Publius, Publius, what hast thou don;
See, I thou hast shot off one of Taurus’ horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: we
Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall’d, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram’s horns in the court.
And who should find them but the empress
villain?
She laugh’d, and told the Moor he should no
choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship
joy!
Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in
it.

News! news from heaven! Marcus, the post is
come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?
Clo. O! the gibe-maker. He says that he
hath taken them down again, for the man mus
not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?
Clo. Alas! sir, I know not Jupiter; I never
drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?
Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven
Clo. From heaven! alas! sir, I never came
there. God forbid I should be so bold to press
to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going
with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take
up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one
of the emperor’s men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to
serve for your oration; and let him deliver the
pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. To thee, can you deliver an oration to the
emperor with a grace?
Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace
in all my life.
Titus. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
at give your pigeons to the emperor:
me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
old, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy
charges.
ive me pen and ink.
rah, can you with a grace deliver a sup-
plication?
Clo. Ay, sir.
Tit. Then here is a supplication for you.
and when you come to him, at the first approach
must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver
your pigeons; and then look for your reward.
ll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely. 
Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.
Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me
see it.
ere, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
or thou hast made it like an humble supplicant:
and when thou hast given it to the emperor,
ock at my door, and tell me what he says.
Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.
Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow
me.
Exeunt. 120

SCENE IV.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Act SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS,
CHIRON, Lords, and Others: SATURNINUS
with the arrows in his hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these!
Was ever seen
an emperor in Rome thus overborne,
bulled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
and justice, us'd in such contempt?
lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
over these disturbers of our peace
in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
even with law, against the wilful sons
of old Andronicus. And what an if
sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
'll we be thus afflicted in his winks,
fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness!
I now he writes to heaven for his redress:
here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
's to Apollo; this to the god of war;
set scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
hat's this but libelling against the senate,
d blazoning our injustice every where?
goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
who would say, in Rome no justice were.
if I live, his reign'd estancies
all be no shelter to these outrages;
the and his shall know that justice lives
Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
'll she awake, as she in fury shall
't the proud'st conspirator that lives.
Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
r of my life, commander of my thoughts,
me thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
e effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
lose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scar'd his
heart;
I rather comfort his distressed plight
an prosecute the meanest or the best
these contempts. Aside. Why, thus it shall
become
gh-witted Tamora to glaze with all:
Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out; if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! would'st thou speak
with us?
Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be em-
perial.
Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the
emperor.
Clo. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you
good den. I have brought you a letter and a
couple of pigeons here.

SATURNINUS reads the letter.

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him pre-
ently.
Clo. How much money must I have?
Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.
Clo. Hanged! By'r lady, then I have brought
up a neck to a fair end. Exit, guarded.

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs! 58
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds.
May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.
For this proud mock I'll be thy slayghterman;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me
great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter EMILIUS.

What news with thee, Emilius?
Emil. Arm, my lords! Rome never had more
cause.
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is war-like Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost or grass beat down with
storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often heard them say,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their
emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city
strong?
Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like
thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody;
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,
Whenas the one is wounded with the bair,  
The other rotted with delicious feed.  

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.  

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:  
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear  
With golden promises, that, were his heart  
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.  

To AEemilius. Go thou before, be our ambassador:  
Say that the emperor requests a parley  
Of war-like Lucius, and appoint the meeting  
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.  

Sat. Emilius, do this message honourably:  
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,  
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.  

Emil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.  

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,  
And temper him with all the art I have,  
To pluck proud Lucius from the war-like Goths,  
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
And bury all thy fear in my devices.  

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.  

Exit.

ACT V.  

SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.  

Enter Lucius and an army of Goths, with drum and colours.  

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,  
And how desirous of our sight they are.  
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;  
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,  
Let him make treble satisfaction.  

First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,  
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;  
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,  
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,  
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.  

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.  

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.  
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?  

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron, with his Child in his arms.  

Second Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;  
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.  
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard  
The crying babe contr'd with this discourse:  
'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!  
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
Hath nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:  
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  

They never do beget a coal-black calf.  
Peace, villain, peace!' even thus he rates a babe.  

'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;  
Who, when he knows thou art the empress',  
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.  
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,  
To use as you think needful of the man.  

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil  
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:  
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' ear,  
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.  

Say, wall-eyed slave, whither would'st thou convey  
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?  
Why dost not speak? What! deaf! not a word?  
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,  
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.  

Aor. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.  

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.  
First hang the child, that he may see it spare.  
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.  
Get me a ladder!  

Aor. A ladder brought, which Aaron is to ascend  

Luc. Lucius, save the child;  
And bear it from me to the empress.  
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous tricks  
That highly may advantage thee to hear;  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
I'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'  

Luc. Say on; an if it please me which thou speak'st,  
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish.  
Aor. An if it please thee! why, assure thyself.  
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak.  
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies  
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:  
And this shall all be buried in my death,  
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.  

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.  

Aor. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.  

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believest no god:  
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?  
Aor. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not.  
Yet, for I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee called conscience  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,  
Therefore I urge thee oath; for that I know  
An idiot holds his bangle for a god,  
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears  
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt  

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,  
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,  
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up  
Or else I will discover nought to thee.  

Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will  

Aor. First know thou, I begot him on thy empress.  

Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious woman
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Enter Tarn.

Tarn. Tut! Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
that which thou shalt hear of me anon. was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
ey cut thy sister's tongue and ravish'd her, d cut her hands and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Tarn. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd, and 'twas im sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them,
at coddling spirit had they from their mother, sure a card as ever won the set;
100 at bloody mind, I think, they learnt of me, true a dog as ever fought at head.

All, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
cain'd thy brethren to that guileful hole
were the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;
rote the letter that thy father found,
bad the gold within the letter mention'd,
federate with the queen and her two sons:
what not done, that thou hast cause to rue, herein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
lay'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
d, when I had it, drew myself apart,
d almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

ry'd me through the crevice of a wall
for, his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
held his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
at both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
d when I told the empress of this sport,
 swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
d for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

First Goth. What I canst thou say all this,
and never blush?

Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
en now I curse the day, and yet, I think,

w come within the compass of my curse,
herein I did not some notorious ill:
kill a man, or else devise his death;
dish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
use some innocent, and forswear myself;

deathly enmity between two friends;
ke poor men's cattle break their necks;
fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
d bid the owners quench them with their tears.

I have digg'd up dead men from their graves,
d set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
en when their sorrows almost were forgot;
d on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
we with my knife carved in Roman letters, et not your sorrow die, though I am dead.

I have done a thousand dreadful things willingly as one would kill a fly.

dothing grieves me heartily indeed
that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak
no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter Æmilius.

Welcome, Æmilus! what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths.
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He cries a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages:
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

First Goth. What says our general?

Æmil. Lucius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,

And we will come. March away.


Enter Tamora, Demetrius, and Chiron, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habili-
ment,

I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where they say he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

They knock.

Enter Titus, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?

Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?

You are deceit'd; for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word; how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?

Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou diest know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well.

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind.

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down and welcome me to this world's light;  
Confere with me of murder and of death.  
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,  
No vast obscurity or misty vale,  
Where bloody murder or detested rape  
Can couche for fear, but I will find it out;  
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,  
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.  
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,  
To be a torment to mine enemies?  
Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.  

Tit. Do me some service ere I come to thee.  
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;  
Now give some assurance that thou art Revenge:  
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels,  
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,  
And whirl along with thee about the globe.  
Provide two proper falreys, black as jet,  
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:  
And when thy car is laden with their heads,  
I will dismiss, and by the waggon-wheel  
Trot like a servile foottman all day long,  
Even from Hyerion's rising in the east  
Until his very downfall in the sea:  
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
So thou destroy Rape and Murder there.  
Tit. These are my ministers, and come with me.  

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?  
Tam. Rape and Murder; therefore called so,  
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.  
Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are,  
And you the empress! but we worldly men  
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.  
O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;  
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
I will embrace thee in it by and by. Exit above.  

Tit. This closing with him fits his lunacy.  
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,  
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,  
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;  
And, being credulous in this mad thought,  
I'll make him send for Lucius his son;  
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,  
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand  
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,  
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.  
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.  

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:  
Welcome, dear Fury, to my woeful house:  
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.  
How like the empress and her sons you are!  
Well are you fitted had you but a Moor:  
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?  
For well I wot the empress never wags  
But in her company there is a Moor;  
And would you represent our queen ariht,  
It were convenient you had such a devil.  
But welcome as you are. What shall we do?  
Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?  

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.  
Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a m,  
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.  
Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,  
And I will be revenged on them all.  
Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,  
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy self,  
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.  
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap  
To find another that is like to thee,  
Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravier.  
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court  
There is a queen attended by a Moor;  
Well may'st thou know her by thine own proportion,  
For up and down she doth resemble thee:  
I pray thee, do on them some violent death  
They have been violent to me and mine.  

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.  
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,  
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,  
And bid him come and banquet at thy house.  
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,  
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel  
And on them shalt ease thy angry heart.  
What says Andronicus to this device?  

Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus can.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;  
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths;  
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;  
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are  
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too  
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.  
This do thou for my love; and so let him,  
As he regards his aged father's life.  
Marc. This will I do, and soon return again.  

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business  
And take my ministers along with me.  
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;  
Or else I'll call my brother back again,  
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.  

Tam. Aside to her sons. What say you, boy,  
And you abide with him,  
While I go tell my lord the emperor  
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?  
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair;  
And tarry with him till I turn again.  

Tit. Aside. I know them all, though the suppos'd me mad,  
And will o'erreach them in their own devices  
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam,  
Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; I leave us here.  
Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now go  
To lay a compot to betray thy foes.  

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.  

Exit TAMOR.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?  

Exit CHI.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

TITUS. I have work enough for you to do. Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine! Enter PUBLIUS and Others.

Publius. What is your will?

Caius. Know you these two?

Valentine. The empress' sons.

Caius. The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name; therefore bind them, gentle Publius; and, Valentine, lay hands on them. Have you heard me wish for such an hour, and now I find it: therefore bind them sure, I'll stop their mouths if they begin to cry.

Enter TITUS, with LAVINIA; she bearing a basin, and he a knife.

CELIA. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons. Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded.

Caius. Stop their mouths, let them not speak a word.

Valentine. Sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Enter TITUS, with LAVINIA; she bearing a basin, and he a knife.

TITUS. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me, let them hear what fearful words I utter. Villains, Chiron and Demetrius! stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud, a goodly season with your winter mix'd. a kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault of her brothers were condemn'd to death, and cut off and made a merry jest: a sweet hand, her tongue, and that more dear hands or tongue, her spotless chastity, human traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd. at would you say if I should let you speak? stains, for shame you could not beg for grace. ek! wretches, how I mean to martyr you. one hand yet is left to cut your throats, list that Lavinia 'twixt her stumps doth hold a basin that receives your guilty blood, I know your mother means to feast with me, I call her Revenge, and thinks me mad. Villains, I will grind your bones to dust, with your blood and it I'll make a paste; of the paste a coffin I will rear, make two pasties of your shameful heads; bid that trumpeter, your unhallow'd dam, to the earth swallow her own increase. is the feast that I have bid her to this the banquet she shall surfeit on; worse than Philomel you're; my daughter, I worse than Procne I will be reveng'd. I now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come, He cuts their throats. receive the blood: and when that they are dead, be go grind their bones to powder small, with this hateful liquor temper it; in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd. come, be every one officious make this banquet, which I wish may prove More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast. So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook, And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes. Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.

SCENE III.—The Same. Court of Titus's House. A banquet set out.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths; with AARON, prisoner.

Lucius. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind That I repair to Rome, I am content. First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will. Lucius. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor, This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil; Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him, Till he be brought unto the empress' face, For testimony of her foul proceedings: And see the ambush of our friends be strong; I fear the emperor means no good to us. Avow. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear, And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth The venomous malice of my swelling heart! Lucius. Away, inhuman dog! unshallow'd slave! Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Trumpets sound. The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with EMILIUS, Senators, Tribunes, and Others.

Saturninus. What! hath the firmament more suns than one? Lucius. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun! Marcus. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parole; These quarrels must be quietly debated. The feast is ready which the careful Titus Hath ordain'd to an honourable end, For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome: Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Saturninus. Marcus, we will. Haubocks sound.

Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook; LAVINIA, veiled, young LUCIUS, and Others. Titus places the dishes on the table.

TITUS. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen; Welcome, ye war-like Goths; welcome, Lucius; And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor, 'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus? Titus. Because I would be sure to have all well, To entertain your highness, and your empress. Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus. TITUS. An if your highness knew my heart, you were. My lord the emperor, resolve me this: Was it well done of rash Virginius To slay his daughter with his own right hand, Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd? Lucius. It was, Andronicus. TITUS. Your reason, mighty lord?
Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

Kills Lavinia.

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made
me blind.
I am as woeeful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
to do this outrage: and it now is done.
Sat. What! was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.
Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?
Tan. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?
Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred,
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

Kills Tamora.

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accurs'd deed!

Kills Titus.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed!

Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. The people in confusion disperse. Marcus, Lucius, and their partisans, go up into the balcony.

Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O! let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be borne unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
To Lucius. Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst
our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy;
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale:
Your hearts will throb and weep to hearing speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother,
And they it was that ravished our sister.
For their fell faults our brothers were beheld,
Our father's tears despi'sd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel,
And sent her enemies unto the grave:
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping to
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's spoils:
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Ah! you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are;
That my report is just and full of truth.
But soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O! pardon me.
For when no friends are by, men praise the selves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold a child;
Of this was Tamora delivered,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say ye?

Romans?

Have we done aught amiss, show us where.
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak! and if you say we shal
Let! hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Emil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Marc. Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal emperor.

To Attendants. Go, go into old Titus' sorrow
house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudge'd some direful slaughter'd death
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Exeunt Attendants.

Lucius, Marcus, and the Others descend.

All. Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor.

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her wounds.
But, gentle people, give me a little a while.
For nature puts me to a heavy task.

Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
O! take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

Kisses Titus.
ese sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
the last true duties of thy noble son.

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
y brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
were the sum of these that I should pay
unless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn
of us melt in showers: thy grandsire lov'd thee
well:
y a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
ing thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
y a matter hath he told to thee,
et and agreeing with thine infancy;
that respect, then, like a loving child,
d yet some small drops from thy tender
spring,
cause kind nature doth require it so:
ends should associate friends in grief and woe.
him farewell; commit him to the grave;
that kindness, and take leave of him.

oy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all
my heart
uld I were dead, so you did live again.
ond! I cannot speak to him for weeping;
tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants, with AARON.
First Rom. You sad Andronic, have done
with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish
him;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O! why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity. 209
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. 210

Exeunt.
PROLOGUE.

Enter CHORUS.

Two households, both alike in dignity
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

Exit.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Verona. A public Place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, armed with swords and buckles.

Samp. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Samp. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Samp. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant.

Samp. A dog of that house shall move me.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Samp. 'Tis true; and therefore women, betwixt the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall; therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant; when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Samp. Ay, the heads of the maids, or the maidenheads; take it in what sense the wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Samp. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hast thou hast been poor John. Draw thy tool here comes two of the house of the Montague.
Enter Abraham and Balthasar.

Samp. My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I'll back thee.

Fri. How! turn thy back and run?

Samp. Fear me not.

Fri. No, marry; I fear thee!

Samp. Let us take the law of our sides; let us begin.

Fri. I will frown as I pass by, and let them see it as they list.

Samp. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disrege to them, they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Samp. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Samp. Aside to Gregory. Is the law of our e if I say ay?

Fri. No.

Samp. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Fri. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Samp. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Samp. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Fri. Aside to Sampson. Say 'better': here are none of my master's kinsmen.

Samp. Yes, better, sir.

Fri. You lie.

Samp. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. They fight.

Ben. Part, fools! 

Up your swords; you know not what you do.

Boots down their swords.

Enter Tybalt.

Clyb. What! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Fri. thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, manage it to part these men with me.

Clyb. What! drawn, and talk of peace; I hate the word, I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Fri. at thee, coward! They fight.

Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter citizens, with clubs.

First Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter Capulet in his gown; and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

Lady Cap. A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, d'flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Montague and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet! Hold me not; let me go.

Lady Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with his Train.

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,— Will they not hear? What hol ye men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins, On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistringer'd weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have thrice disturb'd the quies of our streets, And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments, To wield old partisans, in hands as old, Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate. If ever you disturb our streets again Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time, all the rest depart away: You, Capulet, shall go along with me; And, Montague, come you this afternoon To know our further pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our common judgment-place. Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. 

Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach? Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary And yours close fighting ere I did approach: I drew to part them; in the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd, Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears, He swung about his head, and cut the winds, Who nothing hurt withal hissed him in scorn. While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, Camemore and more, and fought on part and part, Till the prince came, who parted either part.

Lady Mon. O! where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, A troubled mind drive me to walk abroad; Where, underneath the grove of sycamore That rooteth toward from the city's side, So early walking did I see your son: Towards him I made; but he was ware of me, And stole into the covert of the wood; I, measuring his affections by my own, That most are busied when they're most alone, Pursu'd my humour not pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs: But all so soon as the all-cheering sun Should in the furthest east begin to draw The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, Away from light steals home my heavy son, And private in his chamber pens himself, Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out, And makes himself an artificial night. Black and portentous must this ominous prove Unlesss good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.  
Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?  
Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:  
But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself, I will not say how true,  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm.  
But he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
To hear true shift. Come, madam, let's away.  

Exeunt Montague and Lady Montague.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new struck nine.
Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast!  
Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out—
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas! that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.
Rom. Alas! that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will.  
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:  
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O any thing! of nothing first created.
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  
Misspav'n chaos of well-seeming forms!  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!  
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!  
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  

Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.
Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.  
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,  
Which thou wilt propagate to have it press'd  
With more of thine; this love that thou hast shown  
Dost add more grief to too much of mine own.  
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;  
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:  
What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.
Ben. Soft, I will go along;  
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut! I have lost myself: I am not here;  
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What! shall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan! why, but sadly tell me who.
Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his pills?  
Ah! word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.  
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I am so near when I supposed you did.  
Rom. A right good mark-man! And she's so fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest.
Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll be hit.

With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;  
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd.  
From love's weak childish bow she lives unarm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  
Nor hide the encounter of assaying eyes,  
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:  
O! she is rich in beauty; only poor
That when she dies, with beauty dies her star.
Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing me huge waste;
For beauty starv'd with her severity  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.  
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,  
To merit bliss by making me despair:  
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow  
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me; forget to think of it.
Rom. O! teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:  
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
Being black put us in mind they hide the face
That is strucken blind cannot forget.
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:  
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,  
What doth her beauty serve but as a note  
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair.
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forgive.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in despair.

Scene II.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,  
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before,  
My child is yet a stranger in the world,  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years  
Let two more summers wither in their pride  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon married are those so made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she;  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth;  
But woer her, gentle Paris, get her heart.
My will to her consent is but a part...
She agree, within her scope of choice
As my consent and fair according voice.
I night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Here to I have invited many a guest
As I love; and you, among the store,
No more, most welcome, makes my number
More.
My poor house look to behold this night
With treading stars that make dark heaven
Light:
Ch comfort as do lusty young men feel
T'en well-apparel'd April on the heel
Limping winter treads, even such delight
Long fresh female buds shall you this night
Here at my house: hear all, all see,
'd like her most whose merit most shall be;
Rich on more view of many of mine being one
By stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Me, go with me. To Servant, giving a paper.
Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
These names are written there, and to them you
Now whole and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Exeunt Capulet and Paris.

Serv. Find them out whose names are written re!
It is written that the shoemaker should ride with his yard, and the tailor with his
It, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons
These names are here writ, and can never find
At names the writing person hath here writ.
Must to the learned. In good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut! man, one fire burns out another's
Burning.
One pain is less'n'd by another's anguish;
'm giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's lan-
Guish:
Thou some new infection to thy eye,
The rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-
man is;
Put up in prison, kept without my food,
Hipp'd and tormented, and—Good den, good
Fellow.
Serv. God gi' good den. I pray, sir, can you
Ad?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. 60
Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without
book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.
Serv. Ye say honestly; rest you merry.
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.
Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
Nunzio Ascanio and his beautiful sisters; the lady
Dow of Vitruvio; Signor Placentio and his
Vely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine;
The uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my
Sir niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and
Cousins Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.
Fair assembly; whither should they come?
Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.
Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that
Before.
Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My
Master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be
Not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come
And crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry!

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's,
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
Fires!
And these, who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows
Best.
Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in Capulet's
House.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Lady Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call
Her forth to me.
Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve
Year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird!
God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet?

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now! who calls?
Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

Lady Cap. This is the matter. Nurse, give
Leave awhile,
We must talk in secret: nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age. 10
Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

Lady Cap. She's not fourteen.
Nurse. No, God be thanked. I shall lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammass-tide?

Lady Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammass-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said, 19
On Lammass-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd, I never shall forget it,
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dog,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua.
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dog and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dog.
'Shake,' quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need
I trow,
To bid me trudge:
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before she broke her brow:
And then my husband, God be with his soul!
A' was a merry man, took up the child:
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my halidom,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.'
To see now how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?'
quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

Lady Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.
Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh.
To think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay':
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly:
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
The wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

Lady Cap. Marry, that 'marr}' is the very theme
I come to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?
Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou had'st suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

Lady Cap. Well, think of marriage now;
younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

Lady Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

Lady Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Scene IV.

ROMEO. 'tis true, for she the I be
Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask; 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Rom. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer. O! then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

Scene V.—The Same. A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen.

First Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

Second Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

First Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovtest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony! and Potpan!

Second Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

First Serv. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

Third Serv. We cannot be here and there too. Cheery, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all. They retire behind.

Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued' with corns will have a bout with you. Ah ha! my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance! she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear
Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.
Music plays, and they dance.
More light, you knaves! and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah! sirrah, this unlook'd for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, sit, sit, good cousin Capulet.
For you and I are past our dancing days;
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

Second Cap. By'r Lady, thirty years.
Cap. What! man; 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

Second Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.
Rom. What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder night?

Serv. I know not, sir.
Rom. O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forsake it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone:
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd: What! goodman boy; I say he shall, go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to.
You are a saucy boy.—Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to sooth thee. —I know where.
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.
Well said, my heart! You are a prince;
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—shame!
I'll make you quiet. What! cheerly, my heart.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful chiding meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different gring.
I will withdrawing: but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall. In

Rom. To JULIET. If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this;
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your holy hands too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hand do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant they prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

Kissing, Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.


Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor.

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous;
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal;
I tell you he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the bed.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone.
We have a tripling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here! Come on then, let's bed.

Ah! sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest.

Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.
PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

O old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection yeps to be his heir;
Hat fair for which love groaned for and would die.
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

O Romeo is belov'd and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
Yet to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
E'en of a foe he may not have access.

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less.
To meet her new-belov'd any where;
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Impering extremities with extreme sweet.

Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Verona. A Lane by the wall of Capulet's Orchard.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise; And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjugue too. Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speake but one rhyme and I am contented; Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove';
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim;
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid,
He heareth not, he stirreth not; he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree.
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
O Romeo! that she were, O! that she were
An open et cetera, thou a poperin pear.
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. Capulet's Orchard.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
Juliet appears above at a window.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady! O! it is my love!
O! that she knew she were.
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See! how she leans her cheek upon her hand:
O! that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek.
Jul. Ay me!
Rom. She speaks
O! speak again, bright angel; for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head, As is a winged messenger of heaven Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds, And sails upon the gossam of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father, and refuse thy name; Or, if thou wilt not, but be but sworn my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Aside. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy; Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part Belonging to a man. O! be some other name: What's in a name? that which we call a rose By any other name would smell as sweet; So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd, Retain that dear perfection which he owes Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name; And for thy name, which is no part of thee, Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word. Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd; Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night So stumbilst on my counsel? By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am: My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, Because it is an enemy to thee: Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound: Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore? The orchard walls are high and hard to climb; And the place death, considering who thou art, If any of my kinsmen find thee there.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls; For stony limits cannot hold love out, And what love can do that dares love attempt; Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes; And but thou love me, let them find me here: My life was better ended by their hate. Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire; He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes. I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest, I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is my face, Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek For that which thou hast heard me speak night.

Rom. What have I spoke: but farewell complier! Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'tis true; And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swearest Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo! If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully: Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay. So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond, And therefore thou may'st think my havior light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess, But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware, My true love's passion: therefore pardon me, And not impute this yielding to light love, Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops: Jul. O! I swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon, That monthly changes in her circled orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all: Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, Which is the god of my idolatry, And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy thee, I have no joy of this contract to-night: It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden; Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night! This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose a rest

Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied? Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have at night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful yea For mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it; And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again
yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My count is as boundless as the sea,
O, as deep; the more I give to thee,
more I have, for both are infinite.

Nurse calls within.

ROMEO. Some noise within; dear love, adieu!

Enter Juliet, above.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

NURSE. Within, Madam! I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
beseech thee—

JULIET. Within, Madam! By and by: I come—

ROMEO. A thousand times good night!—

JULIET. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

ROMEO. What age is hoarse, and may not speak aloud?

JULIET. I would I ear the cave where Echo lies,
I make her airly tongue more hoarse than mine.

ROMEO. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
W silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

JULIET. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

ROMEO. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

SCENE III.—The Same. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.

FRIAR. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave that is her womb,
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O! mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair
Revolts from true birth, stambling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part:
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

ROMEO. Good morrow, father!

FRIAR. Benedicite! What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature; 40
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo!
My intercession likewise steeds my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shift.
Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love
is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where and how
We met we wo'd and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline;
How much salt water throwed away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou chang'd? I pronounce this sentence then:
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Rom. Thou child'dst me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
Fri. O! she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.
Rom. O! let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.
Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

Scene IV.—The Same. A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.
Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo
Came he not home to-night?
Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with man.
Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted we
that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad
Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
Mer. A challenge, on my life.
Ben. Romeo will answer it.
Mer. Any man that can write may answer letter.
Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's mask,
how he dares, being dared.
Mer. Alas! poor Romeo, he is already de
stabbed with a white wench's black eye; a
thorough the ear with a love-song; the
pin of his heart cleft with the blind boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encon
Tybalt?
Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?
Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell—
O! he is the courageous captain of com
ments. He fights as you sing prick-song, ko
time, distance, and proportion; rests me
minim rest, one, two, and the third in
bosom; the very butcher of a silk butto
duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the
first house, of the first and second cause
the immortal passado! the punto reverso! hay!
Ben. The what?
Mer. The box of such antick, lisping, affect
fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!
Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a
good whore! Why, is not this a lamenta
ting, thing, grandsire, that we should be thus affli
with these strange flies, these fashion-mong
these pardonnez-moii, who stand so much on
new form that they cannot sit at ease on the
bench! O! their bons, their bons.

Enter ROMEO.
Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Rom.
Mer. Without his roe, like a dried her
O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now it
for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Le
his lady was a kitchen-wench; marry, he
had a better love to be-rime her; Dido a dow
Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero bilden
harlots; Thisbe a grey eye and so, but not to
purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there
French salutation to your French slop.
He gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.
Rom. Good morrow to you both. What
counterfeit did I give you?
Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you con
ceive?
Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business is
great; and in such a case as mine a man
strain courtesy.
Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case
yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.
Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.
Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.
A most courteous exposition.

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Right.

Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Well said; follow me this jest now till

I hast worn out thy pump, that when the sole of it is worn, the jest may remain

the wearing sole singular.

O single-soled jest! solely singular for singleness.

Come between us, good Benvolio; my faits.

Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; 'll cry a match.

Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose

e, I am done, for thou hast more of the

-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, ve in my whole five. Was I with thee there the goose?

Thou wast never with me for any thing

n thou wast not there for the goose.

I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Nay, good goose, bite not.

Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is

not sharp sauce.

And is it not well served in to a sweet

as?

O! here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches

an inch narrow to an ell broad.

I stretch it out for that word 'broad'; ch added to the goose, proves thee far and

e a broad goose.

Why, is not this better now than groaning

love? now art thou sociable, now art thou

so; now art thou what thou art, by art as

ls by nature: for this drivelling love is like

eat natural, that runs lolling up and down

side his bauble in a hole.

Stop there, stop there.

Desirest me to stop in my tale

the hair.

Thou would'st else have made thy tale

here.

O! thou art deceived; I have

ite short; for I was come to the whole

th of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy

argument no longer.

Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Peter, anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Nurse. God, God, Peter, to hide her face; for her

's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Nurse. God ye good den, fair gentleswman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Nurse. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand

the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Nurse. One, gentleswman, that God hath made

himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for him

to mar,' quoique 't? Gentlemen, can any of you

me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be

older when you have found him than he was

when you sought him: I am the youngest of

that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea! is the worst well? very well took,

i? faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some con-

fidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a

lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere

it be spent.

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in Lent:

But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll

to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell.

Lady, lady, lady.

Enter Mercutio and Benvolio.

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what

saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his

ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear

himself talk, and will speak more in a minute

than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll

take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and

twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find

those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his

flirt-gills; I am none of his skeins-mates.

To Peter. And thou must stand by too, and

suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure;

if I had, my weapon should quickly have been

out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as

another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel,

and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that

every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!

Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my

young lady bade me inquire you out; what

she bid me say I will keep to myself; but first

let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's

paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of

behaviour, as they say: for the gentleswman is

young; and therefore, if you should deal

double with her, truly it were an ill thing to

be offered to any gentleswman, and very weak

dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and

mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell

her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful

woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou

dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest;

which, as I take it, is a gentleswmanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise

Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;

And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell

be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.
Rom. Go to; I say you shall.
Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.
Rom. And stay, good nurse; behind the abbey-wall.
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell! Be trusty, and I'll quitt thy pains.
Farewell! Command me to thy mistress.
Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.
Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse? 29
Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?
Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.
Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing.—O! there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aside; but she,
good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her
that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you,
when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout
in the versal world. Doth not rosemary
and Romeo begin both with a letter?
Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.
Nurse. Ah! mocker; that's the dog's name.
Rom. Is for the— No; I know it begins with some other letter; and she hath the prettiest senten-
tious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would
do you good to hear it.
Rom. Command me to thy lady.
Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. Exit Romeo.

Scene V.—The Same. Capulet's Orchard.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O! she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
Driving back shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and Peter.

O God! she comes. O honey nurse! what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.
Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. Exit Peter.
Jul. Now, good sweet nurse; O Lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shan't'st the music of sweet notes
By playing it to me with so sour a face.
Nurse. I am awearie, give me leave awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt I had!
Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I
news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good, my master.
Nurse. Jesu! what haste; can you not
speak.
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this
dearth is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?
Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice
you know not how to choose a man: Romeo is not he;
thou, his face be better than any, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, a foot, and a body, though they be not to talk on, yet they are past compare. He not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; so God. What have you dined at home?
Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage! what of that?
Nurse. Lord! how my head aches; who head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' other side; O! my back, my back.
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.
Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what is my love?
Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gen-
man, and a courteous, and a kind, and a he-
some, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where
your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother! why, she is with
Where should she be? How oddly thou repli-
'ce your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?
Nurse. O! God's lady dies. Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultrie for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
Jul. Here's such a coil! come, what is
Romeo?
Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift
day?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laure-
cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheek.
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news,
Hie to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dare.
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; 'I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse,
farewell. Exeunt
Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

1. So smile the heavens upon this holy act, when hours with sorrow chide us not! 2. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can, we must counteravail the exchange of joy: one short minute gives me in her sight: how but close our hands with holy words, and love-devouring death do what he dare; enough I may but call her mine.

3. These violent delights have violent ends, in their triumph die, like fire and powder, chas as they kiss consune: the sweetest honeyathome in his own deliciousness 12 in the taste confounds the appetite; before love moderately; long love doth so; swift arises as tardy as slow.

Enter Juliet.

3 comes the lady: O! so light a foot never wear out the everlasting flint; never may bestrade the gossamer. 4. Idles in the wanton summer air, yet not fall: so light is vanity. 5. Good even to my ghostly: confessor. 6. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

6. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

om. Ah! Juliet, if the measure of thy joy seemed like mine, and that thy skill be more shacon it, then sweeten with thy breath to neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue old the imagin'd happiness that both gave in either by this dear encounter. 11. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, gs of his substance, not of ornament: 31 are but baggers that can count their worth; my true love is grown to such excess not sum up half my sum of wealth.

4. Come, come with me, and we will make short work; by your leaves, you shall not stay alone holy church incorporate two in one.

Act I

Scene I.—Verona. A public Place.  

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire: to day is hot, the Capulets abroad, 1. if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl; now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring. 2. Thou art like one of those fellows that en the enters the confines of a tavern claps his sword upon the table and says, 'God de me no need of thee!' and by the operation the second cup draws it on the drawer, when need there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow? 3. Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to moody, and as soon moody to be moved. 4. And what to? 5. Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should ve none shortly, for one would kill the other.

Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter! with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband! and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple! 33

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter Tybalt and Others.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you. 34 Mer. And but one word with one of us! Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving!

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,— 35 Mer. Consort! what! dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddle-stick; here's that shall make you dance. 36 Zounds! consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men: Either withdraw unto some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us. 37 Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze; I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower; Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting; villain am I none, Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not. 72

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee, But love thee better than thou canst devise, Till thou shalt know the reason of my love: And so, good Capulet, which name I tender As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away.  

Draws.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?  

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?  

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of  

your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal,  

and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat  

the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your  

sword out of his pitchler by the ears? make haste,  

lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.  

Tyb. I am for you.  

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst come  

him here,  

Shalt with him hence.  

Rom. This shall determine the  

They fight; Tybalt!  

Ben. Romeo, away! be gone!  

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.  

Stand not amaz'd: the prince will doom  

death  

If thou art taken: hence! be gone! away!  

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.  

Ben. Why dost thou so?
for justice, which thou, prince, must give: 
\textit{Enter Romeo.} Romeo must not live.

\textit{Romeo.} Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio; 
now the price of his dear blood doth owe. 
\textit{Enter Nurse.} Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's 
friend; fault concludes but what the law should end, 
life of Tybalt.

\textit{Romeo.} And for that offence 
mediately we do exile him hence: 
we an interest in thy bate's proceeding, 
our blood for thy rude brawls doth lie a-bleding; 
I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
that you shall all repent the loss of mine. 
it'll be dead to pleading and excuses; 
'tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses; 
refrane use none; let Romeo hence in haste, 
as, when he's found, that hour is his last. 
r hence this body and attend our will: 
cy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

\textit{Nurse.} I saw the wound, I saw it with mine 
eyes, God save the mark! here on his manly breast: 
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse; 
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, 
All in gore blood; I swounded at the sight. 
\textit{Juliet.} O! break, my heart; poor bankrupt, 
break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here; 
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 
\textit{Nurse.} O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had: 
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman! 
That ever I should live to see thee dead! 
\textit{Juliet.} What storm is this that blows so contrary? 
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead? 
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord! 
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom! 
For who is living if those two are gone! 
\textit{Nurse.} Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished; 
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished. 
\textit{Juliet.} O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's 
blood? 
\textit{Nurse.} It did, it did; alas the day! it did. 
\textit{Juliet.} O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face! 
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? 
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! 
Love-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb! 
Despised substance of divinest show! 
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st; 
A damned saint, an honourable villain! 
O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell? 
When thou didst bow the spirit of a fiend 
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? 
Was ever book containing such vile matter 
So fairly bound? O! that deceit should dwell 
In such a gorgeous palace.

\textit{Nurse.} There's no trust, 
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd, 
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. 
Ah! where's my man? give me some \textit{aqua vitae}: 
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old. 
Shame come to Romeo! 
\textit{Juliet.} Blist'rd the thy tongue! 
For such a wish! he was not born to shame: 
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit; 
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Solo monarch of the universal earth,
O! what a beast was I to chide at him.
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah! poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain's cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
'Thy dead,' and Rome! banish'd!'
That 'banish'd,' that one word 'banish'd,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybals. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd;
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banish'd!' to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet.
All slain, all dead: 'Romeo is banish'd!'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother, nurse?
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corpse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Rome! banishment.
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for Rome! is exil'd;
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widow'd.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Rome! take my maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber; I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is,
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.
Jul. O! find him; give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Same. Friar Laurence' Cell.
Enter Friar Laurence.
Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand?
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rom. Ha! banishment! be merciful, 'death';
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'
Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banish'd,
Be patience, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona: but
Purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banisht' is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death; then 'banished' isdeath mis-term'd.
Calling death 'banish;' Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfullness.
Thy fault our law calls death; but the prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to benediction:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Rome! may not: more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives,
In carrion flies than Rome! they may seize.
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin,
But Rome! may not; he is banish'd.
Fly's may do this, but I from this must fly,
They are free men, but I am banish'd.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-grind'd knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so much,
But 'banish'd' to kill me? 'Banish'd!' O friar! the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word 'banish'd'?
Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but say
a word.
Rom. O! thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off at word:
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banish'd,
Rom. Yet 'banish'd'! Hang up philosophy.
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevents not: talk no more."
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast:  
Unseemly woman in a seeming man;  
And ill-beseeing beast in seeming both!  
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?  
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?  
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do  
meet  
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st  
lose.  
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy  
wit;  
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,  
And usest none in that true use indeed  
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy  
wit.  
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valour of a man;  
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to  
cherish;  
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,  
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,  
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.  
What! rouse thee, man; thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy  
too:  
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy  
friend,  
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
A pack of blessings light upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,  
Thou poust upon thy fortune and thy love.  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;  
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua:  
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto  
Romeo is coming.  
Nurse. O Lord! I could have stay'd here all  
the night  
To hear good counsel: O! what learning is.  
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.  
Rome. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to  
chide.  
Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you,  
sir.  
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.  
Exit.  
Rome. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!  

Fri. O! then I see that madmen have no ears.  
Rom. How should they, when that wise men  
have no eyes?  
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.  
Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost  
not feel.  
rt thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
ing like me, and like me banished,  
might'st thou speak, then might'st thou  
tear thy hair,  
d fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
ding the measure of an unmade grave.  
Knocking within.  
Fri. Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide  
yself.  
Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick  
groans,  
st-like, infold me from the search of eyes.  
Knocking.  
Fri. Hark! how they knock. Who's there?  
Romeo arise;  
o wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;  
Knocking.  
'to my study. By and by! God's will!  
at simplicity is this! I come, I come!  
Knocking.  
o knocks so hard? whence come you? what's  
your will?  
Nurse. Within. Let me come in, and you shall  
know my errand:  
one from Lady Juliet.  
Fri. Welcome then.  

Enter Nurse.  
Nurse. O holy friar! O! tell me, holy friar,  
here is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?  
Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears  
made drunk.  
Nurse. O! he is even in my mistress' case,  
in her case. O woeful sympathy!  
whose predicament! Even so lies she,  
berering and weeping, weeping and blub-  
bering.  
and up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:  
her Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
hy should you fall into so deep an O?  
Rom. Nurse!  
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the  
end of all.  
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with  
her?  
oth she not think me an old murderer,  
ow I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
ith blood remov'd but little from her own?  
here is she? and how doth she? and what says  
you conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?  
Nurse. O! she says nothing, sir, but weeps  
and weeps;  
now falls her head; and then stands up,  
d Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,  
d then down falls again.  
Rom. As if that name,  
hot from the deadly level of a gun,  
s to murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
ndler'd her kinsman. O! tell me, friar, tell  
me,  
what vile part of this anatomy  
both my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
the hateful mansion.  
Drawing his sword.
Fri. Go hence. Good night; and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis’d from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua: I’ll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time.

Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand; ‘tis late; farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It was a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. Exeunt.

Scene IV.—The Same. A Room in Capulet’s House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fall’n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov’d her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I: well, we were born to die.
’Tis very late, she’ll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

Lady Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow.

To-night she’s mew’d up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child’s love: I think she will be rul’d
In all respects by me; may, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris’ love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon;
O’ Thursday let it be: o’ Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We’ll keep no great ado; a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore we’ll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o’ Thursday be it then.

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very late, very late,
That we may call it early by and by.

Good night. Exeunt.

Scene V.—The Same. Juliet’s Chamber.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc’d the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree;
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the day:
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do light the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. You light is not daylight, I know it,
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need’st not to go.

Rom. Let me be ta’en, let me be put to deat,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I’ll say you grey is not the morning’s eye,
’Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia’s brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do bet
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wilt it.

How is’t, my soul? let’s talk; it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away.
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing shade.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathed toad chant eyes;
O! now I would they had chang’d voices too.
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affright.
Hunting thee hence with hunt’s-up to the crows.

O! now be gone; more light and light grows.

Rom. More light and light; more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse!

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let me out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and descend.

Des. These later daylight, then I may convey
Thy wish to her, let me to thee return:
For my fair lady, what art thou, my lord?
My lord, I must hear from thee every day in the hour;
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O! think’st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyes fail, or thou look’st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
Thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
Or else, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
And send him back.

Lady Cap. Within, ho, daughter! are you up long?
Jul. Who is 't that calls? Is it my lady mother?
She not down so late, or up so early?
But unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

Lady Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
Lady Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
Jul. Wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
If thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
Much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Yet, let me weep for such a feeling loss.

Lady Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss, cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

Lady Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st so much for his death
That the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
Lady Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. Aside. Villain and he be many miles amiss.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands
Could none but I might venge my cousin's death.

Lady Cap. We will have vengeance for it, thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
There that same banish'd runagate doth live,
That shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
My poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
to bear a poison, I would tempe't,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O! how my heart abhors
To bear him nam'd, and cannot come to him.
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

Lady Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they? I beseech your ladyship?
Lady Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday, or never after look me in the face. Speak not, reply not, do not answer me; my fingers itch—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd! That God had lent us but this only child; but now I see this one is too much, and that we have a curse in having her. Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her! You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so. 170

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue.

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips; go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O! God ye good den. Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool! Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl, for here we need it not.

Lady Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad. Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play, alone, in company, still my care hath been to have her match'd; and having now provided a gentleman of noble parentage, 181 of fair demesnes, you...¡l, and nobly train'd, Staff'd, as they say, with honourable parts, proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man; and then to have a wretched pulling fool, a whining mammet, in her fortune's tender. To answer 'I'll not wed,' 'I cannot love,' 'I am too young,' 'I pray you, pardon me,' but, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you! Graze where you will; you shall not house with me:

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest. Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise. An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend; An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets, for, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee, nor what is mine shall never do thee good. Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsown.

Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds, that sees into the bottom of my grief? O! sweet my mother, cast me not away: Delay this marriage for a month, a week; or, if you do not, make the bridal bed in that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

Lady Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word. Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Exit.

Jul. O God! O nurse! how shall this be prevented? My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven; how shall that faith return again to earth, unless that husband send it me from heaven by leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me. 200 Alack, alack! that heaven should practise stratagems upon so soft a subject as myself! what say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy? Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis. Romeo is banished; and all the world to nothing.

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge ye, or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth. Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, I think it best you married with the county. O! he's a lovely gentleman; Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, mada hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart, I think you are happy in this second match, for it excels your first: or if it did not, your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were. As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul to or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen! Nurse. What. Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvelously. Go in; and tell my lady I am gone, having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell to make confession and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. Ex. Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wick'flend! Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn, or to dispaise my lord with that same tongue which she hath praiz'd him with above com- pare. So many thousand times? Go, counsellor; thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. I'll go to the friar, to know his remedy; if all else fail, myself have power to die. Ex.

ACT IV.


Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very shoo... Paris. My father Capulet will have it so; and I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind. Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death, and therefore have I little talk'd of love; for Venus smiles not in a house of tears. Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous that she doth give her sorrow so much sway, and in his wisdom haste our marriage to stop the inundation of her tears, which, too much minded by herself alone, may be put from her by society. Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. Aside. I would I knew not why it shou... slow'd. Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife! Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wif. Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursd... next. Jul. What must be shall be. Fri. That's a certain te... Par. Come you to make confession to th' father?
With racy shanks, and yellow chalpess skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;  
When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;  
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark, and cold, appear like death;  
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunken death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come; and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua,  
And this shall free thee from this present shame;  
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O! tell not me of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone: be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.  
Farewell, dear father.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. Hall in CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servi"
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. 10
What! is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence? 
Nurse. Ay, forsooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with 
merry look.
Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have
you been gadding?
Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the
sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.
Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what became love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well:
stand up:
This is as 'tis should be. Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. 20
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.
Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my
closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?
Lady Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is
time enough.
Cap. Go, nurse, go with her. We'll to church
to-morrow. 

Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.

Lady Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.
Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee,
wife.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle
nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full
of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

Lady Cap. What! are you busy, ho? need you
my help?
Jul. No, madam; we have call'd such neces-
saries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the nurse this night sit up with you
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

Lady Cap. Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast ne-

Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my vitals;
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me:
Nurse! What should she do here? My dismal scene I must act alone.
Come, wish a good fortune.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no; this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

Laying down a day
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtilly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should dishonour
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem mee there's a fearful point;
Shall I not then be stiffed in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no wholesome air brea-
in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo come?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for this many hundred years, the be-
cs of many buried ancestors are pack'd:
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest ring in his shroud; where, as they lay
At some hours in the night spirits resort:
Alack, alack! is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsom snore,
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud
And, in this rage, with some great kinsmen
bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brain
O! look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

She falls upon her bed within the curtained

SCENE IV.—The Same. Hall in CAPULET

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

Lady Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch
more spices, nurse.
Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
dry 

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second ek
hath crow'd.
curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:

Go, you cot-queen, go,
you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
this night's watching.

No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

Ah, you have been a mouse-hunt
in your time;
I will watch you from such watching now.

A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
I Peter, he will show thee where they are.

Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
on shalt be logger-head. Good faith! 'tis day:

A county will be sleeper with music straight,
so he said he would. Music within.

I hear him near.

Waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,
ke haste; the bridgroom he is come already:
ke haste, I say.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast,
I warrant her, she:
y lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
y love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
hat! not a word? you take your pennyworths
now:

for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
County Paris hath set up his rest,
at you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
arry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
mist needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
let the county take you in your bed;
'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
that, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down
again!
mist needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!
fas! alas! Help! help! my lady's dead!
well-a-day, that ever I was born.

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
Lady Cap. O me! O me! my child, my only
life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help! help! Call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame! bring Juliet forth; her lord
is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deesse'd, she's dead;
alack the day!

Lady Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's
dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her. Out, alas! she's
cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

O lamentable day!

Lady Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with

Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

Son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's!

Par. Have I thought long to see this morn-

ing's face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Lady Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hate-
ful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

Most lamentable day, most woeful day,

But ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited,
slain!

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,

Kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?

Child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,  
For 'twas your heaven she should be advance'd;  
And weep ye now, seeing she is advance'd!  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
O! in this love, you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:  
She's not well married that lives married long;  
But she's best married that dies married young.  
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array bear her to church;  
For though fond nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's meritment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral;  
Our instruments to melancholy bells,  
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;  
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.  
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;  
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

Exeunt CAPULET, Lady CAPULET,  
PARIS, and Friar.

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes,  
and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put  
up;

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. Exit.  
First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be  
amended.

Enter PETER.

Peter. Musicians, O! musicians; 'Heart's ease,  
Heart's ease': O! an you will have me live,  
play 'Heart's ease.'

First Mus. Why 'Heart's ease'?

Peter. O! musicians, because my heart itself  
plays 'My heart is full of woe.' O! play me  
some merry dump, to comfort me.

First Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to  
play now.

Peter. You will not then?

First Mus. No.

Peter. I will then give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us?

Peter. No money, on my faith! but the gleek;  
I will give you the minstrel.

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-  
creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the serving-creature's  
dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotches:  
I'll re you, I'll sae you. Do you note me?

First Mus. An you re us and sae us, you note us.

Second Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger,  
and put out your wit.

Peter. Then have at you with my wit! I will  
dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my  
iron dagger. Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
Then music with her silver sound—

why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver  
sound'? What say you, Simon Catling?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a  
sweet sound.

Peter. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebo?

Second Mus. I say 'silver sound,' best  
musicians sound for silver.

Peter. Pretty too! What say you, Jack  
Soundpost?

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Peter. O! I cry you mercy; you are  
singer; I will say for you. It is 'music  
with her silver sound,' because musicians have  
gold for sounding:

Then music with her silver sound  
With speedy help doth lend redress.  

First Mus. What a pestilent knife is same!

Second Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll  
here; tarry for the mourners, and stay din'd.  

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth  
sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:  
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;  
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheery  
thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead  
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave  
think!

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lip  
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, boosted.

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar!  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the frie,  
How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;  
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be  
her body sleeps in Capel's monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives.  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
And presently took post to tell it you.  
O! pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then I deny you, stars  
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and pen  
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience;  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush! thou art deceiv'd.  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee go,  
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.

Exit BALTHASAR.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
Let's see for means: O mischief! thou art sly.  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.  
I do remember an apothecary,  
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I note
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Scene I.—Verona. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar John.

Friar John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Friar. Lau. This same should be the voice of Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo? Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Friar. John. Going to find a bare-foot brotherout, one of our order, to associate me, here in this city visiting the sick, And finding him, the searchers of the town, Suspecting that we both were in a house Where the infectious pestilence did reign, Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth; So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Friar. Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo? Friar. John. I could not send it, here it is again, Nor get a messenger to bring it thee, So fearful were they of infection.

Friar. Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood, The letter was not nice, but full of charge Of dear import; and the neglecting it May do much danger. Friar John, go hence; Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight Unto my cell.


Friar. Lau. Now must I to the monument alone; Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake: She will beshrew me much that Romeo Hath had no notice of these accidents; But I will write again to Mantua, And keep her by my cell till Romeo come: Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! Exit.

Scene III.—A Churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the CAPULETS.

Enter Paris, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof; Yet put it out, for I would not be seen. Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along, Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground: So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread, Being loose, unform with digging up of graves, But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me, As signal that thou hear'st something approach. Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go. Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. Retires.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew, O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones; Which with sweet water nightly I will dew, Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans: The obsequies that I for thee will keep Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep. The Page whistles.

The boy gives warning something doth approach. What cursed foot wanders this way to-night, To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? What! with a torch? muffle me, night, awhile. Retires.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, mattock, etc.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron. Hold, take this letter; early in the morning See thou deliver it to my lord and father. Give me the light: upon thy life I charge thee, Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof, And do not interrupt me in my course. Why I descend into this bed of death
Is partly to behold my lady’s face, 
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger 
A precious ring, a ring that I must use 31 
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone: 31 
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry. 41 
In what I further shall intend to do, 
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint, 
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs. 41

The time and my intents are savage-wild, 
More fierce and more inexorable 
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea. 51
Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 51
Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that: 41
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow. 41
Bal. Aside. For all this same, I’ll hide me hereabout: 41
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. 41
Retires.

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, 
Gorg’d with the dearest morsel of the earth, 
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open, 62
Opens the tomb.

And, in despite, I’ll cram thee with more food! 
Par. This is that bash’d haughty Montague, 
That murder’d my love’s cousin, with which grief 
It is supposed the fair creature died; 51
And here is come to do some villainous shame 
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him. 51
Comes forward.

Stop thy unhallow’d toil, vile Montague, 
Can vengeance be pursu’d further than death? 
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee: 
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die. 62
Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man; 
Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone; 
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth, 
Put not another sin upon my head 62
By urging me to fury: O! be gone: 62
By heaven, I love thee better than myself, 
For I come hither arm’d against myself: 
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say 
A madman’s mercy bade thee run away. 62
Par. I do defy thy conjurations, 
And apprehend thee for a felon here. 62
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy! 
They fight. 79
Page. O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch. Exit.
Par. O! I am slain. Falls.

If thou be merciful, 
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. Dies.
Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face: 
Mercutio’s kinsman, noble County Paris! 89
What said my man when my betossed soul 
Did not attend him as we rode? I think 
He told me Paris should have married Juliet: 
Said he not so? or did I dream it so? 
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 
To think it was so? O! give me thy hand, 
One writ with me in sour misfortune’s book: 
I’ll bury thee in a triumphant grave; 
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaught’r’d youth, 
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes 
This vault a festing presence full of light.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man inter’d. 31
Laying Paris in the t
How oft when men are at the point of death, 
Have they been merry! which their keepers 
A lightning before death: O! how may I 
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife, 
Death, that hath suck’d the honey of thy brea 
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty: 
Thou art not conquer’d; beauty’s ensign yet 
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, 
And death’s pale flag is not advanced there 
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet 
O! what more favour can I do to thee, 
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in two. 
To sunder his that was thine enemy? 
Forgive me, cousin! Ah! dear Juliet, 
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe 
That unsubstantial Death is amorous, 
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps 
Thee here in dark to be his paramour? 
For fear of that I still will stay with thee, 
And never from this palace of dim night 
Depart again: here, here will I remain 
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O! I will 
Set up my everlasting rest, 
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars 
From this world-weary’d flesh. Eyes, look ye last! 
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O y 
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss 
A dateless bargain to engrossing death! 
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide, 
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on 
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark! 
Here’s to my love! 
Drin

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. 

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Fri Laurence, with a lantern, crow, and spade.
Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how to-night 
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? Who there? 
Bal. Here’s one, a friend, and one that know’st you well, 
Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good friend, 
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light 
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern, 
It burneth in the Capel’s monument.
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there’s 
One that you love.
Fri. Who is it? 
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he been there? 
Bal. Full half an hour.
Fri. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, 
My master knows not but I am gone hence; 
And fearfully did menace me with death 
If I did stay to look on his intents. 
Fri. Stay then, I’ll go alone. Fear com upon me; 
O! much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew tree here 
I dreamt my master and another fought, 
And that my master slew him.
Fri. Romeo! Advance.
Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up, That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Others.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad!

Lady Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo, Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heaven! O wife! look how our daughter bleeds.

This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo! his house Is empty on the back of Montague,
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

Lady Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague and Others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and hear more early down.

Friar. Alas! my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Montague. O thou untaught! what mannaresis in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woe,
And lead you even to death: meintime forbear,
And let mishance be slave to patience.

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Friar. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Friar. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perfonce,
To County Paris: then comes she to me,
And with wild looks bid me devise some mean
To rid her from this second marriage, 210
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John, 250
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her wak'ning,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth
And bear this work of heaven with patience;
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrifice'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy
man.

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

Bul. I brought my master news of Juliet's
death;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on
Where is the county's page that rais'd
watch!

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?
Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did;
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb:
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the first
words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague,
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate;
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with
love;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punished.

Cap. O brother Montague! give me thy hand
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things:
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. Execute
TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.
Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, Ventidius, one of Timon's false Friends.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captain.
Apemantus, a churlish Philosopher.
Flavius, Steward to Timon.
Flaminius, Lucilius, Servilius, Caphis, Philotus, Servants to Timon's Creditors.
Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Athens, and the neighbouring Woods.

ACT I.


Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir. I am glad you're well.
Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?
Poet. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known; at what particular rarity? what strange, which manifold record not matches? See, fagic of bounty! all these spirits thy power hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant. I know them both; 'tis other's a jeweller.

Mer. O! 'tis a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd, as it were, o' an unalterable and continue goodness: he passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Mer. O! pray, let 'tis see 't: for the Lord Timon, sir!

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: 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.

Mer. Looking at the jewel. 'Tis a good form.

Titus, Lucius, Servants to Timon's Creditors.
Hortensius, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.
An old Athenian.
Servants to Varro and Isidore, two of Timon's Creditors.
Three Strangers.
A Page.
A Fool.

Phrynia, Timandra, Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

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 nourish'd: the fire 'tis the flint shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame provokes itself, and like the current flies each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. 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 dullness 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, who pass over the stage.

Pain. How this lord is followed!

Poet. The senators of Athens: happy man!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man, Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug With ampest entertainment: my free drift Halts not particularly, but moves itself In a wide sea of wax: no level’d malice Infects 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? 

Poc. I will unboil to you. 

You see how all conditions, how all minds, As well of glib and slippery creatures as Of grave and austere quality, tender down Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune, Upon his good and gracious nature hanging, Subdues and properties to his love and tendance All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flattering 

To Apeamatus, that few things loves better Than to abhor himself: even he drops down The knee before him and returns in peace Most rich in Timon’s nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together. 

Poc. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill Feign’d Fortune to be thron’d: the base of the mount Is rank’d with all deserts, all kinds 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, 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.

Poc. 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? 

Poc. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood Spurns down her late belov’d, all his dependants Which labour 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’s 

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Lord TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from VENTIDIIUS talking with him. LUCILIUS and other servants following.

Tim. Imprison’d is he, say you? 

Mess. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt, His means most short, his creditors most strait Your honourable letter he desires To those that have shut him up; which failing, Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! We 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 fr him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Command me to him: I will send him 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. 

Mess. 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 nam’d Lucilius. 

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here or no? Lucilius! Luc. Here, at your lordship’s service. 

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, thy creature, By night frequents my house. I am a man That from my first have been inclin’d to thrift And my estate deserves an heir more rais’d Than one which holds a trencher. 

Tim. Well; what furthe Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin els On whom I may confer what I have got: The maid is fair, o’ the youngest for a bride, And I have bred her at my dearest cost In qualities of the best. This man of thine Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord, Join with me to forbid him her resort; Myself have spoke in vain. 

Tim. The man is hone 

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon: His honesty rewards him in itself; It must not bear my daughter. 

Tim. Does she love him Old Ath. She is young and apt: Our own precedent passions do instruct us What levity’s in youth. 

Tim. To LUCILIUS. Love you the maid? Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent missing, I call the gods to witness, I will choose Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow 

If she be mated with an equal husband? 

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; future, all. 

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv’d r long; To build his fortune I will strain a little. For ’tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter What you bestow, in him I’ll counterpoise, And make him weigh with her. 

Old Ath. Most noble lor Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
hat state or fortune fall into my keeping
which is not ow'd to you!

Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
lordship!
Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
so not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
our lordship to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man; for since dishonour traffics with man's nature,

He is but outside; these pencill'd figures are
e'en such as they give out. I like your work;
and you shall find I like it: wait attendance
ill you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!
Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your
hand;
Ve must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
faith suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?
Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,

I would unclew me quite.
Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
is those which sell would give: but you well
know,

Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters. Believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the
common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.
Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be
child?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.
Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Ape-

Mantus!

Apen. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good
morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
honest,

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou
know'st them not.

Apen. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.

Apen. Then I repent not.
Jew. You know me, Apeamantus?
Apen. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by
thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apeamantus.
Apen. Of nothing so much as that I am not
like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?
Apen. To knock out an honest Athenian's
brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou 'lt die for.
Apen. Right, if doing nothing be death by
the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Ape-

Mantus?

Apen. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Worught he not well that painted it?
Apen. He wrought better that made the
painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of
work.

Pain. You're a dog.
Apen. Thy mother's of my generation:
what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apeamantus?
Apen. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.
Apen. O! they eat lords; so they come by
great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.
Apen. So thou apprehendedst it, take it for
thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Ape-

Mantus?

Apen. Not so well as plain-dealing, which
will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?
Apen. Not worth my thinking. How now,
poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!
Apen. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?
Apen. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.
Apen. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apen. Then thou liest: look in thy last work,
where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned; he is so.

Apen. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay
thee for thy labour: he that loves to be
flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens,
that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apeamantus?
Apen. E'en as Apeamantus does now; hate a
lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?
Apen. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?
Apen. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.

Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apeamantus.
Apen. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will
not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.
Apen. Traffic's thy god, and thy god con-
found thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?
Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide
to us.

Exeunt some Attendants.

You must needs dine with me. Go not you
hence
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's
done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your
sights.

Enter Alcibiades, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir!
Apen. So, so; there!
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love amongst these
sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man’s
bred out
Into baboon and monkey.
Alec. Sir, you have sav’d my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly 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 APEMANTUS.

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o’ day is’t, Ape-
manus?
Apen. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.
Apen. The more accused thou, that still
omitt’s t’ it.

Second Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon’s
feast?
Apen. Ay; to see meat fill knaves and wine
heat fools.

Second Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.
Apen. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell
twice.

Second Lord. Why, Ape­manus?
Apen. Should’s t have kept one to thyself, for
I mean to give thee none.

First Lord. Hang thyself!

Apen. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding:
make thy requests to thy friend.

Second Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog! or I’ll
spurn thee hence.

Apen. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o’ the
ass.

First Lord. He’s opposite to humanity.
Come, shall we in
And taste Lord Timon’s bounty? he ou­tgoes
The very heart of kindness.

Second Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the
god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern’d man.
Second Lord. Long may he live in fortunes!
Shall we in?

First 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
Lord Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, Senators, and Ventidius. Then comes, dropping
after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour’d Timon,
It hath pleas’d the gods to 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; and there’s none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must no
dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!
They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis
at first.
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcome
Recanting goodness, sorry ere tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there need
none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortune
Than my fortunes to me. They sit.
First Lord. My lord, we always have con-
Fess’d it.
Apen. Ho, ho! confess’d it; hang’d it, how
you not?

Tim. O! Ape­manus, you are welcome.
Apen. You shall not make me welcome:
I come to thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie! thou’rt a churl! ye’ve got a hume
there
Does not become a man; ’tis much to blame,
They say, my lords, Ira furor brevis est,
But yond man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself,
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.
Apen. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on’t.
Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou’rt
Athenian; therefore welcome. I myself
would have no power; prithee, let my meat make the
silent.

Apen. I scorn thy meat; ’twould choke me
for I should
Ne’er flatter thee. O you gods! what a numb
Of men eat Timon, and he sees ‘em not.
It grieves me to see so many dip their meat
In one man’s blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men
Methinks they should invite them with no
knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There’s much example for’t; the fowler that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, at
plegdes
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has be
proved.
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink
meals,
Lest they should spy my wind-pipe’s danger
notes:
Great men should drink with harness on the
throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the heal
go round.

Second Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lor
TIMON OF ATHENS. 725

Enter a Servant.  129

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 Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely 139

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. Th' ear.  

Taste, touch, and smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;  

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.  

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance;  

Music, make their welcome! Exit CUPID.

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you 're below'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hoy-day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way:  

They dance! they are mad women.  

Like madness is the glory of this life,  
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root. 140

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 spurr to their graves  

Of their friends' gift?  

I should fear those that dance before me now Would on the day stamp upon me: 't has been done;  

Men shut their doors against a setting sun. 159

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring Of TIMON; and to show their loves each singlets out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,  

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,  
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;  
You have added worth unto 't and lustre,  
And entertain'd me with mine own device;  
I am to thank you for 't.

First 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 160

Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.  

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.

Excuse CUPID and Ladies.

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord!

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.


There is no crossing him in's humour;
Else I should tell him, well, 'tis 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.*

**First Lord.** Where be our men?  
**Serv.** Here, my lord, in readiness.  
**Second Lord.** Our horses!  

*Re-enter Flavius, with the casket.*

**Tim.** O my friends! I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good lord, I must entreat you, honour me so much As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it. Kind my lord.  

**First Lord.** I am so far already in your gifts— All. So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

**Serv.** My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate Newly alighted, and come to visit you.  
**Tim.** They are fairly welcome.  
**Flav.** I beseech your honour, Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.  
**Tim.** Near! why, then another time I'll hear thee. I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.  
**Flav.** Aside. I scarce know how.

*Enter another Servant.*

**Second Serv.** May it please your honour, Lord Lucius, Out of his free love, hath presented to you Four milk-white horses, trap'd in silver.  
**Tim.** I shall accept them fairly; let the presents Be worthily entertain'd.

*Enter a third Servant.*

**Third Serv.** Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucinus, 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 forc'd out!  
Happier is he that has no friend to feed

Than such that do o'en enemies exceed.  
I bleed inwardly for my lord.  

*Exit.*

**Tim.** You do yourselves Much wrong, you bathe too much of your own merits:  
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

**Second Lord.** With more than common than  
I will receive it.

**Third Lord.** O! he's the very soul of bounty  
Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave  
Good words the other day of a bay courser  
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

**Third Lord.** O! I beseech you, pardon  
my lord, in that.  
**Tim.** You may take my word, my lord;  
know no man Can justly praise but what he does affect;  
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;  
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.  

**All Lords.** O! none so welcome  
Tim. I take all and your several visitations  
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;  
Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friend  
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,  
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;  
It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou lie  
in a pitch'd field.

**Alep.** Ay, desist'd land, my lord  
**First Lord.** We are so virtuously bound—  
**Tim.** And Am I to you.  
**Second Lord.** So infinitely endear'd—  
**Tim.** All to you. Lights, more lights!  
**First Lord.** The best of happiness.  
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lo Timon!  
**Tim.** Ready for his friends.  

*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, e Apem.*

What a coil's her Serving of becks and jutting-out of buff's!  
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums  
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full dregs:  
Methinks, false hearts should never have saw legs.  
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth court-sies.  

**Tim.** Now, Apemantus, if thou Wert not so dull  
I would be good to thee.  
**Alep.** No, I'll nothing; for if I should  
be bribed too, there would be none left to per  
upon thee, and then thou would'st sin the fast  
Thou givest so long. Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly;  
where these feasts, pomp's, and vain-glories?  
**Tim.** Nay, an you begin to rail on solicence, I am sworn not to give regard to ye Farewell; and come with better music.  

*Ex.*

**Alep.** So:  
Thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not the  
I'll lock thy heaven from thee.  
O! that men's ears should be  
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery  

*ACT II.*

**Scene I.—Athens. A Room in a Senator’s House.**

*Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.*

**Sen.** And late, five thousand: to Varro as to Isidore  
He owes nine thousand; besides my former suit  
Which makes it five-and-twenty. Still motion
Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure? Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon’s importune him for my moneys; be not ceas’d with slight denial, nor then silence when—Commend me to your master—and the cap tays in the right hand, thus; but tell him, I uses cry to me; I must serve my turn out of mine own; his days and times are past, and my reliances on his fracted dates have smit my credit; I love and honour him, but must not break my back to heal his finger; immediate are my needs, and my relief just not be toss’d and turn’d to me in words, but find supply immediate. Get you gone: ‘tis on a most importunate aspect, 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 phaonix. 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. Go. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Hall in Timon’s House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense, that he will neither know how to maintain it, nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account how things go from him, nor resumes no care of what is to continue: never mind Was to be so unwise, to be so kind. What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Flav. Pray, whose here? 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, etc.

Tim. So soon as dinner’s done, we’ll forth again.

My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the accession 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,

In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I prithee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro’s servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment.

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.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on; I’ll wait upon you instantly.

Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.

To FLAVIUS. Come hither: pray you, How goes the world, that I am thus encounter’d With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds, And the detention of long-since-dué debts,

Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen, The time is unagreeable to this business:

Your importunity cease till after dinner, That I may make his lordship understand Wherefore you are not paid.


Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay; here comes the fool with Apeamantus: let’s ha’ some sport with ’em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he’ll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Ape. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Ape. No; ’tis to thyself. To the Fool. Come away.

Isid. Serv. There’s the fool hangs on your back already.

Ape. No, thou standest single; thou’rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where’s the fool now?

Ape. He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers’ men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apeamantus?

Ape. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to ’em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool. How does your mistress?
Foof. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth! 72
Apen. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Page. Look you, here comes my mistress' page. Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?
Apen. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.
Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.
Apen. Canst not read?
Page. No.
Apen. There will little learning die then that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.
Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone.
Apen. 'E'en so thou outrunnest grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.
Page. Will you leave me there?
Apen. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?
All Serv. Ay; would they served us.
Apen. So would I, as a good trick as ever hangman served thief.
Page. Are you three usurers' men?
All Serv. Ay, fool.
Apen. 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.
Apen. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knife; 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 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than 's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteene, 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.
Apen. That answer might have become Apemantus.
All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apen. Come with me, fool, come.
Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother and woman; sometime the philosopher.

Execute Apemantus and Fool.

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

Execute Servants.

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time

Had you not fully laid my state before me,
Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVIlius, and other Servants.

servants. My lord! my lord!

Tim. I will dispatch you severally: you to Lucius; to Lord Lucullus you; I hunted his honour to-day; you, to Sempronius. I mend me to their loves; and I am proud, that my occasions have found time to toward a supply of money: let the request fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Tim. Lord Lucius! and Lucullus! hum! To another Servant. Go you, sir, to the senators, whom, even to the state’s best health, I have serv’d this hearing, bid ’em send o’ the instant thousand talents to me.

Flam. Is’t true? I can’t be? They answer, in a joint and corporate voice, at now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot what they would; are sorry; you are honorable. Yet they could have wish’d; they know not, nothing hath been amiss; a noble nature catch a wrench; would all were well; tis pity; so, intending other serious matters, or distasteful looks and these hard fractions, certain half-caps and cold-moving nods froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them! whee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows we’re their ingratitude in them hereditary; their blood is cak’d, ’tis cold, it seldom flows; lack of kindly warmth they are not kind; nature, as it grows again toward earth, fashion’d for the journey, dull and heavy.

a Servant. Go to Ventidius. To FLAVIUS. Prithchee, be not sad, you art true and honest; ingeniously I speak, I blame belongs to thee. To Servant. Ventidius lately cried his father; by whose death he’s stepp’d to a great estate; when he was poor, 23 aprison’d and in scarcity of friends, clear’d him with five talents; greet him from me; him suppose some good necessity suiches his friend, which, craves to be remembr’d with those five talents. Exit Servant.

Tim. To FLAVIUS. That had, give’t these fellows whom ’tis instant due. Ne’er speak or think that Timon’s fortunes’ mong his friends can sink. Flam. I would I could not think it: that thought is bounty’s foe; free itself, it thinks all others so. Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Athens. 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.

Lucullus. Aside. One of Lord Timon’s men! a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminus, honest Flaminus, you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine.

Exit Servant.

And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminus?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord’s behalf, I came to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la! ‘nothing doubting,’ says he? Alas! good lord; a noble gentleman ’tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha’ dined with him, and told him on’t; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I ha’ told him on’t, but I could ne’er get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucullus. Flaminus, I have noted thee always wise.

Here’s to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucullus. I have observed thee always for a thoroughly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. To the Servant. Get you gone, sirrah.

Exit Servant. Draw nearer, honest Flaminus. Thy lord’s a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here’s three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is’t possible the world should so much differ, And we alive that liv’d? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee!

Throwing the money away.

Lucullus. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

Exit.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart? It turns in less than two nights? O you gods! or I feel my master's passion. This slave unto his honour Has my lord's meat in him: Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment When he is turn'd to poison? O! may diseases only work upon't, And when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature Which my lord paid for, be of any power To expel sickness, but prolong his hour. Exit.

Scene II.—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.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common hours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fle, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

Second 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?

Second Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. To Lucius. My honoured lord!

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, 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 meantime 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 disfavor myself against such a good time, when I ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily happened, that I should purchase the day before a little part, and undo a great deal of honor! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not about; the more beast, I say; I was sending use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me boldly to his good lordship; and I hope his honor will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this for me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions to say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

Exit Servilius.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed; And he that's once denied will hardly speak.

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

Second Stran. Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why, this is the world's so and just of the same piece Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him His friend that dips in the same dish! for I 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.

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First 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 So much I love his heart. But, I perceive, Men must learn now with pity to dispense; For policy sits above conscience.

Scene III.—The Same. A Room in Sempronius's House.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hubove all others? He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus; And now Ventidius is wealthy too, Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord, They have all been touch'd and found base men for They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him? Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him? And does he send to me? Three! hum!
Welcome, Sir, for Titus now
What Your Mark, Labouring
What good Ay, I
It was my lord's best hope; now all are fled
only the gods. Now his friends are dead,
or, that were never acquainted with his wards
by a bounteous year, must be employ'd
'to guard sure their master:
'd this is all a liberal course allows;
'to cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.
es he hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worth than stealth.
First Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns;
what's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.
First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep:
and it should seem by the sun,
your master's confidence was above mine;
else, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter Flaminius.
Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.
Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is
my lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you
are too diligent.

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?
Second Var. Serv. By your leave, sir.—
Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
Flav. Ay, If money were as certain as your waiting,
'twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest into their glutinous
maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.
Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves.

First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashiered
worship mutter?
Second 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.

Tim. O! here’s Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from’t; for, take’t on my soul, my lord, it would wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsaken him; he’s much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:

An if it be far beyond his health,

Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts.

And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods!

Tim. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. Within. Servilius, help! my lord! my lord!

Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminius following.

Tim. What! are my doors oppos’d against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place which I have feasted, does it now,

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tim. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here’s mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Flam. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with ’em: clear me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tim. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What yours? and yours?

First Var. Serv. My lord,—

Second Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you!

Exit.

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their 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 c’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.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods,

Exit.

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Room of State in
TIMON'S House.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter
divers Lords, Senators, and Others, at several doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.
Second Lord. I also wish it to you. I think
this honourable lord did but try us this other
day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts 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.

Second Lord. It should not be, by the persua-
sion of his new feasting.

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent
me an earnest inviting, which many my near
occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath
conjured me beyond them, and I must needs
appear.

Second Lord. In like manner was I in debt to
my inexpressable friends, but he would not hear
my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow
of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I
understand how all things go.

Second Lord. Every man here's so. What
would he have borrowed of you?

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Second Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Third Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he
comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both;
and how fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of
your lordship.

Second Lord. The swallow follows not summer
more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. Aside. Nor more willingly leaves winter;
such summer-birds are men. Gentlemen, our
dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast
your ears with the music awhile, if they will
fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall
to 't presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly
with your lordship that I returned you an empty
messenger.

Tim. 'O! sir, let it not trouble you.

Second Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah! my good friend, what cheer?

Second 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.

Second Lord. If you had sent but two hours
before,—
Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. The banquet brought in.
Come, bring in all together.
Second Lord. All covered dishes!
First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you. 
Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.
First Lord. How do you? What's the news? Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?
First and Second Lord. Alcibiades banished!
Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.
First Lord. How? how?
Second Lord. I pray you, upon what?
Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?
Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.
Second Lord. This is the old man still.
Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?
Second Lord. It does; but time will—and so—Third Lord. I do conceive.
Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress; your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods! the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap. The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and stangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Throwing the 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, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What! dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou:
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

What! all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hat Of Timon man and all humanity!

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, etc.

First Lord. How now, my lords!
Second Lord. Know you the quality of Timon's fury?
Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?
Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.
Third Lord. He's but a mad lord, and not but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel other day, and now he has beat it out of hat: did you see my jewel?
Fourth Lord. Did you see my cap?
Second Lord. Here 'tis.
Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.
First Lord. Let's make no stay.
Second Lord. Lord Timon's mad.
Third Lord. I feel 't upon my bosom.
Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diano, next day stones.
Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, Master steward! where’s our master?

We undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

I, Alack! my fellows, what should I say to you?

Be recorded by the righteous gods,

As poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke! noble a master fall’n! All gone, and not friend to take his fortune by the arm,

Go along with him!

Second Serv. As we do turn our backs in our companion thrown into his grave,

As his familiar to his buried fortunes all away, leave their false vows with him,

And his disease of all-shunn’d poverty,

Like, contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

First Serv. All broken implements of a ruin’d house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon’s livery,

As I see by our faces; we are fellows still,

Ring alike in sorrow. Leak’d is our bark,

We, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,

The surges threat: we must all part this sea of air.

Good fellows all,

Latest of my wealth I’ll share amongst you,

Never shall we meet, for Timon’s sake yet be fellows; let’s shake our heads, and say,

Were a knell unto our master’s fortunes,

E have seen better days.’ Let each take some;

Giving them money,

Y, put out all your hands. Not one word more: as part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

They embrace, and part several ways.

The fierce wretchedness that glory brings us,

So would not wish to be from wealth exempt,

Yet riches point to misery and contempt?

So’d be so mock’d with glory? or so live in a dream of friendship?

Have his pomp and all what state compounds

Only painted, like his varnish’d friends?

Or honest lord! brought low by his own heart,

Done by goodness. Strange, unusual blood,

Ken man’s worst sin is he does too much good!

Then dares to be half so kind again?

Bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.

Dearest lord, bless’d, to be most accurs’d,

Sh, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes made thy chief afflictions. Alas! kind lord;

S flung in rage from this ingratitude seat monstrous friends;

Has he with him to supply his life,

That which can command it.

I’ll follow and inquire him out:

I’ll ever serve his mind with my best will;

Whilst I have gold I’ll be his steward still.

Exit.

SCENE III.—Woods and Cave, near the Sea-shore.

Enter Timon from the Cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun! draw from the earth

Rotten humidity; below thy sister’s orb

Infest the air! Twin’d brothers of one womb,

Whose procreation, residence, and birth,

Scarce is divitant, touch them with several fortunes;

The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,

To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,

But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and deny ’t that lord;

The senator shall bear contempt hereditary;

The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the rother’s sides,

The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,

And say ‘This man’s a flatterer’? if one be,

So are they all; for every 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 villany. Therefore, be abhor’d

All feasts, societies, and thron’s of men!

His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains;

Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

Digging.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate

With thy most operant poison! What is here? Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold! No, gods,

I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!

Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,

Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.

Ha! you gods, why this? What this, you gods?

Why, this

Willing your priests and servants from yourselves,

Pluck stout men’s pillows from below their heads:

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs’d;

Make the hoar leprosy adore’d; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench; this is it

That makes the wappen’d widow wed again;

She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gargoyle 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 right nature. March after’d.

Ha! a drum? Thou’rt quick.

But yet I’ll bury thee: thou’lt go, strong-thief.

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:

Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

Keeping some gold.
Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; Phrynia and Timandra.

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 Misaunthrops, 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;
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 churlish look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rod 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.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none; if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timon. Is this the Athenian minion whom the world

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!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard and griev'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 prithee, beat thy drum, and get gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well.

Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens to heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have call.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy quest; and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon.

Tim. That by killing of villains thou wert born to conquer

My country,

Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go!

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vie'd city hang his poise
In the sick air: let not thy sword slip one,

Pity not honour's age for his white beard;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counter matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's chaste
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for thick milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at my eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors. Speak not the bale,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust the mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall

And mince it sans remorse. Swear again objects;

Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maidens, babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeds.

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confound be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, hear the curse upon thee!

Phry. Timon. Give us some gold, good Timon;

Dost thou more!

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear a t'ade,

And to make whores a bawd. Hold up thy slats.

You o'erweening mountant: you are not cahhable

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly sve

Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues;

The immortal gods that hear you, spare ye oaths,
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented! O! a root; dear thanks:
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man! Plague! plague!

Ape. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog.

Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

Ape. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of 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 discases' perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou 'st 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 welcome,
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my like-

Tim. Were I like thee I'd throw away myself.

Ape. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What! think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caule thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wraekful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,

To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee; 230
O! thou shalt find—


Ape. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Ape. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st miserv.

Ape. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Ape. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in 't?

Ape. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?
Ape. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it enforcingly; thou 'dst courtier be again
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives uncertain pomp, is crown'd before;
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasped, but bred a dog. 290
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drudges of it
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows; I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in suffrance, 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 hereditarily. Hence! be gone!
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thon hadst been a knave and flatterer.
Ape. Art thou proud yet?
Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.
I, that I was
No prodigal,
Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this! 290
Thus would I eat it. Eating a root.
Ape. Here; I will mend thy feast.
Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.
Ape. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.
Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.
Ape. What would'st thou have to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.
Ape. Here is no use for gold.
Tim. The best and trustiest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm. 290
Ape. Where liest o' nights, Timon?
Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Ape. Where my stomach finds meat;
rather, where I eat it.
Tim. Would poison were obedient and kind!
Ape. Where would'st thou send it?
Tim. To sence thy dishes.
Ape. The middle of humanity thou knowest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, thou mockst thee for too much curiosity; in rage thou knowest none, but art despised for contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.
Tim. On what I hate I feed not.
Ape. Dost hate a medlar?
Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.
Ape. An thou hadst hated meddlers so, thou should'st have loved thyself better. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, it was beloved after his means?
Tim. Who, without those means thou talk of, didst thou ever know beloved?
Ape. Myself.
Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst no means to keep a dog.
Ape. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?
Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are things themselves. What would'st thou with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in power?
Ape. Give it the beasts, to be rid of men.
Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in confusion of men, and remain a beast with beasts?
Ape. Ay, Timon.
Tim. A beastly ambition, which the great thee t'attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert 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 livest but as a breakfast to wolf; if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st have thy life for thy dinner; were thou the uncial pride and wrath would confound thee and make thee self the conquest of thy fury; were thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by a horse; were thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard; were thou a leopold, thou wert German to the lion, and the spots thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all safety, wars, recreation, and thy defence absorbed.
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 transmigration?
Ape. 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?
Ape. Yonder comes a poet and a painter the plague of company light upon thee! I wot not what else to do, I'll see thee again.
Tim. When there is nothing living but the
TIMON OF ATHENS.

First Thief. Where should he have this gold? is some fragment, some slender ort of his maimder. The mere want of gold, and the lling-from of his friends, drove him into this elancholy.

Second Thief. It is noised he hath a mass of ease.

Third Thief. Let us make the assay upon m: if he care not for’t, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall’s get it?


First Thief. Is not this he?

First Thief. Where?

Second Thief. ’Tis his description.

Third Thief. He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women’s sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

First 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 confess
That you are thieves profess’d, that you work not
In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Haecdon thieves, Here’s gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o’ the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth, And so escape hanging: trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he says More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you protest to do’t.

Like workmen. I’ll example you with thievery: The sun’s a thief, and with his great attraction Licks the vast sea; the moon’s an arrant thief, And her pale fire she swatches from the sun: The sea’s a thief, whose liquid surge resolves The moon into salt tears; the earth’s a thief, That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen From general excrement; each thing’s a thief; The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power Have uncheck’d theft. Love not yourselves; away!

Rob one another. There’s more gold: cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal
But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever! Amen.

Third Thief. He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

First Thief. ’Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Second Thief. I’ll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

First Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens; there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.
Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond despis’d and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow’d! 470
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time’s guise,
When man was wish’d to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischiefe me than those that do!
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord, 480
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Timon comes forward.

Tim. Away! what art thou?
Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?
Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant’st thou’rt a man, I have forgot thee.
Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me; ay, all
I kept were knaves, to serve in men 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. 490
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
without 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? 500
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man, mistake me not, but one;
No more, I pray, and he’s a steward.
How fair would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem’st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by 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
Did feast;
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely.
Duty and zeal to your unmatch’d mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe
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 we
To require me by making rich yourself.
Tim. Look thee, ’tis so. Thou singly ho
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 n
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 swa
’em,
Debts wither ’em to nothing; be men
blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods
And so farewell and thrive.
Flav. O! let me stay
And comfort you, my master.
Tim. If thou hast
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou art ble
and free:
Ne’er see thou man, and let me ne’er see th

Exeunt severally.


Enter Poet and Painter.

Poet. What’s to be thought of him? Does
rumour hold for true that he’s so full of go
Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phry
and Timandra had gold of him: he like
enriched poor struggling soldiers with gr
quantity. ’Tis said he gave unto his stew
a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been a
try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a pa
in Athens again, and flourish with the high.
Therefore ’tis not amiss we tender our love
him, in this supposed distress of his: it
show honestly in us, and is very likely to lo
our purposes with what they travel for, if it
is a just and true report that goes of his havin
Pain. What have you now to present unto h
Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitati
only I will promise him an excellent piece.
Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of in
intent that’s coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is
very air o’ the time; it opens the eyes of pectation; performance is ever the dallier his act; and, but in the plainer and simp
kind of people, the deed of saying is quite
able. To promise is most courtly and fas
able; performance is a kind of will or tes
ment which argues a great sickness in ju
gment that makes it.
Enter TIMON, from his cave.

im. Aside. Excellent workman! thou canst paint a man so bad as is thyself.

poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have said for him: it must be a personating of self; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries; follow youth and opulence.

tim. Aside. Must thou needs stand for a villain, mine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own ass in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

poet. Nay, let's seek him:

in do we sin against our own estate,
en we may profit meet, and come too late.

paim. True;

on the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
d what thou want'st by free and offer'd light. ne.

im. Aside. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
it he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
in where swine feed!

thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,
best admired reverence in a slave:
thee be worship'd; and thy saints for aye crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey.

I meet them.

Advancing.

paim. Hail, worthy Timon!

paim. Our late noble master!
tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?
paim. Sir, wing often of your open bounty tasted,
leaving you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
have thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
all the whips of heaven are large enough—hat! to you,
hose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cover these monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
with any size of words.

tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better:
that are honest, by being what you are, take them best seen and known.

paim. Hail, and myself are travel'd in the great shower of your gifts, and sweetly felt it.
tim. Ay, you are honest men.
paim. We are hither come to offer you our service.
tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
an you eat roots and drink cold water? no.
both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.
tim. Ye're honest men. Ye've heard that I have gold;
am sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest men.
paim. So it is said, my noble lord; but Therefore came not my friend nor I.
tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit
best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best; thou counterfeit'st most lively.
paim. So, so, my lord.
tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction, why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
that thou art even natural in thine art.

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:

tim. Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.
tim. You'll take it ill.
both. Most thankfully, my lord.
tim. Will you indeed?
both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.
tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

both. Do we, my lord?
tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up villain.
paim. I know none such, my lord.
paim. Nor I.
tim. Look you, I love you well. I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

both. Name them, my lord; let's know them.
tim. You that way and you this, but two in company:
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou would'st not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence! pack! there's gold; you came for gold,
Ye slaves:
You have work'd for me, there's payment: hence!
You are an alchemist, make gold of that.
Out, rascal dogs!

Beat them out and then retires to his cave.

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon:

For he is set so only to himself.

That nothing but himself, which looks like man, is friendly with him.

first sen.Bring us to his cave:
It is our part and promise to the Athenians To speak with Timon.

Second 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.

Re-enter TIMON from his cave.

tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cautering to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

first sen. Worthy Timon,—
Ti. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

Sec. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Ti. I thank them; and would send them back the plague, Could I but catch it for them.

Sec. 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.

Sec. They confess Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross; Which now the public body, which doth seldom Play the recanter, feeling in itself A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon; And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render, Together with a recompense more fruitful Than their offence can weigh down by the dram; Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs, And write in thee the figures of their love, Ever to read them thine.

Ti. You witch me in it; Surprise me to the very brink of tears: Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes, And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

Sec. Therefore so please thee to return with us, And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks, Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name Live with authority: so soon shall we drive back Of Alcibiades the approaches wild; Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up His country's peace.

Sec. And shakes his threaten'ning sword Against the walls of Athens.

Ti. 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.

Sec. I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not, And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not While you have threats to answer: for myself, There's not a whistle in the unruly camp But I do prize it at my love before The reverend'st threat in Athens. So I leave you To the protection of the prosperous gods, As thieves to keepers.

Pla. Stay not; all's in vain.

Ti. Why, I was writing of my epitaph; It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness Of health and living now begins to mend, And nothing brings me all things. Go; live still: Be Alcibiades your plague, you his, And last so long enough!

Sec. We speak in vain.

Ti. But yet I love my country, and am not One that rejoices in the common wreck, As common bruit doth put it.

Sec. That's well spoke.

Ti. Command me to my loving count men,— Sec. These words become your lips they pass through them.

Sec. And enter in our ears like gr triumpers In their applauding gates.

Ti. Command me to them; And tell them that, to ease them of their griest Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses Their pangs of love, with other incident thro That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kind do them:

Sec. I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

Ti. Like this well; he will ret again.

Ti. 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 ple 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 greet. Flo. Trouble him no further; thus you shall find him.

Ti. Come not to me again; but say to Athen. Timon hath made his everlasting mansion Upon the beached verge of the salt flood; Who once a day with his embossed froth The turbulent surge shall cover: thither cor And let my grave-stone be your oracle. Lips, let sour words go by and language end What is amiss plague and infection mend! Graves only be men's works and death their sail Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reig

Sec. His discontents are unremovable. Coupled to nature.

Sec. Our hope in him is dead: let return, And strain what other means is left unto us In our dear peril.

Sec. It requires swift foot. Exeunt.

SCENE II. — Before the Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

Sec. Thou hast painfully discover'd are his files As full as thy report? I have spoke the less Besides, his expedition promises Present approach.

Sec. Our message to him as follows: Thence is his answer to Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient frien Whom, though in general part we were oppos Yet our old love made a particular force, And made us speak like friends: this man was riding.

Sec. From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, With letters of entreaty, which imported His fellowship 'tis the cause against your city, In part for his sake mov'd.
Enter the Senators from Timon.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect, a enemy's drum is heard, and fearful scouring th choke the air with dust. In, and prepare: is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare.

Exit.

Scene III.—The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a rude tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place. 's here I speak, ho! No answer! what is this? non is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span: me beast rear'd this; here does not live a man. ad, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb annot read; the character I'll take with wax: r captain hath in every figure skill; ag'd interpreter, though young in days. fore proud Athens he's set down by this, rose fall the mark of his ambition is. Exit.

Scene IV.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town terrible approach. A parley sounded.

Enter Senators on the walls.

I now you have gone on, and fill'd the time with all licentious measure, making your will's scope of justice; till now myself and such slept within the shadow of your power we wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush, en crouching marrow, in the bearer strong, of itself, 'No more': now breathless wrong all sit and pant in your great chairs of ease, pursy insolence shall break his wind 12th fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young, hen thy first griefs were but a mere conceit, e thou hadst power or we had cause of fear, e sent to thee, to give thy rages balm, wipe out our ingratitude with loves love their quantity.

Second Sen. So did we woo anformed Timon to our city's love a humble message and by promis'd means: e were not all unkind, nor all deserve to common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours are not erected by their hands from whom have receiv'd thy grief; nor are they such at these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall 7 or private faults in them.

Second Sen. Nor are they living ho were the motives that you first went out; name that they wanted cunning in excess ath broke their hearts. March, noble lord, to our city with thy banners spread: y decimation, and a tithed death, 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.

First Sen. All have not offended; For those that were, it is not square to take On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands, Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman, Bring in thy marks, 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.

Second Sen. What thou wilt, Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile Than hew to with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot Against our ramp'ring gates, and they shall ope, So thou wilt send thy gentle heart b. fore, To say thou 't enter friendly.

Second Sen. Throw thy glove, Or any token of thine honour else, That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress And not as our confusion, all thy powers Shall make their harbour in our town, till we Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove; Descend, and open your uncharged ports: Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own, Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof, Fall, and no more; and, to atone your fears With my more noble meaning, not a man Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream Of regular justice in your city's bounds, But shall be render'd to your public laws At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.
The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter 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.

Alcib. 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 guilt.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits: Though thou abhorrest'd 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. Exit.
JULIUS CAESAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Julius Caesar.
Octavius Caesar, Senators.
Marcus Antonius, Marcus Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Conspirators against Julius Caesar.

Metellus Cimber, Conspirators against Julius Caesar.
Flavius and Marullus, Tribunes.
Artemidorus, a Sophist of Cnidus.
A Soothsayer.
Cinna, a Poet. Another Poet.
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Young Cato, an Vulcinius, Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Damianus, Servants to Brutus.
Pindarbus, Servant to Cassius.
Calpurnia, Wife to Cesar.
Portia, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE.—During a great part of the Play, at Rome: afterwards at Sardis and near Philippi.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. 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?
First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.
Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?
Second Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Second Com. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.
Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?
Second Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Second Com. Why, sir, cobble you.
Flav. Thou art a cobble, art thou?
Second Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is

with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; who they are in great danger, I recover them. proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop today?

Why dost thou lead these men about thy streets?
Second Com. Truly, sir, to wear out the shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Caesar art to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome
to grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time an oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops.
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now call out a holiday?
DO you now strew flowers in his way, 
and comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? —
To your houses, fall upon your knees, 
and to the gods to intermit the plague. —
needs must light on this ingratitude.

JULIUS. Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault
Emble all the poor men of your sort;
W them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
The channel, till the lowest stream
Kiss the most exalted shores of all.

Calpurnia. Exeunt all the Commoners.

Exeunt, in procession, with music; CAESAR, ANTONY, 
for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, 
CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a 
great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

CASCA. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CASCA. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Caesar! 

CASCA. Ha! Who calls?

CASCA. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again!

Sooth. Who is it in the press that calls on me? 
A tongue, shriller than all the music, 
Cesar! Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

CASCA. What man is that?

BRU. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CASCA. Set him before me; let me see his face.

CAS. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

CASCA. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

CASCA. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:

Pass. 

BRU. Not I.

CASCA. I pray you, do.

BRU. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; —
I'll leave you.

CASCA. 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 stiffen and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

BRU. Cassius, 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 griev'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.

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 on 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.

BRU. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

CAS. Ay, do you fear it? Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRU. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well,
But wherefore do you hold me here so long? What is it that you would impart to me? If it be aught toward the general good, Set honour in one eye and death 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. 

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, As well as do I know your outward favour. Well, honour is the subject of my story. I cannot tell what you and other men Think of this life; but for my single self, I had as lief be not as live to be In 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 Tiber chafing with her shores, Caesar said to me, 'Dar's thos, Cassius, now Leap in with me into this angry flood, And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word, Accosted 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, Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink.' I, as Enaces, our great ancestor, Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber Did the tired Caesar. And this man Is now become a god, and Cassius is A wretched creature and must bend his body If Caesar carelessly but nod on him. He had a fever when he was in Spain, And when the fit was on him, I did mark How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake; His coward lips did from their colour fly, And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan; Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans Mark him and write his speeches in their books, Alas! it cried 'Give me some drink, Titinius,' As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me A man of such a feeble temper should So get the start of the majestic world, And bear the palm alone. Shout. Flourish. 

Bru. Another general shout! I do believe that these applauses are For some new honours that are heaped on Caesar. 

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world Like a Colossus; and we petty men Walk under his huge legs, and peep about To find ourselves dishonourable graves. Men at some time are masters of their fates: The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings. Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Cæsar'? Why should that name be sounded more than yours? Write them together, yours is as fair a name; Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well; Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em, 'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar.' Now, in the names of all the gods at once, Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, That he is grown so great? Age, thou sham'd! Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble blood When went there by an age, since the great Flor. But it was fam'd with more than with one man When could they say, till now, that talk'd? 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 brood The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome, As easily as a king. 

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jeous; What you would work me too, I have some all How I have thought of this and of these tim 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 thin Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this: Brutus had rather be a villager Than to repute himself a son of Rome Under these hard conditions as this time Is like to lay upon us. 

Cas. I am glad That my weak words have struck but thus nu I show Of fire from Brutus. 

Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is turning. 

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Cæsar by the slee And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you What hath proceeded worthy note to-day. 

Re-enter Cæsar and his Train. 

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius, The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow, And all the rest look like a chidden train: Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes As we have seen him in the Capitol, Being cross'd in conference by some senators. Cæsar, Cassius will tell us what the matter is. Cæsar, Antonius! 

Ant. Cæsar. 

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights. Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look; He thinks too much: such men are dangerous. Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous. He is a noble Roman, and well given. Cæsar, 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 to plays, As thow 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.
Scene II. - The Senate House. Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Cæsar, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Cæsar: brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Cicero. 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 exulted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casa. A common slave, you know him well
by sight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, I have not since put up my sword,
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glare'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred gaily 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.

Casa. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casa; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.


Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?
Casa. A Roman.
Cas. Casa, by your voice, Casa.
Casa. Your ear is good. Casa, what night
is this!
Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casa. Whoever knew the heavens menace so?
Cas. Those that have known the earth so full
of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casa, 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.

Casa. 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, Casa, 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 ghos
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind
Why old men, fools, and children, calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordain
Their nature, and proformed faculties.
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and war;
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casa, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and ro.
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.

Casa. 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it n
Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors.
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are de
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirit.
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casa. Indeed, they say the senators to mor
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 dage
then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear.
I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder sti

Casa. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cas. And who should Caesar be a tyrant ther
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion were not Romans minds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weakstraws; what trash is Rom
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, o grief!
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd;
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casa. You speak to Casa, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand;
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes furthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.

Now know you, Casa, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful nigh
here is no stir or walking in the streets; at the complexion of the element fav' r's like the work we have in hand, o st bloody, fierce, and most terrible.  

Cas. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.--

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait: e is a friend.

Enter Cinna.

Cinna, where haste you so?  

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?  

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?  

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!  

Here's two or three of us have seen strange sights.  

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.  

Cin. Yes, you are.  

Cassius! if you could  

At win the noble Brutus to our party—  

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper, and look you lay it in the praetor's chair, Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this u at his window; set this up with wax 'pon old Brutus' statue: all this done, repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  

Cas. All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone to seek you at your house. Well, I will lie, and so bestow these papers as you bade me.  

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

Exit Cinna.

Cinna, Casca, and I will yet ere day see Brutus at his house: three parts of him's ours already, and the man entire From the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O! he sits high in all the people's hearts: and that which would appear offense in us, his countenance, like richest acumen, Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him You have right well conceiv'd. Let us go, For it is after midnight; and ere day We will awake him and be sure of him. Exeunt.

ACT II.


Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho! I cannot, by the progress of the stars, Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say! I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say! What, Lucius!  

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Calld you, my lord?  

Bru. Get me a taper in my study. Lucius: When it is lighted, come and call me here.  

Luc. I will, my lord. Exit.

Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part, I know no personal cause to spurn at him, But for the general. He would be crown'd: How that might change his nature, there's the question. It is the bright day that brings forth theadder; And thus he praves 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 Caesar, I have not known when his affections sway'd 30 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof, That lowliness is young ambition's ladder, Whereto the climber-upward turns his face; But when he once attains the upmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back, Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did ascend. So Caesar may: Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel Will bear no colour for the thing he is, Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, Would run to these and these extremities; And therefore think him as a serpent's egg Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous, And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir. Searching the window for a flint, I found This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure It did not lie there when I went to bed.  

Gives him a letter.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.  

Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?  

Luc. I know not, sir.  

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.  

Luc. I will, sir. Exit.

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air Give so much light that I may read by them.  

Opens the letter.

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself. Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress! Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!  

Such instigations have been often dropp'd Where I have took them up.  

'Shall Rome, etc.' Thus must I piece it out: Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What Rome?  

My ances tors did from the streets of Rome The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king. 'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise; If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.  

Knocking within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. Exit Lucius.  

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar, I have not slept. Between the acting of a dreadful thing And the first motion, all the interim is Like a phantasma, or a hidous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council: and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone? 71

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about
their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter. Exit LUCIUS.

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
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,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, 
CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest: Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper.

Dec. Here lies the east; 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 deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north.
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impiacence
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.
Brutus. 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.
Brutus. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it phys'cal?
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, your self, 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.

Por. 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.

Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true then should I know this
secret.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience, And not my husband’s secrets? 

Brutus. O ye gods! Render me worthy of this noble wife.

Knocking within. Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile; And by and by thy bosom shall partake The secrets of my heart. All my engagements I will construe to thee, All the charactery of my sad brows. Leave me with haste. Exit Portia. Lucius, who’s that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Lucullus. Here is a sick man that would speak with you. 

Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how? 

Ligarius. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue. 

Brutus. O! what a time have you chose out, brave Caius, To wear a kerschief. Would you were not sick! Ligarius. I am not sick if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of honour. Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius, Had you a healthful ear to hear of it. Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before, I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome! an Brave son, deriv’d from honourable loins! Thou, like an exercist, hast conjur’d up My mortified spirit. Now bid me run, And I will strive with things impossible; Yea, get the better of them. What’s to do? Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Ligarius. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius, I shall unfold to thee as we are going To whom it must be done.

Ligarius. Set on your foot, And with a heart new-fir’d I follow you, To do I know not what; but it sufficeth That Brutus leads me on.

Brutus. Follow me then. Exit.

Scene II.—The Same. Cæsar’s House.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.

Cæsar. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out, ‘Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!’ Who’s within?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My lord!

Cæsar. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice, And bring me their opinions of success.

Servant. I will, my lord. Exit.

Enter Calpurnia.

Cæsar. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth? You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæsar. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten’d me 

Ne’er look’d but on my back; when they shall see The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies, Yet now they fright me. There is one with besides the things that we have heard and seen, Re-counts most horrid sights seen by the with a lioness hath welphed in the streets; And graves have yawn’d and yielded up to dead; Fierce fliery warriors fought upon the cloud; In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol; The noise of battle hurtled in the air, Horses did neigh, and dying men did graun: And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use, And I do fear them.

Cæsar. What can be avoided? Whose end is purpos’d by the mighty gods? Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cæsar. When beggars die there are no com companion; The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæsar. Cowards die many times before their deaths; The valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange that men should fear; Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

Servant. What say the augurs?

Servant. They would not have you to stir for to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, They could not find a heart within the beast:

Cæsar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice. Cæsar should be a beast without a heart If he should stay at home to-day for fear. No, Cæsar shall not; danger knows full well That Cæsar is more dangerous than he: We are two lions litter’d in one day, And I the elder and more terrible; And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cæsar. 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.

Cæsar. 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.

Decius. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar: I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæsar. 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.

Cæsar. Say he is sick.

Cæsar. Shall Cæsar send a letter? Have I in conquest stretch’d mine arm so far...
to found the greybeards the truth.

Cius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

**Dec.** Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
st be laugh'd at when I tell them so.  

**Ces.** The cause is in my will: I will not come; is not enough to satisfy the senate:
t for your private satisfaction, cause I love you, I will let you know:
Iurinia here, my wife, stays me at home: a dream'd to-night she saw my statua, hich, like a fountain with an hundred spouts, d run pure blood; and many lusty Romans me smiling, and did bathe their hands in it. 

id these docs she apply for warnings and portents,  

id evils imminent; and on her knee lb reg'd that I will stay at home to-day.  

**Dec.** This dream is all amiss interpreted; was a vision fair and fortunate: our statute spouting blood in many pipes, which so many smiling Romans bath'd, guifies that from you great Rome shall suck living blood, and that great men shall press r tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance. 

is 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: id know it now: the senate have concluded
give this day a crown to mighty Caesar. you shall send them word you will not come, heir minds may change. Besides, it were a mock o't to be render'd, for some one to say break up the senate till another time, hen Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'  

Cezar hide himself, shall they not whisper o! Caesar is afraid!'  

**Dict. me, Ces.**; for my dear love your proceeding bids me tell you this, id reason to my love is liable. 

**Ces.** How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia! 

am ashamed I did yield to them.  

me my robe, for I will go:  

**Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.** 

id look where Publius is come to fetch me.  

**Pub.** Good morrow, Caesar. 

**Ces.** Welcome, Publius, hat! Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? no bud morrow, Casca.  

Calus Ligarius, cesar was ne'er so much your enemy: that sameague which hath made you lean, hat is 't o'clock?  

**Brut.** Caesar, 'tis strucken eight. 

**Ces.** I thank you for your pains and courtesy. 

**Enter Antony.** 

O! Antony, that reveals long o' nights, notwithstanding up.  

Good morrow, Antony.  

**Ant.** So to most noble Caesar. 

**Ces.** Bid them prepare within: am to blame to be thus waited for.  

ow, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius! have an hour's talk in store for you:  

member that you call on me to-day: near me, that I may remember you. 

Treb. Caesar, I will: Aside and so near will I be, That your best friends shall wish I had been further.  

**Ces.** Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me; And we, like friends, will straightway go together.  

**Brut.** Aside. That every like is not the same, O Caesar! The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. 

**Exeunt.** 

**Scene III.—The Same. A Street near the Capitol.** 

**Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.** 

Cesar, beware of Brutus: take heed of Cassius: come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cicero; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou best not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, 

**Artemidorus.** 

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along, And as a suitor will I give him this. 

My heart laments that virtue cannot live Out of the teeth of emulation. 

If thou read this, O Caesar! thou may'st live; 

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. 

**Exit.** 

**Scene IV.—The Same. Another Port of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.** 

**Enter Portia and Lucius.** 

**Por.** I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house; Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone. 

Why dost thou stay?  

**Luc.** To know my errand, madam. 

**Por.** I would have had thee there, and here again, Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there. O constancy! be strong upon my side; Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue; 

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might. 

How hard it is for women to keep counsel! Art thou here yet?  

**Luc.** Madam, what should I do? 

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else? 

And so return to you, and nothing else?  

**Por.** Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well, 

For he went sickly forth; and take good note What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him. 

Hark, boy! what noise is that!  

**Luc.** I hear none, madam. 

**Por.** Prithee, listen well; 

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray, 

And the wind brings it from the Capitol. 

**Luc.** Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 

**Enter the Soothsayer.** 

**Por.** Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been? 

**Sooth.** At mine own house, good lady. 

**Por.** What is 't o'clock? 

**Sooth.** About the ninth hour, lady. 

**Por.** Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand, To see him pass on to the Capitol. 
Por. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not? 
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar 
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me, I shall beseech him to befriended 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.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above. 

A crowd of People; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Cesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and Others. 

Ces. To the Soothsayer. The ides of March are come. 
Sooth. Ay, Caesar; but not gone. 
Art. Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule. 
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read, At your best leisure, this his humble suit. 
Art. O Caesar! read mine first; for mine's a suit That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar. 
Ces. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd. 
Art. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly. 
Ces. What! is the fellow mad? 
Pub. Sirrah, give place. 
Ces. What! urge you your petitions in the street? 
Come to the Capitol. 

Cæsar goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following. All the Senators rise. 

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive. 
Ces. What enterprise, Popilius? 
Pop. Fare you well. Advances to Cæsar. 
Bru. What said Popilius Lena? 
Ces. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive. 
I fear our purpose is discovered. 
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him. 
Ces. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention. 

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself. 

Bru. Cassius, be constant: Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not chang. 
Ces. Trebonius knows his time; for, loe, you, Brutus, 
He draws Mark Antony out of the way. 

Excuse Antony and Trebonius. 

And presently prefer his suit to Caesar. 
Bru. He is address'd; press near and secon him. 
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rear's your hand. 
Ces. 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 hum,— Kneeling. 
Ces. I must prevent thee, Cimber: 
These couchings and these lowly courtesies, Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turn pre-ordinance and first decree Into the law of children. Be not fond, To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words, Low-crooked court'sies, and base spaniel fawning. 
Bru. Thy brother by decree is banish'd: 
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; Cæsar, pardon As low as to thy foot doth Cæsar fall, 
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber. 
Ces. I could be well mov'd if I were as you If I could pray to move prayers would move me But I am constant as the northern star, Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality There is no fellow in the firmament. The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks, They are all fire and every one doth shine, But there's but one in all doth hold his place: So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men, And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive Yet in the number I do know but one That unassailable holds on his rank, Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he, Let me a little show it, even in this, That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd And constant do remain to keep him so. 
Cin. O Cæsar,— 
Ces. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus 
Dec. Great Cæsar,— 
Ces. Dost not Brutus bootless kneel
Cas. Speak, hands, for me!

They stab Caesar.

Cas. Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar! Dies.

Cia. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! un 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; ly not; stand still; ambition’s debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where’s Publius?

Cia. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar’s shoulcl change—

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer; here is no harm intended to your person, or to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,ushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed at we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where’s Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz’d, ten, 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. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit; are we Caesar’s friends, that have abrig’d his time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop, and let us battle our hands in Caesar’s blood to the elbows, and besmear our swords; then walk we forth, even to the market-place; and, waving our red weapons o’er our heads, let’s all cry Peace, freedom, and liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence shall this our lofty scene be acted over, in states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport, that now on Pompey’s basis lies along No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be, so often shall the knot of us be call’d
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What! shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away: Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.


Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel; Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say: Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest; Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving: Say I love Brutus, and I honour him; Say I fear’d Caesar, honour’d him, and lov’d him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony May safely come to him, and be resolv’d How Caesar hath deserv’d to lie in death, Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead So well as Brutus living; but will follow The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus Thorough the hazards of this untrod state, With all true faith. So says my master Antony. Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman; I never thought him worse. Tell him, so please him come unto this place, He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour, Depart untouch’d.

Serv. I’ll fetch him presently. Exit.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind That fears him much; and my misgiving still Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.


Ant. O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low! Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, Shrink to this little measure! Fare thee well. I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, Who else must be let blood, who else is rank: If I myself, there is no hour so fit As Caesar’s death’s hour, nor no instrument Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich With the most noble blood of all this world. I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke, Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, I shall not find myself so apt to die: No place will please me so, no mean of death. As here by Caesar, and by you cut off, The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us. Though now we must appear bloody and cruel, As, by our hands and this our present act, You see we do, yet see you but our hands And this the bleeding business they have done: Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful; And pity to the general wrong of Rome, As fire drives out fire, so pity pity, Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part, To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony: Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts Of brothers’ temper, do receive you in With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence. Your voice shall be as strong as any man’s In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. 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 Caesar when I struck him, Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom. Let each man render me his bloody hand: First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you; Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand; Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus, Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours; Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say? 300
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
'hat one of two bad ways you must Conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, O! 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Slashing the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Hast 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 death.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie! 310
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, 320
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.
Brutus, 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. 330
Brutus, you shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
Aside to Brutus. You know not what you do;
do not consent.
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter? 340
Brutus. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's
body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit where I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. I do desire no more.
Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Enter all but Antony.
Ant. O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity shok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atre 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— 380
O Caesar!—

Enter 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; 385
He hence and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place; there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

Exeunt, with Caesar's body.

Scene II.—The same. The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng
of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.
Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.
First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.
Second Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons, when severally we hear them rendered.
Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.

BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me not your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a boughman? 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.

Citzens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and Others, with CAESAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall 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.

Citzens. Live, Brutus! live! live! live!
First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
Second Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.
Third Cit. Let him be Caesar.
Fourth Cit. Caesar's better parts shall be crown'd in Brutus.
First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—
Second Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.
First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, and, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech.
Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony, by our permission, is allow'd to make.
Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth 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. 130
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, 140
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear
Cæsar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how 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. 150
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O! what would come of it.

Fourth Cit. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershoot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!

Citizens. The will! the testament! 160

Second Cit. They were villains, murderers.
The will! read the will!
Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

Second Cit. Descend. ANTONY comes down.

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round. 170
First Cit. Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

Second Cit. Room for Antony; most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens. 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 Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through
See what a rent the vainious Cæsae made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar 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 Cæsae's angel:
Judge, O you gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd his
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his migh
heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell;
O! what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but beho
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here;
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitor
First Cit. O piteous spectacle!
Second Cit. O noble Cæsar!
Third Cit. O woeful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors! villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Second Cit. We will be reveng'd.

Citizens. Revenge! About!—Seek!—Burn!—Fire!—Kill!—Shay!—Let not a traitor live.
Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! Hear the nob Antony.
Second Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him
We'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me no
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 no
That made them do it; they are wise an
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
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor
dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.
Third Cit. Away then! come, seek the conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me. speak.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

herein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves? as you know not: I must tell you then.

or have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.

evry Roman citizen he gives,
every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Cit. Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Caesar!}

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho! Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, is private arbours, and new-planted orchards, a this side Tiber; he had left them you, ad to your heirs for ever; common pleasures, a walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never! Come, away, away!
't burn his body in the holy place, and with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
ike up the body.

Second Cit. Go, fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing. Exeunt Citizens, with the body.

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow! Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he? Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him. It comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, and in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius ride like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Believe 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 Caesar, and things unlucky charge my fantasy: have no will to wander forth of doors, let something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. 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.

Second Cit. That's as much as to say they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bane for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral. First Cit. As a friend or an enemy? Cin. As a friend.

Second Cit. That matter is answered directly. Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly. Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna. First Cit. Tell him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Second Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, bo! firebrands! To Brutus, to Cassius; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away! go! Exeunt.

ACT IV.


ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.


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 shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What! shall I find you here? Oct. Or here or at the Capitol. Exit LEPIDUS.

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 abject orts and imitations.
Which, out of use and staid by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers; we must straight make head;
Therefore let our alliance be 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 bnd' about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. Exeunt.

Scene II.—Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's Tent.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Brut. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Brut. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
Brut. He regrets 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.

Pind. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Brut. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Brut. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on!
Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. Low march with
Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
First Sold. Stand!
Second Sold. Stand!
Third Sold. Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I m
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hit 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
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

Scene III.—Within the Tent of Brutus.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appe in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
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 office 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 am an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of Marc
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.
JULIUS CAESAR.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is awearie of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braw'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O ! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than 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.

Bru. Shenthe your dogger:
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 is 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?
Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth
When you are over-earest 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 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucid. Within. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Within. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

Cas. How now! What's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years. I'm sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cyanic rime?
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Re-enter Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine. Exit Lucius.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use.

If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?

O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence.

And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong; for with her death

That tidings came; with this she fell distract,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine:

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.


Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus

Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.
Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

var. Calls my lord?

ru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep; ay be I shall raise you by and by
business to my brother Cassius. 

ar. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

ru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs; 
ay be I shall otherwise be th'knave.

k. Lucius, here's the book I sought for; 
in the pocket of my gown.

VARRO AND CLAUDIUS LIE DOWN.

ru. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

ru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

st thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, 
touch thy instrument a strain or two?

uc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

ru. It does, my boy.

ru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
now young bloods look for a time of rest.

ru. I have slept, my lord, already.

ru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
if not hold thee long: if I do live, 
I'll be good to thee. Music, and a Song.

is a sleepy tune: O murderous slumber!
'tst thou thy leden mace upon my boy,
't plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
ill not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument; 
take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd 

down ere I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

w'll this taper burns! Ha! who comes here? 
ink it is the weakness of nine eyes
it shapes this monstrous apparence.
comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
at mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
ask to me what thou art.

HOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

bru. Why com'st thou? 

HOST. To tell thee shalt see me at Philippi.

ru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

HOST. Ay, at Philippi.

BRU. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. 

GHOST VANISHES.

Now I have taken heart thon vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

BRU. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord!

BRU. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRU. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

BRU. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah, Claudius! 
To VARRO. Fellow thou! awake!

Var. My lord!

Clau. My lord!

BRU. Why didst thou cry out, sirs, in yoursleep?

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

BRU. Ay! saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

BRU. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered: 
You said the enemy would not come down, 
But keep the hills and upper regions; 
It proves not so; their battles are at hand; 
They mean to warn us at Philippi here, 
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know Wherefore they do it: they could be content 
To visit other places; and come down 
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage; 
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show; 
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, 
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on, 
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

March.

Dread. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; 
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have somewords.
OCT. Stir not until the signal.

BRU. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

OCT. Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRU. Good words are better than bad strokes.

OCT. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Caesar!' 

CAS. Antony, the posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

ANT. Not stingless too.

BRU. O! yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

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 Cassius, like a cur, behind,
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatteringurs!

CAS. 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-thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRU. Caesar, thou caus'st not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCT. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRU. O! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

CAS. A peevish school-boy, 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.

EXECUT OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

CAS. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

BRU. Ho!

LUCILIUS, hark, a word with you.

LUCIL. BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk apart.

CAS. Messala!

MES. What says my general?

CAS. Messala, this is my birth-day; as this very day,
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign,
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they per
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hat
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone.
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on
As we were sickly prey: their shadows see
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MES. Believe not so.

CAS. I but believe it par

For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

BRU. Even so, Lucullus.

CAS. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incor
Let's reason with the worst that may be.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do?

BRU. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself; I know not how
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay the provocation of some high power
That governs us below.

CAS. Then, if we lose this battle?
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

BRU. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bond to Rome;
He bears too great a mind: but this same
Must end that work the ides of March beg
And whether we shall meet again I know;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

CAS. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus.

BRU. If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRU. Why then, lead on. O! that a

The end of this day's business ere it came;
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

SCENE II.—The Same. The Field of Battle.

ALARUM. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

BRU. Ride, ride, Messalla, ride, and give the

Unto the legions on the other side.

MES. Let them set on at once, for I perceive

But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

BRU. Ride, Messalla: let them all come dow

MES. This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messalla:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
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But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

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But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

BRU. Ride, Messalla: let them all come dow
O! look, Titinius, look, the villains fly; I have to mine own turn’d enemy; resign here of mine was turning back; the coward, and did take it from him. O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too early; having some advantage on Octavius, it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil, we by Antony are all enclos’d.

Enter Pindarus. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off; Antony is in your tents, my lord! herefore, noble Cassius, fly far off. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius; hoes my tents where I perceive the fire? They are, my lord.

Titinius, if thou lov’st me, tru thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him, have brought thee up to yonder troops here again; that I may rest assur’d her yound troops are friend or enemy. I will be here again, even with a thought. Exit. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; night was ever thick; regard Titinius, tell me what thou not’sh about the field.

Pindarus ascends the hill. Day I breathed first; time is come round, where did I begin, there shall I end; fe is run his compass. Sirrah, what news? Above. O my lord!

What news? Titinius is enclosed round about horsemen, that make to him on the spur; he spurs on: now they are almost on him. Titinius! now some light! O! he lights a’en! And, hark! they shout for joy. Come down; behold no more.eward that I am, to live so long, so my best friend a’en before my face.

Pindarus descends. hither, sirrah. Arthia did I take thee prisoner; then I swore thee, saving of thy life, whatsoever I did bid thee do, should’st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath; be a freeman; and with this good sword, ran through Caesar’s bowels, search this bosom. d not to answer; here, take thou the hilts; when my face is cover’d, as ’tis now, e thou the sword. Caesar, thou art reveng’d, with the sword that kill’d thee. Dies. So, I am free; yet would not so have been. I have done my will. O Cassius! from this country Pindarus shall run, never Roman shall take note of him.

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 conceived, Thou never com’st unto a happy birth, But kill’st the mother that engender’d thee. Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus? Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet The noble Brutus, thrusting this report Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it; For piercing steel and darts envenom’d Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala, And I will seek for Pindarus the while. Exit Messala. Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they Put on my brows this wreath of victory, And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts? Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing. But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow; Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace, And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. By your leave, gods: this is a Roman’s part: Come, Cassius’ sword, and find Titinius’ heart. Kill’s himself.

Alarum. Enter Titinius with Messala, Brutus, 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 Caesar! thou art mighty yet: Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In our own proper entrails. Low alarum. Low. Brave Titinius! Look! who’er 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 you 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.  
Laboe and Flavius, set our battles on:  
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight.  
Exc. ut.

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!  
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;  
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

Lucil. 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.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only I yield to die:  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

Offering money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!  
Second Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First 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?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;  
The gods defend him from so great a shame!  
When you do find him; or alive or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,  
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe;  
Give him all kindness: I had rather have  
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,  
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead;  
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent  
How every thing is chanced.  
Exc. ut.

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.

Whispers.

Clit. What I, my lord? No, not for all the word.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Clit. I'll rather kill my

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. White

Clit. Shall I do such a deed?

Dard. O Clitus!

Clit. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dard. 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: I'll hear.

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 Philippi fields.  
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes.

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:—

Low alarum.

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius.  
Thou know'st that we two went to seek together;

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

Alarum.

Clit. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying.

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and 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 we rest,  
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.  

Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly, Clit.  
Clit. Fly, my lord, fly!

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

Exc. ut Clitus, Dardanius, Volumnius.

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;  
Thy life liath had some smack of honour in;  
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face  
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?  
Strato. Give me your hand first: fare you well,  
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. Caesar, now still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.  
He runs on his sword, and

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Anto.

MESSALA, Lucilius, and their Army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mess. My master's man. Strato, where is master!
MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

UNCAN, King of Scotland.
ALCOM, his Sons.
DONALBAIN, a General of the King's Army.
MACBETH, Lord calamity of Scotland.
LENNOX, Nobleman.
LENNOX, Son to Banquo.
WARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.

The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.


ACT I.

SCENE I.—A desert Place.

Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
Hunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

Second Witch. When shall we three meet again
Hunder and lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch. When shall we three meet again
Hunder and lightning, or in rain?

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Second Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

Third Witch. Paddock calls.

Third Witch. Anon.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Ver through the fog and filthy air. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

DUNCAN. What bloody man is that? He can report
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

MALCOLM. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hearty soldier fought
Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend! I
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood;
As two swain swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Mac
Dondalld,
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
Macbeth.

The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him, from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak;
For brave Macbeth, well he deserves that name,
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carv'd out his passage
Till he fac'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlemets.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compelli'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norwegian lord surveying vantage,
With furnish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—
But I am faint. my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.

Enter Ross.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross.
Len. What haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellions, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!
Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more do Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Ross. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not se'n.
Ban. How far is it call'd to Forres? Whose these are,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants of the earth
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you a's
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?
First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thine
Thane of Glamis!
MACBETH.

Enter ROSS and ANGUS.

ROSS. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth, 
he news of thy success; and when he reads 
your personal venture in the rebels' fight, 
is wonders and his praises do contend 
which should be thine or his. Silence'd with that, 
viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day, 
he finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, 
thing afar'd of what thyself didst make, 
range images of death. As thick as hail 
one post with post, and every one did bear 
praises in his kingdom's great defence, 
and pour'd them down before him.

ANG. We are sent 
To give thee from our royal master thanks; 
Only to herald thee into his sight, 
Not pay thee.

ROSS. And for an earnest of a greater honour, 
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of 
Cawdor: 
In which addition, hail, most worthy thine! 
For it is thine.

BAN. What! can the devil speak true? 
MACB. The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do 
you dress me 
In borrow'd robes? 

ANG. Who was the thane lives yet; 
But under heavy judgment bears that life 
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was 
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel 
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both 
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not; 
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd, 
Have overthrown him.

MACB. ASIDE. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor: 
The greatest is behind. To ROSS and ANGUS. 
Thanks for your pains.

To BANQUO. Do you not hope your children 
shall be kings, 
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to 

Promis'd no less to them? 

BAN. That, trusted home, 
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown, 
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange: 
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm, 
The instruments of darkness tell us truths, 
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's 
In deepest consequence. 

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACB. ASIDE. Two truths are told, 
As happy prologues to the swelling act 
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen. 

ASIDE. This supernatural soliciting 
Cannot be ill, cannot be good; if ill, 
Why hath it given me earnest of success, 

Commencings in a truth! I am Thane of Cawdor: 
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion 
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair 
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs, 
Against the use of nature? Present fears 
Are less than horrible imaginings; 
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical, 
Shakes so my single state of man that function 
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is 
But what is not.

BAN. Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACB. ASIDE. If chance will have me king, 
why, chance may crown me, 
Without my stir.

BAN. New honours come upon him, 
Like our strange looks, allmore to our mould 
But with the aid of use. 

MACB. ASIDE. Come what come may, 
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BAN. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACB. Give me your favour: my dull brain 
was wrought 
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your 
pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the
king.

Aside to Banquo. Think upon what hath
chanc'd; and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Forres. A Room in the Palace.
Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donal-
 Bain, Lennox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back; but I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implo'rd his highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd;
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin! The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee; would thou hast less
deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and pay-
ment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and
servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every
thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me inflod thee;
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not
For you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joy!
The hearing of your wife with your approach
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Caw-

Macb. Aside. The Prince of Cumberland
That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires
Let not light see my black and deep desires
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full
valiant
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome
It is a peerless kinsman. Flourish. Exe-

Scene V.—Inverness. Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

They met me in the day of success; and I
learned by the perfectest report, they have more,
that no mortal knowledge. When I burned
Desire to question them further, they made th' 

Enter Malcolm, Banquo, Thane of Cawdor,
Meet, these weird sisters saluted and referred me
to the coming on of time,

'Mall, king that shall be' This have I thought
to deliver thee, my dearest partner of
greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of re-
ing, by being ignorant of what greatness is
mixed thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis, thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear,

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way; thou wouldst

Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst

Highly, that would'st thou holly; would'st not p
false,
And yet would'st wrongly win; thou'dst ha
great Glamis,

Which that cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou
have it';
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie til

Bither, That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
to have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What is your tidings?

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
MACBETH.

fess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming;
of my fellows had the speed of him,
o, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
in would make up his message.
lady M. Give him tending; brings great news.
Exit Messenger.
The raven himself is hoarse
it croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
der my battlements. Come, you spirits:
it tend on mortal thoughts! unsex me here,
I fill me from the crown to the toe top full
of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,
p up the access and passage to remorse,
it no complusions of visitings of nature
like my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
d take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
erever in your sightless substances
u wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,
d pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
at my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.
Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! 
cater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
y letters have transported me beyond
is ignorant present, and I feel now
a future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Bun. comes here to-night.
Ban. And when goes hence? 
Ban. To-morrow, as he purports.
M. O! never
all sun that may sorrow.
Ban. air face, my thane, is as a book where men
y read strange matters. To beguile the time,
like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,
t be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
must be provided for; and you shall put
his night's great business into my dispatch;
hich shall to all our nights and days to come
we solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Ban. Only look up clear;
alter favour ever is to fear.
save all the rest to me.
Exeunt.

Scene VI.—The Same. Before the Castle.

Outboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
imbly and sweetly recommends itself
into our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
he temple-haunting marlet, does approve
y his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath
mells wooningly here: no jutty, frieze,
attress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
mades his pendent bed and procreant cradle:

Where they most breed and haunt, I have
obser'd.
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains.
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the Thane of Cawdor? 
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. 
Exeunt.

Scene VII.—The Same. A Room in the Castle.

Hauteboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sever, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then
'twere well
It were done quickly; if the assassination
Could trampl up the consequence, and catch
With his sucoase success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shool of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor; this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust: 
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other—
Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk

Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since,

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid To be the same in thine own act and valour 40 As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem, Letting 'tis dare not' wait upon 'tis would,' Like the poor cat o' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace. I dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was't then

That made you break this enterprise to me?

When you durst do it then you were a man;

And, to be more than what you were, you would Be so much more the man. Nor time ha'st place 51 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:

They have made themselves, and that their fitness now Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me: I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums, And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail.

But screw your courage to the sticking-place, 60 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep, Whereof the rather shall his day's hard journey Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains Will I with wine and wassail so convince That memory, the warder of the brain, Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep Their drenched natures lie as in a death, What cannot you and I perform upon The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 70 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;

For thy undaunted mettle should compose Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd, When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two Of his own chamber and us'd their very daggers, That they have done't!

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

ACT II.

Scene I.—Inverness. Court within the Castle

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's 1 bandry in heaven;

Their candles are all out. Take thee that to

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me, And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers

Restrain in me, the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch;

Give me my sword Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir! not yet at rest? The king a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and Sent forth great largess to your offices. This diamond he gives your wife withal, By the name of most kind hostesses; and shut In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd, Our will became the servant to defect, Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well. I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of the Yet, when we can entertain an hour to serve, We would spend it in some words upon't business, If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leis

Macb. If you shall cleave to my conse when 'tis,

It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose not In seeking to augment it, but still keep My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear, I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose the while

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you.

Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. Exit Servant

Is this a dagger which I see before me, The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feeling as to sight? or art thou but A dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? I see thee yet, in form as palpable
Scene II. — The Same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold,
But hath quench'd them hath given me fire.
Hark! Peace! was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bann,\nWhich gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

Macb. Within. Who's there? what, ho! Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,\nAnd 'tis not done; the attempt and not the deed\nConfounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;\nE could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled\nMy father as he slept I had done 't. My husband!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry,\nDid not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. Looking on his hands. This is a sorry sight.

Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them.

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen,' the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!'

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brain sickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

Exit. Knocking within.

Whence is that knocking? How is 't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out
Mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will

The multitudinous seas incarne, Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. Knocking within
I hear a knocking
At the south entry; retire we to our chambers;
A little water cleans us of this deed;
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. Knocking within.

Hark! more knocking.
Macb. To know my deed 'twere best not know myself.

Knocking within.

Macb. I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macb. I know this is a joyful thing to ye,

But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pays.

This is the door.

Macb. I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint

Len. The night has been unquiet: where we

Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they

Lamentings heard 'tis air: strange sound

of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible

Of dire combustion and corrusc'd events

New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obstin

bird

Clamour'd the livelong night: some say the ear

Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parall

A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macbeth.

Macb. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue

nor heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macb. Confusion now hath made his maste

piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 'tou say? the life Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macb. Approach the chamber, and destro

your sight

With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak; See, and then speak yourselves.

Execut Macbeth and Lennox. Macd. Awake! awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason! Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfei

And look on death itself! up, up, and see

The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banqu

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprit" To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

Bell ring

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Mac. What's the business,

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley The sleepers of the house? speak, speak! Macb. O gentle lady

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;
The repetition in a woman's ear

Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo. O Banquo! Banqu

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady Mac. Woe, alas, what?

Ban. Too cruel any where.

Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, And say it is not so.
MACBETH.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance
115 I'ld a blessed time; for, from this instant,
e's nothing serious in mortality,
3 but toys; renown and grace is dead, wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
4 this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

M. What is amiss?

Len. You are, and do not know't: spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
5 opp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macb. Your royal father's murder'd.

Al. O! by whom?

M. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
6 their hands and faces were all bag'd with blood:
7 were their daggers, which unwip'd we found in their pillows:
8 y'ard'd, and were distracted; no man's life to be trusted with them.

Al. O! yet I do repent of my fury, I did kill them.

Macb. Wherefore did you so?

Len. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
9 al and neutral, in a moment? No man:
10 expedition of my violent love
11 run the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
12 silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
13 his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
14 ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers
15'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
16 mannerly break'd with gore: who could refrain,
17 had a heart to love, and in that heart
18 rage to make love's known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macb. Look to the lady.

Al. Aside to DONALBAIN. Why do we hold our tongues,
19 at most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. Aside to MALCOLM. What should be spoken re, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
y rush and seize us? Let's away: our tears
20 not yet brew'd.

Al. Aside to DONALBAIN. Nor our strong sorrow
21 on the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:

Lady MACBETH is carried out.

d when we have our naked frailties hid,
at suffer in exposure, let us meet,
d question this most bloody piece of work,
22 know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
23 the great hand of God I stand, and thence
24 the undivulg'd pretence I fight
25 treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,

And meet I the hall together.

All. Well contented.

Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Without the Castle.

Enter ROSS and an old man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember
1 well;
2 Within the volume of which time I have seen
3 Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah! good father, Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old Man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
11 A falcon, towering in her pride of place,

Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
Ross. And Duncan's horses, a thing most strange and certain,
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old Man. 'Tis said they eat each other.
Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborn'd.
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fied, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Mac. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Mac. Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Mac. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Mac. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old Man. God's benison go with you; and
with those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

_Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Forres. _A Room in the Palace._

_Banquet sounded._ Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

_Mac._ Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

_Mac._ To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

_Ban._ Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

_Mac._ Ride you this afternoon?

_Ban._ Ay, my good lord.

_Mac._ We should have else desire'd your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

_Ban._ As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

_Mac._ Fail not our feast.

_Ban._ My lord, I will not.

_Mac._ We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel paricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state

Crawling us jointly. He yeo to horse; adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with

_Ban._ Ay, my good lord: our time does upon's.

_Mac._ I wish your horses swift and sure
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.

_Exit Ban._

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night, to make society
The sweeter welcome; we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone; while then, God
With you!

_Exit all but Macbeth and an Attendant._

_Sirrah, a word with you._ Attend those men
Our pleasure?

_Att._ They are, my lord, without the pale
gate.

_Mac._ Bring them before us.

_Exit Att._ To be thus is nothing.
But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared: 'tis much
dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his value
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him
My genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He did the sister
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And made them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand.
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kin
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Wh
where?

_Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers._

Now go to the door, and stay there till we come.

_Exit Attendant._

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

_First Mur._ It was; so please your highness.

_Mac._ Well then, what have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held ye
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with
you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, with
instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things that
might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say 'Thus did Banquo,'

_First Mur._ You made it known to
_Mac._ I did so; and went further, which is in
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gosp
Scene I.—The Castle. youth's grave.

Enter MACBETH, and housekeeper.

MACH. Beggar'd yours for ever?

First MUR. We are men, my liege. 

MACB. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men; hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, ughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept by the name of dogs: the vali'd file distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, the housekeeper, the hunter, every one according to the gift which bounteous nature hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive particular addition, from the bill it writes them all alike: and so of men. 

MACB. If you have a station in the file, 'tis the worst rank of manhood, say it; I will put that business in your bosoms, these execution takes your enemy off, applies you to the heart and love of us, to wear our health but sickly in his life, since in his death were perfect.

Second MUR. I am one, my liege, from the vile blows and buffets of the world, so incens'd that I am reckless what o to spite the world.

First MUR. And I another weary with disasters, tagg'd with fortune, at I would set my life on any chance, mend it or be rid on't.

MACB. Both of you ow Banquo was your enemy.

Second MUR. True, my lord. MACB. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance at every minute of his being thrusts against my near'st of life: and though I could 'th bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight, did bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, certain friends that are both his and mine, those loves I may not drop, but wail his fall so I myself struck down; and thence it is to I to your assistance do make love, skimming the business from the common eye or sundry weighty reasons.

Second MUR. We shall, my lord, conform what you command us.

First MUR. Though our lives—MACB. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most will advise you where to plant yourselves, squaint you with the perfect spy of the time, he moment on 't; for 't must be done tonight, something from the palace; always thought that I require a clearness: and with him, leave no rubs nor botches in the work, launce his son, that keeps him company, those absence is no less material to me than is his father's, must embrace the fate that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart; 'll come to you anon.

Second MUR. We are resolv'd, my lord. MACB. I'll call upon you straight: abide within. 

Exit Murderers.

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight, if it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

Exit.

Scene II.—The Same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Lady MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

Exit.

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent, Where our desire is got without content: 'Ts safer to be that which we destroy Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone, Of sorriest fancies your companions making, Using those thoughts which should indeed have died

With them they think on? Things without all remedy Should be without regard: what's done is done.

MACB. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice Remains in danger of her former tooth. But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer, Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead, Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstacy. Duncan is in his grave; After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;

Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;

Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night. 

MACB. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;

Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we Must have our honours in these flattering streams, And make our faces wizards to our hearts, Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

MACB. O! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife;

Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eternal.

MACB. There's comfort yet; they are assailable; Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

MACB. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeing night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the
crow
Makes wing to the rocky wood;
Good things of day begin to drop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do
rousse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me.

Exit
Approaching
Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Park, with a Road
leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Mur. Macbeth.
Second Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since
he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. Within. Give us a light there, ho!

Second Mur. Then it is he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are 't the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.
Third Mur. Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Second Mur. A light, a light!

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.
First Mur. Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down.

They set upon BANQUO.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly,
Fly, fly, fly!
Thou may'st revenge. O slave!
Dies. Fleance escapes.

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?
First Mur. Was't not the way?
Third Mur. There's but one down; the son
is fled.
Second Mur. We have lost
Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let's away, and say how
much is done.

Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room of State in
the Palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady
MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attend-
ants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down:
at first and last.
The hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all
friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter First Murderer, to the door.

Mab. See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a mea:
The table round.

Approaching the door.

There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Mab. 'Tis better thee without than he with
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I
for him.

Mab. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats
yet he's good.
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Mab. Then comes my fit again: I had o'
been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe
Mur. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch
bides,
With twenty trench'd gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Mab. Thanks for the
There the groan serpent lies: the worm that
fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone; to
morrow
We'll hear ourselves again.

Exit Murder. Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making.
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best
home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Mab. Sweet remembrance
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness
The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits in
MACBETH's place.

Mab. Here had we now our country's hono
roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banque presen
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Rss. His absence, sir,
Lay's the blame upon his promise. Please't yo
highness
To grace us with your royal company.
Mab. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Mab. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that
moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?

\textit{ords.} What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
\textit{a} gory locks at me.

\textit{oss.} Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

\textit{ady M.} Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often
thus,
I hath been from his youth: pray you, keep
a seat;
fit is momentary: upon a thought
will again be well. If much you note him
I shall offend him and extend his passion:
d and regard him not. Are you a man?

\textit{Macb.} Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
ich might appal the devil.

\textit{ady M.} O proper stuff!
\textit{s} is the very painting of your fear;
\textit{s} is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
I to Duncan. O! these flaws and starts,
postors to true fear, would well become
woman's story at a winter's fire,
choriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
how do you make such faces? When all's done's
I look but on a stool.

\textit{Macb.} Pray thee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
\textit{v} what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
charnel-houses and our graves must send
\textit{a} see that we bury back, our monuments
all be the maws of kites. \textit{Ghost vanishes.}

\textit{ady M.} What! quite unmann'd in folly?

\textit{Macb.} If I stand here, I saw him.

\textit{ady M.} Fie, for shame!

\textit{Macb.} Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
olden time,
\textit{a} human statute purg'd the gentle weak;
\textit{and} since too, murders have been perform'd
terrible for the car: the time has been,
at, when the brains were out, the man would die,
d there an end; but now they rise again, so
thirty twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
\textit{push} us from our stools: this is more strange
\textit{an} such a murder is.

\textit{ady M.} My worthy lord,
our noble friends do lack you.

\textit{Macb.} I do forget.
not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
save a strange instability, which is nothing
those that know me. Come, love and health
to all;
then, I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full;
drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
\textit{d} to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
could he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
d to all.

\textit{Lord.} Our duties, and the pledge.

\textit{Re-enter Ghost.}

\textit{Macb.} Avanti! and quit my sight! Let the
earth hide thee!
my bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
on last no speculatio in those eyes
\textit{hich thou dost glare with.}

\textit{ady M.} Think of this, good peers, at as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
\textit{ly} it spoils the power of the time.

\textit{Macb.} What man dare, I dare:
proach thou like the rugged Russian bear, he
arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
ake any shape but that, and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!
\textit{Ghost vanishes.}

Why, so; being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

\textit{ady M.} You have displac'd the mirth, broke
the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

\textit{Macb.} Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud, in
Without our special wonder! You make me
strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

\textit{Ross.} What sights, my lord?

\textit{ady M.} I pray you, speak not; he grows
worse and worse;
Question engagers him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

\textit{Len.} Good night; and better health to
 Attend his majesty!

\textit{ady M.} A kind good night to all!

\textit{Exeunt Lords and Attendants.}

\textit{Macb.} It will have blood, they say; blood
will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to
speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought
forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

\textit{ady M.} Almost at odds with morning, which
is which.

\textit{Macb.} How say'st thou, that Macduff denies
his person
At our great bidding?

\textit{ady M.} Did you send to him, sir?

\textit{Macb.} I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There's not a one of them but in his house in
I keep a servant's fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to
know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own
good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

\textit{ady M.} You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.

\textit{Macb.} Come, we'll sleep. My strange and
self-abuse
Is the innate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed.

\textit{Exeunt.}

\textbf{Scene V. — A Heath.}

\textbf{Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting}

\textbf{HECATE.}

\textbf{First Witch.} Why, how now, Hecate! you
look angrily.

\textbf{Hec.} Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold! How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth;
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call’d to hear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i’ the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I’ll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I’ll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distil’d by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes' bower wisdom, grace, and fear;
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away, etc.'

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.
Exit.

First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

Exeunt.

Scene VI.—Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth; marry, he was dead:
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Flicance
kill'd,
For Flecance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donaldban
To kill their gracious father! damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not speak
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and throttles of slop?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,
As, an't please heaven, he shall not, they should
find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Flicance.
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he
fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear

Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth
Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduf
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and war-like Siwer.
That, by the help of these, with him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, to sleep our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knife
Do faithful homage and receive free honours
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

Len. And that well may
Advise him to a caution to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

Exeunt.

Act IV.

Scene I.—A Cavern. In the middle, a boiling Cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat ha' mew'd.
Second Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-p
whin'd.
Third Witch. Harpier cries: 'Tis time, 't
time.

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
S welter'd venom sleeping got.
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Second Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing.
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark.
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more.—
First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.
Thunder. Second Apparition, a bloody Child.
Second App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. Descends.
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear thee?
But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.
Thunder. Third Apparition, a Child crowned,
with a tree in his hand.
What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to't.
Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. Descends.
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-place'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know,
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
Hautboys.
First Witch. Show! Second Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show! All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.
A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; BANQUO'S Ghost following.
Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does scar mine eye-balls: and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start,
your eyes!
What I will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true; 122
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. Apparitions vanish.

What! is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so; but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly!
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antick round,
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

Music. The Witches dance, and then
vanish with Hecate.

Macb. Where are they! Gone! Let this pernicious
hour Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by? 140
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring
you word

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Aside. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread
exploits;
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it; from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a
fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights! Where are these gentle-
men?

Come, bring me where they are. Exeunt.

Scene II.—Fife. Macduff's Castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly
the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,

Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak in
further;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitor
And do not know ourselves, when we be
Heav'n's nourish
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear.
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else cli
upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father's he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I st
longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfor
I take my leave at once.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;

And what will you do now? How will you liv
Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What! with worms and flit
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do the
L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'rt never fear t
net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds th
are not set for,
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou o
for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at a
market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; ar
yet, 't faith,
With wit enough, for the.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traito
and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that sw
and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fool
for there are liars and swearers enough to bea
the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if
you would not, it were a good sign that I should
quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor pratter, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to your
known,
though in your state of honour I am perfect. 

... you will take a lonely man's advice, not found here; hence, with your little ones, 

... methinks, I am too savage; do worse to you were fell cruelty, which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you! are abide no longer. 

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces? 

First Mur. Where is your husband? 

7.Mac. I hope in no place so unsanctified where such as thou may'st find him. 

First Mur. He's a traitor. 

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain! 

First Mur. What! you egg, Stabbing him. 

... here] Mourn fry of treachery! 

Son. He has kill'd me, mother: away. I pray you. 

Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder', and pursued by the Murderers. 

Ene III.—England. Before the King’s Palace. 

Enter Malcolm and Macduff. 

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there keep our sad bosoms empty. 

Mac. Let us rather fast the mortal sword, and like good men ride our down-fall’n birthdom; each new morn widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrow take heaven on the face, that it resounds if it felt with Scotland and yeld’d out to syllable of dolour. 

Mal. What I believe I’ll wait, that know believe, and what I can redress, I shall find the time to friend, I will. 

... what] hath not touch’d you yet. I am young; but something may deserve of him through me, and wisdom offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb appease an angry god. 

Mac. I am not treacherous. 

Mal. But Macbeth is, good and virtuous nature may recoil an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon; at which you are my thoughts cannot trans-pose; 

... bright still, though the brightest fell; though all things foul would wear the brows of grace, grace must still look so.

... I have lost my hopes. 

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts. 

Why in that rawness left you wife and child, Those precious motives, those strong knots of love, Without leave-taking! I pray you, 

... and But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just, Whatever I shall think. 

Mac. Bleed, bleed, poor country! Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs; 

... title is afeard! Fare thee well, lord; I would not be the villain that thou thinkest. For the whole space that’s in the tyrant’s grasp, And the rich East to boot. 

Mal. Be not offended: I speak not as in absolute fear of you. 

... our country sinks beneath the yoke; it weeps, it bleeds, and each day a gash is added to her wounds: I think withal there would be hands uplifted in my right; and here from gracious England have I offer’d Of goodly thousands: but for all this, When I shall tread upon the tyrant’s head, Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country Shall have more vices than it had before, More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever, By him that shall succeed. 

Mac. What should he be? 

Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know all the particulars of vice so grafted, 

That, when they shall be open’d, black Macbeth will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state esteem him as a lamb, being compar’d with my confineless harms. 

Mal. Not in the legions Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn’d In evils to top Macbeth. 

Mal. I grant him bloody, luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful, sudden, malicious, snapping of every sin That has a name; but there’s no bottom, none, 

... voluptuousness: you wives, your daughters, 

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up The cistern of my lust; and my desire all continent impediments would o’erbear That did oppose my will; better Macbeth than such an one to reign. 

Mac. Boundless intemperance in nature is a tyranny; it hath been The untimely emptying of the happy throne, And fall of many kings. But fear not yet To take upon you what is yours; you may Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, and yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink. We have willing dames enough; there cannot be That vulture in you, to devour so many As will to greatness dedicate themselves, Finding it so inclin’d. 

Mal. With this there grows In my most ill-compos’d affection, such A stanchess avarice that, were I king, I should cut off the nobles for their lands, Desire his jewels and this other’s house; 

... the sauce To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal, Destroying them for wealth.

**Macb.** This avarice Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear; Scotland hath poisons to fill up your will, Of your mere own; all these are portable, With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces, As justice, verity, temperance, stableness, Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude, I have no relish of them, but abound In the division of each trivial crime, Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell, Uproar the universal peace, confound All unity on earth.*

**Macb.** *O Scotland, Scotland!*

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak I am as I have spoken.

**Macb.** *Fit to govern! No, not to live. O nation miserable, With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd, When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again, Since that the truest issue of thy throne By his own interdict stands accurs'd, And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee, Off'ner upon her knees than on her feet, Died every day she liv'd! Fare thee well! These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast, Thy hope ends here!*

*Mal.* Macdutf, this noble passion, Child of integrity, hast from my soul Wip'd the black scruples, reconcile'd my thoughts To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth By many of these trains hath sought to win me Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me From over-credible haste; but God above 129 Deal between thee and me! for even now I put myself to thy direction, and Unspeak mine own distraction, here abjure The taints and blames I laid upon myself, For strangers to my nature. I am yet Unknown to woman, never was forsworn, Scarce have coveted what was mine own, At no time broke my faith, would not betray The devil to his fellow, and delight No less in truth than life; my first false speaking Was this upon myself. What I am truly, Is thine and my poor country's to command; Whither indeed, before thy here-approach, Old Siward, with ten thousand war-like men, Already at a point, was setting forth. Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?*

**Macb.** Such welcome and unwelcome things at once 'Tis hard to reconcile.

**Enter a Doctor.**

*Mal.* Well; more anon. Comes the king forth. I pray you?

*Macb.* Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretches souls That stay his cure; their malady convinces The great assay of art; but at his touch, Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand, They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor. *Exit Do.*

*Macb.* What's the disease he means?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the e

A most miraculous work in this good king, Which often, since my here-remain in Engla I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven Himself best knows; but strangely-visit people, All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, The more despair of surgery, he cares, Hanging a golden stamp about their necks, Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken To the succeeding royalty he leaves The healing benediction. With this stra virtue, He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy, And sundry blessings hang about his throne That speak him full of grace.

**Enter Ross.**

*Ross.* See, who comes he

*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know I not.

*Macb.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hilt. *Mal.* I know him now. Good God, beth remove The means that makes us strangers!

*Ross.* Sir, am

*Macb.* Stands Scotland where it did?

*Ross.* Alas! poor count Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot Be call'd our mother, but our grave; wh nothing, But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile Where sighs and groans and shrieks that re the air Are made, not mark'd; where violent sort seems A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good me lives Expire before the flowers in their caps, Dying or ere they sicken.

*Macb.* O! relation Too nice, and yet too true.

*Mal.* What's the newest gri Ross. That of an hour's age doth his speaker;

Each minute teems a new one.

*Macb.* How does my wife?

*Ross.* Why, well.

*Mal.* And all my children

*Ross.* Well too.

*Macb.* The tyrant has not batter'd at th peace?

*Ross.* No; they were well at peace when I leave 'em.

*Macb.* Be not a niggard of your speech: b goes 't?

*Ross.* When I came hither to transport tidings, Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rum Of many worthy fellows that were out; Which was to my belief witness'd the rather
act short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he escape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mac. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.

Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you,
but can perceive no truth in your report. When
was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field,
I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-
gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth
paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards
seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this
while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive
at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects
of watching! In this slumberous agitation, besides
her walking and other actual performances,
what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you
should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one, having no
witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very
guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her;
she stands close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by
her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how
she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed motion with her,
to seem thus washing her hands. I have known
her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Haark! she speaks. I will set down
what comes from her, to satisfy my remem-
brance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One;
two; why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky!
Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and a coward?
What need we fear who knows it, when none can call
our power to account? Yet who would have
thought the old man to have had so much blood in
him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife;
where is she now? What! will these hands
ne'er be clean? No more 'o' that, my lord, no
more 'o' that: you mar all with this starting.
MACBETH.

[Act]

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not. 51
Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.
Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!
Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.
Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body. 60
Doct. Well, well, well.
Gent. Pray God it be, sir.
Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died howly in their beds.
Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.
Doct. Even so? 69
Lady M. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. Exit.
Doct. Will she go now to bed?
Gent. Directly.
Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their dear pillows will discharge their secrets;
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her; 89
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.
Gent. Good night, good doctor. Exit.

SCENE II.—The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.
Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.
Aug. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unruly youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.
Aug. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breath;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall bar
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?
Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd;
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purg
Each drop of us.
Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown
Weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.
Exit, marching.

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.
Macb. Bring me no more reports; let thy say all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the news of Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits to know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born
Shalt e'er have power upon thee.' Then the false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fe
Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fa

Where got's thon that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers,
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fe
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch
Denth of thy soul! those linen cheeks of this
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, who

Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. Exit Serva

Seyton!—I am sick at he
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever or dissect me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the scar, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-hono
breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and do
not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news morn
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my fle
be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Macb. I'll put it so.

Out more horses, skirt the country round; putting those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.

Doct. Not so sick, my lord, she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, at keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:

Ist thou not minister to a mind diseas'd? Your memory a rooted sorrow, to out the written troubles of the brain, d with some sweet oblivious antidote cause the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart!

Doct. Therein the patient must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.

Me, put mine armour on; give me my staff. Seyton, send out—Doctor, the thanes fly from me. Me, sir, dispatch—If thou could'st, doctor, cast

As water of my land, find her disease, id purge it to a sound and pristine health, would applaud thee to the very echo, that should applaud again—Pull 't off, I say,—hat rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug could scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation takes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me. We will not be afraid of death and ban

If Birnam wood come to Dunsinane.

Doct. Aside. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear, ofit again should hardly draw me here.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Country near Birnam Wood.

Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SIWARD, and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching.

Macb. Cousin, I hope the days are near at hand that chambers will be safe.

Seyton. What wood is this before us?

Menteith. The wood of Birnam.

Macb. Let every soldier hew him down a bough and bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow he numbers of our host, and make discovery in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Seyton. We learn no other but the confident tyrant keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure our setting down before 't.

Macb. 'Tis his main hope; or where there is advantage to be given, both more and less liath given him the revolt, and none serve with him but constrained things. Those hearts are absent too.

Macb. Let our just censures Attend the true event, and put we on Industrious soldiership.

Seyton. The time approaches That will with due decision make us know What we shall say we have and what we owe. Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate, But certain issue strokes must arbitrate, Towards which advance the war.

Exeunt, marching.

Scene V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SIWARD, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls; The cry is still 'They come!' our castle's strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie Till famine and the ague eat them up; Were they not for'd with those that should be ours,

We might have met them careful, beard to beard, And beat them backward home.

A cry of women within.

What is that noise?

Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Exeunt.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears. The time has been my senses would have cool'd To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors; Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts, Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter; There would have been a time for such a word. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, To the last syllable of recorded time; And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, And then is heard no more; it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord, I should report that which I say I saw, But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought, The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so: Within this three mile may you see it coming; I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much. 41
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth; 'Fear not till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane'; and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which I avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wreck!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, etc., and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now, near enough; your leavy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle; worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siev. Fare you well,
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macb. Make all our trumpets speak; give
them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The Same. Another Part of the Plain.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot
fly,
But bear-like must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Young Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Young Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself
a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Young Siw. The devil himself could not
pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Young Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant;
with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

They fight and young Siward is slain.

Macb. Thou wast born of woman;
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, sh-.
thy face:
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine
My wife and children's ghost will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arm
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either the
Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undone. There thou
should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.

Exit. Alarums.

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gen
render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siev. Enter, sir, the castle.

Exeunt. Alarums.

Re-enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fo
and die,
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gash
Do better upon them.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no word
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! They fig.

Macd. Thou losest laboure
As easy may'st thou the intrenched air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's won
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue which tells me
For it hath cow'd my better part of man;
And be these juggling fiends no more believe'd
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with the
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's foot
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I row my war-like shield. Lay on, Macduff, I damn'd be him that first cries ‘Hold, enough!’

Exeunt, fighting.

reat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and drums, MACBETH, old SIWARD, ROSS, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv’d.

Siv. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see, great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son, Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier’s debt:

only liv’d but till he was a man;

e which no sooner had his prowess confirm’d the unshrinking station where he fought, than like a man he died.

Siv. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siv. Why then, God’s soldier be he! and as many sons as I have hairs, would not wish them to a fairer death:

Mal. He’s worth more sorrow, and that I’ll spend for him.

Siv. He’s worth no more; so they say, he parted well, and paid his score:

And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH’s head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands

The usurper’s cursed head: the time is free:

I see thee compass’d with thy kingdom’s pearl,

That speak my salutation in their minds;

Whose voices I desire aloud with mine;

Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!

Flourish.

Mal. Weshall not spend a large expense of time Before we reckon with your several loves,

And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland In such an honour nam’d. What’s more to do Which would be planted newly with the time,

As calling home our exil’d friends abroad That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;

Producing forth the cruel ministers

Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,

Who, as ’tis thought, by self and violent hands Took off her life; this, and what needful else That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace

We will perform in measure, time, and place:

So thanks to all at once and to each one, Whom we invite to see us crown’d at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt.
HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Claudius, King of Denmark.
Hamlet, Son to the late, and Nephew to the present King.
Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.
Horatio, Friend to Hamlet.
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.
Laertes, his Son.

Voltemand.
Cornelius.
Rosencrantz.
Guildenstern.
Ozric.

A Gentleman.

Couriers.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Scene.—Elsinore.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks; 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring. 

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O! farewell, honest soldie
Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo has my plac
Give you good night.

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. What! is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What! has this thing appear'd ago

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we dow
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from th

pole

Had made his course to illume that part

heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Mar. Peace! break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like; it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and war-like form
Which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes March? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it stalks away.
Hor. Stay! speak: speak, I charge thee, speak!

Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale;
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledged Polacks on the ice.
Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sores task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Oth'ring make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who 'tis that can inform me?
Hor. That can I.
At least the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet,
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant
And carriage of the article design'd.
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in 't; which is no other,
As it doth well appear unto our state,
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.
Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mighty Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse;
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates.
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climates and countrymen.
But, soft! behold! lo! where it comes again.

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O! speak;
Or if thou hast upheaved in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

Cock crowed.

Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Ber. 'Tis here! 'Tis here!
Mar. 'Tis gone!
Hor. 'Tis here!

Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit lies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long; 16
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;
Break we our watch up; and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, 17
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty!

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Castle.

Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius,
Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves,
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this war-like state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife: nor have we herein bair'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affray along: for all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bounds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these delayed articles allow.
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty
Cor., Vol. In that and all things will we show
our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell

Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is's, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice; what would'st thou beg
Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Laer. Dread my lord, o Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again towards France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius!

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. Aside. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang
On you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be, Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam? nay, it is; I know not 'seems,'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspension of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly; these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which paseth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;


Our father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
filial obligation for some term

Ham. I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Hor. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply: as ourselves in Denmark. Madam, come; as gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet is smiling to my heart; in grace whereof, joucing health that Denmark drinks to-day, at the great cannon to the clouds shall tell, and the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, etc.

Ham. O! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
aw and resolve itself into a dew;
that the Everlasting had not fix'd
is canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
our weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
to me all the uses of this world.
e 'on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
at grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
assess it merely. 'Tis it should come to this!
at two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
on a king; that was, to this,
ypeiron to a satyr; so loving to my mother
at he might not bethe winds of heaven
lit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
ast I remember? why, she would hang on him,
 'f if increase of appetite had grown
ut what it fed on; and yet, within a month,
ne me not think on 't: Frailty, thy name is woman!

little month; or else those shoes were old
ith which she follow'd my poor father's body,
ke Nibe, all tears; why she, even she—

God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
could have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my father Than I to Hercules: within a month,
ere the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gilded eyes,
She married. O! most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets.
It is not nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well: Horatio, or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio? Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you. To Bernardo. Good even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so, Nor shall you do mine ear that violence;
To make it truer of your own report
Against yourself; I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore? We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral
bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

My father, methinks I see my father.

Hor. O! where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father! Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvell to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd: a figure like your father,
 Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march Goes slow and stately by them: three he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
Scene III.—A Room in Polonius's House.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell. And, sister, as the winds give benefit And convoy is assistant, do not sleep, But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trilling of his favour, Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood, A violet in the youth of primy nature, Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting, The perfume and suppliance of a minute; No more.

Oph. No more but so? Think it no more For nature creasent does not grow alone In thevs and bulk; but, as this temple waxed In the inward service of the mind and soul Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you not And now no soul nor cautel doth besmirch The virtue of his will; but you must fear, His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own For he himself is subject to his birth; He may not, as unvalu'd persons do, Carve for himself, for on his choice depends The safety and the health of the whole state And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd Unto the voice and yielding of that body Whereof he is the head. Then if he says loves you, If fits your wisdom so far to believe it As he in his particular act and place May give his saying deed; which is no further Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal. Then weigh what loss your honour may sustaie If with too credent ear you list his songs, Or lose your heart, or your chastie treasure op. To his unmaster'd importunity, Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister, And keep you in the rear of your affection, Out of the shot and danger of desire. The chariest maid is prodigal enough If she unmask her beauty to the moon; Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnions strokes; The canker galls the infants of the spring Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd, And in the morne and liquid dew of youth Contagious blastments are most imminent. Be wary then; best safety lies in fear: Youth to itself rebels, though none else near. Oph. I shall the effect of this good less keep, As watchman to my heart. But, good brother, Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine, His hand of the primrose path of dalliance trends And recks not his own rode. Laer. O! fear me not I stay too long; but here my father comes.

Exit Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace; Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
the wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
and you are stay'd for. There; my blessing
with thee! 
and these few precepts in my memory
see thou character. Give thy thoughts no
tongue,
for any unproportion'd thought his act. 59
a thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
he friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
rappe them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
at do not dull thy path with entertainment
of each new-hatch'd, unled'd comrade. Beware
of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
hear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Live every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
take each man's censure, but reserve thy judg-
ment.

mostly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
but not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
or the apparel oft proclaims the man,
and they in France of the best rank and station
are most select and generous, chief in that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
or loan off loses both itself and friend,
and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
and it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Lear. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Lear. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.
Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
and you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Lear. Farewell.

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the
Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:

'Is told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and
Bounteous.

If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many
Tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green
girl,

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should
think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a
baby,

That you have taken these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more
dearly;
Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with
love
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his
speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springs to catch woodcocks. I do
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,

Even in their promise, as it is a making.

You must not take for five. From this time
Be somewhat scatter'd of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tetter may he walk
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But more implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,

The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to 't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mor. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws
near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance
shot off, within.

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night and takes
his rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring
reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't;
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at
height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,
By the o'er-growth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-

The form of plausible manners; thus
Carrying, I say, the stamp of our
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dale of caine
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father; royal Dane, O! answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their ceramic; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inter'd,
Hath ope'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thine glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our dispositions
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Ghost beckons Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again; I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood,
your lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it;
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still: go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands! so

Hor. Be rule'd; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardly as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Ghost beckons.

Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen,
Breaking from them.

By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets

Go on, I'll follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.
wicked wit and gifts, that have the power to seduce! won to his shameful lust he will of my most seeming-virtuous queen. Hamlet! what a falling-off was there? come, me, whose love was of that dignity that it went hand in hand even with the vow made to her in marriage; and to decline pon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor to those of mine! ut virtue, as it never will be mov'd, though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven, a lust, though, to a radiant angel link'd, 't will save itself in a celestial bed, nd prey on garboge, ut, soft! methinks I scent the morning air; rief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard, y custom always in the afternoon, pon my secure hour thy uncle stole, 7th juice of cursed hebona in a vial, nd in the porches of mine ears did pour he leperous distilment; whose effect olds such an enmity with blood of man hat swift as quicksilver it courses through the natural gates and alleys of the body, nd with a sudden vigour it doth possesd nd curd, like eager droppings into milk, he thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine; nd a most instant tetter bark'd about, lost lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust, all my smooth body. hus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd; ut off even in the blossoms of my sin, house'd, disappointed, unam'd, do reckoning made, but sent to my account With all my imperfections on my head: I, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible! than hast nature in thee, bear it not; not the royal bed of Denmark be couch for luxury and damned incest. at, howsoever thou pursu'st this act, snt not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven, and to those thorns that in her bosom lodge, p'rick and stitch her. Fare thee well at once! the glow-worm shows the matin to be near, and 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire; adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. Exit. Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else? And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart; And you, my sinews, grow not instant old, But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee! Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe. Remember thee! yea, from the table of my memory I'll wipe away all trivial fond records, All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past, That youth and observation copied there; And thy commandment all alone shall live Within the book and volume of my brain, Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven! O most pernicious woman! O villain, villain, smilling, damned villain! My tables,—meet it is I set it down, That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain; At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word; 119

It is 'Adieu, adieu! I remember me.' I have sworn't.

Hor. Within. My lord! my lord!

Mar. Within. Lord Hamlet!

Hor. Within. Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Hor. Within. Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O! wonderful.

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord. 120

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?

But you'll be secret?

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;

And so, without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;

You, as your business and desire shall point you,

For every man hath business and desire, 130

Such as it is; and, for mine own poor part,

Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words,

my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;

Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is,

Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;

For your desire to know what is between us,

O'er master't as you may. And now, good friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,

Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.


Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?

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Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—

Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen;

Swear by my sword.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

[ACT]

Scene I.—A Room in Polonius’s House.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

Reg. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquire

Of his behaviour.

Reg. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;

And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding

By this encompassment and drift of question

That they do know my son, come you me nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it:

Take you, as ’twere, some distant knowledge

him;

As thus, ‘I know his father and his friends,

And, in part, him’; do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Reg. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. ‘Ay, and, in part, him; but, you may say not well;

But if’t be he I mean, he’s very wild,

Addicted so and so’; and there put on him

What forgeries you please; marry, none rank

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips

As are companions noted and most known

To youth and liberty.

Reg. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. ‘Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

Quarrelling,

Drabbing; you may go so far.

Reg. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,

That he is open to incontinency;

That’s not my meaning; but breathe his fault

So quaintly

That they may seem the taints of liberty,

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,

A savageness in unreclaimed blood,

Of general assault.

Reg. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Reg. Ay, my lord.

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here’s my drif.

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As ‘twere a thing a little soil’d i’ the working,

Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound

Having ever seen in the pronominate crimes

The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur’d

He closes with you in this consequence;

‘Good sir, or so; or ‘friend, or ‘gentleman,

According to the phrase or the addition

Of man and country.

Reg. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does

What was I about to say? By the mass, I was about to say something: where did I leave?

Reg. At ‘closes in the consequence,’

‘friend or so,’ and ‘gentleman.’

Pol. At ‘closes in the consequence,’ a marry;

He closes with you thus: ‘I know the gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or t’other day,

Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,

There was a gaming; there o’ertook in’s house

There falling out at tennis’; or perchance,

‘I saw him enter such a house of sale,’

Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Scene I. — Guildenstern and Hamlet talking. (Enter Ophelia or Polonius.)

Hamlet. What! Ophelia! what's the matter? Ophelia. Alas! my lord, I have been so affrighted. Polonius. With what? what's the name of God? Ophelia. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet, rd Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd ; that upon his head ; his stockings fout'd, garter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle; he as his shirt; his knees knocking each other; d with a look so piteous in purport if he had been loosed out of hell speak of horrors, he comes before me. Polonius. Mad for thy love? Ophelia. What said he? Ophelia. He took me by the wrist and held me hard, he goes to the length of all his arm, did, with his other hand thus o'er his brow, falls to such perusal of my face; he would draw it. Long stay'd he so; a little shaking of mine arm, a thrice his head thus waving up and down, rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound at it did seem to shatter all his bulk and his being. That done, he lets me go, did, with his head over his shoulder turn'd, seem'd to find his way without his eyes; r out of doors he went without their help, to the last bend'd their light on me. Polonius. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king. This is the very ecstasy of love, those violent property forsores itself and leads the will to desperate undertakings, so oft as any passion under heaven, that does afflict our natures. I am sorry, that! have you given him any hard words of late? Ophelia. No, my good lord; but, as you did command, did repel his letters and denied is access to me, Polonius. That hath made him mad. I am sorry that with better heed and judgment had not quoted him; I fear'd he did but trifle, nd meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy! y heaven, it is as proper to our age o' cast beyond ourselves in our opinions s it is common for the younger sort o' lack discretion. Come, go we to the king.

More to be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

Come.

SCENE II. — A Room in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you, The need we have to use you did provoke Our hasty sending. Something have you heard Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it, Since not the exterior nor the inward man Resembles that it was. What it should be, More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself, I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, That, being of so young days brought up with him, And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court Some little time; so by your companies To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather, So much as from occasion you may glean, Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus, That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living To whom he more adheres. If it will please you To show us so much gentry and good will As to expend your time with us awhile, For the supply and profit of our hope, Your visitation shall receive such thanks As fits a king's remembrance.

Rosencrantz. Both your majesties Might, by the sovereign power you have of us, Put your dear pleasures more into command Than to entreat.

Guil. We both obey, And here give up ourselves, in the full bent To lay our service freely at your feet, To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit My too much chang'd son. Go, some of you, And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is. Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,  
Both to my God and to my gracious king;  
And I do think, or else this brain of mine  
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure  
As it hath us'd to do, that I have found  
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O! speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;  
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. Exit POLONIUS.

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found  
The head and source of all your son's distemper.  
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;  
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.  
King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends.

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?  
VOLT. Most fair return of greetings and desires.  
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;  
But, better look'd into, he truly found  
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,  
That so his sickness, age, and impotence  
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests  
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeyes,  
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine  
Makes vow before his uncle never more  
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.

WHEREON Old Norway, overcome with joy,  
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,  
And his commission to employ those soldiers,  
So levied as before, against the Polack;  
With an entreaty, herein further shown,  
That it might please you to give quiet pass  
Through your dominions for this enterprise,  
On such regards of safety and allowance  
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;  
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,  
Answer, and think upon this business:  
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour.  
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:  
Most welcome home!

EXECUT Voltimand and Cornelius.

Pol. This business is well ended.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,  
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,  
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.  
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,  
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,  
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:  
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,  
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?  
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

— Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.  
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity;  
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;  
But farewell it, for I will use no art.  
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains  
That we find out the cause of this effect,  
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defective comes by cause;  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
Perpend:  
I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;  
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.

To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautiful Ophelia,—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautiful  
is a vile phrase; but you shall hear. Thus:

In her excellent white bosom, these, etc.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?  
Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will faithful,

Doubt thou the stars are fire;  
Doubt that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar;  
But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers;  
have not art to reckon my groans; but that I  
may the best, o most best! believe it. Adieu.

Thine evenmore, most dear lady, whilst th'  
machine is to him,

HAMLET.

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me  
And more above, hath his solicitations,  
As they fell out by time, by means, and place  
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?  
Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honorable  
— Pol. I would faint prove so. But what mig you think,  
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,  
As I perceived it, I must tell you that,  
Before my daughter told me, what might you  
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,  
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,  
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb  
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;  
What might you think? No, I went round work,  
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;  
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;  
This must not be': and then I precepts gave he  
That she should look herself from his resort,  
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.  
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice  
And he, repulsed, a short tale to make,  
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,  
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,  
Thence to a lightness; and by this declension  
Into the madness wherein he raves,  
And all we wait for.

King. Do you think tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fa know that,  
That I have positively said 'Tis so,'  
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Pointing to his head and shoulder. Ta  
this from this, if this be otherwise.

If circumstances lead me, I will find
are truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
in the centre.

ing.
How may we try it further?
o. You know sometimes he walks four hours
together
in the lobby.

 reusable.
So he does indeed.

ol. At such a time I'll lose my daughter
to him;

ou and I behind an array then,

k the encounter; if he love her not,

be not from his reason fall'n thereon,

me be no assistant for a state,

keep a farm and carters.

ing.
We will try it.

 reusable.
But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
comes reading.

ol. Away! I do beseech you, both away.

board him presently.

Execute KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

O! give me leave.

y does my good Lord Hamlet?

am. Well, God-a-mercy.

ol. Do you know me, my lord?

am. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

ol. Not I, my lord.

am. Then I would you were so honest a man.

ol. Honest, my lord!

am. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,

be one man picked out of ten thousand.

ol. That's very true, my lord.

am. For if the sun brend maggots in a dead

being a god kissing carion,—Have you a

ighter!

ol. I have, my lord.

am. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception

blessing; but not as your daughter may

serve. Friend, look to 't.

a.

 Aside. How say you by that? Still harp-

on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first;

I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far

and truly is my youth I suffered much

safety for love; very near this. I'll speak

am again. What do you read, my lord?

am. Words, words, words.

am. What is the matter, my lord?

am. Between who?

am. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

am. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue

here that old men have grey beards, that

faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick

ser and plum-tree gum, and that they have

entiful lack of wit, together with most weak

as: all which, sir, though I most powerfully

potently believe, yet I hold it not honestly

have it thus set down; for yourself, sir,

uld be old as I am, if like a crab you could

backward.

Aside. Though this be madness, yet there

method in 't. Will you walk out of the air,

lord?

am. Into my grave?

ol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. Aside.

h pregnant sometimes his replies are! a

iness that often madness hits on, which

son and sanity could not so prosperously be

ed of. I will leave him, and suddenly

rive the means of meeting between him and

my daughter. My honourable lord, I will most

humly take my leave of you.

Hamm. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing

that I will more willingly part withal; except

my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Hamm. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rric ENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there

he is.

Rosc. To POLONIUS. God save you, sir!

Exit Polonia.

Guilt. My honour'd lord!

Rosc. My most dear lord!

Hamm. My excellent good friends! How dost thou,

GUILDENSTERN? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good

lads, how do ye both?

Rosc. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guilt. Happy in that we are not over-happy;

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Rosc. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Rosc. Neither, my lord.

Hamm. Then you live about her waist, or in the

middle of her favours?

Guilt. Faith, her privates we.

Hamm. In the secret parts of Fortune! O! most

true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Rosc. None, my lord, but that the world's

grown honest.

Hamm. Then is doomsday near; but your news

is not true. Let me question more in particular:

what have you, my good friends, deserved at

the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to

prison hither?

Gilt. Prison, my lord!

Hamm. Denmark's a prison.

Rosc. Then is the world one.

Hamm. A goodly one; in which there are

many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark

being one of the worst.

Rosc. We think not so, my lord.

Hamm. Why then 'tis none to you; for there

is nothing either good or bad, but thinking

makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Rosc. Why, then your ambition makes it one;

'tis too narrow for your mind.

Hamm. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-

shell, and count myself a king of infinite space,

were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guilt. Which dreams indeed are ambition, for

the very substance of the ambitions is merely

the shadow of a dream.

Hamm. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Rosc. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and

light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Hamm. Then are our beggars bodies, and our

monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars'

shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my

fay, I cannot reason.

Rosc. Guilt. We'll wait upon you.

Hamm. No such matter; I will not sort you

with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to

you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully

attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship,

what make you at Elsinore?

Rosc. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Hamm. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in

thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends,

my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you
not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guilt. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. Aside to Guildenstern. What say you?

Ham. Aside. Nay, then I have an eye of you. If you love me, hold not off.

Guilt. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mount no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me'?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lepton entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his cloak and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed? Ros. No indeed they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty? Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the way: but there is, sir, an acry of children, lilies, that cry out on the top of question, are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these now the fashion, and so berattle the company, so they call them, that many wear rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What! are they children? who maintai 'em! how are they escoted? Will they pur the quality no longer than they can sing? they not say afterwards, if they should grat themselves to common players, as it is most if their means are no better, their writers them wrong; to make them exclaim against own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to-do on b sides; and the nation holds it no sin to them to controversy: there was, for a while, money bid for argument, unless the poet a the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guilt. O! there has been much throwing ab of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle King of Denmark, and those that would m seasons at his while my father lived, gave two forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something this more than natural, if philosophy could it out.

Flourish of trumpets with

Guilt. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsin Your hands. Come, then; the appurtenances welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me come with you in this garb, lest my extent to players, which, I tell you, must show fairly ward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my un father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guilt. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: w the wind is southerly I know a hawk from handsaw.

Re-enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you t at each ear a hearer: that great baby you there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come them; for they say an old man is twice a ch

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell the players; mark it. You say right, sir Monday morning; 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. W Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buzz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass.—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pasto comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-histpri comical-historical-pastoral, scene in
We are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am to see ye well: welcome, good friends! my old friend. Why, thy face is valanced. I saw thee last: come, thou to hear me Denmark? What! my young lady and mistress! 'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven in when I saw you last, by the altitude of a opine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of current gold, be not cracked within the rings, sers, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to 't French falconers, fly at any thing we see: I'll have a speech straight. Come, give us taste of your quality; come, a passionate tech.

First Play. What speech, my good lord? 

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, it was never acted; or, if it was, not above see; for the play, I remember, pleased not the lion; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was, I received it, and others, whose judgments such matters cried in the top of mine, an ellent play, well digested in the scenes, set wn with as much modesty as cunning. I member one said there were no sallets in the es to make the matter savoury, nor no matter the phrase that might indicted the author of cacation; but called it an honest method, wholesome as sweet, and by very much more insome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly red; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and there-out of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's daughter. If it live in your memory, begin at is line: let me see, let me see;—

he rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—

Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the

That lend a tyrannous and a damned light To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire, And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore, With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus Old grandparents Priam seeks.

So, proceed you. Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword, Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls, Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd, Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide; But with the whip and wind of his fell sword The unaverted father falls. Then senseless Hecuba, Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword, Which was declining on the milky head Of reverend Priam, seem'd v' the air to stick: So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood, And like a neutral to his will and matter, Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm, A silence in the heavens, the rock stand still, The bold winds speechless and the orb below As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder Doth read the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause, Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;

And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall On Mars's armour, for, 'e dur'd for proof etern, With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods, In general synod, take away her power; Break all the spoons and fellettes from her wheel, And bowl the round wave down the hill of heaven As low as to the fiends! 

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba.

First Play. But who, O! who had seen the mobled queen—

Ham. 'The mobled queen?' 

Pol. That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Play. Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames

With bisson rheum: a clout upon that head Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe, About her loins, and all o'er-temned loins, A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up; Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd, 'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pro-nounced; 

But if the gods themselves did see her then, When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport In mimicing with his sword her husband's limbs, The instant burst of clamour that she made, Unless things mortal move them not at all, Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven, And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look! whe'er he has not turned his colour and has tears in's eyes. Prithee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the
rest of this soon. Good my lord, will you see
the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let
them be well used; for they are the abstracts
and brief chronicles of the time: after your
death you were better have a bad epitaph than
their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to
their desert.

Ham. God's bodkins, man, much better; use
every man after his desert, and who should
'scape whining? Use them after your own
honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the
more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play
to-morrow. Exit Polonius, with all the
Players but the First.

Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play
the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha' to-morrow night. You could,
for a need, study a speech of some dozen or
sixteen lines, which I would set down and in-
sert in 't, could you not?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look
you mock him not. Exit First Player.

My good friends, I'll leave you till night; you
are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' ye.

Execute ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Now I am alone.

O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I:
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his whole conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suit-
ning
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
That he should weep for her? What would
he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with
ears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Pink's off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the
throat
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
'Sounds! I should take it, for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gill
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatt'd all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindle
villain!

O! vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with word
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!

Fie upon 't! foh! About, my brain! I ha'
heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will spe
With most miraculous organ. I'll have the
players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but bleech
I know my course. The spirit that I have see
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA,
ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted.
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to sound,
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demand
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain player
We o'er-raft on the way; of these we told him
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much
content me
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Act I.

Scene I.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
Sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurds
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
But he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
Or grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
Traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. Soft you now! The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich; their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty:

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why shouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no more where out in's own house. I knowew.

Oph. O! help him, you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Scene II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Hamlet and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.

Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the wild wind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robust periwigs-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very raggs, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbl-shows and noise: would have such a fellow whipped for o'er doing Termagant; it out-heros Herod, pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let you own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with th' special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time: his form of pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, can but make the judicious grieve: the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players that have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, the neither having the accent of Christians nor the guilt of Christian, pagan, nor man, have struttled and bellowed that I have thought son of nature's journeymen had made men and nought made them well, they imitated humanity abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that differently with us.

Ham. O! reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the plot be then to be considered; that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. Exeunt Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Did the players make haste.

Exit Polonius

Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros., Guil. We will, my lord.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ham. What ho! Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art c'en as just a man As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O! my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter For what advancement may I hope from thee That no revenue hast but thy good spirits...
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter’d?

let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp, and crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
here thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

my dear soul was mistress of her choice
and could of men distinguish, her election
th’seal’d thee for herself; for thou hast been
one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
man that fortune’s buffets and rewards
as ta’en with equal thanks; and bless’d are
those

but they are not a pipe for fortune’s finger
sound what stop she please. Give me that man
my heart’s core, ay, in my heart of heart,
I do thee. Something too much of man,
here is a play to-night before the king;
scene of it comes near the circumstance
which I have told thee of my father’s death:
prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
ven with the very comment of thy soul
serve mine uncle; if his occulted guilt
not itself unkennel in one speech,
is a damned ghost that we have seen,
nd my imaginations are as foul
s Vulcan’s stiethy. Give him heedful note;
nd I may en amuse to his face,
nd after we will both our judgments join
a censure of his seeming.

Well, my lord;
the steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
nd ‘scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
let you a place.

March. A Flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLENIO, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Others.

How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Excellent, i’ faith; of the chameleon’s
ish: I eat the air, promise-crammed; you can’t of feed capons so.

I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet;
these words are not mine.

No, nor mine now. To Polonius. My
lord, you played once i’ the university, you say?

That did i’ my lord, and was accounted
a good actor.

And what did you enact?

I did enact Julius Caesar: I was killed i’ the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

It was a brute part of him to kill so capitally a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.

No, good mother, here’s metal more attractive.

To the King. O ho! do you mark that?

Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Lying down at Ophelia’s feet.

No, my lord.

I mean, my head upon your lap?

Ay, my lord.
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woo is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women's fear and love holds quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O! confound the rest;
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:

In second husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Aside. Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;

But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unskilful when they shall be o'er.

Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt;
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own eneuctures with themselves destroy;
Where joy most scarce grief doth most plentiful,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for age, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advance'd makes friends of enemies.
And lustherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I began,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou will no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, if he rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with no Provincial roses on my raked shoes, get me fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rimed.

Ham. O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's lord for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, he recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

Come, some music!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir.

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous disempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more icher to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into one frame, and start not so wildly from my affray.

Ham. I am tame, sir; pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased; but, sir, such answer as I can make you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderous son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows,—'

the proverb is something musty.

Enter Players with recorders.

O! the recorders: let me see one. To withdraw with you: why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O! my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanfully.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these vantages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by. Aside. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Exit.

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends.  

Exit all but Hamlet.  

'Tis now the very witching time of night, when churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,  

And do such bitter business as the day  

Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.  

O heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever  

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;  

Let me be cruel, but unnatural:  

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites; How in my words soever she be shent, To give them seals never, my soul, consent! 

Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you; I your commission will forthwith dispatch, And he to England shall along with you. The terms of our estate may not endure Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide. Most holy and religious fear it is To keep those many many bodies safe: That live and feed upon your majesty. 

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound With all the strength and armour of the mind To keep itself from noyance; but much more That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests The lives of many. The cease of majesty Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw What's near it with it; it is a massy wheel, Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount, To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls, Each small annexment, petty consequence, Attends the boiler's ruin. Never alone Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage; For we will fetters put upon this fear, Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us. 

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet: Behind the arras I'll convey myself To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home; And, as you said, and wisely was it said, 'Tis meet that some audience than a mother, Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege: I'll call upon you ere you go to bed And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord. 

Exit Polonius.

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven; It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't; A brother's murder! Pray can I not, Though inclination be as sharp as will: My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent; And, like a man to double business bound, I stand in pause where I shall first begin, And both neglect. What if this cursed hand Were thicker than itself with brother's blood, Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens To wash it white as snow? Where to serves mercy But to confront the visage of offence? And what's in prayer but this two-fold force, To be forestalled ere we come to fall, Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up: My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder!' That cannot be; since I am still possess'd Of those effects for which I did the murder, My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen, May one be pardon'd and retain the offence? In the corrupted currents of this world Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice, And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above; There is no shuffling, there the action lies In his true nature, and we ourselves compel'd Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults To give in evidence. What then? what rests? Cry what repentance can; what can it not? Yet what can it, when one can not repent? O wretched state! O bosom black as death! O limed soul, that struggling to be free Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay; Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel, Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe. All may be well.

Enter Hamlet. 

Ham. Now might I do it yet, now he is praying; And now I'll do't: and so he goes to heaven; And so am I reveng'd: That would be scann'd; A villain kills my father; and for that, I, his sole son, do this same villain send To heaven. Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge. He took my father grossly, full of bread, With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May; And how his audit stands who knows save heaven? But in our circumstance and course of thought 'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd, To take him in the purging of his soul, When he is fit and season'd for his passage! No. Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent; When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage, Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed, At gaming, swearing, or about some act That has no relish of salvation in 't; Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven, And that his soul may be as damned and black As hell, whereeto it goes. My mother stays: This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. Exit.

The King rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below: Words without thoughts never to heaven go. 

Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Queen's Closet.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him; Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with, And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here. Pray you, be round with him. 

Ham. Within. Mother, mother, mother!
Hamlet, Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers. See, what a grace was seated on this brow; Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself, An eye like Mars, to threaten and command, A station like the herald Mercury New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill, A combination and a form indeed, Where every god did seem to set his seal, To give the world assurance of a man. Thus was your husband: look you now, what follows. Here is your husband; like a milord's ear, Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes? Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed, And batton on this motte? Ha! have you eyes? You cannot call it love, for at your age The hey-day in the blood is tame, 'tis humble, And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have, Else could you not have motion; but sure, that sense Is apoplexy; for madness would not err, Nor sense to ecstacy was ne'er so thrall'd But it reserv'd some quantity of choice, To serve in such a difference. What devil was't That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind? Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight, Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all, Or but a sickly part of one true sense Could not so mope. O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell, If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones, To flaming youth let virtue be as wax, And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame When the compulsive ardour gives the charge, Since frost itself as actively doth burn, And reason panders will. Queen. O Hamlet! speak no more; Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul; And there I see such black and grained spots As will not leave their tint. Ham. Nay, but to live In the rank sweat of an en Jens'ed bed, Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love Over the nasty sty,— Queen. O! speak to me no more; These words like daggers enter in mine ears; No more, sweet Hamlet! Ham. A murderer and a villain; A slave that is not twentieth part the title Of your precedent lord: a vice of kings; A cut-purse of the empire and the rule, That from a shelf the precious diadem stole, And put it in his pocket! Queen. No more! Ham. A king of shreds and patches,— Enter Ghost. Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings, You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure? Queen. Alas! he's mad. Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide, That, laps'd in time and passion, let us go by The important acting of your dread command? O! say.
**HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.**

**Act IV.**

**Scene I.—A Room in the Castle.**

**Enter KIng, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.**

**King.** There's matter in these sights, these profound heav'ns:
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?
Queen. Bestow this place upon us a little while.  

**Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.**

Hamlet, come guarded, a your 30 A speak we a diseases 19 when 'But O bring How Exeunt. and that he Lord 813 but he Lord.

King. What, Gertrude! How does Hamlet! Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend

which is the mightier. In his lawless fit, ehind the arras hearing something stir, chips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat! a rat!' nd, in this brainish apprehension, kills he unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!  I had been so with us had we been there. is liberty is full of threats to all; o you yourself, to us, to every one.  
I how shall this bloody deed be answer'd? w ill be laid to us, whose providence should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt, his mad young man: but so much was our love,

I w'ud not understand what was most fit, ut, like the owner of a foul disease, o keep it from divulging, let it feed ven on the pitch of life. Where is he gone? Queen. To draw apart the body he had kill'd; fer whom his very madness, like some ore mong a mineral of metals base, hows itself pure: he weeps for what is done. King. O Gertrude! come away. He sun no sooner shall the mountains touch ut we will ship him hence; and this vile deed imust, with all our majesty and skill, oth countenance and excuse. Ho! Guildenstern!

**Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.**

friends both, go join you with some further aid. Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain, and from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him: to seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body to the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

**Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.**

me, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends; nd let them know both what we mean to do, nd what's untimely done: so, haply, slander, those whisper o'er the world's diameter, s level as the cannon to his blash, transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name, nd hit the woundless air. O! come away; ty soul is full of discord and dismay. **Exit.**

**Scene III.—Another Room in the Same.**

**Enter King, attended.**

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He's lov'd of the distracted multitude. Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And where 'tis so, the offender's scourg is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause; diseases desperate grown By desperate appliance are reliev'd, Or not at all.

**Enter Rosencrantz.**


**Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.**

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius? Ham. At supper. King. At supper! Where? Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.
King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him I the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. To some Attendants. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

Exeunt Attendants.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, etc.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition, We go to gain a little patch of ground That hath in it no profit but the name, To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it; Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats.

Will not debate the question of this straw: This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without.

Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir.

Exit Rosencrantz.

Ham. Will 't please you go, my lord?

Cap. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, etc.

How all occasions do inform against me,

And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,

If his chief good and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more,

Sure he that made us with such large discourse

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and god-like reason

To fast in us un'sd'ed. Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven sculpure

Of thinking too precisely on the event,

A thought, which quarter'd, hath but one part

Wisdom

And ever three parts coward, I do not know

Why yet I live to say 'This thing 's to do';

Sith I have cause and will and strength an means

To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:

Witness this army of such mass and charge

Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed

Makes mouths at the invisible event,

Exposing what is mortal and unsure

To all that fortune, death and danger dare,

Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great

Is not to stir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw

When honour's at the stake. How stand then,

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,

Excitements of my reason and my blood,

And let all sleep, while, to my shame, I see

The imminent death of twenty thousand men,

That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,

Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot

Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,

Which is not tomb enough and continent

To hide the slain? O! from this time forth,

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.
To-morrow is Saint Valentine’s day, 59
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then up he rose, and don’d his clothes,
And dapp’d the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la! without an oath, I’ll make an end on’t:

By Gis and by Saint Charity, 60
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do’t, if they come to’t;
By Cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to seed:
So would I ha’ done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus!

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i’ the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies! good night, good night.

Exit. 61

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. 62

Exit HORATIO.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs All from her father’s death. O Gertrude, Gertrude!

When sorrows come, they come not single spies, But in battalions. First, her father slain; 63
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author Of his own just remove: the people muddied, Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers, For good Polonius’ death; and we have done but greenly, In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia Divided from herself and her fair judgment, Without which we are pictures, or mere beasts:

Last, and as much containing as all these, Her brother is in secret come from France, Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds, 64
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear With pestilent speeches of his father’s death; Wherein necessity, of matter beggar’d, Will nothing stick our person to arraign In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude! this, Like to a murdering-piece, in many places Gives me superfluous death. 65

A noise within.

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter another Gentleman.

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list, 66
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O’erbear your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin, Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry 'Choose we; Laertes shall be king!' Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds.

'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

O! this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. Noise within.

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

They retire without the door.

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile king!

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,

Cries euckold to my father, brands the harlot

Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brows

Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,

That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

122 Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,

Whytou art thusinsenc'd. Let himgo, Gertrude.

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

Laer. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled

with.

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!

I dare damnation. To this point I stand,

That both the worlds I give to negligence,

Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd

Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:

And for my means, I'll husband them so well,

They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes.

If you desire to know the certainty

Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your

revenge,

That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope

my arms;

And like the kind life-rendering pelican,

Regest them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman,

That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensibly in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgment pierce

As day does to your eye.

Danes. Within. Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter Ophelia.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!

By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight

Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!

O heavens! is 't possible a young maid's wits

Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine

It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him bareface'd on the bier;

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;

And in his grace rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade

revenge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing a down a down,

An you call him a down a.

O! how the wheel becomes it. It is the false

steward that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;—

pray you, love, remember: and there i've

pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and

remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines

there's rue for you; and here's some for me

we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays. O! you

must wear your rue with a difference. There's

daisy; I would give you some violets, but

they withered all when my father died. The

say he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hel

itself,

She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead:

Go to thy death-bed.

He never will come again.

His beard as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll;

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan;

God ha' mercy on his soul! 2

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. Go

be wi' ye!

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with you

grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you

will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,

To you in satisfaction; but if not,

Be you content to lend your patience to us,

And we shall jointly labour with your soul

To give it due content.
Scene VI.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with e! 
Serr. Sailors, sir; they say they have letters 
you.

Hor. Let them come in. Exit Servant. 
do not know from what part of the world 
should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir. 
Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Second Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. 
I've here's a letter for you, sir;—it comes from 
the ambassador that was bound for England; —if 
our name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked 
is, give these fellows some means to the king; 
they write for him. Ere we were two days old at 
a, a pirate of very war-like appointment gave us 
chance. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put 
our enemies to a complete valor, and in the grapple 
we found: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so 
alone became their prisoner. They have dealt 
with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what 
yielded; I am to do a good turn for them. Let 
them have the letters I have sent; and repair 
me to where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern 
are the course for England: of them I have 
heavily to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine,

Hamlet,

who will give you way for these your letters; 
and treat the speedier, that you may direct 
me from him whom you brought them.

Exit.

Scene VII.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal, 
and you must put me in your heart for friend, 
thou have heard, and with a knowing ear, 
at he which hath your noble father slain 
as my life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me 
by you proceeded not against these feats, 
so criminal and so capital in nature, 
by your safety, wisdom, all things else, 
or mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O! for two special reasons; 

Which may to you, perhaps, seem much un- 
sine'wold, 

And yet to me they are strong. The queen his 
mother 
Lives almost by his looks, and for myself, 
My virtue or my plague, be it either which, 
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul, 
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere, 
I could not but by her. The other motive, 
Why to a public count I might not go, 
Is the great love the general gender bear him; 
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection, 
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to 

Convert his grives to graces; so that my arrows, 
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind, 
Would have reverted to my bow again, 
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost; 
A sister driven into desperate terms, 
Whose worth, if praises may go back again, 
Stood challenger on mount of all the age 
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that; you 
must not think 

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull 
That we can let our beard be shawk with danger. 
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more; 
I love your father, and we love ourself, 
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news? 

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet. 

This to your majesty; this to the queen. 

King. From Hamlet! who brought them? 

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not: 
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them 
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them. 

Leave us. Exit Messenger.

High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked 
on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave 
to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking 
your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of 
my sudden and more strange return.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come 
back?

Or is it some abuse and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked,' 

And in a postscript here, he says 'alone.' 

Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him 
come:

It warmes the very sickness in my heart, 
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, 
'Thus didest thou.'

King. If it be so, Laertes, 
As how should it be so? how otherwise?

Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord; 
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now 

As checking at his voyage, and that he means —
No more to undertake it, I will work it
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.

That you have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sable and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy;
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'sd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast; so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well; he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you; the scramers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a plurality,
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do
We should do when we would, for this 'would' changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many

As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents:
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But to the quick o' the ulcer;
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat 'i the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctu- rize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you, in fine
Together
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an uncion of a mountebank,
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death:
That is but scratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I call him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and mean
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance
'Twore better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me see
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning:
I ha' t:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay! who noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel
So fast they follow: your sister's drownd
Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O! where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook
That shows his heard leaves in the glassy stream
There with fantastic garlands did she come.
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purple
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weed
Clambering to hang, an envious silver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
ell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,  
na, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;  
ch time she chanted snatches of old tunes,  
s one incapable of her own distress,  
s like a creature native and indu'd  
to that element; but long it could not be  
ill that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
f'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
o muddy death.  

Lacr. Alas! then, she is drown'd?  
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.  
Lacr. Too much of water hast thou, poor  
Ophelia,  
therefore I forbid my tears; but yet  
is our trick, nature her custom holds,  
et shame say what it will; when these are gone  
he woman will be out. Aidez, my lord!  
have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,  
at that this folly doth it.  
Exit.  
King.  
Let's follow, Gertrude.  
how much I had to do to calm his rage!  
now fear I this will give it start again;  
therefore let's follow.  
Exit.  

ACT V.  
SCENE I.—A Churchyard.  
Enter two Clowns, with spades and mattocks.  

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian  
 uriail that wilfully seeks her own salvation?  
Second Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore  
take her grave straight: the crowner hath sat  
h her, and finds it Christian burial.  

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned  
erself in her own defence?  
Second Clo. Why, 'tis found so.  
First Clo. It must be se offendiendo; it cannot  
else. For here lies the point: if I drown  
yself wittingly it arguments an act; and an act  
with three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to  
perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.  
Second Clo. Nay, but hear you, Goodman  
elver,—  

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water;  
God: here stands the man; good: if the man  
go to this water, and drown himself, it is,  
will he nil he, he goes; mark you that: but if  
the water come to him, and drown him, he drown  
not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his  
own death shortens not his own life.  

Second Clo. But is this law?  
First Clo. Ay, marry, is 't; crown'er quest law.  
Second Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If  
his had not been a gentlewoman she should  
have been buried out o' Christian burial.  

First Clo. Why, there thou sayest; and the  
more pity that great folk shall have countenance  
in this world to drown or hang themselves more  
than their even Christian. Come, my spade.  
There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners,  
lithers, and grave-masters; they hold up  
Adam's profession.  

Second Clo. Was he a gentleman?  
First Clo. A' was the first that ever bore arms.  
Second Clo. Why, he had none.  
First Clo. What! art a heathen? How dost  

thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture  
says Adam digged; could he dig without arms?  
I'll put another question to thee; if thou  
answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—  

Second Clo. Go to.  
First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than  
either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?  

Second Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame  
outlives a thousand tenants.  
First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith;  
the gallows does well, but how does it well?  
it does well to those that do ill; now thou dost  
il to say the gallows is built stronger than the  
church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee.  
To't again; come.  

Second Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason,  
a shipwright, or a carpenter?  
First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.  
Second Clo. Marry, now I can tell.  
First Clo. To't.  

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.  

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it,  
for your dull ass will not mend his pace with  
beating; and when you are asked this question  
next, say 'a grave-maker': the houses that he  
makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to  
Vaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.  

Exit Second Clo.  

First Clo. But age, with his stealing steps,  
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,  
And hath shipp'd me into the land.  
As if I had never been such.  

Throws up a skull.  

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could  
sing once; how the knave jows it to the ground,  
as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first  
murder! This might be the pate of a politician,  
which this ass now o'er-offices, one that would  
circumvent God, might it not?  

Hor. It might, my lord.  

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say 'God  
morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good  
lord?' This might be my Lord Srch-a-one,  
that praised my Lord Such-a-one's horse, when  
he meant to beg it, might it not?  

Hor. Ay, my lord.  

Ham. Why, e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's;  
chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with  
a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we  
had the trick to see it. Did these bones cost no  
more the breeding but to play at logs and witts with  
'em? mine ache to think on't.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

First Clo. A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, For and a shrouding sheet; O! a pit of clay for to be made For such a guest is meet.


Throw up another skull.

Ham. There’s another; why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quirlets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the scence with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in’s time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries; is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more, hm?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave’s this, sir?

First Clo. Mine, sir.

O! a pit of clay for to be made For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in’t.

First Clo. You lie out on ‘t, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in’t, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in’t, to be in’t, and say it is thine: ’tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. ’Tis a quick lie, sir; ’twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

First Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in’t?

First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she’s dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clo. Of all the days i’ the year, I came to’t that day that our last King Hamlet o’ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

First Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, ’tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. ’Twill not be seen in him there, that the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

First Clo. Faith, e’en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i’ the earth ere he rot?

First Clo. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pokey corpses now-a-days that will scarce hold the laying in, he will last you some eight year or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here’s a skull now; this skull hath lain i’ the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow’s it was whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! at poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick’s skull, the king’s jester.

Ham. This!

First Clo. E’en so.

Ham. Let me see.

Takes the skull.

Alas! poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chapfallen? Now get you to my lady’s chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What’s that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked on this fashion i’ the earth?

Hor. E’en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

Hor. E’en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a hole?

Hor. ’Twere to consider too curiously; to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?
Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw,
it soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king,
and other Priests, etc. in procession; the Corpse of Ophelia, Laertes and Mourners following:

King, Queen, their Train, etc.

Queen, the queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?

id with such maimed rites! This doth be taken
corse they follow did with desperate hand
pluto its own life; 'twas of some estate.
punctatural, and mark, and

Retiring with Horatio.
Laer. What ceremony else?
Ham. That is Laertes, a very noble youth: mark,

Laer. What ceremony else!
Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
we have warrantise; her death was doubtful,
and, but that great command o'ersees the order.

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
ll the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
sands, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her;

where she is allow'd her virgin crants,
or maiden strewments, and the bringing home
bell and burial.

Lae. Must there no more be done?
Priest. No more be done: she should profane the service of the dead,
sing a requiem and such rest to her

to peace-parted souls.

Lae. Lay her to the earth;

ad from her fair and unpolluted flesh
y violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
ministering angel shall my sister be,
then thou liest howling.

Ham. What! the fair Ophelia?
Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

Scattering flowers,
Wop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;
thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
nd not have strew'd thy grave.

Lae. O! treble woe
ill ten times treble on that cursed head
hose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
pris'd thee of. Hold off the earth awhile,
ll I have caught her once more in mine arms.

Leaps into the grave.

ow pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
ll of this flat a mountain you have made,
o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head
blue Olympus.

Ham. Alas for our parents, What is he whose grief
ears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
injur's the wandering stars, and makes them stand
k wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
unlet the Dane.

Lae. The devil take thy soul!

Grapples with him.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenitive and rash
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear. Away thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet! Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—
The Attendants part them, and they come out
of the grave.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O! he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds! show me what thou 'lt do:

Woo't sleep! woo't fight! woo't fast! woo't tear thyself!

Woo't drink up cisel? cat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave!
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is more madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him.

Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couples are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir; What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.

Exit.

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.

Exit Horatio.

To Laertes. Strengthen your patience in our
last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now let me see
the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep; methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us

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He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my mother,
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—'tis not perfecl

To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to damn'd?
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine
And a man's life no more than to say 'One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
But, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours,
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Osr. Thy mere is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and a crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a bough, as I say, spacious in the possession dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were leisure, I should impart a thing to you from majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to your right use; for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry as twere, I cannot tell how. But, my lord, I majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

**HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.**

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, for of most excellent differences, of very soft sojourn and great showing; indeed, to speak feeling of him, he is the card or calendar of gentility, if you shall find in him the continent of what a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definition suffers no peradventure in you; though, I know, to divide him intellectually would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quicke. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his intermixture of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror.
ad who else would trace him, his unbrage, other more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concerency, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr? Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all's golden cords are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if on did, it would not much approve me. Well, is it?

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his need he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and soniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so; three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hits, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then.

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between himself and he, shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold the purpose, I will walk for him an I can; if not, I will again nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. Exit Osr. Thus lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dig before he sucked it. Thus has he, and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions, and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. Exit Lord.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldest not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it; I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osric, and Attendants with foils, etc.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir; I've done you wrong;

But pardon t', as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
What Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness. 'Tis be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd; His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge; but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungord. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me. 270
Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.
Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.
Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both;
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

They prepare to play.

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set the stumps of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoner without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
'Now the king drinks to Hamlet!' Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord.

Ham. One.


Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Ham. Well; again.

King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.

Ham. 'I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.

Come. Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Ham, Laertes, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. Aside. It is the poison'd cup! It is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. Aside. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but daily;
I pray you, pass with your best violence.
I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

They play.

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in suff'ring, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.

King. Part them! they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. The Queen follows.

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho! Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it my lord?

Osr. How is 't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springes, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swounds to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. Dies.

Ham. O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd;
Treachery! seek it out.

Laertes falls.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good;

In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Untainted and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo! here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.
I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work.

Stabs the King.

All. Treson! treason!

King. O! yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion; is thy union here?
Follow my mother.

King dies.

Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet;
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me!

Dies.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest, O! I could tell you,—
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aight
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Ham. As thou 'rt a man, give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have 't. God! Horatio, what a wounded name, 369 hings standing thus unknown, shall live be-

him. thou didst ever hold me in thy heart, but sent thee from felicity awhile, and in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain, 390 o tell my story.

March afar off, and shout within. What war-like noise is this? Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland, o the ambassadors of England gives his war-like volley.

Ham. O! I die, Horatio; the potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit: cannot live to hear the news from England, ut I do prophesy the election lights 371 n Fortinbras: he has my dying voice; o tell him, with the occurrences, more and less, which have solicited—the rest is silence. Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest! Why does the drum come hither? March within.

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others.

For. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see? caught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

For. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death! 380 that feast is toward in thine eternal cell, hat thou so many princes at a shot o bloodily hast struck?

First Amb. The sight is dismal; and our affairs from England come too late: the ears are senseless that should give us hearing, and tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead. Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth, Had it the ability of life to thank you: 389 He never gave commandment for their death. But since, so jump upon this bloody question, You from the Polack wars, and you from England, Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies High on a stage be placed to the view; And let me speak to the yet unknowing world How these things came about; so shall you hear Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts, Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters, Of deaths put on by cunning and fore'd cause, And, in this upshot, purposes mistook Fall'n on the inventors' heads; all this can I truly deliver.

For. Let us haste to hear it, And call the noblest to the audience. For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune: have some rights of memory in this kingdom, Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me. Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak, And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more: But let this same be presently perform'd, Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mis-

On plots and errors, happen. For. Let four captains Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage; For he was likely, had he been put on, To have prov'd most royally: and for his passage, The soldiers' music and the rites of war Speak loudly for him. Take up the bodies: such a sight as this Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss. Go, bid the soldiers shoot. A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the bodies: after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.
KING LEAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LEAR, King of Britain.
KING of FRANCE.
DUKE of BURGUNDY.
DUKE of CORNWALL.
DUKE of ALBANY.
EARL of KENT.
EARL of GLOUCESTER.
EDGAR, Son to Gloucester.
EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloucester.
CURAN, a Courtier.
OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.

Knights of Lear’s train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room of State in King Lear’s Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.
Glou. It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either’s moiety.
Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?
Glou. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge; I have so often blush’d to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.
Kent. I cannot conceive you.
Glou. Sir, this young fellow’s mother could; whereupon she grew round-womb’d, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?
Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.
Glou. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this kneve came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?
Edm. No, my lord.
Glou. My Lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.
Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know ye better.
Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.
Glou. He hath been out nine years, and what he shall again. The king is coming.

Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund.

KENT. Meantime we shall express our dark purpose.
Give me the map there. Know that we have divided in three our kingdom; and ‘tis our fast intent to shake all care and business from our age, conferring them on younger strengths; while we unburden’d crawl toward death. Our son Cornwall, and you, our no less loving son of Albany, we have this hour a constant will to publish our daughters’ several dowers, that future strait may be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy, great rivals in our youngest daughter’s love, long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, and here are to be answer’d. Tell me, my daughters, since now we will divest us both of rule, interest of territory, cares of state, which of you shall we say doth love us most? That we our largest bounty may extend
here nature doth with merit challenge.
Goneril,
so eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can
\emph{c}ield the matter;
\emph{more} than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
\emph{and} what can be valued, rich or rare;
\emph{or} less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
and, 
\begin{align*}
\text{more as child e'er lov'd, or father found;}
\text{love that makes breath poor and speech}
\text{unable;}
\text{and all manner of so much I love you.}
\end{align*}

Cor. \emph{Aside.} What shall Cordelia do? Love,
\emph{and} be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line
to this,
ith shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
ith plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
\emph{e} make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
this perpetual. \emph{What}s says our second daughter,
\emph{u} migrant Regan, \emph{wife} to Cornwall! Speak to
Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
\emph{u} prize me at her worth. In my true heart
\emph{find} she names my very deed of love;
\emph{ly} she comes too short: that I profess
\emph{y}self an enemy to all other joys
\emph{lich} the most precious square of sense
possesses,
\emph{nd} find I am alone felicitate
\emph{a} your dear highness' love.

Cor. \emph{Aside.} Then poor Cordelia!
\emph{nd} yet not so; since I am sure my love's
\emph{ore} ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
\emph{main} this ample third of our fair kingdom,
\emph{an} in space, validity, and pleasure,
\emph{han} that confer'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
\emph{alth}ough our last, not least; to whose young
\emph{ne} vines of France and milk of Burgundy
\emph{rive} to interest 'd; \emph{what} can you say to draw
\emph{third} more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. \emph{Nothing}?

Cor. \emph{Nothing.}

Lear. \emph{Nothing} will come of nothing: speak
again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
\emph{y} heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
\emph{ord}ing to my bond; \emph{no} more nor less.

Lear. \emph{How, how, Cordelia! mend} your speech
a little,
\emph{est} you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord, you have begot me, brod me, lov'd me: I
\emph{return} those duties back as are right fit,
\emph{be} you, love you, and most honour you.
\emph{Why} have my sisters husbands, if they say
\emph{hey} love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
\emph{hat} lord whose hand must take my plight shall
carry
\emph{half} my love with him, \emph{half} my care and duty.
\emph{Sure} I shall never marry like my sisters,
to love my father all.

Lear. \emph{But goes thy heart with this?}

Cor. \emph{Ay, my good lord.}

Lear. \emph{So young, and so untender?}

Cor. \emph{So young, my lord, and true.}

Lear. \emph{Let it be so; thy truth then be thy
dower:}

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever. \emph{The barbarous}
Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messe
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
\emph{Be} as well neighbour'd, pitted, and reliev'd,
\emph{As} thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! \emph{Call} France. \emph{Who}
stirs?

Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third;
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. \emph{Ourself}, by monthly
course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
\emph{By} you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. \emph{Only} we shall
retain
The name and all the addition to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: \emph{which to confirm,}
\emph{This coronet part betwixt you.}

Kent. \emph{Royal Lear,}
\emph{Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,}
Lor'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. \emph{The bow is bent and drawn; make from}
the shaft.

Kent. \emph{Let it fall rather, though the fork invade}
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad. \emph{What would'st thou do,}
\emph{old man?}
\emph{Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak}
When power to flattery bows? \emph{To plainness}
\emph{honour's bound}
\emph{When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;
And, in thy best consideration, check}
This hideous rashness: answer my life my
judgment,
\emph{Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;}
\emph{Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound}
\emph{Reverbs no hollowness.}

Lear. \emph{Kent, on thy life, no more.}

Kent. \emph{My life I never held but as a pawn}
\emph{To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to}
\emph{lose it;}
\emph{Thy safety being the motive.}

Lear. \emph{Out of my sight!}

Kent. \emph{See better, Lear; and let me still remain}
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. \emph{Now, by Apollo,—}

Kent. \emph{Now, by Apollo, king,}
\emph{Thou swar'st thy gods in vain.}

Lear. \emph{O, vassal! miscreant!}

Alb. Corn. \emph{Dear sir, forbear.}
KING LEAR.

Kent. Do; Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift; Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat, I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, reentrant! On thine allegiance, hear me! Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow, Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd pride To come betwixt our sentence and our power, Which nor our nature nor our place can bear, Our potency made good, take thy reward. Five days we do allot thee for provision To shield thee from diseases of the world; And on the sixth to turn thy hate back Upon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions, The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter, This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king; sith thus thou wilt appear, Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

To Cordelia. The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid, That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said! To Regan and Goneril. And your large speeches may your deeds approve, That good effects may spring from words of love. Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu; He'll shape his old course in a country new. Exit.

Flourish. Re-enter Gloucester, with France, Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glou. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,

We first address toward you, who with this king Hath rival'd for our daughter. What, in the least, Will you require in present dower with her, Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty, I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd, Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy, When she was dear to us we did hold her so, But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands: If taught within that little seeming substance, Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd, And nothing more, may fitly like your grace, She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer. Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes, Unfriend'd, new-adopted to our hate, Dow'r'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath, Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir; Election makes not up on such conditions. Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me, I tell you all her wealth. To France. For you, great king, I would not from your love make such a stray To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you To avert your liking a more worthier way Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange, That she, that even but now was your best object, The argument of your praise, balm of your age, The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence Must be of such unnatural degree That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection Fall'n into taint; which to believe of her, Must be a faith that reason without miracle Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty, If for I want that gib and oily art To speak and purpose not; since what I we intend,

I'll do 't before I speak, that you make known It is no vicious blot nor other foulness, No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step, That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour But even for want of that for which I am richer A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue That I am glad I have not, though not to have Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature Which often leaves the history unspeak That it intends to do? My Lord of Burgundy What say you to the lady? Love's not love When it is mingled with regards that stand Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear, Give but that portion which yourself propos'd, And here I take Cordelia by the hand, Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm. Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy Since that respects of fortune are his love, I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich * being poor; Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd Thy and thy virtues here I seize upon: Be it lawful I take up what's cast away. Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold's neglect My love should kindle to inflam'd respect. Thy doverless daughter, king, thrown to my chance, Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France: Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me. Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind: Thou leastest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France; let her be thine for we Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see That face of hers again; therefore be gone Without our grace, our love, our benison. Come, noble Burgundy.

Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloucester, and Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are; And like a sister am most loath to call
ur faults as they are nam’d. Use well our father:
your professed bosoms I commit him:
yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
would prefer him to a better place.
Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.
Jon. Let your study
to content your lord, who hath receiv’d you fortune’s alms; you have obedience scant’d,
d well are worth the want that you have wanted.
382 Jon. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
no cover faults, at last shame them derides.
All may you prosper!
France. Come, my fair Cordelia.
Jon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of at most nearly appertains to us both. I think:
father will hence to-night.
Reg. That’s most certain, and with you; next morn with us.
390 Jon. You see how full of changes his age is; a generation we have made of it hath not
in little; he always loved our sister most; I with what poor judgment he hath now cast
off appears too grossly.
Reg. ’Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath
or but slightly known himself.
Jon. The best and soundest of his time hath
in rush; then must we look to receive
in his age, not alone the imperfections of
g-engraved condition, but therewithal the
ruy waywardness that inflam and choleric
us bring with them.
398 Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to
re from him as this of Kent’s banishment.
Jon. There is further compliment of leaving
between France and him. Pray you, let’s
together: if our father carry authority with
a disposition as he bears, this last surrender
this ill but offend us.
405 Reg. We shall further think on’t.
Jon. We must do something, and i’ the heat.
Exeunt.

ACT II.—A Hall in the Earl of Gloucester’s Castle.

Enter Edmund, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
services are bound. Wherefore should I
and in the plague of custom, and permit
the curiosity of nations to deprive me,
that I am some twelve or fourteen moons
of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
men my dimensions are as well compact,
mind as generous, and my shape as true,
honest madam’s issue? Why brand they us
with base? with baseness? bastardy? base? base?
in the lusty stealth of nature take
composition and fierce quality
an doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
t’ween asleep and wake? Well then,
gitimate Edgar, I must have your hand:
father’s love is to the bastard Edmund
to the legitimate. Fine word, ‘legitimate’!

Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall to the legitimate—: I grow, I prosper;
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Kent banish’d thus! And France in
choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib’d his
power!
Commend to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?
Edm. So please your lordship, none.

Putting up the letter.

Glou. Why so earnestly seek you to put up
that letter?
Edm. I know no news, my lord.
Glou. What paper were you reading?
Edm. Nothing, my lord.
Glou. No! What needed then that terrible
dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of
nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let’s
see: come; if it be nothing, I shall not need
spectacles.
Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me; it is a
letter from my brother that I have not all o’er-
read, and for so much as I have perused, I find
it not fit for your o’looking.
Glou. Give me the letter, sir.
Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it.
The contents, as in part I understand them, are
to blame.
Glou. Let’s see, let’s see.
Edm. I hope, for my brother’s justification, he
wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glou. This policy and reverence of age makes the
world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our
fortunes from us till our oldness cannot reliish them.
I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the
oppression of aged tyranny, who essays, not as it
hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that
of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep
till I wake him, you should enjoy half his revenue
for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,

Edgar.

Hum! Conspiracy! ‘Sleep till I wake him,—
you should enjoy half his revenue.’ My son
Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart
and brain to breed it in? When came this to
you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there’s
the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the
casement of my closet.

Glou. You know the character to be your
brother’s?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I
durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that,
I would faint think it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his
heart is not in the contents.

Glou. Has he never before sounded you in
this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have often heard
him maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect
age, and fathers declined, the father should be
as ward to the son, and the son manage his
revenue.

Glou. O villain, villain! His very opinion in
the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he?

_Edm._ I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

_Glon._ Think you so?

_Edm._ If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

_Glon._ He cannot be such a monster—

_Edm._ Nor is not sure.

_Glon._—to his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstake myself to be in a due resolution.

_Edm._ I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

_Glon._ These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange.

Exit. 129

_Edm._ This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeit of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves thievish and treacherous by spherical predominance, drunkards liars and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under _vesta major_ so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. Tut! I should have been that I am had the brightest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter EDGAR.

_Edg._ and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O! these eclipses do portend these divisions. _Pa.,_ so _la., mi._

_Edg._ How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

_Edm._ I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

_Edg._ Do you busy yourself with that?

_Edm._ I promise you the effects he writes will succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, death, dissolution of ancient amities; divisions in state menaces and malapologies against king and nobles; needless diversities, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breach, and I know not what.

_Edg._ How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

_Edm._ Come, come; when saw you my father last?

_Edg._ The night gone by.

_Edm._ Spake you with him?

_Edg._ Ay, two hours together.

_Edm._ Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

_Edg._ None at all.

_Edm._ Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty forbear his presence until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

_Edg._ Some villain hath done me wrong.

_Edm._ That's my fear. I pray you have continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower, and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go; there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed.

_Edg._ Armed, brother!

_Edm._ Brother, I advise you to the best, girt armed; I am no honest man if there be an good meaning towards you; I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you, away.

_Edg._ Shall I hear from you anon?

_Edm._ I do serve you in this business.

Exit EDGAR.

A credulous father, and a brother noble, Whose nature is so far from doing harms That he suspects none; on whose foolish honest my practices ride easy! I see the business. Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit: All with me's meet that I can fashion fit.

Scene III.—A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

_Enter GONERIL, and OSWALD, her Steward._

_Gon._ Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

_Osw._ Ay, madam.

_Gon._ By day and night he wrongs me; every hour He flashes into one gross crime or other, That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it: His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids—
KING LEAR.

KENT. Authority.

KENT. What services canst thou do?

KENT. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for; I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.

KENT. How old art thou?

KENT. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing; I have years on my back forty-eight.

KENT. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho! dinner! Where's my knave? my fool! Go you and call my fool hither.

Exit an Attendant.

Enter OSWALD.

Yon, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,—

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.

Exit a Knight.

Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into t'. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her.

Exit an Attendant.

Go you, call hither my fool.

Exit an Attendant.

Re-enter OSWALD.

O! you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. 'My lady's father!' my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

Striking him.
King. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player. *Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to; have you wisdom? so.

Pushes OSWALD out.

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

Gives KENT money.

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too; here's my coxcomb.

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part that's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:

Have more than thou thinkest, Speak less than thou knowest, Lend less than thou owest. Ride more than thou goest, Learn more than thou trivest, Set less than thou throwest; Leave thy drink and thy where, And keep in-a-door, Than thou shalt have more Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unsee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. To KENT. Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee To give away thy land, Come place him here by me, Do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool Will presently appear; The one in money here, The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns o' the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou bores thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

Fools had we'er less grace in a year; For wise men are grown foppish, And know not how their wits to wear, Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full o' songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gavest them the rod and puttest down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, And I for sorrow sing,
That such a king should play bo-peep, And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughter are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; an sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes the frontlet on? Methinks you are too much o' late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.

Goneril. Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mom, mom:

He that keeps nor crust nor crum, Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a shapeless peaseed. *Pointing to LEAR.*

Goneril. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool, But other of your insolent retinue

Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents; O! sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my horses. Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

Ab. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. To Goneril. Detested kite! thou liest:
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

Striking his head.

And thy dear judgment out! Go, go, my people.

Ab. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.

Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And a thrift disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! Away, away! Exit.

Ab. Now, gods that we adore, wherefore comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What! fifty of my followers at a clap;
Within a fortnight!

Ab. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee. To Goneril. Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot tears, which break from me
Perforce, should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs
Upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause again, I'll pluck ye out.
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this?
Let it be so: I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee. 

**Exit Lear, Kent, and Attendants.**

**Gon.** Do you mark that, my lord?

**Alb.** I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you,—

**Gon.** Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!

**To the Fool.** You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

**Fool.** Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! hurry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter;

So the fool follows after. **Exit.**

**Gon.** This man hath good counsel. A hundred knights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep

At point a hundred knights; yes, that on every dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may engraunt hisdotage with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say! 

**Alb.** Well, you may fear too far.

**Gon.** Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.

What he hath uttered I will have my sister;

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,

When I have show'd the unfitness,—

**Re-enter Oswal.**

How now, Oswald! What! have you writ that letter to my sister?

**Osw.** Ay, madam.

**Gon.** Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her fully of your particular fear;

And thereto add such reasons of your own

As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And hasten your return. **Exit Oswald.**

No, no, my lord,

This milky gentleness and course of yours

Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

**Alb.** How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:

Striving to better, oft we war what's well.

**Gon.** Nay, then—

**Alb.** Well, well; the event. **Exeunt.**

**Scene V.**—Court before the Same.

**Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.**

**Lear.** Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy I shall be there before you.

**Kent.** I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. **Exit.**

**Fool.** If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

**Lear.** Ay, boy.

**Fool.** Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall ne'er go slip-shod.

**Lear.** Ha, ha, ha!

**Fool.** Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

**Lear.** What canst tell, boy?

**Fool.** She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's no stands I the middle on's face?

**Lear. No.**

**Fool.** Why, to keep one's eyes of either side nose, that what a man cannot smell, he may spy into.

**Lear.** I did her wrong,—

**Fool.** Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

**Lear. No.**

**Fool.** Nor I neither? but I can tell why snails have a house.

**Lear.** Why?

**Fool.** Why, to put's head in; not to give away to his daughters, and leave his horn without a case.

**Lear.** I will forget my nature. So kind father! Be my horses ready?

**Fool.** Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

**Lear.** Because they are not eight?

**Fool.** Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make good fool.

**Lear.** To take 't again perfurnce! Monster ingratitude!

**Fool.** If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

**Lear.** How's that?

**Fool.** Thou should'st not have been old till thou hast been wise.

**Lear.** O! let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven;

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

**Enter Gentleman.**

How now! Are the horses ready?

**Gent.** Ready, my lord.

**Lear.** Come, boy.

**Fool.** She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. **Exeunt.**

**ACT II.**

**Scene I.**—A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloucester.

**Enter Edmund and Curan.**

**Edm.** Save thee, Curan.

**Cur.** And you, sir. I have been with you father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be her with him this night.

**Edm.** How comes that?

**Cur.** Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean the whispered ones for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

**Edm.** Not I: pray you, what are they?

**Cur.** Have you heard of no likely wars toward twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?
Edm. Not a word.

Ner. You may do then, in time. Fare you ill, sir.

Exit.

Edm. The duke be here to-night! The better! best!
is weaves itself perforce into my business.
father hath set guard to take my brother;
d I have one thing, of a quesy, question,
rich I must act. Briefness and fortune, work!
other, a word; descend: brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming; pardon me; cunning I must draw my sword upon you; and aw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well.
cold; come before my father. Light, ho! here!
brother. Torches! torches! So, farewell.

Exit EDGAR.

Wounds his arm.

my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
more than this in sport. Father! father! op, stop! No help!

Enter GLOUCESTER, and Servants with torches.

Hou. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
mingling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
and his suspicious mistress.

Hou. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Hou. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—


By no means what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
it that I told him, the revenging gods
until parricides did all the thunder bend;
ook with how manifold and strong a bond
one child was bound to the father; sir, in fine,
cing how loathly opposite I stood
his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
his prepared sword he charges home
unprovided body, lane'd mine arm:
it when he saw my best armor'd spirits
in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
weather gasted by the noise I made,
Il sufficiently he fled.

Glou. Let him fly far:

in this land shall he remain uncaught;
found — dispatch. The noble duke my master,
y worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:

By his authority I will proclaim it,
That which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him right to do it, with curt speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposals
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee?

Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
As this I would: ay, though thou didst produce
My very character, I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.


Hark! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes.

Tucket within.

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glow. O! madam, my old heart is crack'd; is crack'd.

Reg. What! did my father's godson seek your life?

He whom my father nam'd! are you Edgar?

Glow. O! lady, lady, shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riuoues knights
That tend upon my father?

Glow. I know not, madam; 'tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
 Been well inform'd of them, and with such

That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glow. He did bewray his practice; and receiving
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glow. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken he shall never move in
Be fear'd of doing harm; make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For you,
Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.
Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
Glow. For him I thank your grace.
Corn. You know not why we came to visit
you,—
Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed
night:
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best think it fit
to answer from our home; the several mes-
sengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old
friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.
Glow. I serve you, madam.
Your graces are right welcome. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before Gloucester’s Castle.

Enter Kent and Oswald, severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of
this house?
Kent. Ay.
Osw. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I ’t the more.
Osw. Pritho, if thou lovost me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee not.
Osw. Why, then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I
would make thee care for me.
Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know
thee not.
Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Osw. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. A knife, a rascal, an eater of broken
meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-
suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking
knife; a lily-livered, action-taking knife; a
whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical
rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that
wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service,
and art nothing but the composition of a knife,
beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir
of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into
clamorous whining if thou deniest the least
syllable of thy addition.
Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou,
thus to rail on one that is neither known of
thee nor knows thee?
Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou,
to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since
I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the
king! Draw, you rogue; for though it be
night, yet the moon shines: I’ll make a sop o’
the moonshine of you. Drawing his sword.
Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger,
draw.

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.
Kent. Draw, you rascal; you come with letters
against the king, and take vanity the puppet
part against the royalty of her father. Draw
you rogue, or I’ll so carbonado your shank,
draw, you rascal; come your ways.
Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!
Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand
you next slave, strike. Beats his
Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!
Enter Edmund, with his rapier drawn.
Edm. How now! What’s the matter?
Parting them.
Kent. With you, Goodman boy, an ye please
come, I’ll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and
Servants.

Glow. Weapons! arms! What’s the matter
here?
Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives:
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?
Reg. The messengers from our sister and the
king.
Corn. What is your difference? speak.
Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.
Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred you
valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disdain
in thee: a tailor made thee.
Corn. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor
make a man?
Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or
painter could not have made him so ill, thou they
had been but two hours o’ the trade.
Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?
Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life
have spared at suit of his grey beard,—
Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnessess
letter! My lord, if you will give me leave,
will tred this unboltoed villain into mortar, and
daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare not
gray beard, you wagtail?
Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?
Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.
Corn. Why art thou angry?
Kent. That such a slave as this should wear
sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogue
as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinsic t’ unloose; smooth ever
passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I’d drive ye cackling home to Camelot.
Corn. What! art thou mad, old fellow?
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.
Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? Why
is his fault?
Kent. His countenance likes me not.
Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor hi
nor hers.
KENT. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain: I have seen better faces in my time an stands on any shoulder that I see before me at this instant.

CORN. This is some fellow, ho, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect saucy roughness, and constrains the garb from his nature: he cannot flatter, he, a honest mind and plain, he must speak truth:

Kent. They will take it, so; if not, he's plain. These kinds of knives I know, which in this plainness

KENT. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity, see the allowance of your great aspect, hose influence, like the wearth of radiant fire

flickering Phoebus' front, —

CORN. What mean'st by this? KENT. To go out of my dialect, which you dis并不意味 so much. I know, sir, I am not a falaterer: that beguiled you in a plain accent was a

CORN. What was the offence you gave him? OSES. I never gave him any;

Kent. Please'd the king his master very late strike at me, upon his misconstruction; hen he, conjunct, and flattering his di-pleasure,ipp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd, id put upon him such a deal of man, at worthied him, got praises of the king or him attempting who was self-subdu'd; in, in the fleshment of this dread explore, ew on me here again.

KENT. None of these rogues and cowards Ajax is their fool. CORN. Fetch forth the stocks!

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn, ll not your stocks for me; I serve the king, whose employment I was sent to you; shall do small respect, show too bold malice minst the grace and person of my master, ocking his messenger.

CORN. Fetch forth the stocks! I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog, shou'd not use me so.

KENT. Sir, being his knave, I will.

CORN. This is a fellow of the self-same colour

KENT. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog, shou should not use me so.

CORN. This is a fellow of the self-same colour

KENT. Sir, his being his knave, I will.

KENT is put in the stocks.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd and travell'd hard;

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd and travell'd hard;

of some time I shall sleep out, the rest I 'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:

KENT. Good king, that must approve the common saw,

Thou out of heaven's benediction comest To the warm sun.

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe, That by thy comfortable beams I may Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles, But misery: I know 'tis from Cordelia, Who hath most fortunately been inform'd Of my obscured course; and shall find time From this enormous state, seeking to give Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd, Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel! He sleeps.

KINGLEAR.

SCENE III.—A Part of the Heath.

Enter Edgar.

EDGAR. I heard myself proclaim'd;

And by the happy hollow of a tree Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place, That guard, and most unusual vigilance, Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape, I will preserve myself; and am bethought To take the basest and most poorest shape That ever penury, in contempt of man, Brought near to beast; my face I 'll grime with filth,

Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,

And with presented nakedness outface The winds and persecutions of the sky.

The country gives me proof and precedent Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices, Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary; And with this horrible object, from low farms, Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills, Sometime with lunatic buns, sometime with prayers,

Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!

That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.

Exit.
SCENE IV.—Before Gloucester’s Castle.
      Kent in the Stocks.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. ‘Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn’d.

The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha!

Mak’st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garter. Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man’s over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What’s he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set once here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no: they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do’t.

To do upon respect such violent outrage.

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might’st deserve, or they impose, this usage,

Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness’ letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show’d
My duty kneeling, came there a recking post, 30
Stew’d in his haste, half breathless, panting
forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver’d letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents
They summon’d up their meiny, straight took
horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv’d, had poison’d mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Display’d so saucily against your highness,
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He rais’d the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass
worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter’s not gone yet, if the wild-geese
fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind,
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne’er turns the key to the poor.

But for all this thou shalt have as many dolor
for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O! how this mother swells up town.

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow
Thy element’s below. Where is this daughter
Kent. With the earl, sir; here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. Exit.

Gent. Made you no more offence but what y’ speak of!

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small
number!

Fool. An thou hadst been set i’ the stocks
that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We’ll set thee to school to an ant,
Teach thee there’s no labouring i’ the wint.
All that follow their noses are led by their eyes,
but blind men; and there’s not a nose among twenty but can smell him that’s stinking. I go thy hold when a great wheel runs down hill, lest it break thy neck with following it but the great one that goes up the hill, let he draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i’ the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloucester.

Lear. Deny to speak with me! They a sick! they are weary! They have travell’d all the night! Me fetches,

The images of revolt and flying off.

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;

How unremovable and fix’d he is

In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!

Fiery! what quality? Why, Gloucester, Glo -

I’d speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform’d them so.

Lear. Inform’d them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall the dear father

Would his daughter speak, commands be service

Are they inform’d of this? My breath at blood!

Fiery! the fiery duke! Tell the hot dul that—
KING LEAR.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!

KENT is set at liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,
would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, spurning an adultress. To Kent. O! are you free?
One other time for that. Beloved Regan, my sister's naught: O Regan! she hath tied
harp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.

Points to his heart.
can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe
ith how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope
on less know how to value her desert
han she to seant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
bould fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
he have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
's on such ground, and to sich wholesome
s 'clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir! you are old;
ature in you stands on the very verge
'f her confine: you should be rul'd and led
'y some discretion that discerns your state
etter than you yourself. Therefore I pray you
hat to our sister you do make return;
'y you have wrong'd her, sir,

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

v she but mark how this becomes the house:

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg.

Kneeling.
That you 'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and
food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly
tricks.

Return you to my sister.


She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her
tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.

All the stord'rv vanagements of heaven fall
On her ingratitude top! Strike her young bones
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blind-
ing flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful
sun,

To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on
me,
When the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce, but thine

Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Tucket within.

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,

That she would soon be here.

Enter OSWALD.

Lear. Is your lady come?

Oswald. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have

good hope
Thou didst not know on' t. Who comes here?

Enter GONERIL.

O heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down and take my part!

To Goneril. Art not asham'd to look upon this
board?

Lear. O Regan! wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have

I offended?
All's not offence that discretion finds
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides! you are too tough; 200
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
you will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her!
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her!

Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.

Pointing at OSWALD. 209

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter:
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embowed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot.
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
And my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: what! fifty followers!
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you
We could control them. If you will come to me,
For now I spy a danger, I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What! must I come to you
With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look
Well-favour'd
When others are more wicked; not being the worst

Stands in some rank of praise. To GONER
I'll go with thee:
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord:
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need on
Lear. O! reason not the need; our base beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lad,
If only to go warm were gorgeous.
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for tr
need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you un nurtured bags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such thing
What they are yet I know not, but they shall!
The terror of the earth. You think I'll weep
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping, but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I'll weep. O fool! I shall go mad.

Exeunt LEAR, GLOUCESTER, KENT, and FOO.

Gon. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

Storm heard at a distance

Reg. This house is little: the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.

Where is my Lord of Gloucester?

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth. He is return'd.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glon. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going

Glon. He calls to horse; but will I know no whither,
ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Heath.

Storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's there, beside foul weather? Gent. One minded like the weather, most unequably.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements; aids the wind blow the earth into the sea, swells the curled waters: 'bove the main, that things might change or cease; tears his white hair, Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage, hatch in their fury, and make nothing of; trives in his little world of man to out-sorn the to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain. In his height, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch, the lion and the belly-pinched wolf
keep their far dry, unbonneted he runs, and bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to out-jest is heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you; and dare, upon the warrant of my note, commend a dear thing to you. There is division, although as yet the face of it be covered. With mutual cunning, twixt Albany and Cornwall;

Who have—as who have not, that their great stars 'ron'd and set high?—servants, who seem no less, Which are to France the spies and speculations intelligent of our state; what hath been seen, either in sniffs and packings of the dukes, or the hard rein which both of them have borne against the old kind king; or something deeper, Whereof perchance these are but furnishings; but, true it is, from France there comes a power to this scatter'd kingdom; who already, Wise in our negligence, have secret feet in some of our best ports, and are at point to show their open banner. Now to you:

On my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-call, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
As fear not but you shall, show her this ring,
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, in which your pain
That way, I'll this, he that first lights on him
Holla the other.

Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Heath. Storm still.

Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingratitude man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house
is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good
nuncle, in, and ask thy children's blessing;
here's a night pities neither wise man nor fool.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.

But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles! gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-piece.
The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall house;
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry wo,
And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she
made months in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing.
Enter Kent.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a candle-piece; that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas! sir, are you here? things that love night Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, And make them keep their caves. Since I was man Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard; man's nature cannot carry The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods, That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads, 41 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch, That hast within thee undivulged crimes, Unwhipp'd of justice; hide thee, thou bloody hand, Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue That art incestuous; caltiff, to pieces shake, That under covert and convenient seeming Hast practis'd on man's life; close pent-up guilts, Rive your concealing continents, and cry These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack! bare-headed! 90 Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel; Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest; Repose you there while I to this hard house, More harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd, Which even but now, demanding after you, Denied me to come in, return and force Their scanty courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn. Come, on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold? I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow? The art of our necessities is strange, That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel. Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, Must make content with his fortunes fit, Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel. Exit Lear and Kent. Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezian, I'll speak a prophecy ere I go: 80 When priests are more in word than matter; When brewers mar their malt with water; When nobles are their tailors' tators: No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors; When every case in law is right; No squire in debt, nor no poor knight; When slanderers do not live in tongnes; Nor cut-purses come not to thrones; When usurers tell their gold i' the field; And bawds and whores do churches build; Then shall the realm of Albion Come to great confusion:

Then comes the time, who lives to see 't, That going shall be us'd with feet. This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. Exit.
KING LEAR.

KENT. Good my lord, enter here. Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease: his tempest will not give me leave to ponder on things would hurt me more. But I'll go in, o' the Fool. In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,—
yay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

Fool. Go in, poor naked wretches, whereasoe'er you are, that hide the pelting of this pitiless storm, how shall your houseless heads and unfed sides, your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you from seasons such as these? O! I have ta'en too little care of this. Take physic, pomp; expose thyself to feel what wretches feel. 'tis laid mayst shake the superflux to them, and show the heavens more just.

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ovest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated; thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come! unbutter here.

Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:
Halloo, halloo, leoo, leoo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold!

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A servingman, proud in heart and mind; that curdled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I speak words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one that slept in the contrary of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly, and in woman out-paramour the Turk; false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the cracking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of phletks, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; says suum, mun, ha, no nowny. Dolphin my boy, my boy, seesa! Let him trot by, by. Storms still, 125

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ovest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated; thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come! unbutter here.

Tearing off his clothes.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the harelip; midlewes the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-more, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And avoint thee, witch, avoint thee!

Lear. What! have his daughters brought him to this pass? Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the penurious air Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

KENT. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature To such a lowness but his unkind daughters. Is it the fashion that disdained fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Enter GLOUCESTER, with a torch.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the harelip; midlewes the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.
Horse to ride, and weapon to wear,  
But mice and rats and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin! peace,  
thou fiend!  

Glow. What! hath your grace no better company? 
Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;  
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.  

Glow. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown  
so vile,  
That it doth hate what it gets.  

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.  
Glow. Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer  
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:  
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,  
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon  
you,  
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out  
And bring you where both fire and food is  
ready.  

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.  
What is the cause of thunder?  
Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into  
the house.  

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned  
Theban.  
What is your study?  

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill  
vermin.  

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.  
Kent. Importune him once more to go, my  
lord;  
His wits begin to unsettle.  
Glow. Canst thou blame him?  
Storn still.  

His daughters seek his death. Ah! that good  
Kent;  
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!  
Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee,  
friend,  
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,  
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my  
life,  
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,  
No father his son dearer; true to tell thee,  
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's  
this!  
I do beseech your grace,—  

Lear. O! cry you mercy, sir.  
Noble philosopher, your company.  
Edg. Tom's a-cold.  
Glow. In, fellow, there, into the howel: keep  
thee warm.  

Lear. Come, let's in all.  
Kent. This way, my lord.  

Lear. With him;  
I will keep still with my philosopher.  
Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take  
the fellow.  

Glow. Take him you on.  

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.  

Lear. Come, good Athenian.  
Glow. No words, no words: hush.  

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,  
His word was still, Fil, foil, and fim,  
I smell the blood of a British man.  

Exeunt.

Scene V.—A Room in Gloucester's Castle.  
Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his  
house.  
Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that  
nature thus gives way to loyalty, something  
tears me to think of.  

Corn. I now perceive it was not altogether  
your brother's evil disposition made him seek  
his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work  
by a reprovable badness in himself.  
Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I  
must repent to be just! This is the letter which  
he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent  
party to the advantages of France. O heavens,  
that this treason were not, or not I the detector  
Corn. Go with me to the duchess.  
Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain,  
you have mighty business in hand.  

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl  
of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is,  
that he may be ready for our apprehension.  
Edm. Aside. If I find him comforting the king,  
it will stuff his suspicion more fully. I will  
persever in my course of loyalty, though the  
conflict be sore between that and my blood.  
Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou  
shalt find a dearer father in my love.  

Exeunt.

Scene VI.—A Chamber in a Farmhouse adjoining  
the Castle.

Enter Gloucester, Lear, Kent, Fool, and  
Edgar.

Glow. Here is better than the open air; take  
it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with  
what addition I can: I will not be long from you.  

Kent. All the power of his wits have given  
way to his impatience. The gods reward your  
kindness!  

Exit Gloucester.  
Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero  
is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray,  
inocent, and beware the foul fiend.  

Fool. Prithee, uncle, tell me whether a mad-  
man be a gentleman or a yeoman?  

Lear. A king, a king!  
Fool. No; he's a yeoman that has a gentle-  
man to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that  
sees his son a gentleman before him.  

Lear. To have a thousand with red burningspits  
Come hissing in upon 'em,—  

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.  

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness  
of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or  
a whore's oath.  

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them  
straight.  
To Edgar. Come, sit thou here, most learned  
justicer;  
To the Fool. Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now,  
you she foxes!  

Edg. Look where he stands and glares!  
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?  

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—  

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,  
And she must not speak  
Why she dares not come over to thee.
Edy. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the noose of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's elfy for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd?
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions? Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence.

'o EDGAR. Thou robed man of justice, take thy place; 'o the Fool. And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, enchi by his side. To KENT. You are o' the commission, it you too.

Edy. Let us deal justly.

Sleepes warkest thou, jolly shepherd? Thy sheep be in the corn; And for one blast of thy minikin mouth, Thy sheep shall take no harm.

urr! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, he kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name oneil?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-ooll.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp's looks proclaim that store her heart is made on. Stop her there!

rms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place! also justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edy. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now that so oft have boasted to retain?

Edy. Aside. My tears begin to take his part so much, they'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all, ay, Blanch, and Sweetchart, see, they bark at me.

Edy. Tom will throw his head at them, vanted, you cuss! Be thy mouth or black or white, Tooth that poisons if it bite; Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim, Hound or spaniel, brach or lyn; Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail; Tom will make them weep and wail: For, with throwing thus my head, Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled, o de, de, de. Sessee! Come, march to wakes od fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy tern is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see hat breeds about her heart. Is there any use in nature that makes these hard hearts? o EDGAR. You, sir, I entertain for one of my mind; only I do not like the fashion of your utens; you will say they are Persian attire; it let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We'll go to supper in the morning: so, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms; I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him. There is a litter ready; lay him in't, and drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet.

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou should'st daily half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up; And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps: This rest must yet have balm'd thy broken sinews, Which, if convenience will not allow, Stand in hard cure. To the Fool. Come, help to bear thy master; Thou must not stay behind.

Glou. Come, come, away.

Exit KENT, GLoucester, and the Fool, bearing off the King.

Edy. When we our betters see bearing our woes, We scarcely think our miseries our foes. Who alone suffers suffers most 't the mind, Leaving free things and happy shows behind; But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip, When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship. How light and portable my pain seems now, When that which makes me bend makes the king bow; He childed as I father'd! Tom, away! Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee, In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee. What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king! Lazar, lark.

Exit.

Scene VII.—A Room in Gloucester's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. To Goneril. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: the army of France is landed. Seek out the villain Gloucester.

Kent. Dispatch some of the Servants.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most seasonable preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Fare-
well, dear sister; farewell, my Lord of Gloucester.

Enter Oswald.

How now! where's the king?

Osw. My Lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrius after him, met him at gate; 19
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Glo. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.

Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.

Go seek the traitor Gloucester,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

Exeunt other Servants.

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with Gloucester.

Reg. Ingratitude fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your grace? Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.


Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find—

Regan plucks his beard.

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughti lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours 42
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down, 50
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppo'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs. 60
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endure? would have buoy'd up,
And snatch'd the stelled fires;
Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to min.
If wolves had at thy gate how'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said 'Good porter, turn the key,
All cruels else subscribe': but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help! O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

First Serv. Hold your hand, my lord.

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child,
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

First Serv. If you did wear a beard upon you chin
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean
Corn. My villain!— They draw and fight
First Serv. Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!

Takes a sword and runs at him behind

First Serv. O! I am slain. My lord, you have
One eye left

To see some mischief on him. O!— Dies

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

Glo. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain
Thou call'st on him that hates thee; it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. Exit one with Gloucester

How is 't, my lord? How look you
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt. Follow me, lady
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I blest space;
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

Exit Cornwall, led by Regan

Second Serv. I'll never care what wickedness
I do

If this man come to good.

Third Serv. If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

Second Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and go
To lead him where he would: his roguis

Allows itself to any thing.
KING LEAR.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edy. Yet better thus, and known to be contented; he now no more seeks than requisite, and flatter’d. To be worst, he lowest and most dejected thing of fortune, and to be least in fortune, lives not in fear: he lamentable change is from the best; he worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then, thou substantial air that I embrace: he wretch that thou hast blunted upon the worst was nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here?

Enter GLoucester, led by an Old Man.

Thy father, poorly led? World, world, O world! I say, thou strange mutations make us hate thee; life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord! have you been your tenant, and your father’s tenant, these fourscore years.

Glow. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone: thy comforts can do me no good at all; thee may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glow. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes; stumbled when I saw. Full oft ‘tis seen, 20 ur means secure us, and our mere defects love our commodities. Ah! dear son Edgar, the food of thy abused father’s wrath; glit but live to see thee in my touch, I say I had eyes again.

Old Man. How now! Who’s there?

Edy. Aside. O gods! Who is’t can say ‘I am at the worst’? am worse than e’er I was.

Old Man. ‘Tis poor mad Tom.

Edy. Aside. And worse I may be yet; the worst is not long as we can say ‘This is the worst.’

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glow. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glow. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

the last night’s storm I such a fellow saw, which made me think a man a worm: my son ame then into my mind; and yet my mind has then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since, flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods; hey kill us for their sport.

Edy. Aside. How should this be? ad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow, 41 angering itself and others. Bless thee, master!

Glow. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glow. Then, prithee, get thee gone. If, for my sake, Thou wilt c’ertake us, hence a mile or twain, I the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love; And bring some covering for this naked soul, Who I’ll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir! he is mad.

Glow. ‘Tis the times’ plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure; Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I’ll bring him the best ‘parel that I have, Come on’t what will.

Exit. 59

Edy. Poor Tom’s a-cold. Aside. I cannot dub it further.

Glow. Come hither, fellow.

Edy. Aside. And yet I must. Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glow. Know’st thou the way to Dover?

Edy. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man’s son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbidildance, prince of dunces; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glow. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens’ plagues Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched Makes thee the happier: heavens, deal so still! Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, That slavesh your ordinance, that will not see Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;

So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

Edy. Ay, master.

Glow. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head Looks fearfully in the confined deep; Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I’ll repair the misery thou dost bear With something rich about me; from that place I shall no leading need.

Edy. Give me thy arm:

Poor Tom shall lead thee.

Exit. 80

SCENE II.—Before the Duke of ALBANY’s Palace.

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband Not met us on the way.

Enter OSWALD.

Now, where’s your master?

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so chang’d. I told him of the army that was landed; He smil’d at it: I told him you were coming; His answer was ‘The worse’: of Gloucester’s treachery, And of the loyal service of his son, When I inform’d him, then he call’d me set, And told me I had turn’d the wrong side out: What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;

What like, offensive.
Gon. To Edmund. Then shall you go no further. It is the cowish terror of his spirit That dares not undertake; he 'll not feel wrongs Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother; Hasten his musters and conduct his powers: I must change arms at home, and give the distaff Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant Shall pass between us; ere long you are like to hear, If you dare venture in your own behalf, A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech; Decline your head: this kiss, if it dart speak, Would stretch thy spirits up into the air. Conceive, and fare thee well.  
Edw. Yours in the ranks of death.  
Gon. My most dear Gloucester!  
Exit Edmund.  
O! the difference of man and man.  
To thee a woman's services are due; My fool usurps my body.  
Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.  
Exit.  
Enter Albany.  
Gon. I have been worth the whistle.  
Alb. O Goneril! You are not worth the dust which the rude wind Blows in your face. I fear your disposition: a That nature, which contends it origin, Cannot be border'd certain in itself; She that herself will sliver and disbranch From her material sap, perfuse must wither And come to deadly use.  
Gon. No more; the text is foolish.  
Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile; Filth on your but themselves. What have you done? Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd? A father, and a gracious aged man, Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick, Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded, Could my good brother suffer you to do it? A man, a prince, by him so benefited! If that the heavens do not their visible spirits Send quickly down to tame these vile offences, It will come, Humanity must perfuse prey on itself, Like monsters of the deep.  
Gon. Milk-liver'd man! so That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs; Who last not in thy brows an eye discerning Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum? France spreads his banners in our noiseless land, With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats, Whiles thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest: 'Alack! why does he so?'  
Alb. See thyself, devil!  
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend  So horrid as in woman.  
Gon. O vain fool!  
Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame, Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness To let these hands obey my blood, They are apt enough to dislocate and tear Thy flesh and bones; howe'er thou art a fiend, A woman's shape cloth shield thee.  
Gon. Marry, your manhood now—  
Enter a Messenger.  
Alb. What news?  
Mess. O! my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;  
Slain by his servant, going to put out The other eye of Gloucester.  
Alb. Gloucester's eyes.  
Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse, Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword To his great master; who, theretofor enrag'd, Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead But not without that harmful stroke, which since Hath pluck'd him after.  
Alb. This shows you are above You justicers, that these our nether crimes So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester Lost he his other eye?  
Mess. Both, both, my lord. This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer; 'Tis from your sister.  
Gon. Aside. One way I like this well But being widow, and my Gloucester with her, May all the building in my fancy pluck Upon my hateful life: another way, The news is not so tart. I'll read, and answer.  
Exit.  
Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?  
Mess. Come with my lady hither.  
Alb. He is not here.  
Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.  
Alb. Knows he the wickedness?  
Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him, And quit the house on purpose that their punishment Might have the freer course.  
Alb. Gloucester, I live To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend Tell me what more thou knowest.  
Exit.  
Scene III.—The French Camp near Dover.  
Enter Kent and a Gentleman.  
Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?  
Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state which since his coming forth is thought of which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger that his personal return was most required and necessary.  
Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?  
Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur la Faye Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?
KING LEAR.

SCENE III.—A Room in Gloucester's Castle.

Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Osw. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

Osw. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone, In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us,
The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you Transport her purposes by word? Belike, Something—I know not what. I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Tent.

Cor. Alack! 'tis he: why, he was met even now mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud; ownd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,

With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-ground field,
And bring him to our eye.

Exit an Officer.

What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

Doct. There is means, madam;
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father!
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blush ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right.
Soon may I hear and see him! Exeunt.
Osw. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange æolliades and most speaking
looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.
Osw. I, madam!
Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I
know't:
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd, 30
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's. You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you give him this,
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her:
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Osw. Would I could meet him, madam: I
would show
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The Country near Dover.
Enter Gloucester, and Edgar dressed like a
peasant.

Glow. When shall we come to the top of that
same hill.
Edg. You do climb up it now; look how we
labour.
Glow. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Hark! do you hear the sea?
Glow. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then your other senses grow im-
perfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glow. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You're much deceiv'd; in nothing am I
chang'd
But in my garments.
Glow. Methinks you're better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand
still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midday air
Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down
Hangsone that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock, her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring
surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. 'T'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Glow. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within
a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glow. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.
Glow. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair.
Is done to cure it.
Glow. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off;
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.
He falls forward.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life when life itself
Yields to the theft; had he been where I
thought
By this had thought been past. Alive or dead.
Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak?
Thus might he pass indeed; yet he revives.
What are you, sir?
Glow. Away and let me die.
Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamere
feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou 'd'st shiver'd like an egg; but thou do
breathe,
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st
at
sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.
Glow. But have I fallen or no?
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalk
bourn.
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
Glow. Alack! I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness depri'ved that benefit
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm
Up: so; how is 't? Feel you your legs? Ye
stand.
Glow. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangelers.
Upon the crown o' the cliff what thing was the
Which parted from you?
Glow. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below methought her
eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand nose
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy fathe'r
Think that the clearest gods, who make the
honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.
Glow. I do remember now; henceforth I'll be
Affliction till it do cry out itself
'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing ye
speak of
I took it for a man: often 'twould say
'The fiend, the fiend': he led me to that place,
Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. But who comes here?

KING. said here. 'tis I a mark yet. I Give pah. the I No. for we. I Give Thou change no. well. No. hell. and, do are so. die to 143. for 120. they 120. into 120. I. to 180. 'tis I a 180. mark yet. I Give pah. the I No. see fie, we. A Give. Thou change no. well. No. hell. and, do are so. die to 143. for 120. They are 120. die to 143. for 120.

Edg. Sweet marjoram. 

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

LEAR. Nature’s above art in that respect ere your press-money. That fellow press-money bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier’s d. Look, look! a mouse. Peace, peace! s piece of toasted cheese will do’t. There’s a gauntlet; I’ll prove it on a giant. Bring the brown bills. O! well flown, bird; t’ the ut, t’ the clout; hewgh! Give the word. 

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Edg. Pass. 

How. I know that voice.

LEAR. Ha! Gentleman, with a white beard! They aterd me like a dog, and told me I had white rs in my beard ere the black ones were there. say ‘ay’ and ‘no’ to every thing I said! y’ and ‘no’ too was no good divinity. When I rain came to wet me once and the wind to ke me catter, when the thunder would not see at my bidding, there I found ‘em, there I felt ‘em out. Go to, they are not men o’ their rds: they told me I was every thing; ’tis a I am not agree-proof.

How. The trick of that voice I do well remember: it not the king?

LEAR. Ay, every inch a king: when I do stare, see how the subject quakes. aterd that man’s life. What was thy cause? uterly?

Edg. shall not die: die for adultery! No: wren goes to ‘t, and the small gilded fly lecher in my sight.

Copulation thrive; for Gloucester’s bastard son is kinder to his father than my daughters tween the lawful sheets.

’t, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers, hold yond simpering dame, those face between her forks presageth snow; at minces virtue, and does shake the head hear of pleasure’s name;

e fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to ‘t th a more riotus appetite. 

wn from the waist they are Centaurs, ough women all above: t to the girdle do the gods inherit, meath is all the fiend’s:

e’se hell, there’s darkness, there’s the sulphurous pit, 

ting, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, pah, pah! Give me an ounce o’ civet, od apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: e’s money for thee.

Bow. O! let me kiss that hand.

LEAR. Let me wipe it first; it smells of rality.

Bow. O ruin’d piece of nature! This great world all so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me!

LEAR. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I’ll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

GLO. Were all thy letters suns, I could not see.

Edg. Aside. I would not take this from report; it is,

And my heart breaks at it.

LEAR. Read.

GLO. What! with the case of eyes?

LEAR. O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse?

Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

GLO. I see it feelingly.

LEAR. What! art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer’s dog bark at a beggar?

GLO. Ay, sir.

LEAR. And the creature run from the curt? There thou might’st behold the great image of authority; a dog’s obeyed in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind For which thou whippst her. The usurer hangs the cozenor.

Through tatter’d clothes small vices do appear; Bobes and fur’d gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks; Arm it in rags, a pigmy’s straw does piece it. None does offend, none, I say, none; I’ll able ’em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power To seal the accuser’s lips. Get thee glass eyes; And, like a scruffy politician, seem To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now;

Pull off my boots; harder, harder; so.

Edg. Aside. O! matter and impertinence mix’d;

Reason in madness.

LEAR. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes; I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester;

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither: Thou know’st the first time that we smell the air We want and cry. I will preach to thee: mark Glou. Alack, alack the day!

LEAR. When we are born, we cry that we are come To this great stage of fools. This a good block!

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe A troop of horse with felt; I’ll put ‘t in proof, And when I have stol’n upon these sons-in-law, Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

GENT. O! here he is; lay hand upon him. Sir,

Your most dear daughter—
LEAR. No rescue? What! a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to the brains.
Gent. You shall have any thing.
LEAR. No seconds? all myself?
Why this would make a man a man of salt, to use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.
Gent. Good sir,—
LEAR. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom.
What!
I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?
Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
LEAR. Then there's life in 't. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.
Exit; Attendants follow.
Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of a king! Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.
Edg. Hail, gentle sir!
Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?
Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?
Gent. Most sure and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.
Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?
Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main desery
Stands on the hourly thought.
Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.
Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.
Edg. I thank you, sir. Exit Gentleman.
Glow. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me:
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!
Edg. Well pray you, father.
Glow. Now, good sir, what are you?
Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.
Glow. Heartly thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
That must destroy thee.
Glow. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to 't. Edgaret interposes.
Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zur, without wuth er casion.
Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest.
Edg. Good gentle man, go your gait, and poor volk pass.
An chud ha' bin swaggered on
Of my life, 'twould not ha' bin so long as 'tis in a vortnicht.
Nay, come not near th' old man keep out, che vor ye, or ise try wheter you costard or my ballow be the harder. Chill be plain with you.
Osw. Out, dunghill!
Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zur. Come; I matter vor your foins.

They fight, and EDGAR knocks him down.
Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse.
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st abov me
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester; seek him out.
Upon the English party: O! untimely death.

Did

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain
As dutious to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.
Glow. What! is he dead
Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.
Let's see these pockets: the letters that I speaks of
May be my friends. He's dead; I am on sorry
He had no other death's-man. Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip the hearts;
Their papers is more lawful.

Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. If have many opportunities to cut him off; if you want not, time and place will be fruitful offer.
There is nothing done if he return the conqueror, then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gait; fro the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and suppl the place for your labour.

Your—wife, so I would say—
Affectionate servant,

Goneril.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange my brother! Here, in this sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'twas well
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glow. The king is mad: how stiff is my vsense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves. Drum afur Edg.

Give me your hand.

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. 

Exe.
SCENE VII.—A Tent in the French Camp.

After CORDELIA, KENT, Doctor, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent! how shall I live and work
match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
d every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'er-
paid.

Cor. Be better suited: these weeds are memories of those worser hours:
rithee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam; to be known shortens my made intent:
I soon make it that you know me not
I time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord. To the Doctor. How does the king?

Doc. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods, re this great breach in his abused nature! a untun'd and jarring senses, O! wind up this child-changed father.

Doc. So please your majesty at we may wake the king! he hath slept long. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed the sway of your own will. Is he array'd? 20

Enter LEAR in a chair carried by Servants.

Doc. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep put fresh garments on him.

Kent. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
quar not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well. Music. Doc. Please you, draw near. Louder the music there!

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
medicature on my lips, and let this kiss air those violent harms that my two sisters ve in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes 30 I challenge pity of them. Was this a face- be oppos'd against the warring winds?
stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
the most terrible and nimble stroke quick cross lightning? to watch, poor perdur th this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog, ough he had bit me, should have stood that night ainst my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father, hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn, shot and musty straw? Alack, alack! 40 s wonder that thy life and wits at once d not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

Doc. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest .

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave;
on art a soul in bliss; but I am bound

Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide.

Doc. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?

I am mightily abus'd. I should 'en die with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say, I will not swear these are my hands: let's see; I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd Of my condition!

Cor. O! look upon me, sir, And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.

No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me: I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind. Methinks I should know you and know this man; Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembered not these garments; nor I know not Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am. 70

Lear. Be your tears wet! Yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it. I know you do not love me; for your sisters Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:

You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doc. Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him; and yet it is danger To make him even o'er the time he has lost. 80 Desire him to go in; trouble him no more Till further settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me.

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish. 

Execute LEAR, CORDELIA, Doctor, and Attendants.

Kent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Kent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

Kent. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Kent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir.

Exit. Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. Exit.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis’d by aught
To change the course; he’s full of alteration
And self-reproving; bring his constant pleasure.
    To an Officer, who goes out.

Reg. Our sister’s man is certainly miscarried.
Edm. ’Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour’d love.
Reg. But have you never found my brother’s way
To the forfended place?
Edm. That thought abuses you.
Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom’d with her, as far as we call hers.
Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.
Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not.
She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. Aside. I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.
Sir, this I heard; the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state
For’d to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
    Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.
Reg. Why is this reason’d?
Gon. Combine together ’gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let’s then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceeding.
    Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Reg. Sister, you’ll go with us?
    Edm. No.
Reg. ’Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.
Gon. Aside. O, ho! I know the riddle. I will go.

Enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e’er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I’ll overtake you. Speak.

Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope the letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though it seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!
    Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid,
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I’ll appear again.
Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o’erlook the paper.
Exeunt.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy’s in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the goss of their true strength and fore
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg’d on you.

Alb. We will give the time. Ex

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn no love;
Each jealous of the other, as the sting
Are of the adder. Which of them shall take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardily shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we’ll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debates.

SCENE II.—A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces, and Exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of the tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I’ll bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace go with you, sir! Exit EDGAR.

Alarum; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man! give me thy hand; away,
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter too!
Give me thy hand; come on.
Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot ere here.

Edg. What! in all thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither!
Ripeness is all. Come on.
Glo. And that’s true too. Exeunt.
Scene III.—The British Camp near Dover.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
That their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first
To pluck the common bosome on his side,
And turn our impress’d lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent
Giving me not all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost his friend,
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs’d
They that feel their sharpness;
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Reg. That’s as we list to grace him;
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot;
In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband
You.


Gon. Holla, holla! That eye that told you so look’d but a-squint
Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine;
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. To EDMUND. Let the drum strike, and
Prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I
Arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent. Pointing to GONERIL.

For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
’Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm’d, Gloucester; let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; Throws down a glove.

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim’d thee.

Reg. Sick! O, sick!

Gon. Aside. If not, I’ll ne’er trust medicine.

Edm. There’s my exchange:

Throws down a glove.

What in the world he is

Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
And turn our impress’d lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent
The queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost his friend,
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs’d
By those that feel their sharpness;
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Reg. That’s as we list to grace him;
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot;
In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband
You.


Gon. Holla, holla! That eye that told you so look’d but a-squint
Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine;
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

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Reg. Sick! O, sick!

Gon. Aside. If not, I’ll ne’er trust medicine.

Edm. There’s my exchange:

Throws down a glove.

What in the world he is

Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet! A trumpet sounds.

Her. If any man of quality or degree within
the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, sup-
posed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor,
let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet.
He is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound! First trumpet.

Her. Again! Second trumpet.

Edm. Again! Third trumpet.

Trumpet answers within.

Enter EDGAR, armed, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o’ the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name? your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost: 19
By treason’s tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What’s he that speaks for Edmund Earl
of Gloucester?

Edm. Himself: what say’st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword, That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine: Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest, 139
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor,
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant’ gainst this high illustrious prince,
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou ‘No,’ This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, wherefo’ I speak, 140
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But since thy outside looks so fair and war-like,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding
breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn;
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o’erwhelm thy heart,
Which, for thy yet glance by and scarcely bruise
This sword of mine shall give them instant way;
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak.

Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.

Alb. Save him! save him!

Gon. This is practice, Gloucester: 153
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish’d;
But cozen’d and beguil’d.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame; or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir; Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

Gives the letter to EDMUND

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine.
Who can arraign me for’t? 160

Alb. Most monstrous! O
Know’st thou this paper?

Edm. Ask me not what I know. 161

Alb. Go after her: she’s desperate; govern her well.

Exit an Officer

Edm. What you have charg’d me with, that
have I done,
And more, much, more; the time will bring it out.
’Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou’rt noble
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let’s exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong’d me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father’s son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us: 170
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, ‘tis true.
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father.

Edg. Worthy prince, I know’t.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your
father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief
tale;
And when ‘tis told, O! that my heart would
burst,
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow’d me so near,—O! our lives’ sweet-
ness,
That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman’s rags, to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain’d: and in this habit
Mot I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his
guide,

Led him, begg’d for him, sav’d him from despair;
Never, O fault! reveal’d myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm’d;
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask’d his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw’d heart,
Alack! too weak the conflict to support;
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
 Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov’d me,
And shall per chance do good; but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.
Edg. This would have seem'd a period
such as love not sorrow; but another,
amply too much, would make much more,
d top extremity,
ailst I was big in clamour came there a man,
no, having seen me in my worst estate,
and my abhor'd society; but then, finding
'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out 213
he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
'd the most piteous tale of Lear and him
at ear ever receiv'd; which in recounting
's grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
gan to crack: twice then the trumpets
 sounded,
d there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in
disguise
hew his enemy king, and did him service
proper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Kent. Help, help! O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Kent. 'Tis hot, it smokes; came even from the heart of—O! she's dead.

Edg. Who dead? speak, man.

Kent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her
sister
her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Lear. I was contracted to them both: all
three
w marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead:
is judgment of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,
aches us not with pity.

Exit Gentleman.

Enter Kent.

O! is this he?
time will not allow the compliment
sich very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
bid my king and master aye good night;
he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!

Edg. Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia?
'est thou this object, Kent?

The bodies of Goneril and Regan
are brought in.

Kent. Alack! why thus?

Lear. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
e one the other poison'd for my sake, 240
d after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. Cover their faces.

Lear. I pant for life: some good I mean to do
spite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
brief in it, to the castle; for my writ
on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.
send, in time.

Alb. Run, run! O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord? Who has the office?

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. No, nor man else; all 's cheerless, dark,
and deadly:

Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Edg. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says, and vain is it
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.
Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.

You lords and noble friends, know our intent; What comfort to this great decay may come Shall be applied: for us, we will resign, During the life of this old majesty, To him our absolute power: To Edgar and Kent. You, to your rights, With boot and such addition as your honours Have more than merited. All friends shall taste The wages of their virtue, and all foes The cup of their deserving. O! see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life! Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, And thou no breath at all? Thou 'tis come no more.

Never, never, never, never, never! Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir. Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips, Look there, look there!

Died.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a Senator.

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.

CASSIO, his Lieutenant.

Sailor, Messengers, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

IAGO, his Ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.

MONTANO, Governor of Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio and Wife to Othello.

EMILIA, Wife to Iago.

BIANCA, Mistress to Cassio.

SCENE.—For the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-port in Cyprus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush! never tell me; it take me much unkindly at thou, Iago, who hast had my purse if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me: ever I did dream of such a matter, nor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of the city, a personal suit to make me his lieutenant, fit-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man, know my price, I am worth no worse a place; at he, as loving his own pride and purposes, vades them, with a bomast circumstance errily stuff'd with epithets of war; nd, in conclusion, onsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he, 'have already chose my officer.' nd what was he? orsooth, a great arithmetician, ne Michael Cassio, a Florentine, fellow almost dam'd in a fair wife; hat never set a squadron in the field, or the division of a battle knows fore a spinster; unless the bookish theor, therein the toged consuls can propone is masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice, all his soldieryship. But he, sir, had the election; nd I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof at Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd. By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster; He, in good time, must his lieutenant be, And I, God bless the mark! his Moorship's ancient.

Iago. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy: 'tis the curse of service, Preferment goes by letter and affection, And not by old gradation, where each second Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself, Whether I in any just term am affin'd To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then. I follow him to serve my turn upon him; We cannot all be masters, nor all masters Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave, That, doting on his own obsequious bondage, Wears out his time, much like his master's ass, For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashier'd; Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty, Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves, And, throwing but shows of service on their lords, Do well thrive by them, and when they have lin'd their coats Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul; And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir, It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:

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In following him, I follow but myself; Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty, But seeming so, for my peculiar end: For when my outward action doth demonstrate The native act and figure of my heart. In compliment extern, 'tis not long after But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve For days to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe, If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father; Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight, Proclaim him in the streets, incense his kinsmen, And, though he in a fertile climate dwell, Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy, Yet throw such chances of vexation on 't As it may lose some colour. Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud. Iago. Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell As when, by night and negligence, the fire Is spied in populous cities.


Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags! Thieves! thieves!

Enter Brabantio, above, at a window.

Br. What is the reason of this terrible summons?

What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Br. Why! wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds! sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown; Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul; Even now, now, very now, an old black ram Is tampering your white eye. Arise, arise! Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, Or else the devil will make a grand sire of you. Arise, I say.

Br. What! have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Br. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Br. The worser welcome: I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors: In honest plainness thou hast heard me say My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness, Being full of supper and distempering draughts, Upon malicious knavery dost thou come To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir! But thou must needs be sure My spirit and my place have in them power To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Br. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice; My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio, In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds! sir; you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians, you 'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you 'll have your nephews neigh to you; you 'll have coursers for cousins and gennets for Germans. Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Br. Thou art a villain.

Iago. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you, If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent, As partly I find it, that your fair daughter, At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night, Transported with no worse nor better guard But with a knife of common hire, a gondolier, To the gross claps of a lascivious Moor,— If this be known to you, and your allowance, We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs: But if you know not this, my manners tell me We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe That, from the sense of all civility, I thus would play and trifle with your reverence: Your daughter, if you have not given her leave, I say again, hath made a gross revolt; Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes In an extravagant and wheeling stranger Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself: If she be in her chamber or your house, Let loose on me the justice of the state For thus deluding you.

Br. Strike on the tinder, ho! Give me a taper! call up all my people! This accident is not unlike my dream; Belief of it oppresses me already. Light, I say! light! Exit from above.

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you: It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place To be produc'd, as if I stay I shall, Against the Moor; for I do know the state, However this may gall him with some check, Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls, Another of his fathom they have none, To lead their business; in which regard, Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains, Yet, for necessity of present life, I must show out a flag and sign of love, Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him, Lead to the Sagittary the raised search; And there will I be with him. So, farewell. 

Exit.

Enter Brabantio and Servants with torches.

Br. It is too true an evil; gone she is, And what 's to come of my despised time Is sought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo, Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl! With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father? How didst thou know 'twas she? O! she deceives me
[Scene I.]

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

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Enter Cassio and certain Officers with torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends! What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general, and he requires your haste-post-haste appearance.

Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine. It is a business of some heat; the galleys have sent a dozen sequent messengers this very night at one another’s heels, and many of the consuls, raised and met, are at the duke’s already. You have been hotly called for; when, being not at your lodging to be found, the senate hath sent about three several quests to search you out.

Oth. ’Tis well I am found by you. I will but spend a word here in the house, and go with you.

Exit. Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack;

If it prove lawful prize, he’s made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He’s married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you. Iago. It is Brabantio. General, be advis’d; he comes to bad intent.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers with torches and weapons.

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief! They draw on both sides.

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you. Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

Good signor, you shall more command with years than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow’d my daughter? Damn’d as thou art, thou hast enchanted her; for I’ll refer me to all things of sense, if she in chains of magic were not bound, whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy, so opposite to marriage that she shunn’d the wealthy curled darlings of our nation, would ever have, to incur a general mock. Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight. Judge me the world, if ‘tis not gross in sense that thou hast practis’d her with foul charms, Abus’d her delicate youth with drugs or minerals that weaken motion: I’ll have’t disputed on; ‘Tis probable and palpable to thinking. I therefore apprehend and do attach thee for an abuser of the world, a practiser of arts inhibited and out of warrant.

SCENE II.—Another Street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men, yet do I hold it very stuff o’ the conscience to do no contriv’d murder: I lack iniquity sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times had thought to have yerk’d him here under the ribs. Oth. ’Tis better as it is. Iago. Nay, but he prated and spake such scurry and provoking terms against your honour sat, with the little godliness I have, did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir, 129 if you fast married? Be assur’d of this, that the magnifico is much below’d, had he in his effect a voice potent double as the duke’s; he will divorce you, put upon you what restraint and grievance he law, with all his might to enforce it on, I’ll give him cable. Oth. Let him do his spite: y services which I have done the signiary all on-tongue his complaints. ’Tis yet to know, which when I know that boasting is an honour shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being a rom man of royal siege, and my demerits ay speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune this that I have reach’d; for know, Iago, that I love the gentle Desdemona, would not my unhoused free condition ut into circumscription and confine or the sea’s worth. But, look! what lights come yond? Iago. These are the raised father and his friends: we were best go in. Oth. Not I; I must be found: 30 by parts, my title, and my perfect soul hall manifest me rightly. Is it they? Iago. By Janus, I think no.
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist, 
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands, 
Both you of my inclining, and the rest: 
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it 
Without a prompter. Where will you that I go 
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison; till fit time 
Of law and course of direct session 
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey? 
How may the duke be therewith satisfied, 
Whose messengers are here about my side, 
Upon some present business of the state 
To bring me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior; 
The duke's in council, and your noble self, 
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council! 
In this time of the night! Bring him away. 
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself, 
Or any of my brothers of the state, 
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own; 
For if such actions may have passage free, 
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—A Council-chamber.

The Duke and Senators sitting at a table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news 
That gives them credit.

First Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd; 
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys. 
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

Second Sen. And mine, two hundred: 
But though they jump not on a just account, 
As in these cases, where the aim reports, 
'Tis oft with difference, yet do they all confirm 
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment: 
I do not so secure me in the error, 
But the main article I do approve 
In fearful sense.

Sailor. Within, what, ho! what, ho! what, 
ho! 

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter Sailor.

Duke. Now, what's the business? 
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for 
Rhodes; 
So was I bid report here to the state 
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

First Sen. This cannot be, 
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant 
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider 
The importunity of Cyprus to the Turk, 
And let ourselves again but understand, 
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes, 
So may he with more facile question bear it, 
For that it stands not in such war-like brace, 
But altogether lacks the abilities 
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this, 
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful 
To leave that latest which concerns him first, 
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain, 
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

First Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious, 
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes, 
Have there injointed them with an after fleet. 
First Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many, you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail; and now they do re-steer 
Their backward course, bearing with firm appearance 
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano, 
Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 
With his free duty recommends you thus, 
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.

Marcus Lucceicos, is not he in town?

First Sen. He's now in Florence. 
Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.

First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo 
and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you 
Against the general enemy Ottoman. 
To Brabantio. I did not see you; welcome gentle signior; 
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night. 
Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace 
pardon me; 
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business 
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the 
general care 
Take hold on me, for my particular grief 
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature 
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows 
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter? 
Bra. My daughter! O! my daughter. 
Duke, Sen. Dead! 
Bra. Ay, to me 
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted 
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks; 
For nature so preposterously to err, 
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense, 
Sans witchcraft could not. 
Duke. Who'er he be that in this foul proceeding 
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself 
And you of her, the bloody book of law 
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter 
After your own sense; yea, though our prop 
Stood in your action. 
Bra. Humly I thank your grace. 
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems, 
Your special mandate for the state affairs 
Hath hither brought. 
Duke, Sen. We are very sorry for't
Duke. To Othello. What, in your own part, 
can you say to this?  
Oth. Nothing, but this is so.  
Duke. Most potent, grave, and reverend signors, 
every noble and approv'd good masters,  
at I have ta'en away this old master's 
dughter,  
is most true; true, I have married her:  
every head and front of my offending  
with this extent, no more. Rude am I in my 
speech,  
little bles'd with the soft phrase of peace;  
since these arms of mine had seven years' 
pith,  
now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
their dearest action in the tented field;  
little of this great work can I speak,  
more than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
therefore little shall I grace my cause 
speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious 
patience,  
will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,  
that conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
or such proceeding I am charg'd withal,  
von his daughter.  
Br. A maiden never bold;  
spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
ush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,  
years, of country, credit, every thing,  
fell in love with what she fear'd to look on!  
is a judgment main'd and most imperfect  
that will confess perfection so could err  
against all rules of nature, and must be driven  
find out practices of cunning hell,  
by this should be. I therefore vouch again  
at with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
with some dram conjur'd to this effect,  
and wrought upon her.  
Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,  
without more wider and more overt test  
an these thin habits and poor likelihods  
f a modern seeming do prefer against him.  
First Sen. But, Othello, speak:  
you by indirect and forced courses  
bade poison this young maid's affections;  
came it by request and such fair question  
soul to soul affordeth?  
Oth. I do beseech you,  
and for the lady to the Sagittary,  
nd let her speak of me before her father:  
you do find me foul in her report,  
he trust, the office I do hold of you,  
o only take away, but let your sentence  
ven fall upon my life.  
Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know  
the place.  
Exeunt IAGO and Attendants,  
nd, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
do confess the vices of my blood,  
justly to your grave ears I'll present  
how I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
ynd she in mine.  
Duke. Say it, Othello.  
Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;  
Still question'd me the story of my life  
From yearto yearto, the battles, sieges, fortunes  
That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breadth 'scopes i' the imminent deadly  
breach,  
Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence  
And portance in my travels' history;  
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads  
touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline;  
But still the house-affairs would draw her hence;  
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intentionally: I did consent;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man; she  
thank'd me,  
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I  
spake:  
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:  
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.  
Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.  
Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter  
too.  
Good Brabantio,  
Take up this mangled care at the best:  
Men do their broken weapons rather use  
Than their bare hands.  
Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:  
If she confess that she was half the woorer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress:  
Do you perceive in all this noble company  
Where most you owe obedience?  
Des. My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty;  
To you I am bound for life and education;  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;  
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my  
husband;
And so much duty as my mother show’d
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

_Bra._

God be with you! I have done.
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

_Duke._

Let me speak like yourself, and lay a
sentence,
Which, as a grize or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour,
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes
depend.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv’d when fortune takes
Patience, her injury a mockery makes.
The robb’d that smiles steals something from
the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

_Bra._

So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from hence he
hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal;
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruis’d heart was pierced through the
ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of
state.

_Duke._
The Turk with a most mighty preparation
makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of
the place is best known to you; and though
we have there a substitute of most allowed
sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of
effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you
must therefore be content to slubber the gloss
of your new fortunes with this more stubborn
and boisterous expedition.

_Oth._
The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and resort
As levels with her breeding.

_Duke._

If you please,

_Bra._

I’ll not have it so.

_Oth._ Nor I.

_Des._

Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness.

_Duke._

What would you, Desdemona?

_Des._

That I did love the Moor to live wit
him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart’s subdue
Even to the very quality of my lord;
I saw Othello’s visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate,
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A motch of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for why I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interm shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

_Oth._

Let her have your voices.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
In me defunct, and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind;
And heaven defend your good souls that yo
think
I will your serious and great business scant.
For she is with me. No, when light-wing’d
Toys
Of feather’d Cupid seal with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic’d instruments,
That my disport corrupt and taint my business
Let housewives make a skille of my helm,
And all indig and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

_Duke._

Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going. The affair cries
haste,
And speed must answer it.

_First Sen._

You must away to-night.

_Oth._

With all my heart.

_Duke._

At nine I’ the morning here we’ll mee
again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

_Oth._

So please your grace, my ancient
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall
think
To be sent after me.

_Duke._

Let it be so.

Good night to every one. _To BRABANTIO, And
noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.
_First Sen._

Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona
well.

_Bra._

Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to
see:
She has deceiv’d her father, and may thee.

_Execunt Duke, Senators, Officers, etc._

_Oth._

My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

_Execunt Othello and Desdemona._
**OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.**

**Scene I.**—A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. An Open Place near the Quay.

Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.

**Mon.** What from the cape can you discern at sea?

**First Gent.** Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
descry a sail.

**Mon.** Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

**Second Gent.** A segregation of the Turkish fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not ensheiter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done. 20
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks
That their designment halts; a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wrench and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?
Third Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronese; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the war-like Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.
Third Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Third Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this war-like isle,
That so approve the Moor. O! let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeit'd to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Cry within. A sail!-a sail!-a sail!

Enter a Messenger.

Cas. What noise?
Mess. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Second Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
Our friends at least.
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
Second Gent. I shall.

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential venture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

How now! who has put i

Second Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. He has had most favourable and hap speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howl winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to enclog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely
By the divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts.
A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello gua
And swell his sail with thine own power breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arm
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERICK and Attendants.

O! behold
The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Euwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aug
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O! but I fear—How lost you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But, hark! a sail.

Cry within. A sail!-a sail! Guns heard.

Second Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news!

Exit Gentlemen.

Good ancient, you are welcome. To EMIL. Welcome, mistress.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

Kissing I. Iago, Sir, would she give you so much of my lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still when I have list to sleep:
Iago, before your ladyship, I grant,
He puts her tongue in her little heart,
And chides with thinking.
Emil. You have little cause to say so.
Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures
Out of doors,
Ells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Aunts in your injuries, devils being offended,
Layers in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.
Des. O! lie upon thee, slanderer.
Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
On rise to play and go to bed to work.
Emil. You shall not write my praise.
Iago. No, let me not.
Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou
Should'st praise me?
Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't,
or I am nothing if not critical.
Des. Come on; assay. There's one gone to the harbour.
Iago. Ay, madam.
Des. I am not merry, but I do beguile
That I am by seeming otherwise.
Emil. O, how would'st thou praise me?
Iago. I am about it; but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize;
Plucks out brains and all: but my Muse
Labour'd, and thus she is deliver'd,
she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
She one's for use, the other useth it.
Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?
Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
He'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.
Des. Worse and worse.
Emil. How if fair and foolish?
Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair,
or even her folly help'd her to an heir.
Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make
Dols laugh 't the alehouse. What miserable
Price hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?
Iago. There's none so foul and foolish thereunto
That does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.
Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praises the worst best. But what praise could'st thou
Esteem on a deserving woman indeed, one that
The authority of her merit did justly put
On vouch of very malice itself?
Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud,
Fad tongue at will and yet was never loud,
ever lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fed from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,' be
That being anger'd, her revenge being high,
Ade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
That in wisdom never was so frail
Change the soul's head for the salmon's tail,
That he could think and never disclose his mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
He was a wight, if ever such wight were,
Des. To do what?
Iago. To saddle fools and chronicle small beer.
Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!
Do not learn of him, Emilía, though he be thy
Usband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a most
Votane and liberal counsellor?
Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish
Im more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. Aside. He takes her by the palm; ay,
Well said, whisper; with as little a web as this
Will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile
Upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship.
You say true, 'tis so, indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantancy,
it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt
To play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were
Clyster-pipes for your sake! A trumpet heard. The Moor! I know his trumpet.
Cas. 'Tis truly so.
Des. Let's meet him and receive him.
Cas. Lo! where he comes.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!
Des. My dear Othello!
Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labours bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow!
Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
Kissing her.
That e'er our hearts shall make!
Iago. Aside. O! you are well tun'd now,
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.
Oth. Come, let us to the castle.
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. I pritchee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.
Brig thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant, as they say base men being in love have then
A nobility in their natures more than is native to them, list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard: first, I must tell thee this; Desdemona is directly in love with him.
Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she
first loved the Moor but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies; and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disbelieve and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, as it is a most pregnant and unforced position, who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble, no further conceivable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave, a finder-out of chasms, that has an eye can stamp and countenance advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blessed she would never have loved the Moor; blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of her hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand! an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Fish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessary ashore. Farewell.

Exit. Rod. Adieu.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; that she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit. The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, is of a constant, loving, noble nature; and I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too. Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin, but partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards; and nothing can or shall content my soul Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife; or falling so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy; so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash For his quick hunting, stand the putting-on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb, For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too, Make the Moor thank me, love me, and rewar me, For making him egregiously an ass And practising upon his peace and quiet Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.

Exit.
Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet 1 o'clock. Our general cast us thus


Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's a but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting; your Dane,
your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,
—drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your
Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow
your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit
ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you
justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor low.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld clack about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than
the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God's
above all; and there be souls must be saved,
and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It is true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, no offence to the
general, nor any man of quality, I hope to be
saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay; but, by your leave, not before me;
the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient.
Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.
God forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let's look
to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am
drunk; this is my ancient; this is my right
hand, and this is my left hand. I am not drunk
now; I can stand well enough, and speak well
enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then; you must not think
then that I am drunk.

Exit. Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's
set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction; and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equino,
The one as long as the other; 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some old time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.  

Mon.  
It were well 
The general were put in mind of it.  
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature 
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, 
And looks not on his evils.  Is not this true? 

Enter Roderigo.  

Iago.  Aside to him.  How now, Roderigo! 
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.  

Exit Roderigo.  

Mon.  And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor 
Should hazard such a place as his own second 
With one of an ingraft infirmity; 
it were an honest action to say 
So to the Moor.  

Iago.  Not I. for this fair island:  
I do love Cassio well, and would do much 
To cure him of this evil.  But hark! what noise? 

Cry within:  'Help!  Help!'  

Re-enter Cassio, pursuing Roderigo.  

Cas.  You rogue! you rascal!  
Mon.  What's the matter, lieutenant?  
Cas.  A knife teach me my duty! 
I'll beat the knife into a twigsden bottle.  
Rod.  Beat me!  
Cas.  Dost thou prate, rogue?  
Stirring Roderigo.  

Mon.  Nay, good lieutenant;  
Staying him.  

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.  

Cas.  Let me go, sir, 
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.  
Mon.  Come, come; you're drunk.  
Cas.  Drunk!  

They fight.  

Iago.  Aside to Roderigo.  Away, I say! I go out 
and cry a mutiny! 

Exit Roderigo.  

Nay! good lieutenant! God's will, gentlemen! 
Help, ho! Lieutenant! Sir! Montano! Sir!  
Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch indeed! 

Bell rings.  

Who's that which rings the bell?  Diablo, ho! 
The town will rise:  God's will! lieutenant, hold! 
You will be shamed for ever.  

Re-enter Othello and Attendants.  

Oth.  What is the matter here?  

Mon.  'Zounds! I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.  

Oth.  Hold, for your lives!  
Iago.  Hold, ho! Lieutenant! Sir! Montano! gentlemen! 
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty? 
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, hold 
for shame!  

Oth.  Why, how now, ho! from whence aristeth 
this?  

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that 
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?  
For Christian shame put by this barbarous brawl? 
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage 
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion. 
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the bide 
From her propriety.  What is the matter, 
masters?  

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving, 

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I char 
thee.  

Iago.  I do not know; friends all but not 
even now, 
In quarter and in terms like bride and groom 
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now, 
As if some planet had unwitted men, 
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast, 
In opposition bloody.  I cannot speak 
Any beginning to this peevish odds, 
And would in action glorious I had lost 
Those legs that brought me to a part of it! 

Oth.  How came it, Michael, you are th 

Cas.  I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak 
Oth.  Worthy Montano, you were wont 
civil; 
The gravity and stillness of your youth 
The world hath noted, and your name is great 
In mouths of wisest censure:  what 's the matte 
That you unlace your reputation thus 
And spend your rich opinion for the name 
Of a night-brawler? I give me answer to it.  

Mon.  Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger 
Your officer, Iago, can inform you, 
While I spare speech, which something no 
offends me, 
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught 
By me that 's said or done amiss this night, 
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice, 
And to defend ourselves it be a sin 
When violence assails us.  

Oth.  Now, by heaven, 
My blood begins my safer guides to rule, 
And passion, having my best judgment collied 
Assays to lead the way.  If I once stir, 
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you 
Shall sink in my rebuke.  Give me to know 
How this foul rout began, who set it on; 
And he that is approv'd in this offence, 
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at 
birth, 
Shall lose me.  What! in a town of war, 
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear, 
To manage private and domestic quarrel, 
In night, and on the court and guard of safety. 
'Tis monstrous.  Iago, who began 't? 

Mon.  If partially affin'd, or leag'd in office. 
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth, 
Thou art no soldier.  

Iago.  Touch me not so near; 
I had rather have this tongue cut from my 

mouth 
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio; 
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth 
Shall nothing wrong him.  Thus it is, general 
Montano and myself being in speech, 
There comes a fellow crying out for help, 
And Cassio following him with determin'd swan 
To execute upon him.  Sir, this gentleman 
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause; 
Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 
Lost by his clamour, as it so fell out, 
The town might fall in fright; he, swift of foot 
Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather 
For that I heard the click and fall of swords, 
And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night 
I ne'er might say before.  When I came back, 
For this was brief, I found them close together 
At blow and thrust, even as again they were
Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraliser. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen, but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good. 

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many months as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblissed and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come; come; good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used; exclame no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I drink! 

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general: I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and dentement of her parts and graces: confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago! Exit. 

Iago. And what's he then that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest, Probable to thinking and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfeated to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now; for whiles this honest fool
Piles Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall ensnare them all.

Re-enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.

My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees? 330
Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio.

Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted: 339
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter.

Nay, get thee gone. Exit Roderigo.

Two things are to be done;
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way:
Dull not device by coldness and delay. Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Cyprus. Before the Castle.

Enter Cassio and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here; I will content your pains;
Something that's brief; and bid 'Good morrow, general.'

Music.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak I the nose thus?

First Mus. How, sir, how!
Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?
First Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.
Clo. O! thereby hangs a tail.
First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, 'tis again; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

First Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away!

Exeunt Musicians.

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; hear you.

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentle woman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her little favour of speech; wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend. Exit Clown.

Enter Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife; my suit to her Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. Exit IAGO.

I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you; but he protesteth he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the sa' st occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate;
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. Exit.
Scene III.—The Garden of the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do my abilities in thy behalf.
Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband, if the cause were his.
Des. O! that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio, t I will have my lord and you again friendly as you were.

Des. Bounteous madam, never shall become of Michael Cassio, 's never any thing but your true servant.
Des. I know't; I thank you. You do love my lord; you have known him long; and be you well assur'd shall in strangeness stand no further off an in a politic distance.

Des. Ay, but, lady, at policy may either last so long, feed upon such nice and waterish diet, breed itself so out of circumstance, at, I being absent and my place supplied, general will forget my love and service.
Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here live thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee, I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it the last article; my lord shall never rest; I watch him tame, and talk him out of patience: bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift; I intermingle every thing he does th Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio; thy solicitor shall rather die an give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.
Iago. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.
Iago. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease, fit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well, do your discretion. Exit Cassio.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it at he would steal away so guilty-like, sing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord! I have any grace or power to move you, present reconciliation take: if he be not one that truly loves you, at errs in ignorance and not in cunning.

I have no judgment in an honest face.

Oth. I prithee call him back.

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home; I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;

On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:

I prithee name the time, but let it not Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent; And yet his trespass, in our common reason, Save that they say the wars must make examples Out of the best, is not almost a fault.

To incur a private check. When shall he come? Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul, What you could ask me that I should deny, Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,

That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,

When I have spoke of you disparingly,

Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much—

Oth. Prithee, no more; let him come when he will;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon; 'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves, Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm, Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit To your own person; nay, when I have a suit Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed, It shall be full of poise and difficult weight, And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing: Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this, To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

Exit, with Emilia.

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul But I do love thee! and when I love thee not, Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady, Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought; No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago? Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her. Oth. O! yes; and went between us very oft. Iago. Indeed! Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed; discern'st thou aught in that? Is he not honest? Iago. Honest, my lord! Oth. Honest! ay, honest. Iago. My lord, for aught I know. Oth. What dost thou think? Iago. Think, my lord! Oth. Think, my lord! By heaven, he echoes me, As if there were some monster in his thought Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something: I heard thee say even now, thou lik'dst not that, When Cassio left my wife; what didst not like? And when I told thee he was of my counsel In my whole course of wooing, thou cried'st 'Indeed!' And didst contract and purse thy brow togeth'er, As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me, Show me thy thought. Iago. My lord, you know I love you. Oth. I think thou dost; And, for I know thou art full of love and honesty, And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath, Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more; For such things in a false disloyal knave Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just They're close delations, working from the heart That passion cannot rule. Iago. For Michael Cassio, I dare be sworn I think that he is honest. Oth. I think so too. Iago. Men should be what they seem; Or those that be not, would they might seem none! Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem. Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man. Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this. I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thoughts, As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts The worst of words. Iago. Good my lord, pardon me; Though I am bound to every act of duty, I am not bound to that all slaves are free to. Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false; As where's that palace whereinto foul things Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure But some uncleanly apprehensions Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend Iago, If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and makes his ear A stranger to thy thoughts. Iago. Do beseech you Though I perchance am vicious in my guess, As, I confess, it is my nature's plague To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy Shapes faults that are not, that your wisdom Yet, From one that so imperfectly conceits, Would take no notice, nor build yourself trouble Out of his scattering and unsure observance. It were not for your quiet nor your good, Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom, To let you know my thoughts. Oth. What dost thou mean Is the immediate jewel of their souls: Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis some thing, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave thousands. But he that fitches from me my good name Robs me of that which not enriches him, And makes me poor indeed. Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts. Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand; Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody. Oth. Ha! Iago. O! beware, my lord, of jealousy. It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock The meat it feeds on; that cuckold lives in bliss Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger; But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet sound loves. Oth. O misery! Iago. Poor and content is rich and rich enough, But riches falseless is as poor as winter To him that ever fears he shall be poor. Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend From jealousy! Oth. Why, why is this? Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy, To follow still the changes of the moon With fresh suspicions? No; to be once a doubt Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for goat When I shall turn the business of my soul To such exsufflicate and blown surmises, Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company; Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well Where virtue is these are more virtuous: Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt; For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago, I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove; And on the proof there is no more but this, Away at once with love or jealousy!
Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
to show the love and duty that I bear you
ith franker spirit; therefore, as I am bound,
eceive it from me. I speak not yet of proof:
ook to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
'ear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
would not have your free and noble nature
of self-bounty be abus’d; look to’t.
know our country disposition well;
 Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
hey dare not show their husbands’; their best
conscience
not to leave ‘t undone, but keep ‘t unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
y when she seem’d to shake and fear your looks
he lov’d them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to then;
he that so young could give out such a seeming,
sel her father’s eyes up close as oak,
e thought ‘twas witchcraft; but I am much
to blame;
humbly do beseech you of your pardon
or too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see this hath a little dash’d thy spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. I faith, I fear it has
hope you will consider what is spoke
omes from my love. But I do see you’re mov’d;
am to pray you not to strain my speech
a grosser issue nor to larger reach
han to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
y speech should fall into such vile success
’s my thoughts aim not at. Cassio’s my worthy
lord, I see you’re mov’d.
Oth. No, not much mov’d:
do not think but Desdemona’s honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to
think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there’s the point: as, to be bold with
you,
not to affect many proposed matches
of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Where to we see in all things nature tends;
’ch! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
our disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
at pardon me; I do not in position
distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recolling to her better judgment,
ay fall to match you with her country forms
and happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
et on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. Going. 241
Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature,
doubtless,
sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. Returning. My lord, I would I might
entreat your honour
’t scan this thing no further; leave it to time.
though ‘tis fit that Cassio have his place,
for sure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. Exit.
Oth. This fellow’s of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings; if I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I’d whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declin’d
Into the vale of years, yet that’s not much,
She’s gone. I am abus’d; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others’ uses. Yet, ‘tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ’d are they less than the base;
’Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Look! where she comes.
If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself.
I will not believe ‘t.

Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia.
Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. Faith, that’s with watching; ’twill away
again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little:
She drops her handkerchief.
Let it alone. Come, I’ll go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin; 29
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo’d me to steal it, but she so loves the token,
For he conjur’d her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I’ll have the work ta’en out
And give’t Iago:
What he will do with it heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter Iago.
Iago. How now! what do you here alone? 300
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for me? It is a common thing—
Emil. Ha!
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O! is that all? What will you give me
now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief! 
Emil. What handkerchief! 

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona; 
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her? 310 
Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence, 
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up. 
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me. 
Emil. What will you do with't, that you have 
been so earnest 
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you? 
Snatches it.

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import 
Give't me again; poor lady! she'll run mad 
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknowledg on't; I have use for it. 
Go, leave me. Exit EMILIA. 320

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin, 
And let him find it; trifles light as air 
Are to the jealous confirmations strong 
As proofs of holy writ; this may do something. 
The Moor already changes with my poison: 
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisoned, 
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste, 
But with a little act upon the blood, 
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so: 
Look! where he comes.

Re-enter Othello.

Not poppy, nor mandragora, 
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, 331
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep 
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that. 
Oth. Avant! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack;
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd 
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord! 
Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust? 
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me; 
I slept the next night well, was free and merry 
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips; 341 
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stol'n, 
Let him not know 't and he's not rob'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp, 
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body, 
So I had nothing known. O! now, for ever 
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content! 
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars 
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell! 350 
Farewell the neighting steed, and the shrill trump, 
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing sife, 
The royal banner, and all quality, 
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war! 
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats 
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit, 
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone! 

Iago. 'tis possible, my lord? 
Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a 
whore, 
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; 360 
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul, 
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog 
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this? 
Oth. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so 
prove it, 
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop 
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life! 
Iago. My noble lord,— 37

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me 
Never pray more; abandon all remorse; 
On horror's head horrors accumulate; 
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed 
For nothing canst thou to damnation add 
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me! 
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense? 
God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched 
fool! 
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice. 
O monstrous world! Take note, take note 
O world! 
To be direct and honest is not safe. 
I thank you for this profit, and from hence 
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence. 
Oth. Nay, stay; thou should'st be honest. 38 
Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool, 
And loses that it works for. 

Oth. By the world, 
I think my wife be honest and think she is not, 
I think that thou art just and think thou art not; I 
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was a fresh 
As Dian's visage, is now begrimm'd and black 
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives 
Poison or fire or suffocating streams, 
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied! 39 
Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion, 
I do repent me that I put it to you. 
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will. 
Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my 
lord? 
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on; 
Behold her tupp'd? 
Oth. Death and damnation! O I 

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think, 
To bring them to that prospect; damn them then 
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster 
More than their own! What then? how then? 
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction? 40 
It is impossible you should see this, 
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys, 
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross 
As ignorance made drunk; but yet, I say, 
If imputation and strong circumstances, 
Which lead directly to the door of truth, 
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't. 
Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal. 
Iago. I do not like the office; 
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far, 
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love, 
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately; 
And, being troubled with a raging tooth, 
I could not sleep. 
There are a kind of men so loose of soul 
That in their sleep will mutter their affairs; 
One of this kind is Cassio, 
In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona, 
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!' 
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my 
hand, 
Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard,
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

SCENE IV.—Before the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sithere, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He's a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is spaw.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this? 10

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

Exit.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of cruzadoes; and, but my noble Moor

Is true of mind and made of no such baseness

As jealous creatures are, it were enough

To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous? 30

Des. Who? he! I think the sun where he was born

Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look! where he comes. 40

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio

Be call'd to him.

Enter Othello.

How is 't with you, my lord?


How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart;

Hot, hot, and moist; this hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, a

Much castigation, exercise devout;

For here's a young and sweating devil here,

That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,

A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand; the hearts of old gave hands,

But our new heraldry is hands not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck? 50

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me.
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault.
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She dying gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on 't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose 't or give 't away were such perdun
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is 't possible?
Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it;
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,
And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.
Des. Indeed! 't is true?
Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.
Des. Then would to God that I had never seen 't!
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?
Oth. 'Is lost? 'Is not 'gone? speak, is it out o' the way?
Des. Heaven bless us!
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?
Oth. How?
Des. I say it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch 't, let me see 't.
Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you let Cassio be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief; my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shard dangers with you—
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away!
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief;
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man;
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us. Look you! Cassio and my husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do it.
And, lo! the happiness; go and importune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the new with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpose'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so much be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a for'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course
To fortune's alms.
Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio!
My adoration is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must awhile bepatient
What I can do I will, and more I will
Than for myself I dare; let that suffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now
And certainly in strange unquietness.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him.
There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.
Des. I prithee, do so.

Exit Iago.

Something, sure, of state;
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such case
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it itches
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, unsighsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.
Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.
Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause
Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so.
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous; 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!
Emil. Lady, amen.
Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk here about;
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.

Thou said'st,—O! it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,

No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! We say lie on her when they believe her. Lie with her! that's fulsome. Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief. To confess, and be hanged for his labour. First, to be hanged, and then to confess: I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips. Is't possible? Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!—

Falls in a trance.

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord!

My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter Cassio.

How now, Cassio!

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course,
If not he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look! he stirs;
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.

Exit Cassio.

How is it, general? have you hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.

Would you have your fortune like a man! 

Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city, and many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man; Think every bearded fellow that's but yok'd may draw with you; there's millions now alive That nightly lie in those improper beds Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.

O! 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock, To lip a wanton in a secure couch, And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know; And knowing what I am I know what she shall be.

Oth. O! thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart; Confin yourself but in a patient list. Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief, A passion most unsuiting such a man, Cassio came hither; I shifted him away, And laid good sense upon your ecstasy: 

Bade him anon return and here speak with me; The which he promises. Do but encave yourself, And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns, That dwell in every region of his face; For I will make him tell the tale anew, Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when He hath, and is again to cope your wife: I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience; Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen, And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago? I

will be found most cunning in my patience; But, dost thou hear? most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss; But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

Othello goes apart.

How will I question Cassio of Bianca, A housewife that by selling her desires Buys herself bread and clothes; it is a creature That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpets' plague To beguile many and be beguil'd by one. He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain From the excess of laughter. Here he comes:

Re-enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad; And his unbookish jealousy must construe Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant? Cas. The worser that you give me the addition Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.

Speaking lover. Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's dover.

How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas! poor caitiff.

Oth. Look! how he laughs already.

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas! poor rogue, I think, I faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he imports him to tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her;

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry her! what! a customer? prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cas. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking of the sea bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bawble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck:—

Oth. Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were; his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me, so hates and pulls me; ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O! I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter Bianca.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work! A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There, give it your hobby-horse; where-soever you had it I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now!

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

Exit.

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. Exit Cassio.

Oth. Advancing. How shall I murder him, Iago?
Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his wit?  
Oth. O ! Iago.  
Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?  
Oth. Was that mine?  
Iago. Yours, by this hand; and to see how I prize the foolish woman, your wife! she saw it, and she hath given it her whore.  
Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing, fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!  
Iago. Nay, you must forget that.  
Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be mamed to-night; for she shall not live. No, I'll turn my heart to stone; I strike it, and it rts my hand. O! the world hath not a fiercer creature; she might lie by an emperor's bed and command him tasks.  
Iago. Nay, that's not your way.  
Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is, delicate with her needle! An admirableaisian! O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear. Of so high and plenteous wit and invention—  
Iago. She's the worse for all this.  
Oth. O! a thousand, a thousand times. And, oh, of so gentle a condition!  
Iago. Ay, too gentle.  
Oth. Nay, that's certain; but yet the pity of it—  
Iago! O! Iago, the pity of it, Iago.  
Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, set her patent to offend; for, if it touch not her, it comes near nobody.  
Oth. I will chop her into messes. Cuckold me!  
Iago. O! 'tis foul in her.  
Oth. With mine officer!  
Iago. That's fouler.  
Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night: I do not expostulate with her, lest her body and untye my mind again. This night,  
Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.  
Oth. Good, good; the justice of it pleases; 'tis good.  
Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his under-er; you shall hear more by midnight.  
A trumpet within.  
Oth. Excellent good. What trumpet is that we?  
Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, 
From the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.  

INTER LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, AND ATTENDANTS.  

Lod. God save the worthy general!  
Oth. With all my heart, sir.  
Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.  
Gives him a packet.  
Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.  
Opens the packet, and reads.  
Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?  
Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; 
I came to Cyprus.  
Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?  
Iago. Lives, sir.  
Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord.

An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.  
Oth. Are you sure of that?  
Des. My lord?  
Oth. This fault you not to do, as you will—  
Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.  
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?  
Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.  
Oth. Fire and brimstone!  
Des. My lord?  
Oth. Are you wise?  
Des. What! is he angry?  
Lod. May be the letter mov'd him;  
For, as I think, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his government.  
Des. Trust me, I am glad on 't.  
Oth. Indeed!  
Des. My lord?  
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.  
Des. Why, sweet Othello!  
Oth. Devil!  
Strikes her.  
Des. I have not deserv'd this.  
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice.  
Though I should swear I saw 't; 'tis very much; Make her amends, she weeps.  
Oth. O devil, devil!  
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.  
Out of my sight!  
Des. I will not stay to offend you. Gone.  
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady;  
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.  
Oth. Mistress!  
Des. My lord?  
Oth. What would you with her, sir?  
Lod. Who, I, my lord?  
Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:  
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on, And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep; And she's obedient, as you say, obedient, Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears. Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—I am commanded home. Get you away; I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate, And will return to Venice. Hence! avoant!  
Exit DESDEMONA.  
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night, I do entreat that we may sup together;  
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and monkeys!  
Exit.  
Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate  
Call all-in-all sufficient? Is this the nature Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue  
The shot of accident nor dart of chance  
Could neither graze nor pierce?  
Iago. He is much chang'd.  
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?  
Iago. He's that he is; I may not breathe my censure.  
What he might be, if what he might he is not, I would to heaven he were!  
Lod. What! strike his wife! en.
Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Oth. Is it his use?

Iago. Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Oth. Alas, alas!

Iago. It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech. Do but go after
And mark how he continues.

Iago. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

Exit.

Scene II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she to-gether.

Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What! did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is fool as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither; go.

Exit EMILIA.

She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets;
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy 's this?

Oth. To EMILIA. Some of your function, mistress;
Leave procuracy alone and shut the door;
Cough or cry 'em if any body come;
Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch.

Exit EMILIA.

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?
I cry you mercy then; 
look for that cunning whore of Venice
at married with Othello. You, mistress, 90
at have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
d’keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter Emilia.

You, you, ay, you!
I have done our course; there’s money for
your pains:
pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel.

Exit.

Emila. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?
how do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emila. Good madam, what’s the matter with
my lord?

Des. With who?

Emila. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emila. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none; do not talk to me, Emilia;
cannot weep, nor answer have I none
at what should go by water. Prithée, to-night
y on my bed my wedding sheets: remember:
I’d call thy husband hither.

Emila. Here’s a change indeed!

Exit.

Des. ‘Tis meet I should be us’d so, very meet.
ay have I been behav’d, that he might stick
smallest opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter Emilia with Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How
is’t with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young
babes
it with gentle means and easy tasks;
a might have child me so; for, in good faith,
am a child to chiding.

Iago. What’s the matter, lady?

Emila. Alas! Iago, my lord hath so bewor’d her,
rown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
t true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Iago. He call’d her whore; a beggar in his
drink
b not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

Iago. Hath she soffor’d so many noble matches,
her father and her country and her friends,
be call’d whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for’t!

ow comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emila. I will be hang’d, if some eternal villian,
one busy and insinuating rogue,
one cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
ave not devi’d this slander; I’ll be hang’d
else.

Iago. Fee! there is no such man; it is
impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emila. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his
bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
likelihood?
The Moor’s abus’d by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven! that such companions thou’dist un
fold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emila. O! tie upon them. Some such squire
he was
That turn’d your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago!

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light
heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e’er my will did trespass ’gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did;
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do
much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say ’whore’;
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world’s mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content, ’tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If ’twere no other,—

Iago. ’Tis but so, I warrant.

Trumpets.

Hark! how these instruments summon to supper;
The messengers of Venice stay the meat:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do not find that thou dealst justly
with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou darest me with some
device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now,
keest from me all convenience than suppliest
me with the least advantage of hope. I will
indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet per
suaded to put up in peace what already I have
foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much, for your
words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted
myself out of my means. The jewels you have
had from me to deliver to Desdemona would
half have corrupted a votarist; you have told
me she hath received them, and returned me
expectations and comforts of sudden respect
and acquaintance, but I find none.
Iago. Well; go to; very well.
Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well; by this hand, I say it is very scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.
Iago. Very well.
Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona; if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.
Iago. You have said now.
Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing but what I protest intention of doing.
Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo; thou hast taken against me a just just exception; but yet I protest I have felt most directly in thy affair.
Rod. It hath not appeared.
Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and thy suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage, and valour, this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.
Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?
Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.
Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.
Iago. O! no, he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.
Rod. How do you mean, removing of him?
Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.
Rod. And that you would have me do?
Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit and a wrong. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him; he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste; about it.
Rod. I will hear further reason for this.
Iago. And you shall be satisfied. 

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle.
Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.
Oth. O! pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.
**ACT V.**

**SCENE I.—Cyprus. A Street.**

*Enter Iago and Roderigo.*

_Iago._ Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.

Quick, quick; fear nothing; I’ll be at thy elbow.

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

_Rod._ Be near at hand; I may miscarry in’t.

_Iago._ Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.

_RETires._

_Iago._ I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:
’Tis but a man gone: forth, my sword; he dies.

_Iago._ I have rubb’d this young quaf almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Caius,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb’d from him,
As gifts to Desdemona:
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril.

No, he must die. But so: I hear him coming.

**Enter Cassio.**

_Rod._ I know his gait; ’tis he. Villain, thou diest!

**Makes a pass at Cassio.**

_Cos._ That thrust had been mine enemy indeed
But that my coat is better than thou know’st;
I will make proof of thine.

_Draws, and wounds Roderigo._

_O! I am slain._

_Cos._ I am maim’d for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder!

**Falls.**

**Enter Othello, at a distance.**

_Oth._ The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word.

_Rod._ O! villain that I am.

_Oth._ It is even so.

_Cos._ O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

_Oth._ ’Tis he. O brave Iago, honest and just!
That hast such noble sense of thy friend’s wrong;
Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate lies; strumpet, I come!

_Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed lust-stain’d shall with lust’s blood be spotted._

**Exit.**
Enter Lodovico and Gratiano, at a distance.
Cas. What, ho! no watch! no passage? murder! murder!
Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.
Cas. O, help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groan; it is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeiters; let's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.
Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.
Lod. Hark!

Re-enter Iago, with a light.
Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.
Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did not you hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?
Cas. Iago? O! I am spoil'd, undone by villains:
Give me some help.
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains!
To Lodovico and Gratiano. What are you there? come in, and give some help!
Rod. O! help me here.
Cas. That's one of them.
Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
Stabs Roderigo.
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!
Iago. Kill men i' the dark! Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!
What may yon be? are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.
Gra. Cassio!
Iago. How is't, brother?
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.
Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cried?
Iago. Who is 't that cried?
Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I am sorry to find you thus; I have been to seek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O! for a chair.
To bear him easily hence.
Bian. Alas! he faints. O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash.
To be a party in this injury.
Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come.
Lend me a light. Know we this face or no?
Alas! my friend and my dear countryman,
Roderigo; no: yes, sure. O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What! of Venice?
Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?
Gra. Know him? A
Iago. Signior Gratiano! I cry you gent
pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manner,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Gra. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 'tis he. A chair brought? O! that's well said; the chair
Some good man bear him carefully from hence
I'll fetch the general's surgeon. To Bianc
For you, mistress, Save you your labour. He that lies slain her
Cassio, Was my dear friend. What malice was betwix
you? Cass. None in the world; nor do I know th
man.
Iago. To Bianca. What! look you pale? O bear him out o' the air.

CASSIO and RODERIGO are borne o
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale
mistress?
Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye?
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness w
speak
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.
Emil. 'Las! what's the matter? what's the mat
matter, husband?
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the day
By Roderigo and fellows that are 'scap'd.
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.
Emil. Alas! good gentleman; alas! go Cassio.
Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prifhe
Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.
To Bianca. What! do you shake at that?
Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefo
shake not.
Iago. O! did he so? I charge you, go wil
me.
Emil. Fie! fie upon thee, strumpet!
Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as hon
As you that thus abuse me.
Emil. As I'f o'h! fie upon the
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cass
d'sid.
Come, mistress, you must tell an other tale.
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
Othello, banish me. This is the night that either makes me or fordoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; and yet no name it to you, you chaste stars! Is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood, or scar that whiter skin of hers than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster.

She must die; else she'll betray more men. She must die, and she'll put out the light: I quench thee, thou flaming minister, can again thy former light restore, could I repent me; but once put out thy light, you cunningst pattern of excelling nature, know not where is that Promethean heat can thy light relieve. When I have pluck'd the rose, cannot give it vital growth again, needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree. Balmy breath, that dost almost persuade stice to break her sword! One more, one more.

thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee, and love thee after. One more, and this the last: sweet was never so fatal. I must weep, at they are cruel tears; this sorrow's heavenly, strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord. Oth. If you be think yourself of any crime reconcile'd as yet to heaven and grace, licit for it straight.

Des. Alas! my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by: would not kill thy unprepared spirit; o; heaven forfend! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven save mercy on me!

Oth. Amen! with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then when your eyes roll so. Why should I fear I know not, since guiltiness I know not; but yet I fear I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.

Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip? some bloody passion shakes your very frame; these are portents, but yet I hope, I hope they do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still! Des. I will so.

What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee.

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul!

Send for the man and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently; Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin; For to deny each article with oath Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too! I never did offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio But with such general warranty of heaven As I might love; I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart, And mak'st me call what I intend to do A murder, which I thought a sacrifice: I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then; I never gave it him. Send for him hither; Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No; his mouth is stopp'd: Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Des. O! my fear interprets. What! is he dead? Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour!

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. He snatches her.

Emil. Within. My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful; I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

So, so.

Emil. Within. What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. Within. O! good my lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes; 'tis Emilia: by and by. She's dead. 'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death; The noise was high. Ha! no more moving? Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think she stirs again: no. What's best to do? If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife:
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the afflicted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. Within. I do beseech you 10
I may speak with you. O! good my lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee. O! come in, Emilia.
Soft, by and by: let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? Unlocks the door.

Enter Emilia.

What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O! my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What! now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad. 111

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian
Cal'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd! And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O! falsely, falsely murder'd.

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:
Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again! 120
Sweet Desdemona! O! sweet mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O! who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord. O! farewell! Dies.

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas! who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O! the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil. 131

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost believe her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire to say
That she was false: O! she was heavenly true.

Oth. Cassio did thep her; ask thy husband else.

O! I were damned 'beneath all depth in hell
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband!
hose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
known this act shows horrible and grim.

**Oth.** Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead.

**Iago.** That match was mortal to him, and pure grief tore his old thread in twain: did he live now, his sight would make him do a desperate turn, a curse his better angel from his side, ac fall to reprobation.

**Oth.** 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows that she with Cassio hath the act of shame thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it: did she not gratify his amorous works with that recognition and pledge of love which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand: was a handkerchief, an antique token y father gave my mother.

**Emili.** O heaven! O heavenly powers!

**Iago.** Come, hold your peace.

**Emili.** Twill out, 'twill out; I hold my peace, sir; no;

* I, I will speak as liberal as the north; at heaven and men and devils, let them all, I, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

**Iago.** Be wise, and get you home.

**Emili.** I will not.

**Iago offers to stab Emilia.**

**Fra.** Sir, your sword upon a woman?

**Emili.** O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of found by fortune and did give my husband; or often, with a solemn earnestness, once truth upon falsehood to such a trifle, as begg'd of me to steal it.

**Iago.** Villainous whore! 230

**Emili.** She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it, and I did give 't my husband.

**Iago.** Filth, thou liest!

**Emili.** By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen; murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool as with so good a woman an?

**Oth.** Are there no stones in heaven at what serve for the thunder? Precious villain! He runs at Iago: Iago stabs Emilia, and exit.

**Fra.** The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

**Emili.** Ay, ay. O! lay me by my mistress' side.

**Fra.** He's gone; but his wife's kill'd.

**Montano.** 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon, 240

hich I have here recover'd from the Moor. Some guard the door without; let him not pass, ut kill him rather. I'll after that same villain, or 'tis a damned slave.

**Execut Montano and Gratiano.**

**Oth.** I am not valiant neither; it every puny whipster gets my sword, it why should honour outlive honesty? it it go all.

**Emili.** What did thy song bode, lady? ark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan, ad die in music .

Willow, willow, willow. 250

oar, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor; So come my soul to bliss as I speak true; So speaking as I think, I die, I die. 

**Oth.** I have another weapon in this chamber; It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper. O! here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

**Fra.** Within. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear: Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

**Oth.** Look in upon me then, and speak with me, Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

**Fra.** What is the matter?

**Oth.** Behold! I have a weapon; A better never did itself sustain Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day, That with this little arm, and this good sword, I have made my way through more impediments Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast! Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now. Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd; Here is my journey's end, here is my butt, And very sea-mark of my utmost sail. Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear; Man but a rush against Othello's breast, And he retires. Where should Othello go? Now how dost thou look now? O ill-star'd wench! Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at comp, This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven, And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl! Even like thy chastity. O! cursed, cursed slave. Whip me, ye devils, From the possession of this heavenly sight! Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur! Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! Oh! oh! oh!

Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio carried in a chair, and Officers with Iago, prisoner.

**Lod.** Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

**Oth.** That's he that was Othello; here I am.

**Lod.** Where is that viper! bring the villain forth.

**Oth.** I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable:
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

Wounds Iago.

**Lod.** Wrench his sword from him. 

**Iago.** I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

**Oth.** I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live; For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

**Lod.** O thou Othello! that wert once so good, Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave, What shall be said to thee?

**Oth.** Why, any thing: An honourable murderer, if you will; For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

**Lod.** This wretch hath part confess'd his villany: Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

**Oth.** Ay. 300

**Cas.** Dear general, I never gave you cause.

**Oth.** I do believe it, and I ask you pardon. Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil Why he hath thus ensnarl'd my soul and body? 

**Iago.** Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What! not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n.
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo, 414
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!
Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain,
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief 221
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confess'd but even now
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter
How he upbraids Iago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him, 330
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this room and go
with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.

I have done the state some service, and the
know't; 342
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extemate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well:
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pear away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose sub'd
eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus.  Stabs himself

Lod. O bloody period!
Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd;
Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee; no way
but this, Falling upon DESDEMONA
Killing myself to die upon a kiss. Dies. 106
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
weapon;
For he was great of heart.
Lod. To IAGO.
O Spartan dog!
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,
Look on the tragic loading of this bed:
This is thy work; he object poisons sight;
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor
Remains the censure of this hellish villain, 27
The time, the place, the torture; O! enforce it
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

Exeunt
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.


Friends to Antony.

Friends to Cæsar.

Menas, Menecrates, Friends to Pompey, Varrius, Taurus, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar, Cæcilius, Lieutenant-General to Antony, Silius, an Officer under Ventidius, Euphronius, an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.

Alexas, Mardian, an Eunuch, Attendants on Cleopatra, Seleucus, Diomedes, A Soothsayer, A Clown.

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, Octavia, Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony. Charmian, Attendants on Cleopatra.

Iras.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—In several parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra’s Palace.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general’s doth blow the measure; those his goodly eyes, that o’er the files and musters of the war Have glow’d like plated Mars, now bend, now turn, The office and devotion of their view Upon a tawny front; his captain’s heart, Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper, And is become the bellows and the fan To cool a gipsy’s lust. 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 Cæsar have not sent His powerful mandate to you, ‘Do this, or this; Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that; Perform ’t, or else we damn thee.’

Ant. How, my love! Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like: You must not stay here longer; your dismissal Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony. Where’s Fulvia’s process? Cæsar’s I would say? both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt’s queen, Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine Is Cæsar’s homager; else so thy cheek pays shame When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch Of the 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 weet We stand up peerless.
Cleo. Excellent falsehood! Why did he marry Fulvia and not love her? I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony will be himself. But stirr'd by Cleopatra. Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours, let's not confound the time with conference.

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch without some pleasure now. What sport tonight? Cleo. Hear the ambassadors. Ant. Fie, wrangling queen! Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh, To weep; whose every passion fully strives To make itself, in thee, fair and 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. 

Antony and Cleopatra with their train.

Dem. Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so slight? Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony, He comes too short of that great property Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry That he approves the common liar, who Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! 

Enter Enobarbus.

Cleo. Show him your hand.


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 prov'd a fairest former fortune Than that which is to approach. Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names; prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million. 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 Iris hers. Alex. We'll know all our fortunes. Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, tonight, shall be—drunk to bed. Iris. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. 'En as the overflowing Nilus presageth fame. Iris. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay. Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune. Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Char. But how? but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said. Iris. 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? Iris. 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! Iris. 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. 

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony. 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
Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!
Eno. Madam!
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexandria?
Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.
Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us.

Exeunt Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iras, Charmian, Soothsayer, 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
ade friends of them, jointing their force
against Caesar, these better issue in the war, from Italy
pon the first encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.

On: hings that are past are done with me. Titus
thus:
'Tho tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus, his is stiff news, hath with his Parthian force
xtended Asia; from Euphrates
is conquering banner shook from Syria
o Lydia and to Ionion: whilst—
Ant. Antony, thou would'st say,—

Mess. O! my lord.

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue;
me Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
all thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
ith such full license as both truth and malice
ave power to utter. O! then we bring forth
weeds
Then our quick winds lie still; and our ills
told us
as our caring. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. Exit.

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

First Att. The man from Sicyon, is there such
an one?
Second Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.

these strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
lore myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

Second Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where did she?

Second Mess. In Sicyon: for length of sickness, with what else more
serious
mporteth thee to know, this bear.

Gives a letter.

Ant. Forbear me—

Exit Second Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone. Thus did I desire it:
What our contempt do often hurl from us
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure.
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that show'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know.
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see
how mortal an unkindness is to them; if
they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion let women
die; it were pity to cast them away for nothing:
thou 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 so poor
moment. I do think there is mettle in death
which comits 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
ears; they are greater storms and tempests
than almanacs can report: this cannot be cun-
ing 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 won-
derful 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 sacri-
face. When it pleaseth their deities to take the
wife of a man from him, it shows to man the
ailers of the earth; comforting therein, that
when old robes are worn out, there are members
to make new. If there were no more women
but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the
case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with
consolation; your old smock brings forth a new
petticoat; and indeed the tears live in an onion
that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that
of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your
abodes.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too Of many of our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands The empire of the sea; our slippery people, Whose love is never link'd to the deserver Till his deserts are past, begin to throw Pompey the Great and all his dignities Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier, whose quality, going on, The sides 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.

\[ACT IV.\]

SCENE III.—The Same. Another Room.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he? Char. 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.

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. 20 Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear: In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen. Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,— Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fail: It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,— Cleo. Pray you, stand 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 sned staying Then was the time for words; no going then: Eternity was in our lips and eyes, Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor But was a race of heaven; they are so still, Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world, Art turn'd the greatest liar.

\[Ant. How now, lady! Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou should'st know\]

There were a heart in Egypt. Ant. Hear me, queen; The strong necessity of time commands Our services awhile, but my full heart Remains in use with you. Our Italy Shines o'er with civil swords; Sextus Pompeius Makes his approaches to the port of Rome; Equality of two domestic powers Breed scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to strength, Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd Pompey, Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace Into the hearts of such as have not 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 safe my going, Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom, It does from childhoodish: 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? 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. By the fire That quickens Nillus' 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 prithee, turn aside and wEEP for her; Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene Of excellent dissembling, and let it look Like perfect honour.

\[Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more. Cleo. You can do better yet, but this is meetly.\]

\[Ant. Now, by my sword,—\]
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT III.

Scene I.—Caesar’s House. A Room in Caesar’s House.

Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, LEPIDUS, and ATTENDANTS.

Caes. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know, is not Caesar’s natural wise to hate
r greater competitor. From Alexandria
is is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
ere lamps of night in revel; not more man-like
Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
re womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
achsa’d to think he had partners: you shall
here on who is the abstract of all faults
at all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
d now to darken all his goodness;
 faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
ry by night’s blackness; hereditary
ther than purchas’d; what he cannot change
an what he chooses.

Caes. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it
not to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
keep the turn of tipping with a slave,
reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
knaves that smell of sweat; say this be-
comes him.

Ant. His composure must be rare indeed
how these things cannot blemish, yet must

As his own state and ours, ’tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
awn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here’s more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done, and every
Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report
How ’tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,
And it appears he is below’d of those
That only have fear’d Caesar; to the ports
The discontentments repair, and men’s reports
Give him much wrong’d.

Ces. I should have known no less. It
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 lovd’tilline’r worth lov’d,
Comes dear’d by being lack’d. This common
body,
Like to 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.

Ant. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slewst
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought’st against,
Though dauntly brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer; thou didst drink
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at; thy palate then
did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The banks of trees thou browsed’st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this,
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now,
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank’d not.

Lep. ’Tis pity of him.

Ces. Let his 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
Thrive in our idleness.

Ant. To-morrow, Caesar, I shall be furnish’d to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Ces. Till which encounter, so

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know
meanwhile
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Ant. Doubt not, sir; I knew it for my bond.

Exeunt.
SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iris, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian!
Char. Madam!
Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time.

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O! 'tis 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 unseem'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 indeed is honest to be done;
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse, for wott'st thou whom thou movest?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
Or murrining 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,

That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Caesar,

When thou wast here above the ground I was A morsel for a monarch, and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee,
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses, This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he,

'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,

To mend the petty present, I will piece Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all at east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So I nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed, Who neigh'd so high that what I would have spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What! was he sad or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year betwixt the extremes Of hot and cold; he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition! Note him Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man, b

He was not sad, for he would shine on those That make their looks by his; he was no merry,

Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance In Egypt with his joy; but between both: O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry.

The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Melt'st thou my post

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messenger Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that do

When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian Ever love Caesar so?

Char. O that brave Caesar.
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis,
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Caesar!

Alex. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Caesar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardo I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt.

Exit.

ACT II.


Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they sha

assist

The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their thron
decays

The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselv

Beg often our own harms, which the wis
powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
ys it will come to the full. Mark Antony 11
Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
s wars without doors; Cæsar gets money
3 loses hearts; Lepidus flatters both,
both is flattered; but he neither loves, or
either cares for him.
Cæsar and Lepidus
in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
From Silvius, sir.
I know they are in Rome together,
looking for Antony. But all the charms of
love, Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
a up the libertine in a field of feasts,
ep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
arpen with cloysless sauce his appetite,
at sleep and feeding may procrase his honour
ren till a Lethë'd dulness!

Enter Varrius.
How now, Varrius!
Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
ark Antony is every hour in Rome
pected; since he went from Egypt 'tis
space for further travel.
I could have given less matter
better ear. Menas, I did not think
is amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his
r such a petty war; his soldiery
rice the other twain. But let us rear
e higher our opinion, that our stirring
n from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together;
wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar,
brother warr'd upon him, although I think
'mov'd by Antony.
I know not, Menas,
w lesser enmities may give way to greater,
't not that we stand up against them all
were pregnant they should square between
themselves,
they have entertained cause enough
draw their swords; but how the fear of us
y cement their divisions and bind up
e petty difference, we yet not know.
't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
't to seek and use our strongest hands,
me, Menas.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.
Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
shall become you well, to entreat your
captain
soft and gentle speech.
I shall entreat him
answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
t Antony look over Cæsar's head,
'd speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were we the wearers of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.
't is not a time
For private stomaching.
Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give
way.
Lep. 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.
And yonder, Cæsar.
Enter Cæsar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.
Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark ye, Ventidius.
I do not know,
Mecenas; ask Agrippa.
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.
Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Sit.
Sit, sir.
Nay, then.
I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.
I must be laugh'd at
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly 't the world; more laugh'd at that I
should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name
It not concern'd me.

My being in Egypt, Cæsar.
What's 't to you?
No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt; yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
How intend you, practis'd?
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.
You do mistake your business; my
brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports.
That drew their swords with you. Did he not
rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause! Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you’ll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me, but
you patch’d up your excuses.

Not so, not so; 90
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.

Would we had all such wives, that the
men might go to wars with the women! 70

So much uncurbable, her garbolls, 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.

I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did give my missive out of audience.

Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was ’t 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.

You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Soft, Caesar!
No

Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour’s sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack’d it. But on, Caesar; 90
The article of my oath.

To lend me arms and aid when I require’d
them.

The which you both denied.

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.

’Tis noble spoken.

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.

Worthily spoken, Mecenas.

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.

You are a soldier only; speak no more
That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

You wrong this presence; therefore speak
no more.

Go to, then; your considerate stone.

I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for ’tis not to be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge
O’ the world I would pursue it.

Give me leave, Caesar.

Speak, Agrippa.

Thou hast a sister by the mother’s side
Admir’d Octavia; great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv’d of rashness.

I am not married, Caesar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your heart
With an unsliping 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 tl
marriage,

All little jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears which now import the dangers,
Would then be nothing; truths would be told
Where now half tales be truths; her love to be
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.

Will Caesar speak?

Not till he hears how Antony is touch’d
With what is spoke already.

What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, ‘Agrippa, be it so,’
To make this good?

The power of Caesar, an
His power unto Octavia.

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!

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!

Happily, amen!

I did not think to draw my sword ’gainst

Pompey,
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me; I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Time calls upon

Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks us out.

Where lies he?
Ces. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength of 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; let, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we the business we have talk’d of.

Ces. With most gladness; and do invite you to my sister’s view, Whither straight I’ll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus, not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony, let sickness should detain me.


Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecenas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by’t in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking. Mec. Eight wild bears roasted whole at a reafkast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we ad much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She’s a most triumphant lady, if report square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony she urs’d 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, turples the sails, and so perfumed that the winds were love-sick with them, the ears 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, t beggar’d all description; she did lie in her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue, per-picturing that Venus where we see the fancy outwork nature; on each side her stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids, with divers-colour’d fans, whose wind did seem to glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool, and what they undid did.


Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides, so many mermaids, tending her the eyes, and made their bents adornments; at the helm seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle well with the touches of those flower-soft hands, that rarely frame the office. From the barge a strange invisible perfume hits the sense of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast her people out upon her, and Antony, Enthron’d i’ the market-place, did sit alone, Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy, Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing Antony sent to her, Invited her to supper; she replied It should be better he became her guest, Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony, Whom ne’er the word of ‘No’ woman heard speak.

221 Being barber’d ten times o’er, goes to the feast, And for his ordinary pays his heart For what his eyes eat only.

‘Agr. Royal wench! She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed; He plough’d her, and she crop’d.

Eno. I saw her once Hop forty paces through the public street; And having lost her breath, she spoke, and pant’d, That she did make defect perfection, And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety; other women cloy The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry Where most she satisfies; for vilest things Become themselves in her, that the holy priests Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle The heart of Antony, Octavia is A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Same. A Room in Cæsar’s House.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia between them; Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes Divide me from your bosom.

Oct. All which time Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia, Read not my blemishes in the world’s report; I have not kept my square, but that to come Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.

Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night.

Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in Egypt!

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you

Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in My motion, have it not in my tongue; but yet He to Egypt again.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—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.

Mec. We shall, As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount Before you, Lepidus.

LEP. Your way is shorter; My purposes do draw me much about: You'll win two days upon me.

Mec., AGR. Sir, good success! LEP. Farewell.

Scene V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

CLE. Give me some music; music, moody food Of us that trade in love. Attend.

The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

CLE. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

CHAR. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

CLE. As well a woman with an eunuch play As with a woman. Come, you'll play with my sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

CLE. And when good will is show'd, though come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now. Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: then My music playing far off, I will betray Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall Pierce Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up, I'll think them every one an Antony, And say 'Ah, ha! you're caught.'

CHAR. Twas merry when You wager'd on your angling; when your dive Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he With fervency drew up.

CLE. That time—O times! I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn, Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed; Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. O! from Italy; Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears, That long time have been barren.

CLE. Madam, madam.

CLE. Antony's dead! If thou say so, villain Thou kill'st thy mistress; but well and free, If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

MESS. First, madam, he is well.

CLE. Why, there's more gold But, sirrah, mark, we use To say the dead are well: bring it to that, The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour Down thy ill-uttering throat.

MESS. Good madam, hear me.

CLE. Well, go to, I will But there's no goodness in thy face; if Antony Be free and healthful, so tarm 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?

CLE. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speakest:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well, Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him, I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail Rich pearls upon thee.

MESS. Madam, he's well.

CLE. Well said.

MESS. And friends with Caesar.

CLE. Thou'rt an honest man.

MESS. Caesar and hear great friends than ever Cesar Made thee a fortune from me.

MESS. But yet, madam,—

CLE. I do not like 'but yet,' it doth allay The good precedence; fie upon 'but yet'! 'But yet' is as a gnorin to bring forth Some monstrous malefactor. Prithole, friend, Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear, The good and bad together. He's friends with Caesar;
a state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report: 'tis 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. 80

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee! Strikes him down.

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence, Strikes him again.

orrible villain! or I'll burn thine eyes like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head: She hides him up and down.

hou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and strew'd in brine, marting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam, 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 hadst hall 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 knife.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

Exit.

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;

he man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt.

Celt 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.

I will not hurt him.

Exit CHARMIAN.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike meaner than myself; since I myself have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN and MESSENGER.

Come hither, sir.

though it be honest, it is never good to bring bad news; give to a gracious message at host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

cannot hate thee worse than I do if thou again say 'Yes.'

Mess. He's 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's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O! that his fault should make a knave of thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of. Get thee hence;

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand, And be undone by 'em!

Exit MESSENGER.

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony I have disprais'd Caesar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for not now. Lead me from hence.

I faint: O Iras! Charmian! 'Tis no matter. Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him Report the feature of Octavia, her years, Her inclination, let him not leave out The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.

Exit ALEXAS.

Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian!—Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon, The other way's a Mars. To MARDIAN. Bid you Alexas Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian, But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side, with drum and trumpet; at another, CESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECENAS, with Soldiers Marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine; And we shall talk before we fight.

Ces. Most meet That first we come to words, and therefore have we Our written purposes before us sent;

Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword, And carry back to Sicily much tall youth That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three. The senators alone of this great world, Chief factors for the gods, I do not know Wherefore my father should 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't That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus, With the arm's 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,
Part to unha'ck'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.


Pom. Know then, I can do 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 brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks
to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,
For I have gain'd by't.

Ces. Since I saw you last
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosom 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's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius 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—

Ene. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Ene. A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now; how far'st thou, soldier?

Ene. Well;

And well am I like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Ene. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye
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.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Pom. Know then, I can do 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 brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
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Pom. Then so much have I heard;
And I have heard Apollodorus carried—

Ene. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Ene. A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now; how far'st thou, soldier?

Ene. Well;
scene vii.—on board pompey’s galley, off misenum.

music. enter two or three servants with a banquet.

first serv. here they’ll be, man. some o’ ir plants are ill-rooted already; the least d’i’ the world will blow them down.

second serv. lepidus is high-coloured.

first serv. they have made him drink alms-

second serv. as they pinch one another by disposition, he cries out ‘no more;’ recon-

first serv. but it raises the greater war be-

second serv. why, this is it to have a name in at men’s fellowship; i had as lief have a d that will do me no service as a partisan i did not leave.

first serv. to be called into a huge sphere, i not to be seen to move in’t, are the holes ere eyes should be, which pitifully disaster checks.

enact sounded. enter caesar, antony, lepi-

ay, pompey, agrippa, mecenas, enobarbus, menas, with other captains.

int. thus do they, sir. they take the flow o’ the nile certain scales i’ the pyramid; they know the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth poison follow. the higher nilus swells more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedman on the slime and ooze scatters his grain, d shortly comes to harvest.

lep. you’ve strange serpents there.

ant. ay, lepidus.

lep. your serpent of egypt is bred now of ur mud by the operation of your sun; so is ur 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 er out.

enro. not till you have slept; i fear me you’n in till then.

lep. nay, certainly, i have heard the ptol-

men. pompey, a word.

pom. say in mine ear; what is’t?

men. forsake thy seat, i do beseech thee, captain, i’l hear me speak a word.

pom. forbear me till anon.

ds wine for lepidus!

lep. what manner o’ thing is your crocodile?

ant. it is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

lep. what colour is it of!

ant. of it own colour too.

lep. ‘tis a strange serpent.

ant. ‘tis so; and the tears of it are wet. ces. will this description satisfy him?

ant. with the health that pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

pom. 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.

pom. i think thou’rt mad. the matter?

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, though thou think me poor, i am the man will give thee all the world.

pom. hast thou drunk well?

men. no, pompey, i have kept me from the cup.

thou art, if thou dar’st be, the earthly jove: what’er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, is thine, if thou wilt ha’t.

pom. show me which way.

men. these three world-sharers, these com-

pom. men. these three world-sharers, these com-

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’rt had been good service. thou must know ‘tis not my profit that does lead mine honour; mine honour, it. repent that e’er thy tongue hath so betray’d thine act; being done unknown, i should have found it afterwards well done, but must condemn it now. desist, and drink.

men. aside. for this, i’ll never follow thy pall’d fortunes more.

who seeks, and will not take when once ‘tis offered, shall never find it more.

pom. this health to lepidus!

ant. bear him ashore. i’ll pledge it for him, pompey.

enro. here’s to thee, menas!

men. enobarbus, welcome!

pom. fill till the cup be hid.
Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

Men. Why?

Eno. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk; would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!

Here is to Caesar!

Ces. I could well forbear 't.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,

And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Ces. Possess it, I'll make answer;

But I had rather fast from all four days

Than drink so much in one.

Eno. To Antony! Ha! my brave emperor;

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,

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.

Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plump Baecus with pink eye!
In thy vats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hair be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Ces. What would you more? Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me request you off; our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks; strong

Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue
Spits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words?
Good night.

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir. Give your hand.

Pom. O Antony! You have my father's house,—But what? we are friends.

Come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

Exeunt POMPEY, CESAR, ANTONY, and Attendants.

Menas. I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd sound out!

A flourish of trumpets, with drums.

Eno. Hoo! says a'. There's my cap.


ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIIUS as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers, the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck
And now

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.

Sil. Noble Ventidius!

Whilest yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,

The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither

The routed fly; so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and

Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius! I have done enough; a lower place, note well,

May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius
Better to leave undone than by our deed

Acquire too high a fame when he who serve away.

Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person; Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,

For quick accumulation of renown,

Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour
Who does it the wars more than his captain can,

Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,

The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss

Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,

But 'twould offend him; and in his offence

Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, the

Without the which a soldier, and his sword,

Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write

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 rank,

The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia

We have jaded o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither, wit what haste

The weight we must convey with 's will permit.

We shall appear before him. On, there; pass along.

Exeunt.


Enter AGrippa and Enobarbus, meeting.

Agr. What! are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey; he is gone,
The other three are scaling. Octavia weeps: part from Rome; Caesar is sad; and Lepidus, ace Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled with the green sickness.

**Ant.** Madam, She thou it fare part she hoo is lent 'Tis The Ces. How Cces. Come, Adieu! 10 keep Good thus Come be Half yet I Both kisses Sister, Farewell!

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**Agr.** A very fine one. O! how he loves Caesar, Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!  


**Agr.** O Antony! O thou Arabian bird.  

**Eno.** Would you praise Caesar, say 'Cesar'; go no further. Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.  

**Eno.** But he loves Caesar best; yet he loves Antony.  

**Agr.** Both he loves. Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. *Trumpets within.* So; his is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa. 21 

**Agr.** Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.  

*Cesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.*  

**Ant.** No further, sir.  

**Ces.** You take from me a great part of myself; so me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife; my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band all pass on thy approbation. Most noble Antony, at not the piece of virtue, which is set twixt us as the cement of our love keep it builted, be the ram to batter 30 its fortress of it; for better might we lov'd without this mean, if on both parts is be not cherish'd.  

**Ant.** Make me not offended your distrust.  

**Ces.** I have said.  

**Ant.** You shall not find, though you be therein curious, the least cause or what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you, and make the hearts of Romans serve your ends! We will here part.  

**Ces.** Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.  

**Octa.** Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—  

**Ces.** What, stavia?  

**Octa.** I'll tell you in your ear.  

**Ant.** Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can 'er heart inform her tongue; the swan's down-feather,  

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,  
And neither way inclines.  

**Eno.** Aside to Agrippa. Will Caesar weep?  

**Agr.** He has a cloud in 's face.  

**Eno.** He weretheworse for that were hea 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 wall'd, Believe't, till I wept 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 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 OCTAVIA.*  

**Ant.** Farewell! *Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*  

*Scene III.*—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace. 

**Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.** 

**Cleo.** Where is the fellow?  

**Alex.** Half afeard to come. 

**Cleo.** Go to, go to. Come hither, sir.  

**Enter the 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 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-tongued or low? 

**Mess.** Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced. 

**Cleo.** That's not so good. He cannot like her long. 

**Char.** Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible. 

**Cleo.** I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!  

What majesty is in her gait? Remember, If e'er thou look'dst on majesty, 

**Mess.** She creeps; Her motion and her station are as one; She shows a body rather than a life, A statute than a breather.
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 it. There's nothing in her yet. The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

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't 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 As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee:

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.

I will employ thee back again; I find thee Most fit for business. Go make thee ready; Our letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so; I repent me much

That so I hurried him. Why, methinks, by him, This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man has seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Is else defend,

And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet,

Good Charmian:

But this no matter; thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam.

Cleo. O my good lord! Be

Believe not all; or, if you must believe,

Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,

If this division chance, ne'er stood between,

Praying for both parts:

The good gods will mock me presently,

When I shall pray, 'O! bless my lord and husband';

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,

'0! bless my brother.' Husband win, win

Cleo. Antony.

Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point which

Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour I lose myself; better I were not yours Than yours so branchless. But, as you request,

Yourself shall go between's; the mean time lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war Shall stain your brother; make your soonest haste,

So your desires are yours.

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 fault

Can never be so equal that your love

Can equally move with them. Provide you going;

Choose your own company, and command what cost

Your heart has mind to.

Scene V.—The Same. Another Room.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eros. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eros. What, man?

Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made war upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Caesar, having made use of him in th wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied his rivalry, would not let him partake in the glor of the action; and not resting here, accuse him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seiz'd him so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chap no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,

They 'll grind the one the other. Where Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus: an

spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries 'Foot Lepidus!'

And threatens the throat of that his officer

That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd;

Eros. For Italy and Caesar. More, Domitius My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught.

But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

Scene IV.—Athens. A Room in Antony's House.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,

That were excusable, that, and thousands more Of semblable import, but he hath wagg'd New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it

To public ear:

Spoke scantly 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:

The good gods will mock me presently,

When I shall pray, 'O! bless my lord and husband';

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,

'0! bless my brother.' Husband win, win

Scene V.


A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov’d: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain’d, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar’d for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg’d
His pardon for return.

Octa. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct ’tween his last and him. 

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Octa. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Octa. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings of the earth for war. He hath assemled
Bocchus, the King of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, King
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Maleus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, King
Of Comagene; and Ptolemy and Amyntas,
The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Octa. Welcome hither!
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv’d both how you were wrong led
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart;
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O’er your content these strong necessities,
But let determin’d things to destiny
Hold unbaw’d their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus’d
Beyond the mark of thought, and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Octa. Most certain. Sister, welcome; pray you,
Be ever known to patience; my dear sister!

Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—ANTONY’S Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forsook my being in these wars,
And say’st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. If not denounç’d 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 ’s time,
What should not then be spar’d. He is already
Tract’d for levity, and ’tis said in Rome
That Phoebus’ eunuchs and your maids
Manage this war.
Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear in the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it; I will not stay behind.
Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius, that from Tarentum and 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.
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 that he dares us to.
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 offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.
Eno. Your ships are not well mann’d;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross’d by swift impress; in 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; quire forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
From firm security,
Ant. I’ll fight at sea.
Cleo. I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn.

And with the rest, full-mann’d, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Caesar. But if we fail,
We then can do’t at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?
Mess. The news is true, my lord; he descried;
Cesar has taken Toryne.
Ant. Can he be there in person? ’tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We’ll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier!
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 Antony, Cleopatra, and
Enobarbus.

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i’ the right.
Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole actio
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 Justeius,
Publicola, and Caesius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Cesar’s
Carries beyond belief.
Sold. While he was yet in Rome
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil’d all spies.
Can. Who’s his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.
Can. With news the time’s with labour, au
thorises forth
Each minute some.

Exeunt.

Scene VIII.—A Plain near Actium.

Enter Cesar, Taurus, Officers, and Others.

Ces. Taurus!
Taur. My lord?
Ces. Strike not by land; keep whole: pro
vok’d 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 yond side of
the hill,
Enter CANDIUS, marching with his land army one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of CAESAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.

e Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral, ith all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder; see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses, I the whole synod of them! Eno. What's thy passion? Scar. The greater canteel of the world is lost ith very ignorance; we have kiss'd away island and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight? Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence, here death is sure. Yon Ribaudred nag of Egypt, hom leprosy o'ertake! I the midst o' the fight, hen vantage like a pair of twins appear'd, th' as the same, or rather ours the elder, e breeze upon her, like a cow in June, sits sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld; ne eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not dure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd, e noble ruin of her magic, Antony, ups on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard, aving the flight in height, flies after her.

Eno. Never saw an action of such shame; perseverance, manhood, honour, ne'er before I violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath, 3 sinks most lamentably. Had our general en what he knew himself, it had gone well: he has given example for our flight irst grossly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? May then good night indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled. Scar. 'Tis easy to 't; and I there will attend nat further comes.

Can. To Caesar will I render legions and my horse; six kings already ow me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow e wounded chance of Antony, though my reason s in the wind against me.

Exeunt.

ENE IX.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon t; is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither: am so lated in the world that I

Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly, And make your peace with Caesar.

Act. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O!
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness; take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself; to the sea-side straightway;
I will possess you of that ship and treasure. Leave me, I pray a little; pray you now:
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command, Therefore I pray you. I'll see you by and by.

Sit down.

Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS; EROS following.


Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen. Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him; He is unqualified with very shame. Cleo. Well then, sustain me: O! Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches: Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but Your comfort makes the rescue. Ant. I have offended reputation, A most unnoble 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 knew'st too well My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings, And thou should'st tow me after; o'er my spirit Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Scene XVI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and do.

Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will.

Cleo. To Lord of his reason. What though you fled From that great face of war, whose several range Frighted each other, why should he follow? The itch of his affection shall not then Have nick’d his captainship; at such a point, When half to half the world oppos’d, he being The mered question. Twas a shame no less Than was his loss, to course your flying flags, And leave his navy gagging.

Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter Antony, with Euphrionius.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Eno. He says so.

Ant. Let her know 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 prevale Under the service of a child as soon As he the command of Caesar: I dare him therefor To lay his gay comparisons apart, And answer me declin’d, sword against sword, Ourselves alone. I’ll write it: follow me.

Cleo. Exit Antony and Euphrionius.

Eno. Aside. Yes, like enough, high-battle Caesar will

Unstate his happiness, and be stag’d to the show Against a swordsman! 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! mine own women; Against the blown rose may they stop their nose That kneel’d unto the buds. Admit him, sir. Exit Attendant.

Eno. Aside. Mine honesty and I begin to square.

The loyalty well held to fools does make Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure To follow with allegiance a fall’n lord,
Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack and whip him.

Thy. '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 tributaries That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them So saucy with the hand of—she here, what's her name,

Thy. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tag him away; being whipp'd, Bring him again; this Jack of Caesar's shall Bear us an errand to him.

Exeunt Attendants with THYREUS.

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 's, while we strut To our confusion.

Cleo. O! is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon Dead Caesar's 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 plights 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.

Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a' pardon?

First Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry

To follow Caesar in his triumph, since Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth

The white 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;

Enter ANTONY and EOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders! hat art thou, fellow?

Thy. One that but performs the bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest have command obey'd.

Ebo. Aside. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there! Ay, you kith! Now, gods and devils! Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!'

ke boys unto a muss, kings would start forth, ad cry 'Your will? Have you no ears? I am Antony yet.
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't.  
When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abyss of hell. If he mistake  
My speech and what is done, tell him he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like, to quell me: urge it thou:  
Hence! with thy stripes; be gone!  

Exit THYREUS.

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 Cæsarion smile,  
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.  
César sits down in Alexandria, where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our sev'rd navy 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 my chronicle:  
There's hope in 't 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 gandy night: call to me  
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:  
I had thought to have held it poor; but since  
my lord  
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.  
Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night  
The wine peep through their scars. Come on,  
my queen;  
There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight  
I'll make death love me, for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

Execut ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and  
Attendants.

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To  
be furious  
Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood  
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,  
A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him.

Exit.

ACT IV.


Enter Cæsar, reading a letter; AGRIPPA,  
MECENAS, and Others.

Cæs. He calls me boy, and chides, as he has power  
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to person combat,  
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know  
I have many other ways to die; meantime  
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunte  
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 battle,  
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 done;  
And feast the army; we have store to do 't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony  
Exec.
Scene IV.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra; Charmian and Others attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little, Eros.
Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros with armour.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on;
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?
Ant. Ah! let be, let be; thou art
The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, In! I'll help: thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well; we shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou; dispatch. O love!
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation, thou should'st see
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome;
Thou look'st like him that knows a war-like charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

Shout. Trumpets flourish.

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me;
This is a soldier's kiss. 

Kisses her.

Kissed.

Rebekkable 20
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. Adieu.

Exit Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then Antony,—but now—Well, on. 

Exit.

Scene V.—Alexandria. Antony's Camp.

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. Who!

One ever near thee: call for Erobus,

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 chests and treasure 10

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 adieu and greetings;

Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O! my fortunes have

Corrupted honest men. Dispatch. Erobus!

Exit.

Scene VI.—Alexandria. Caesar's Camp.

Flourish. Enter Cesar, Agrippa, Enobarbus,

and Others.

Ces. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:

Our will is Antony be took alive;

Make it so known.

Agri. Caesar, I shall.

Ces. 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.

Ces. Go charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,

That Antony may seem to spend his fury

Upon himself. 

Exit Cesar and his Train.

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.

Ero. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: best you said the bringer

Out of the host; I must attend mine office

Or would have done't myself. Your emperor

Continues still a Jove.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,

And feel I am so most. O Antony!

Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have

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 foulst best fit

My latter part of life.

Scene VII.—Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa

and Others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves to

Far

Caesar himself has work, and our oppression

Exceeds what we expected.

Exit.

Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarpus wounded.

Scarp. O my brave emperor, this is fough

indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had droven them

home

With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou blest'st apaches.

Scarp. I had a wound here that was like a T,

But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scarp. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have

yet

Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advan

tage serves

For a fair victory.

Scarp. Let us score their backs,

And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind?

'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward the
ice for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
or thy good valour. Come thee on.
Sear. I'll halst 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
and let the queen know of our gists. To-morrow,
before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
at to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
or doughty-handed are you, and have fought
as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
ich man's like mine; you have shown all
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
all them your feats; whilst they with joyful
tears
ash the congealment from your wounds, and
kiss
he honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy hand:

*Enter Cleopatra, attended.*

Ant. *This great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
ake her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the
world!
ain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
rough proof of harness to my heart, and there
de on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!
infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling
he world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
e have beat them to their beds. What, girl!
though grey
something mingle with our younger brown,
yet ha' we
brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
at goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
as it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
if a god, in hate of mankind, had
stroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
a armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
ke holy Phæbus' car. Give me thy hand:
rough Alexandria make a jolly march;
our hack'd targets like the men that owe
them:
our great palace the capacity

camp this host, we all world sup together
nd drink carouses to the next day's fate,
hich promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
ith brazen din blast you the city's ear,
ake mingle with our rattling tabourines,
at heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together.

pplauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

**SCENE IX.**—**Cæsar's Camp.**

*Sentinels at their Post.*

First Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this
hour,
o must return to the court of guard: the night
Is they, and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.
Second Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to's.

*Enter Enobarbus.*

Eno. O! bear witness, night,—
Third Sold. What man is this?
Second Sold. Stand close and list 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!

First Sold. *Exeunt.*

Second Sold. 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 hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to
powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony! *Dies.*

Second Sold. Let's speak
To him.

First Sold. *Let's hear him, for the things he
speaks*

May concern Cæsar.

First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

Second Sold. Go we to him.

Third Sold. *Awake, sir, awake! speak to us.
Second Sold. Hear you, sir?*

Drums afar off.*

Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

Third Sold. *Come on then;*
He may recover yet. *Exeunt with the body.*

**SCENE X.**—*Between the two Camps.*

*Enter Antony and Scarus, with Forces, marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Sear. For both, my lord. 

Ant. I would they 'd fight i' the fire or i' the
air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us; order for sea is given,
They have put forth the haven,
Where their appointment we may best discover
And look on their endeavour. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Caesar and his Forces, marching.*

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and
I fall
Under this plot; she dies for't. Eros, ho!
Exeunt.

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iiras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O! he is 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, prithee, piteously. Hence, Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death To the monument!

Exeunt.

SCENE XII.—The Same. Another Room.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave. I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen, Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost; she, Eros, has pack'd cards with Caesar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian.

'faith vile lady
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, saucy emuch; peace She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once:
id that she has discharge’d. What thou
would’st do
done unto thy hand; the last she spake
as ‘Antony! most noble Antony!’
en in the midst a tearing groan did break
the name of Antony; it was divided
tween her heart and lips. She render’d life,
y name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then!

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day’s task is done,
and we must sleep. To Mardian. That thou
depart’st hence safe,
pay thy labour richly; go. Exit MARDIAN.

Off, pluck off; a seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
the battery from my heart. O! cleave, my sides;
art, once be stronger than thy continent,
ack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.
more a soldier; bruised pieces, go;
not have been nobly borne. From me awhile, Exit EROS.

ill o’ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
keep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
I length is torture; since the torch is out,
down, and stray no further. Now all labour
are what it does; yea, very force entangles
self with strength; seal then, and all is done.
os!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me;
here souls do couch on flowers, we’ll hand in
hand, with our sprightly port make the ghosts
gaze; do and her Æneas shall want troops,
all the haunts be ours. Come, Eros! Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
leave liv’d in such honour, that the godsest my baseness. I, that with my sword
swear’d the world, and o’er green Neptune’s
back
ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
courage of a woman; less noble mind
she which by her death our Caesar tells
the conqueror of myself.’ Thou art sworn,
Eros,
at when the exigent should come, which now
come indeed, when I should see behind me
the inevitable prosecution of
grace and horror, that on my command
ou then wouldst kill me: do’t; the time is
come.
om strik’st not me, ’tis Caesar thou defeat’st.
tag colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withold me!
all I do that which all the Parthian darts,
ough enemy, lost aim and could not?

Ant. Eros,
couldst thou be window’d in great Rome, and see
my master thus with pleasch’d arms, bending
down
s corrigible neck, his face subdued
penetrative shame, whilst the wheel’d seat
fortune Caesar, drawn before him, branded
baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see’t.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be

Ant. 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’st 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.

Ant. When did she send thee?
Now, my lord.

Where is she?

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw,

Which never shall be found, you did suspect

She had disposed with Caesar, and that your rage

Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come, I dread, too late.

Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I prithee.

What, ho! the emperor’s guard! The guard, what, ho!

Come; your lord calls.

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;

’Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear

All your true followers out.

Most heavy day!

To grace it with your sorrows; bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up;

I have led you off; carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all.

Exeunt, bearing Antony.

Enter Cleopatra and her maids, aloft, with Charmian and Iras.

O Charmian! I will never go from hence.

Be comforted, dear madam.

No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,

But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,

Proportion’d to our cause, must be as great

As that which makes it.

Enter, below, Diomedes.

How now! is he dead?

His death’s upon him, but not dead.

Look out, the other side your monument;

His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard.

O sun! 

Burn the great sphere thou mov’st in; darkling stand

The varying shore o’ the world. O Antony! Antony, Antony. Help! Charmian, help, Iras, help;

Help, friends below! let’s draw him hither.

Peace!

Not Caesar’s valour hath o’erthrown Antony,

But Antony’s hath triumph’d on itself.

So it should be, that none but Antony

Should conquer Antony; but woe ‘tis so!

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only

I here importune death awhile, until

Of many thousand kisses the poor last

I lay upon thy lips.

I dare not, dear,—

Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not

Let I be taken; not the imperious show

Of the full-fort’ned 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, An
tony,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up.

Assist, good friends.

O! quick, or I am gone.

Here’s sport indeed! How heavy weigh

my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,

That makes the weight. Had I great Juno

power,

The strong-wing’d Mercury should fetch the up,

And set thee by Jove’s side. Yet come a little

Wishers were ever fools. O! come, come, come.

They hear Antony aloft to Cleopatra

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast

liv’d;

Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power

Thus would I wear them out.

A heavy sight!

I am dying, Egypt, dying:

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

No, let me speak; and let me rail so high

That the false housewife Fortune break he wheel,

Provoke’d by my offence.

One word, sweet queen

Of Caesar seek your honour with your safety.

They do not go together.

Gentle, hear me

None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

My resolution and my hands I’ll trust

None about Caesar.

The miserable change now at my end

Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thought

In feeding them with those my former fortune

Wherein I liv’d, the greatest prince o’ the world

The noblest; and do now not basely die,

Not cowardly put off my helmet to

My countryman; a Roman by a Roman

Valiantly vanquish’d. Now my spirit is going

I can no more.

Noblest of men, woot’ die?

Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide

In this dull world, which in thy absence is

No better than a sty? O! see, my women,

The crown o’ the earth doth melt. My lord!

O! wither’d is the garland of the war,

The soldier’s pole is fall’n: young boys and girl

Are level now with men; the odds is gone,

And there is nothing left remarkable

Beneath the visiting moon.

She is dead too, our sovereign.

Lady! 

Madam

O madam, madam, madam!

Royal Egypt

Empress!

Peace, peace, Iras!
Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
by such poor passion as the maid that milks and does the meanest chares. It were for me to throw my sceptre at the injurious gods; to tell them that this world did equal theirs all they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;

Ant. Patience is sottish, and impatience does become a dog that's mad; then is it sin to rush into the secret house of death, to die 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, 'tis out. Good sir, take heart;

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble, set'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.

Ces. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Caesar, I shall. Exit. Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Ces. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas; Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up and spoke He was my master, and I wore my life To spend upon his haters. If thou please To take me to thee, as I was to him I'll be to Caesar; if thou pleasest not, I yield thee up my life.

Ces. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

Ces. The breaking of so great a thing should make A greater crack; the round world Should have shook lions into civil streets, And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony Is not a single doom; in the name lay A molety 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,

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
by such poor passion as the maid that milks and does the meanest chares. It were for me to throw my sceptre at the injurious gods; to tell them that this world did equal theirs all they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;

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SCENE II.—The Same. The Monument.

Enter, aloft, 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 knife, A minister of her will; and it is great To do that thing that ends all other deeds, Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change, Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung, The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.

Enter, below, Proculeius, Gallus, and Soldiers.

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt; And bids thee study on what fair demands Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd, That have no use for trusting. If your master Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him That majesty, to keep decorum, must No less beg than a kingdom: if he please To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son, He gives me so much of mine own as I Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer; You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing. Make your full reference freely to my lord, Who is so full of grace that it flows over On all that need; let me report to him Your sweet dependency, and you shall find A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him I am his fortune's vassal, and send him The greatness he has got. I hourly learn A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly Look him in the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady: Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd, Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder, and come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.


Drawing a dagger.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold! Seizes and draws her.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this Reliev'd, but not betray'd. 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
Worthy many babes and beggars!

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 chastis'd with the sober eye Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up And show me to the shouting varlety Of conquering Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies Blow me into abhorring! rather make My country's high pyramids my gibbet, And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend These thoughts of horror 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; for the queen, I'll take her to my guard.

Cleo. So, Dolabella, It shall content me best; be gentle to her.

To Cleopatra. To Caesar I will speak what you shall please, If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me. Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known. You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams; Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony: O! such another sleep, that I might see But such another man.

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens, and therein stuck A sun and moon, which kept their course, and 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 proportioned 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 Walk'd crowns and crownets, realms and islands were As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods. But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
t's past the size of dreaming; nature wants stuff

o'v'rie strange forms with fancy; yet to imagine

in Antony were nature's piece against fancy,

domnarding shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam. our loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it

answering to the weight: would I might never

ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,

y the rebound of yours, a grief that smites

very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

ow you what Caesar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir.

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't.

Cry within. Make way there! — Caesar! 110

Enter CAESAR, GALLIUS, PROCULEIUS, MECE-

NAS, SELIECUS, and Attendants.

Ces. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

CLEOPATRA kneels.

Ces. Arise, you shall not kneel: pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

must obey.

Ces. Take to you no hard thoughts;

the record of what injuries you did us,

though written in our flesh, we shall remember

as things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,

cannot project mine own cause so well

'to make it clear; but do confess I have

been laden with like frailties which before

have often sham'd our sex.

Ces. Cleopatra, know,

ve will extenuate rather than enforce;

you apply yourself to our intents,

Which towards you are most gentle, you shall

find

benefit in this change; but if you seek

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,

thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world: 'tis yours;

and we,

our scutcheons 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,

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

For myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam, I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,

Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have

made known.

Ces. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve

Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See! Caesar; O! behold,

How pomp is follow'd; mine will now be yours;

And, should we shift estates, yours would be

mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does

Even make me wild. O slave! of no more trust

Than love that's hir'd. What! goest thou

back? thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes

Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain,

dog!

O rarely base!

Ces. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Caesar! what a wounding shame is this,

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,

Doing the honour of thy lordliness

To one so meek, that mine own servant should

Parcel the sum of my disgraces by

Addition of his envy. Say, good Caesar,

That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,

Inmommott toys, things of such dignity

As we greet modern friends withal; and say,

Some nobler token I have kept apart

For Livia and Octavia, to induce

Their mediation; must I be unfolded

With one that I have bred? The gods! it

smites me

Beneath the fall I have. To SELIECUS. Prithee,

go hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits

Through the ashes of my chance. Wert thou a

man,

Thou wou'dst have mercy on me.

Ces. Forbear, Seleucus. Exit SELIECUS.

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are

mistruthed

For things that others do; and, when we fall,

We answer others' merits in our name,

Are therefore to be pitied.

Ces. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknow-

ledg'd,

Put we 't the roll of conquest: still be 't yours,

Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe, 181

Caesar'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

Youself 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!


Flourish. Exit CAESAR and his Train.

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that

I should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

Whispers CHARMIAN.

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.
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. Rememberest thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday A very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of honesty; how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt. Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm, but he that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Sets down the basket.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Clown. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Cleo. 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.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm.

Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, etc.

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 rouse himself To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath; husband, I come: Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life. So; have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell. KISSES them. IRAS falls and dies.

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall? If thou and nature can so gently part, The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch, Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still? If thou than 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,
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
Within. A way there!—A way for Caesar!

Re-enter CAESAR and all his Train.

Dol. O! sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Ces. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?
First Guard. A simple countryman that
brought her fids:
This was his basket.

Ces. Poison'd then.
First Guard. O Caesar!
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and
spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremulously she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Ces. 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.

First Guard. This is an asp's trail; and these
fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Ces. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip 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.
Cymbeline.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.
Clofen, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.
Posthumus Leonatus, a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.
Belarius, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
Guiderius, Arviragus, Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Morgan.
Philario, Friend to Posthumus, Italians.
Iachimo, Friend to Philario.
Catus Lucius, General of the Roman Forces.
Pisanio, Servant to Posthumus.
Cornelius, a Physician.
A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
Two Lords of Cymbeline’s Court.
Two Gentlemen of the same.
Two Gaolers.
Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.
Helena, a Lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE I.—Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. The Garden of Cymbeline’s Palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

Second Gent. But what’s the matter?

First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of’s kingdom, whom
He purpos’d to his wife’s sole son, a widow
That late he married, hath refer’d herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She’s wedded,
Her husband banish’d, she imprison’d; all
Is outward sorrow, though I think the king
Be touch’d at very heart.

Second Gent. None but the king?

First 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.

Second Gent. And why so?

First Gent. He that hath miss’d the princess
Is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,
I mean that married her, alack! good man,
I do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
did's spring became a harvest; liv'd in court,
rich rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd;
so to the youngest, to the more mature
glass that feasted them, and to the graver
child that guided dotards; to his mistress, so
or whom he now is banish'd, her own price
claims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
her election may be truly read
that kind of man he is.

First Gent.  I honour him
en out of your report. But pray you, tell me,
she sole child to the king?

First Gent.  His only child.
had two sons; if this be worth your hearing,
ark it; the eldest of them at three years old,
the swathing-clothes the other, from their
ere stol'n; and to this hour no guess in
knowledge
hiph way they went.

First Gent.  How long is this ago?

First Gent.  Some twenty years.

Second Gent.  That a king's children should
be so convey'd,
shackly guarded, and the search so slow,
at could not trace them!

First Gent.  Howsoever 'tis strange;
that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
et is true, sir.

Second Gent.  I do well believe you.

First Gent.  We must forbear. Here comes the
gentleman,
the queen, and princess.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen.  No, be assur'd you shall not find me,
doughter,
fter the slander of most stepmothers,
ily-eyes unto you; you're my prisoner,
but our gaoler shall deliver you the keys
atlock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
so soon as I can win the offended king,
will be known your advocate; marry, yet
the fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
a lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
our wisdom may inform you.

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

Queen.  You know the peril:
'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
he pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
ath charg'd you should not speak together.

Exit.  O!  Assembling courtesy. How fine this tyrant
an tickle where she wounds! My dearest
husband,
something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
always reserv'd my holy duty, what
is rage can do on me. You must be gone;
and I shall here abide the hourly shot
if angry eyes, not comforted to live,
at that there is this jewel in the world
that I may see again.

Post.  My queen! my mistress! A lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
'to be suspected of more tenderness
han deth become a man. I will remain
the loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.

Imo.  My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you
send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen.  Be brief I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. Aside. Yet I'll
move him
To walk this way. I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences.

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 ear up my embraces from a next
With bonds of death! Putting on the ring.

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

Puting on 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 franght the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest! Away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

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

Imo.  That should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.

Imo.  I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation;
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym.  Past grace! obedience!

Imo.  Past hope, and in despair; that way,
past grace.

Cym.  That might'st have had the sole son of
my queen!

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

Cym.  Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have
made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Ino. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Ino. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus;
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! art thou mad?

Ino. Almost, sir; heaven restore me! Would
I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Cym. Thou foolish thing! 189

Re-enter QUEEN.

They were again together; you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

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

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

Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie! you must give way.
Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?
Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha! 189

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.
Ino. Your son's my father's friend; he takes
his part.

To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric 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 in
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't 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 awhile.
Ino. About some half-hour hence,
Pray you, speak with me. You shall at least
Go see my lord aboard; for this time leave me.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Same. A public Place.

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

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

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

Second Lord. Aside. No, faith; not so much
as his patience.
First Lord. Hurt him! his body's a passable
carcass if he be not hurt; it is a throughfall
for steel if it be not hurt.

Second Lord. Aside. His steel was in debt; he
went o' the backside the town.
Clo. The villain would not stand me.
Second Lord. Aside. No; but he fled forward
still, toward your face.
First Lord. Stand you! You have land enough
of your own; but he added to your having, gave
you some ground.

Second Lord. Aside. As many inches as you
have oceans. Puppies!
Clo. I would they had not come between us.
Second Lord. Aside. So would I till you had
measured how long a fool you were upon the
ground.
Clo. And that she should love this fellow and
refuse me!

Second Lord. Aside. If it be a sin to make
true election, she is damned.
First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, he
beauty and her brain go not together; she's
a good sign, but I have seen small reflection
of her wit.

Second Lord. Aside. She shines not upon fools;
lost the reflection should hurt her.
Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there
had been some hurt done!
Second Lord. Aside. I wish not so; unless I
had been the fall of an ass, which is no great
hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?
First Lord. I'll attend your lordship.
Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.
Second Lord. Well, my lord.

Exeunt.

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

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou gav'st unto the shores of
the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?
Pis. It was his queen, his queen
Imo. Then wav'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
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

2
Enter Posthumus.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine; how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

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

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you: it had been pity you should have been put together 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 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 voicing, and upon warrant of bloody affirmation, his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attempetable 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 outflusters many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

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

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold, or given; or if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift; the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours, but you know strange fowl light upon neighbouring
ponds. Your ring may be stolen too; so your 
brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but 
frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a 
that way accomplished courtier, would hazard 
the winning both of first and last.
Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished 
a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, 
if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her 
frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of 
thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring. 110
Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.
Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy 
signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; 
we are familiar at first.
Iach. With five times so much conversation 
I should get ground of your fair mistress, make 
her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance 
and opportunity to friend.
Post. No, no.
Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of 
my estate to your ring which, in my opinion, 
"ervalues it something; but I make my wager 
rather against your confidence than her reputation; 
and, to bar your offence herein too, I 
durst attempt it against any lady in the world.
Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold 
a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what 
you're worthy of by your attempt.
Iach. What's that?
Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you 
call it, deserve more,—a punishment too. 133
Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in 
too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I 
pray you, be better acquainted.
Iach. Would I had put my estate and my 
neighbour's on the approbation of what I have 
spoke!
Post. What lady would you choose to assail?
Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think 
stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand 
ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the 
court where your lady is, with no more advantage 
than the opportunity of a second conference, 
and I will bring from thence that honour of 
ers which you imagine so reserved. 145
Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: 
my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.
Iach. You are afraid, and 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's; my mistress exceeds in goodness 
the hugeness of your unworthy thinking; I 
dare you to this match. Here's my ring. 160
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 thou-
sand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too; if 
I come off, and leave her in such honour as you 
have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, 
and my gold are yours; provided I have your 
commendation for my more free entertainment.
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 pre-
vailed, I am no further your enemy; she is no 
worth our debate: if she remain unseduced 
you not making it appear otherwise, for your 
opinion, and the assault you have made to her 
chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.
Iach. Your hand; a covenant. We will have 
these things set down by lawful counsel, and 
straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should 
catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold 
and have our two wagers recorded.
Post. Agreed.

Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.

French. Will this hold, think you?
Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray 
let us follow'em.

Exeunt.

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

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whilest yet the dew's on ground, gather 
those flowers; 
First Lady. Make haste; who has the note of them? 
Queen. Dispatch. 
Cor. Pleseth your highness, ay; here they 
are, madam; 
Presenting a small box.
Cor. But I beseech your grace, without offence, 
My conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have 
Commanded of me these most poisonous com-
ounds, 
Which are the movers of a languishing death, 
But though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor, 

Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been 
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how 
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? y'ea, so 
That our great king himself doth woe me oft 
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded 
Unless thou think'st me devilish, 'tis not meet 
That I did amplify my judgment in 
Other conclusions? I will try the forces 
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as 
We count not worth the hanging, but none 

human, 
To try the vigour of them and apply 
Allayments to their act, and by them gather 
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness, 

Shall from this practice but make hard your 

heart; 
Besides, the seeing these effects will be 
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O! content thee.

Enter PISANIO.

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

Cor. Aside. 

I do suspect you, madam 
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. To Pisanio. Hark thee, a word.
Cor. Aside. I do not like her. She doth think she has range lingering poisons; I do know her spirit, and will not trust one of her malice with the drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has will staprify and dull the sense awhile; nch first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs, ben afterward up higher; but there is o danger in what show of death it makes, o\n\nmore the locking-up the spirits a time, o\n\nbe more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd ith a most false effect; and I the truer, o\nto 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
\n\ne will not quench, and let instructions enter here folly now possesses? Do thow work: \n\nthen shalt bring me word she loves my son, \n\nI'll tell thee on the instant thou art then s\ngreat as is thy master; greater, for is fortunes all lie speechless, and his name: at last gasp; return he cannot, nor continue where he is; to shift his being to exchange one misery with another, and every day that comes to decay day's work in him. What shalt thou expect, o be depended on a thing that leans, oho cannot be new built, nor has no friends, o much as but to prop him?

The QUEEN drops the box; PISANIO takes it up.

Thou tak'st up what know'st not what; but take it for thy labour: is a thing I made, which hath the king's times redeem'd from death; I do not know that is more cordial: nay, I prithee, take it; is an earnest of a further good that I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how the case stands with her; do 't as from thyself. Think what a chance thou changest on, but think thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son, Who shall take notice of thee. 'I'll move the king to any shape of thy preferment such as thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly, that set thee on to this desert, am bound to load thy merit richly. Call my women; think on my words.

Exit PISANIO.

A sly and constant knave, Not to be 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 leigers for her sweet, and which she after, except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd to taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done. The violets, cowslips, and the primroses Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio; Think on my words.

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 VI.—The Same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter IMOGN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false; A foolish suitor to a wedded lady, That hath her husband banish'd: O! that husband;

My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n, As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable Is the desire that's glorious: bless'd be those, How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills, Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

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

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

Presents a letter. Imo. Thanks, good sir: You're kindly welcome.

Iach. Aside. All of her that is out of door most rich! If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, She is alone the Arabian bird, and I Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend! Arm me, audacity, from head to foot! Or, like the Partian, I shall flying fight; Rather, directly fly.

Imo. He is one of the noblest note, to whose kind-

n esses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust—

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud;

But even the very middle of my heart Is 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 orb above and the twin'd stones Upon the number'd beach, and can we not Partition make with spectacles so precious 'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be 't the eye; for apes and monkeys 'Twixt two such she's would chatter this way and Contemn with mows the other; nor 't the judgment, For idiots in this case of favour would Be wisely definite; nor 't the appetite. Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd Should make desire vomit emptiness, Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will, That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both ill'd and running, ravening first the lamb, 
Longs after for the garbage.

I MO. What, dear sir,
This raps you? Are you well?

IACH. Thanks, madam, well.

To PISANO. Beseech you, sir,
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him;
He's strange and peevish.

PIS. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. Exit.

I MO. Continues well my lord his health.
beseech you!

IACH. Well, madam.

I MO. 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.

I MO. 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 his 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?

I MO. Will my lord say so?

IACH. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with
laughter:
It is a recreation to be by
And bear him mock the Frenchman; but,
heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

I MO. 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 account his beyond all talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

I MO. What do you pity, sir?

IACH. Two creatures, heartily.

I MO. Am I one, sir?

IACH. 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?

I MO. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

IACH. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

I MO. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born, discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

IACH. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch
Whose every touch, would force the feele'r
soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join grips with hand,
Made hard with hourly falsehood, falsehood as
With labour, then by-peeping in an eye
Base and infernous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at some time
Encounter such revolt.

I MO. 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 grace
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

I MO. 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
Would make the great'st king double, to be
partner'd
With tom-boys hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd
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.

I MO. Reveng'd!

IACH. 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 Diann's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Where he is vaulting variable rumps,
In your despite, upon yoururse! Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

I MO. What, ho, Pisanio!

IACH. Let me my service tender on your lips.

I MO. Away! I do condemn mine ears that
have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What, ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!

IACH. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Britain. Before Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cloen and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! I have kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be shot! 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.

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

Second Lord. Aside. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

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

Second Lord. No, my lord; Aside. nor crop the ears of them.

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

Second Lord. Aside. To have smelt like a fool, I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth. A pox 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-salve hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Second Lord. Aside. You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

Second 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.

Second Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

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

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

Second Lord. Aside. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord. There's an Italian come; and 'tis thought one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

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

First Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

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

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

Second Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Exeunt Cloen 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 endure'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make. The heavens hold
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 Bedchamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

Im. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Im. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Im. I have read three hours then; mine eyes are weak;
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning,
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath 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. IACHIMO comes from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlaboured sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou 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 canopied
Under these windows, white and azure lace'd
With blue of heaven's own tint. But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
The adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
Ah! but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep! thou age 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
To the bottom of a cowslip; here's a voucher
Stronger than ever law could make; this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and

ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late.
The tale of Tenerus; 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, the
dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

One, two, three: time, time!

SCENE III.—An Antechamber adjoining
IMOGEN'S Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most pattern
man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned
up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.
First Lord. But not every man patient after
the noble temper of your lordship. You are
most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage.
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
gold enough. It's almost morning, 's not?

First Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am
advised to give her music o' mornings; the
say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus' gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalybeate waters that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise

Aris, arise!

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

Exeunt Musicians.

Second Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the
reason I was up so early; he cannot choose but
take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious
mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern
daughter!

Will she not forth?
Cymbeline.

Clo. I have assailed her with musings, but she
achscaves no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new,
yet this is 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,
so lets go by no vantages that may
refer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
orderly solicits, 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,
when command to your discretion tends,
and therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Cym. A worthy fellow,
beit he comes on angry purpose now;
at that's no fault of his: we must receive him
according to the honour of his sender;
and towards himself, his goodness forspent on us,
e must extend our notice. Our dear son,
then you have given good morning to your
mistress,
tend the queen and us; we shall have need
to employ you towards this Roman. Come,
our queen. 

Exeunt all but Cloten.

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

Knocks.

know her women are about her. What
I do line one of their hands? 'tis gold
hich buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and
makes
ana's rangers false themselves, yield up
'ce heer to the stande' the stealer; and 'tis gold
hich makes the true man kill'd and saves the
thief;
zy, sometime hangs both thief and true man.

What
in it do not and undo? I will make
her women lawyer to me, for
yet not understand the case myself.
y your leave. 

Knocks. 80

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentilwomans son.

Lady. That's more
han some whose tailors are as dear as yours
an justly boast of. What's your lordship's
pleasure?

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

Lady. Ay,

o keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good
report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
that I shall think is good?—The princess!

Exit.

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest; sister, your sweet
hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too
much pains
For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being
silent
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my
sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal; and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
To accuse myself, I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none;
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
Yet who than he more mean? to knit their souls
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom; thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more miscarriage than
come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee.
Were they all made such men. How now,
Pisanio!

Enter Pisanio.

Clo. 'His garment!' Now the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman lie there pre-
ently—

Clo. 'His garment!'

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

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go and search.

Exit PISANIO.

Clo. You have abus'd me:

His meaneast garment!' Ay, I said so, sir.
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent.

Clo. I'll be reveng'd.

His meaneast garment!' Well. Exit. 160


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 scars'd
hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die 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's commission throughly, and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrarages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cesar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at; their discipline,
Now mingled with their courage, will be known
to their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACCHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo! Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails.
To make your vessel nimble.

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

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very likely.
Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court?
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected there.
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is not
Too durl for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit.
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further, but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To whom shall find them?

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber
Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching, it was hang
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, lition 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 auditories, had forgot them, were two winking Cupids of silver, each on one foot standing; nicely depending on their bands.

Post. This is her honour! set 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, be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see! Showing the bracelet. 

And now 'tis up again; it must be married to that your diamond; I 'll keep them.

Post. Once more let me behold it. Is it that Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that: he stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet; fer pretty action did outsell her gift, and yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me, and said he 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. 

t is a basilisk unto mine eye, kills me to look on 't. Let there he 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 above measure false.

Phi. Have patience, sir, and take your ring again; 'tis not yet won: 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. Tender 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. Hark 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 induc'd to steal it! And by a stranger! No, he hath enjoy'd her; The cognizance of her incontinency is this; she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly. There, take thy hire; and all the fends 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 by him.

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

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

Iach. Will you hear more? Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count the 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 'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I 'll deny nothing. Post. O! that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal. I will go there and do 't, i' the court, before Her father. I 'll do something— 

Exit. 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.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be but women Must be half-workers? We are all bawds; And that most venerable man which I Did call my father was I know not where When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd The Dian of that time; so doth my wife The nonpareil of this. O! vengeance, vengeance; Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O! all the devils! This yellow Iachimo, in an hour, was 't not? Or less, at first? or perchance he spoke not, but Like a full-scor'd boar, a German one, cried ' O!' and mounted; found no opposition But what he look'd for should oppose and she Should from encounter guard. Could I find out The woman's part in me! For there's no motion That tends to vice in man but I affirm It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it, The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers; Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers; Ambitions, coveting, change of prides, disdain, Nice longing, slanders, mutability. All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows, Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all; For even to vice They are not constant, but are changing still One vice but of a minute old for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them, Detest them, curse them. Yet 'tis greater skill In a true hate to pray they have their will: The very devils cannot plague them better. Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain.  A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Clooten, 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 untender'd. Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever. Clo. There be many Caesars Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself, and we will nothing pay For wearing our own noses. Queen. That opportunity Which then they had to take from's, to resume We have again. Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors, together with The natural bravery of your isle, which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters, With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats, But suck them up to the topmast. 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 shipping, 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, Make Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright, And Britons strut with courage. Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and as I said, there is no more such Caesars; other of them may have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none. Cym. Son, let your mother end. Clo. We have yet many among us can grieve 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's; which to shake off Becomes a war-like people, whom we reckon 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 many mangled; whose repair and franchise Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws, Who was the first of Britain which did put His brows within a golden crown, and call'd Himself a king. Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline, That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar, Caesar, 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 knighted me; my youth I spent Much under him; of him I gather'd honour; Which he to seek of me again, perforces, 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, pastime with us a day or two, or longer; if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle; if you beat us out of it, it is yours. If you fall in the adventure our crowns shall fare the better for you; and there's an end. Luc. So, sir. Cym. I know your master's pleasure and mine: All the remain is 'Welcome!' Eteuna.

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter Pisania, reading a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery! Wherefore write you not What monster's her accuser? Leonatus! O master! what a strange infection Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian, As poisonous tongue as had, hath prevail'd On thy too ready hearing! Disloyal! No; She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes, More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults As would take in some virtue. O my master! Thy mind to her is now as low as were Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her! Upon the love and truth and vows which I Have made to thy command! I, her? her blood? If it be so to do good service, never
t me be counted serviceable. How look I,
at I should seem to lack humanity
much as this fact comes to?

Do't. The letter
at I have sent her, by her own command
all give their opportunity.

O damn'd paper!
ack as the ink that's on thee. Senseless
bauble,
t thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes, ignornant in what I am commanded.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. How now, Pisario?
Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus. I learn'd indeed were that astronomer
at knew the stars as I his characters:
'd lay the future open. You good gods,
t what is here contain'd relish of love,
30 my lord's health, of his content, yet not
at we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
I give freely, and med'cinsable; that is one of
themselves
it doth physic love: of his content,
but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Bless'd be
a bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers

d men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;
ough forfeits you cast in prison,
clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news,
gods!

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take
in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as
O the dearest of creatures, would even renew
with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Camb.
at Milford-Haven; what your own love will
of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all
piness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your,
reason in love.

Leonatus Posthumus.

for a horse with wings. Hear'st thou, Pisano?
is at Milford-Haven; read, and tell me
ow 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
plod it in a week, why may not I
ide thither in a day? Then, true Pisano,
ho long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who
long'st,
le me 'bate; but not like me; yet long'st,
it in a fainder kind: O! not like me,
or mine's beyond beyond; say, and speak
thick;
we's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
the smothering of the sense, how far it is
this same blessed Milford; and, by the way,
d me how Wales was made so happy as
inherit such a haven; but first of all,
now we may steal from hence, and for the gap
at we shall make in time, from our hence-going
id our return, to excuse; but first, how get
hence.
hy should excuse be born or e'er begot?
e'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
ow many score of miles may we well ride
wixt 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 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run 't the clock's behalf. But this is
foolery;
Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She 'll home to her father; and provide me
presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.
Pis. Madam, you're best consider.
Imo. I see before me, man; nor here, nor
here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say; si
Accessible is none but Milford way. Exeunt.

Scene III.—Wales. A mountainous Country,
with a Cave.

Enter from the Cave Belarius, Guiderius
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 a morning's holy office; the gates of
monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport. Up to yond
hill;
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats.
Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have
told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd; to apprehend thus
Draws us a profit from all things we see,
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharped 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 bribe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk;
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours
Gui. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor
unfed'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 a-bed,
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Aud. 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 war-like as the wolf for what we eat;
Our valor is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison’d bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city’s sinsures
And felt them knowingly; the art o’ the court,
As hard as leave to as keep, whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear’s as bad as falling; the toil o’ the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I’ the name of fame and honour; which dies i’ the
search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what’s worse,
Must court’ry at the censure. O boys! this story
The world may read in me; my body’s mark’d
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note; Cymbeline 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 prevails’d
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline I
was confederate with the Romans; so
Follow’d my banishment, and this twenty years
This rock and these 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 mountains!
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.

Enter Guiderius and Arviragus.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine; and though train’d up thus meanly
I’ the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them in
Simple and low things to 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 stool I sit and tell
The war-like feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say! Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on ‘s neck;’ even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself to posture
That acts my words. The younger brother
Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech and shows much me
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous’d
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience know
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babbles
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou rest’st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee in
their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call’d,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

Scene IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisania and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told’st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand: ne’er long’d my mother so
To see me first, as I have now. Pisania! may
That silver stream be Posthumus! What is in thy mind.
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore seems that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thou
Would be interpreted a thing perplex’d
Beyond self-explication; put thyself into a hov’r of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What’s the matter
Why tender’st thou that paper to me with
A look untender? If ’t be summer news,
Smile to ’t before; if winterly, thou need’st
But keep that countenance still. My husband
hand!
That drug-damn’d Italy hath outcramm’d him.
And he’s at some hard point. Speak, man; the
tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain’d of fortune.

Imo. Thy mistress, Pisania, hath played a
strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof
Bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmis but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain
as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisania,
must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with
breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away
life; I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven
She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if
fear to strike, and to make me certain it is do
thou art the pandar to her dishonour and equal to me disposed.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my swor paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, ‘tis slander
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, who
tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose brea
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
Believe false teachers; though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rarereness; and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be discedg'd by her
That now thou 'stir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.
Fritteke, dispatch;
The lamb entertain the butcher; where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time,
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither?
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd;
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.
Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pis. If you'll back to the court,—
Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Clooten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but In Britain? I the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow; now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O! for such means:
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Woman it pretty self, into a wagish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the wasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it; but, O! the harder heart,
Alack! no remedy, to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
For thinking this, I have already fit,
'Tis in my cloak-bag, doublet, hat, hose, and
All that answer to them; would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble
Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy, which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music, doubtless
With joy he will embrace you, for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away;
There's more to be consider'd, but we'll even
All that good time will give us; this attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short fare-
well,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box, I had it from the queen,
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at
sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best!

he pray'd me to excuse her keeping close, 
thereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
he should that duty leave unpaid to you,
'thich daily she was bound to proffer; this
he wish'd me to make known, but our great court
ade me to blame in memory.

Cym. 

'Her doors lock'd! so
ot seen of late! Grant, heavens, that which
I fear
rove false! Exit.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisiano, her old servant,
have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. Exit CLO. 

isiano, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
roceed by swallowing that, for he believes
is a thing most precious. But for her,
there is she gone? Haply despair hath seiz'd her,
wing'd with fav'our of her love, she's flown
her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
death or to dishonour, and my end
make good use of either; she being down,
have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLO. 

ow now, my son!

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
in and cheer the king; he rages, none
are come about him.

Queen. Aside. All the better; may
his night forestall him of the coming day! Exit. 

Clo. I love and hate her; for she's fair and royal,
and she has all courtly parts more exquisite
an lady, ladies, woman; from every one
she best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
tells us all. I love her therefore; but
maming and throwing favours on
low Posthumus slanders so her judgment
at what's else rare is chok'd, and in that point
will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
be reveng'd upon her, for when fools
fall—

Enter PISANO. 

Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah? 
me hither. Ah! you precious pandar. Villain, 
here is thy lady? In a word; or else
are straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O! good my lord.

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter
will not ask again. Close villain,
'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
rom whose so many weights of baseness cannot
dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas! my lord,
wan can she be with him? When was she
is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer,
urther halting; satisfy me home
hat is become of her.

Pis. O! my all-worthy lord.

Clo. All-worthy villain! 
cover where thy mistress is at once
the next word; no more of 'worthy lord!'
peak, or thy silence on the instant is
condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge.
Touching her flight, 

Pis. Aside. 

Clo. Let's see. I will pursue her.

Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Aside. Or this, or perish.
She's fair enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. 

Pis. Aside. I'll write to my lord she's dead.
O Imogen!

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again.

Pis. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Pis. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't. Sirrah,
if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true
service, undergo those employments wherein I
should have cause to use thee with a serious
industry; that, is what villany soe'er I bid thee
do, to perform it directly and truly, I would
thee an honest man; thou should'st
neither want my means for thy relief nor my
voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently
and constantly thou hast stuck to the 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
mistrress.

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
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 beheld
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 PISANO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Pis. How long is since she went to Milford-
Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that
is the second thing that I have commanded
thee; the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary
mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true
preferment shall tender itself to thee. My
revenge is now at Milford; would I had wings
to follow it! Come, and be true.
**Scene VI.**—Wales. _Before the Cave of Belarius._

_Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes._

*Imo.* I see a man's life is a tedious one; I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed; I should be sick But that my resolution helps me. Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, Where they should be relied'v. Two beggars told me I could not miss my way; will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis

_A Punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord! Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,

My hunger's gone, but even before I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to 't; 'tis some savage hold;
I was best not call, I dare not call, yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards, hardness ever Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here? 22
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage, Take or lend. Ho! No answer! Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on it. Such a foe, good heavens! _Enters the cave._

**Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.**

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

*Gui.* I am throughly weary.

*Arv.* I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

*Gui.* There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that. Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd, _Bel._ Looking into the cave. Stay; come not in;

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

*Gui.* What's the matter, sir?

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

_Re-enter Imogen._

*Imo.* Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought To have begg'd or bought what I have took
Good truth,
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat;
I would have left it on the board so soon As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

*Gu.* Money, youth.

*Arv.* 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're angry.

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should Have died had I not made it.

*Bel.* Two To Milford-Haven.

*Bel.* What's 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 fall'n in this offence.

*Bel.* Prithie, fair youth,

Think us no churls, nor measure our good mind 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.

*Gu.* Were you a woman, youth I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty, I bid for you as I'd buy.

*Arv.* I'll make 't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother; And such a welcome as I'd give to him After long absence, such is yours: most wel come! Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends. _Imo._ 'Mongst friends If brothers. _Aside._ Would it had been so, that they Had been my father's sons; then had my prize Been less, and so more equal ballasting To thee, Posthumus.

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress

*Gui.* Would I could free 't!

*Arv.* 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, lying 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.
Bel. It shall be so.
ys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in;
scourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
e'll mannerly demand thee of thy story, far as thou wilt seem it.
Gui. Pray, draw near.
Avr. The night to the owl and morn to the
dark less welcome.
Ino. Thanks, sir.
Avr. I pray, draw near. Execunt.

SCENE VII.—Rome. A public Place.
Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
at since the common men are now in action
first the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
d that the legion now in Gallia are
ll weak to undertake our wars against
fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
gentry to this business. He creates
ius proconsul; and to you the tribunes,
this immediate levy, he commends
absolute commission. Long live Caesar! 10
\text{Is Lucius general of the forces?}

Second Sen. istr. Remaining now in Gallia?

First Sen. With those legions
rich I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
be supplyant; the words of your commis-
ll tie you to the numbers and the time
their dispatch.
\text{Iri.} We will discharge our duty.
Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Wales. The Forest, near the Cave of
Belarius.
Enter Cloten.

No. I am near to the place where they should
et, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit
garments serve me! Why should his mistress,
was made by him that made the tailor, not
fit too? the rather, saving reverence of the
ld, for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by
Therein I must play the workman. I dare
ak it to myself, for it is not vain-glory for a
and his glass to confer in his own chamber,
ean, the lines of my body are as well drawn
is; no less young, more strong, not beneath
fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of
time, above him in birth, alike conversant in
eral services, and more remarkable in single
positions; yet this imperceiverant thing loves
in my despi. What mortality is! Post-
nus, thy head, which now is growing upon
shouders, shall within this hour be off, thy
tress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces
thy face; and all this done, spurn her
me to her father, who may haply be a little
ly for my so rough usage, but my mother,
ing 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 de-
scription of their meeting-place; and the fellow
dares not deceive me.

Exit.

SCENE II.—Before the Cave of Belarius.
Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guiderius,
Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. To Imogen. You are not well; remain
here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.
Avr. To Imogen. Brother, stay here;
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be,
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
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 am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it; pray you, trust me
here,
I'll rob none but myself, and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What! how! how! 20
Avr. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at
door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
'My father, not this youth.'
Bel. Aside. O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire
base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Both miracle itself, lov'd before me.
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.
Avr. Brother, farewell. 30
Imo. I wish ye sport.
Avr. You health. So please you, sir.
Imo. Aside. These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:
Experience, O! thou 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. Swallows some.
Gui. I could not stir him;
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Avr. Thus did he answer me; yet said here-
after
I might know more.
Bel. To the field, to the field!
We'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.
Arr. We'll not be long away.

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

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

Bel. And shall be ever. Exit Imogen.

This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arr. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots
In characters,
And scoured our broth's as Juno had been sick
And his dieter.

Arr. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mock'd 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.

Arr. Grow, patience!
And let the Morning, 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 fearsoamish, I
Saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence!

Gui. He is but one. You and your brother search
What companies are near; pray you, away; let
Me alone with him.

Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.

Clo. Soft! What are you That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers? I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I An arm as big as thine? a heart as big? Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art, why Should I yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal, Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes, Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet, My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool; I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief, Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name, I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, or adder,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear.

Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know I am son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for 't; not seeing
Thy worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afraid?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, to 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 head.

Yield, rustic mountaineer.

Re-enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No companies abroad?

Arr. None in the world. You did mistake his sure.

Bel. I cannot tell; long is it since I saw him. But time hath nothing blur'd those lines of favor Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice And burst of speaking, were as his. I a absolute

'Twas very Cloten.

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

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

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse. There was no money in 't. Not Hercules Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none; Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne My head as I do his.

Bel. Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten head, Son to the queen, after his own report; Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swor With his own single hand he 'd take us in, Displace our heads where, thank the gods! the grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to los But that he swore to take, our lives? The law Protects not us; then why should we be tend 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 he humour Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, nor 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,
ay make some stronger head; the which he

Day make some stronger head; the which he

'm it is like him, might break out, and swear

e'd fetch us in; yet 'tis not probable

0 come alone, either he so undertaketh,

t they so suffering; then on good ground we

fear, we do fear this body hath a tail

ore perilous than the head.

Arr. Let ordinance

one as the gods foresay it; howsoe'er,
y brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

0 hunt this day; the boy Fidele's sickness

'd make my way long forth.

Guí. With his own sword,

hich he did wave against my throat, I have

ta'en

is head from him; I'll throw 't into the creek

shind our rock, and let it to the sea,

'td tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:

at's all I reck.

Exit. Bel.

I fear 'twill be reveng'd.

ould, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though

valour

comes thee well enough.

Arr. Would I had done't,

't the revenge alone pursu'd me! Polydore,

love thee brotherly, but envy much

ou hast robb'd me of this deed; I would

revenge,

et possible strength might meet, would seek

us through

'd put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done.

'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger

er here there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;

ou and Fidele play the cooks; I'll stay

'hasty Polydore return, and bring him

'dinner presently.

Arr. Poor sick Fidele!

'llingally to him; to gain his colour

let a parish of such Clotens blood,

'd praise myself for charity.

Exit. Bel.

O thou goddess! these two princely boys. They are as gentle

zephyrs, blowing below the violet,

ot wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,

ir royal blood enchant'd, as the rust'd wind,

ut by the top cloth take the mountain pine,

'd make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder

hat an invisible instinct should frame them

roiety unlearn'd, honour untaught,

illity not seen from other, valour

at wildly grows in them, but yields a crop

if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange

hat Cloten's being here to us portends,

't what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guí. Where's my brother?

have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,

embassy to his mother; his body's hostage

or his return.

Solemn music.

Bel. My ingenious instrument!

ark! Polydore, it sounds; but what occasion

ath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Guí. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.
As once our mother; use like note and words, 
Save that Euriphisthe must be Fidele.

**Gui.** Cadwal, I cannot sing; I'll weep, and word it with thee; 
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fances that lie.

**Arr.** We'll speak it then. 
**Bel.** Great griefs, I see, medicine the less, for Clo- 

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys, 
And though he came our enemy, remember 
He was paid for that; though mean and mighty, roting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence, 
That angel of the world, doth make distinction 
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely, 
And though you took his life, as being our foe, 
Yet bury him as a prince.

**Gui.** Pray you, fetch him hither. 
**Thersites'** body is as good as Ajax, 
When neither are alive.

**Arr.** If you'll go fetch him, 
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin. 
**Exit Belarius.**

**Gui.** Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east; 
**My father hath a reason for't.**

**Arr.** 'Tis true. 
**Gui.** Come on then, and remove him. 
**Arr.** So, begin.

**Gui.** Fear no more the heat o' the sun, 
Nor the furious winter's rage; 
**Thou** and th' worldly task hast done, 
**Home** art gone, and **'tis** en**'thy wages**; 
Golden lads and girls all must, 
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

**Arr.** Fear no more the frown o' the great, 
**Thou** art past the tyrant's stroke; 
**Care** no more to clothe and eat; 
**To** thee the red is as the oak: 
The sceptre, learning, physic, must 
All follow this, and come to dust.

**Gui.** Fear no more the lightning-flash, 
**Nor** the all-dreaded thunder-stone; 
**Gui.** Fear not slander, censure rash; 
**Arr.** Thou hast finish'd joy and mom; 
Both, all lovers young, all lovers must 
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

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

**Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Clo- 

We have done our obsequies. Come, 
lay him down. 
**Bel.** Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight, more; 
The herbs that have on them cold dew 'o' the night Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces. 
You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so 
These herbs let shall, which we upon you strew. 
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.

The ground that gave them first has them again. 
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

**Exit Belarius, Guideius, and 

Im. Arvagus. Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven 
which is the way? 

I thank you. By yond bush? Pray, how far 
therith? 

'Od'seittikins! can it be six mile yet? 
I have gone all night. Faith, I'll lie down and sleep. 

But, soft! no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses 

Seeing the body of Clo- 

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world. 
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream 
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper, 
And cook to honest creatures; but 'tis not so, 
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing. 
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eye 
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's leg, this is his hand, 
His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh, 
The browns of Hercules; but his Jovial face— 
Murther in heaven! How! 'Tis gone. Pisanio 
All curses madding Hecuba gave the Greeks, 
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou, 
Conspir'd with that irreligious devil, Clo- 
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read 
Be henceforth t'cacherous! Damn'd Pisanio 
Hath with his forged letters, damn'd Pisanio, 
From this most bravest vessel of the world 
Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas! 
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me 
where's that! 
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart, 
And left this head on. How should this be 
Pisanio? 
'Tis he and Clo-; malice and lucre in them 
Have slipt this woe here. 0! 'tis pregnant 
pregnant. 
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious 
And cordial to me, have I not found it 
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home 
This is Pisanio's deed, and Clo-; O! 
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 
That we the horrid may seem to those 
Which chance to find us. 0! my lord, my lord 
Palls on the body.

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

Soothsayer.**

**Cap.** To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia 
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending 
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships: 
They are in readiness. 
**Luc.** But what from Rome? 
**Cap.** The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners 
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits, 
That promise noble service; and they come 
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 
Sienna's brother. 

**Luc.** When expect you them? 
**Cap.** With the next benefit o' the wind.
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 some-
time
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.
Cym. He's 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 wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?
Ino. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good, 379
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!
There is no more such masters; I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
By 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.
Ino. Richard du Champ. Aside. If I do lie
and do
So harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Ino. Fidele, sir.
Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very
same;
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy
name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well mistrust'd, but be sure
So less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.
Ino. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the
gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd
his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh:
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.
Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us many duties; let us
Find out the prettiest daub'd plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and parissians
A grave; come, arm him. Boy, he is prefer'd
By thee to us, and he shall be inter'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.
Exeunt.

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

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisano, and
Attendants.
Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis
with her.
Exit an Attendant.
A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life's in danger.
Heavens!
How deeply you at once do touch me. Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes n.e. 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.
Pi. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mist-
ress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your
highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.
First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here;
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Coten;
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.
Cym. The time is troublesome.
To Pisano. We'll slip you for a season; but our
jealousy
Does yet depend.
First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.
Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and
queen!
I am amaz'd with matter.
First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can afford no less
Than what you hear of; come more, for more
you're ready.
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away!
Exeunt all but Pisano,
Pis. I heard no letter from my master since I wrote him Imogen was slain; 'tis strange; Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise To yield me often tidings; neither know I What is betid to Cloten; but remain Perplex’d in all: the heavens still must work. Wherein I am false I am honest; not true to be true. These present wars shall find I love my country, Even to the note o’ the king, or I’ll fall in them. All other doubts, by time let them be clear’d; Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer’d.  

Exit.

Scene IV.—Wales. Before the Care of Belarius.  
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, To the king’s party there’s no going; newness Of Cloten’s death, we being not known, not muster’d  
Among the bands, may drive us to a render Where we have liv’d, and so extort from’s that Which we have done, whose answer would be death Drawn on with torture.  

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt In such a time nothing becoming you, Nor satisfying us.  

Arc. It is not likely That when they hear the Roman horses neigh, Behold their quarter’d fires, have both their eyes And cars so cloud’d importantly as now, That they will waste their time upon our note, To know from whence we are.  

Bel. O! I am known Of many in the army; many years, Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him From my remembrance. And, besides, the king Hath not deserv’d my service nor your loves, Who find in my exile the want of breeding, The certainty of this hard life; ‘ye 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 o’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 ne’er wore ravel 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 of your lives you set So slight a valuation, should reserve My crack’d one to more care. Have with you, boys!  
If in your country wars you chance to die, That is my bed too, lads, and there I’ll lie: Lead, lead. Aside. The time seems long; their blood thinks soon, Till it fly out and show them princes born.  

Exeunt.

Act V.

Scene I.—Britain. The Roman Camp.  
Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.  

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I’ll keep thee, for I wish’d Thou shouldst be colour’d thus. You married ones, If each of you shall 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 sav’d The noble Imogen to repent, and struck Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack! You snatch some hence for little faults; that’s love, To have them fall no more; you some permit To second ills with ills, each elder worse, And make them dread it, to the doers’ thrift, But Imogen is your own; do your best wills, And make me 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, Pity’d nor hated, to the face of peril Myself I’ll dedicate. Let me make men know More valour in me than my habits show. Gods! put the strength o’ the Leonati in me, To shame the guise o’ the world, I will begin The fashion, less without and more within.  

Exit.
SCENE II.—Field of Battle between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter, at one side, Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army; at the other side, the British Army; Leonatus Posthumus following, like a poor soldier. They march over and out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus; he vanquished and disarmed 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
Reverently enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods.

Exit.

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken; then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guidierius, 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.
Out, Arr. Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons;
They rescue Cymbeline, and execut. Then re-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-inforce, or fly.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Lord. Can'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did; Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did. Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought. The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having
work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was
damn'd
With dead men hurrying, 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's country; athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation's, or shame,
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men;
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards.

Stand!

Or we are Romans and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save,

But to look back in frown: stand, stand!'
These three,
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
For, by example, O! a sin in war,

Damn'd in the first beginners; gun to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon
A rout, confusion thick; forthwith they fly

Chickens, the way which they stoo'd eagles; slaves,
The mintries which they victors made. And now our cowards,

Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need; having found the back-
door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens! how they wound;
Some slain before; some dying; some their friends

O'erborne i' the former wave; ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;
Those that would die or ere resist are grown

The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you ride upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bone.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.
Post. 'Lack! to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For he'll do as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rime. Lord. Farewell; you're angry. Exit.
Post. Still going? This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly
monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft
beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives 't the war. Well, I will
find him;
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in; fight I will no more,
But yi'd me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's
death;
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Iomgen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius
is taken.
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were
angels.
Second Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly
habit,
That gave the affront with them.

First Cap. So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who's
there?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here if seconds
Had answer'd him.
Second Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog! a
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, Guide-
rius, Arviragus, Pisario, and Roman Capt.
vies. The Captains present Posthumus to
Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler;
then exit on sons.

Scene IV. — A British Prison.

Enter Posthumus and two Gaoler.s.

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you
have locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.
Second Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a
way,
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better
Than one that's sick of the gout, since he had
rather
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 all my.
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.

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius
Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man,
threw a helmet; leading in his hand an
ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Post-
humus, 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 Jovis chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Ithath my poor boy done ought but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:
Whose father then, as men report
Thou orphans' father art,
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-eating smart.

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

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise of the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Mother. With marriage wherefor was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen!

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachino,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nimmer heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the gnat and scorn
Of the other's villany?
Cymbeline.

Scene IV.

Second Bro. For this fromrules we come, Our parents and we twain, That striking in our country's cause Fell bravely and were slain: Our fealty and Taminus' right With honour to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath To Cymbeline perform'd: Then, Jupiter thy king of gods, Why hast thou thus adjourn'd The graces for his merits due, Being all to disorders turn'd? 

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out; No lower exercise Upon a valiant race thy harsh And potential injures. 

Other. 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 synd of the rest Against thy deity.

Oth Bro. Help, Jupiter! or we appeal, And from thy justice fly.

UPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt; the Ghosts fall on their knees.

up. No more, you petty spirits of region low, Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts cease the thunderer, whose bolt, you know, Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts! 'mid shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest. 

Upon your never-withering banks of flowers: not with mortal accidents oppress. 

No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours. He best love I love I was born: to make my gift; 

The more dear'v, delighted. Be content, Our low-had son our godhead will uplift: 

His comforts thrive, his trials weil are spent. 

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, and away; no further with your din 

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine. 

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

Descends. 

Sici. He came in thunder, his celestial breath Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle stole up, as to foot us; his ascension is more sweet than our blessed 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 closes; he is enter'd His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest, Let us with care perform his great beshot.

The Ghosts vanish.

Post. Awaking. Sleep, thou hast been a grand- sire, and begot A father to me; and thou hast created A mother and two brothers. But, O scorn!

Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born: And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend On greatness' favour dream as I have done; Wake, and find nothing. But, alas! I swerve: Many dream not to find, neither deserve,

And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I, That have this golden chance and know not why. What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one! 

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers, As good as promise.

Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking food, 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 grove, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing; Or senseless speaking, or a speaking Such as sense cannot untie. Be what it is, The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Goolers.

First Gool. Come, sir, are you ready for death? 

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

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

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

First Gool. 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 fain for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink, sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquaintance follows.

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

First Gool. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache; but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow. 

First Gool. Your death has eyes in its 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.

First Gook. 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 bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

First Gook. I'll be hanged then.

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

First Gook. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O! there were desolation of gaullers and gallows.

I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

Exit.

SCENE V.—Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart That the poor soldier that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before targets 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 tidings of him? Piz. He hath been search'd among the dead and living, But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus, which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain, By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are: report it.

Bel. Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen: Further to boast we 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. To sour your happiness, I must report The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician? 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. Prithce, 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 had Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend! Is 'tis 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 linger By inches waste you; in which time she purpos'd, By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to Overcome you with her show; and in time When she had fitted you with her craft, to work Her 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; repeat'd The evils she hatch'd were not effect'd: so Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women and 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, Cains, now for tribute; that The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter Of you their captives, which ourself have granted: So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day Was yours by accident; had it gone with us, We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
prisoners with the sword. But since the
ill have it thus, that nothing but our lives
ay be call’d ransom, let it come; sufficeth 20
Roman with a Roman’s heart can suffer; 21
agustus lives to think on’t; and so much
or my peculiar care. This one thing only
will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
at him be ransom’d; never master had
pace so kind, so duteous, diligent,
tender over his occasions, true,
feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join
my request, which I’ll make bold your
highness
not deny; he hath done no Briton harm, so
ough he have serv’d a Roman. Save him, sir,
ad spare no blood beside.
Cym. I have surely seen him; is favour is familiar to me. Boy,
you hast look’d thyself into my grace, 40
art mine own. I know not why nor
wherefore, say ‘live, boy’; ne’er thank thy master; live;
ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt, 41
ting my bounty and thy state, I’ll give it;
though thou do demand a prisoner,
 noblest ta’en. 42
Imo. I humbly thank your highness. 43
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
yet I know thou wilt. 44
Imo. No, no; alack! 45
ere’s other work in hand. I see a thing
letter to me as death; your life, good master,
ust shuffle for itself.
Luc. The boy distains me,
leaves me, scorns me; briefly die their joys
at place them on the truth of girls and boys,
y stands he so perplex’d? 46
Cym. What wouldst thou, boy? 47
love thee more and more; think more and
fat’s best to ask. Know’st thou thou look’st
on? speak? 48
it have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
an I to thy highness; who, being born your
s, something nearer.
Cym. Wherefore eyest him so? 49
Imo. I’ll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
nd lend my best attention. What’s thy
name? 50
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Cym. Thou’rt my good youth, my page;
’ll be thy master; walk with me; speak freely.
Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart. 51
Bel. Is not this boy rev’d from death? 52
Ir. One and another at more resembles; that sweet rosie lad, 53
ho died, and was Fidele. What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us
not; forbear; natures may be alike; were’t he, I am sure
I would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let’s see further.
Pic. Aside. 54
It is my mistress!
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad. 55
Cymbeline and Imogen come forward. 56
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side; 57
Make thy demand aloud. To Iachimo. Sir,
step you forth; 58
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.
Iomo. My boon is, that this gentleman may
render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. Aside. What’s that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours? 59
Iach. Thou’lt torture me to leave unspoken
that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me? 60
Iach. I am glad to be constrain’d to utter
that
Which torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; ’twas Leonatus’ jewel,
Whom thou didst banish, and, which more may
grieve thee,
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; 61
I had rather thou shouldst 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; accrues’d
The mansion where! ’twas at a feast; O! would
Our viands had been poison’d, or at least
Those which I heav’d to head; the good Post-
numus,
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar’st of good ones; sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
Iam.
For beauty that made barren the swell’d boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye.
Cym. I stand on fire.
Come to the matter.
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 displeasing whom we please’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 sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity, there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams, and
And she alone was cold; whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with

Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In the place of 's bad, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phoebus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain
Post 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

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your diller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof, enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet;
O cunning! how I got it; nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,
Methinks I see him now.—

Post. Coming forward. Ay, so thou dost, Italian fiend! Ay me! most credulous fool,
Eregious 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

By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter; villain-like, I lie;
That cause's 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 villain less than twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord! hear, hear!

Post. Shalt's have a play of this? Thou 
sorrowful page,
There lie thy part. Striking her; she falls.

Pis. O gentlemen! help

Mine and your mistress. O! my Lord Post-

humus,

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!

Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How comes these staggerers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!
Let me end the story: I lew him there.

I have spoken it, and I did it. He was a prince.

A most incivile one. The wrongs he did me were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me th' language that would make me spurn the sea, it could so roar to me. I cut off his head; I am right glad he is not standing here to tell this tale of mine.

I am sorry for thee: thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must dure our law. Thou'rt dead.

That headless man hought had been my lord.

Bind the offender, and take him from our presence.

Stay, sir king. Is man is better than the man he slew, well descended as thyself; and hath of thee merited than a band of Cloten's ever scar for. To the Guard. Let his arms alone; they were not born for bondage.

Why, old soldier, thou dost the worth thou art unpaid for, tasting of our wrath? How of descent good as we?

In that he spake too far.

And thou shalt die for't.

We will die all three: I will prove that two on's are as good I have given out him. My sons, I must mine own part unfold a dangerous speech, laugh, lapily, well for you, sir. Your danger's ours.

And our good his.

Have at it then. By leave; ou hast, great king, a subject who was call'd harius.

What of him? he is banish'd traitor.

He it is that hath sum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man; now not how a traitor.

Take him hence: the whole world shall not save him.

Not too hot: first pay me for the nursing of thy sons; id let it be confiscate all so soon I have receiv'd it.

Nursing of my sons!

I am too blunt and saucy; here's my knee: e I arise I will prefer my sons; id not spare not the old father. Mighty sir, use two young gentlemen, that call me father id think they are my sons are none of mine; ye are the issue of your loins, my liege, id blood of your begetting.

How! my issue!

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan, Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd: Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes, For such and so they are, these twenty years Have I train'd up; those arts they have as I Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as Your highness knows. Their nurse, Europhile, 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 that 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 beneficence of these covering heavens Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy To inlay heaven with stars.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile.

This gentleman, whom I call Polidore, Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius; This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arrivagus, 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.

Guiderius had Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star; It was a mark of wonder.

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.

O! what, am I A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother Rejoiced deliverance more. Bless'd pray you be, That, after this strange starting from your orbs, You may reign in them now. O Imogen! Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

I must, No my lord; I have got two worlds by't. O my gentle brothers!

Have we thus met? O! never say hereafter But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother, When I was but your sister; I you brothers, When ye were so indeed.

Did you e'er meet?

Ay, my good lord.

And at first meeting lov'd;

Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

O rare instinct! When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement Hath to it circumstantial branches, which Distinction should be rich in. Where? how 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 interjubations. See,  
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,  
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye  
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting  
Each object with a joy; the counterchange  
Is severally in all. Let’s quit this ground,  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.  
To Belarius. Thou art my brother; so we’ll hold thee ever.

To this gracious season.  
Cym. All o’erjoy’d,  
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our comfort.

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 grace’d  
The thankings of a king.

I am, sir,  
The soldier that did company these three  
In poor besemiing; ‘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.

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

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.  
Arr. 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’d,  
Appear’d to me, with other spiritly shows  
Of mine own kindred: when I wak’d, I found  
This label on my bosom; whose containing  
Is so from sense in hardness that I can  
Make no collection of it; let him show  
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!
PERICLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.
HELICANUS, two Lords of Tyre.
ESCADES, Simonides, King of Pentapolis.
CEON, Governor of Tarsus.
LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.
CERIMON, a Lord of Ephesus.
THALIARD, a Lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, Servant to Cerimon.

LEONINE, Servant to Dionysus.
Marschall.
A Pandar. BOULT, his Servant.
The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYSUS, Wife to Cleon.
THAISA, Daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, Nurse to Marina.
A Boyd.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE. Dispersedly in various Countries.

ACT I.

Enter Gower.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, co melius.

If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe accept my rimes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like taper-light.
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria,
I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a faire,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke.
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none.

But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a belfellow,
In marriage-pleasures playfellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still, and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As you grim looks do testify.

What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify.

Exit.

SCENE I.—Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.
Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embrazements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dower gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.
Music. Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men;
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of you celestial tree
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright the hard;
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view;
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
You sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That without covering, save you field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did:
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came,
To the Daughter of Antiochus. But my unsotted fire of love to you.
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daughter of all say'd yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!
Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness.

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

I am no viper, yet I feel
On mother's flesh which did me breed;
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father,
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes man pale to read?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill,
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait.
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only dance at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expiring.
Either expound now or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,

Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell!
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown;
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth
Is throng'd by man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head,

Ant. Aside. Heaven! that I had thy head
he has found the meaning;
But I will groze with him. Young Prince of Tyre
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

Exeunt all but Pericles.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
What when is done is like an hypocrite.
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspsings with your child,
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
n sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.

Ant. That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elier now and cares it be not done.
And so with me: the great Antiochus,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he is so great can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him;
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known.
With hostile forces he'll o'er-spread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resists,
And subjects punisht'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter Helicanus and other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

Second Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace! and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him;
For flattery is the bellows blow up sin;
The thing which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err:
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'look
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. 

Exeunt LordS.

Helicanus, thou

Hast mov'd us; what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven,
From whence they have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. Kneeling. I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise; sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.
PERICLES.

Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus, That minister'st a potion unto me. Therefore I went to Antioch, Where as thou know'st, against the face of death I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty, 71 From whence an issue I might propagate, Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects; Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder; But the hark in thine ear, as black as incest; Whereby my knowledge found, the sinful father Seem'd not to strike, but smooth; but thou know'st this, 

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss. Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, Under the covering of a careful night, 83 Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here, Bethought me what was past, what might succeed. I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears Decrease not, but grow faster than the years. And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth, That I should open to the listening air How many worthy princes' bloods were shed, To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope, To stop that doubt he'll fill this land with arms, And make pretence of wrong that I have done him; 99 When all, for mine, if I may call offence, Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence: Which love to all, of which thyself art one, Who now reprovest me for it,—

Hel. Alas! sir

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks, Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts How I might stop this tempest ere it came; And finding little comfort to relieve them, I thought it princely charity to grieve them. 100 Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak, Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear, And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant, Who either by public war or private treason Will take away your life. Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while, Till that his rage and anger be forgot, Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life. Your rule direct to any; if to me, Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be. 110 Per. I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth, From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus I intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee, And by whose letters I'll dispose myself. The care I had and have of subjects' good On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it. I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath; Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both. 120 But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe, That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince, Thou show'st a subject's shine, I a true prince. 

Scene III.—The Same. An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. So this is Tyre, and this the court. Therefore I must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets; now do I see he had some reason for't; for if a king bid man be a villain, 's bound by the indention of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus, Escan, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, Further to question me of your king's departure. His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel. Thal. Aside. How! the king gone! Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied, Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves, He would depart, I'll give some light unto your Being at Antioch—

Thal. Aside. What from Antioch? 2 Hel. Royal Antiochus, on what cause I know not, Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so; And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd, To show his sorrow he'd correct himself; So puts himself unto the shipman's toll, With whom each minute threatens life or death. Thal. Aside. Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now, although I would; But since he's gone, the king it sure must please He's escap'd the land, to perish at the sea. I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre. Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is well come.

Thal. From him I come With message unto princely Pericles; But since my landing I have understood Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels, My message must return from whence it came. Hel. We have no reason to desire it, Commended to our master, not to us: Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire, As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. 

Scene IV.—Tarsus. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Cleon, Dionyza, and Attendants.

Cleon. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here, And by relating tales of others' griefs, See if 'twill teach us to forget our own? Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it; For who digs hills because they do aspire Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher. O my distressed lord! even such our griefs are; Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
PERICLES.

Enter.

10 houses
'tis have Arise,
20 the our

PERICLES.

Enter, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are, Let not our ships and number of our men Be like a beacon fir'd to amaze your eyes. We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre, And seen the desolation of your streets: Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, But to relieve them of their heavy load; And on these ships, you happily may think Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within With bloody veins, expecting overthrow, Are stord with corn to make your needy bread, And give them life whom hunger starv'd half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you! And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise: We do not look for reverence, but for love, And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men. Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile, Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

Exit.

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Here have you seen a mighty king His child, I wis, to incest bring; A better prince and benign lord, That will prove awful both in deed and word. Be quiet then as men should be, Till he hath pass'd necessity. I'll show you those in troubles reign, Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb show.

Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the Train with them. Enter at another door a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knight him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, etc., severally.

Good Helicon, that stay'd at home, Not to eat honey like a drone From others' labours; for though he strive To kill bad, keep good alive; And to fulfill his prince's desire, Sends word of all that hap in Tyre: How Thaliard came full bent with sin And had intent to murder him; And that in Tarsus was not best Longer for him to make his rest. He, doing so, put forth to sea, Where when men been, there's seldom ease; For now the wind begins to blow; Thunder above and deeps below Make such unquiet, that the ship Should house him safe is wreck'd and split; And he, good prince, having all lost, By wars from coast to coast is lost. All perished of man, of pelf, Ne aught escape but himself; Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad, Threw him ashore, to give him glad: And here he comes. What shall be next, Pardon old Gover, this longs the text. Exit.

Scene I.—Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea-side.

Enter PERICLES, etc.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven! Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man Is but a substance that must yield to you; And I, as fits my nature, do obey you. Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks, Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath Nothing to think on but ensuing death: Let it suffice the greatness of your powers To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes; And having thrown him from your watery grave, Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave. Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch! Second Fish. Ha! come and bring away the nets.
First Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say! Third Fish. What say you, master? First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannon. Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before even now.

First Fish. Alas! poor souls; it grieved a heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bonned a tumbled? they say they're half fish half flesh a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fish live in the sea.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare a rich miser to nothing so fitly as to a whale plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on o' the land, we never leave gaping till they've swallowed a whole yardish, church, steeple, bells, and all.


Third Fish. But, master, if I had been a sexton, I would have been that day in the bell.

Second Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that should never have left till he cast bells, steeples, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. Aside. Simonides!

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. Aside. How from the finny subject of these Fishers tell the infirmities of men; And from their watery empire recollect All that may men approve or men detect! Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Second Fish. Honest! good fellow, why, that? If it be a day fits you, search out of your calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. Why may see the sea hath cast me up your coast.

Second Fish. What a drunken knave was I, to cast thee in our way?

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him. He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

Second Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then? Per. I never practis'd it.

Second Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sup for here's nothing to be got now-a-days unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What have I been I have forgot to know But what I am want teaches me to think on A man throng'd with cold; my veins are chill And have no more of life than may suffice To give my tongue that heat to ask your help Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid have a gown here; come, put it on; keep the warm. Now, afores me, a handsome fellow. Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have fit for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreco
Where with it I may appear a gentleman:
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?
Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.
First Fish. Why, do 'e take it; and the gods give thee good on 't.

Second Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend;
'twas we that made up this garment through
the rough seams of the waters: there are certain
condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you
thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe 't, I will.

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his gilding on my arm:
Unto thy will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of basse.

Second Fish. We'll sure provide; thou shalt
have my best gown to make thee a pair, and I'll
bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but equal to my will!
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A public Way or Platform
leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near it, for the
reception of the KING, PRINCESS, Ladies, Lords, etc.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the
triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our
daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

Exit a Lord.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to
express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself: in
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll
perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his
Squire presents his shield to the PRINCESS.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?
Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun;

The word, Lux tua vita mibi.

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

The Second Knight passes over.

Who is the second that presents himself!

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;

The motto thus, in Spanish, Pié por dixirn que por fuerza.
The Third Knight passes over.

Sim. And what's the third?
That. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, Me pom;ae proexit apex.

The Fourth Knight passes over.
Sim. What is the fourth?
Thai. A burning torch that's turned upside down;
The word, Quod me altit me extinguil.
Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

The Fifth Knight passes over.
Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, Sis spectanda fides.

The Sixth Knight, PERICLES, passes over.
Sim. And what's
The sixth and last, which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd? 41
Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, In hac spe vivo.
Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by your his fortunes yet may flourish.
First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.
Second Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.
Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery.

Exeunt.
Great shouts, and all cry, 'The mean knight!'


Enter SIMONIDES, THAIASA, Ladies, Lords, Knights from tilting, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous,
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.
Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, quc
The feast.

For, daughter, so you are, here take your place
Marshall the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by your Simoides.
Sim. Your presence glads our days; how we love,
For who hates honour hates the gods above.
Marshall. Sir, yonder is your place.
Per. Some other is more
First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.
Per. You are right courteous knights.
Sim. Sit, sir;
Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of though
These cates resist me, she but thought upon
That. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury.
Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.
Sim. He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done.
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.
Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.
Per. You king's to me like to my faith picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light.
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men;
He's both their parent, and he is their graver
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?
First Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence?
Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto brim,
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.
Sim. Yet pause awhile;
You knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might counterbalance his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?
Thai. What is it
To me, my father?
Sim. O! attend, my daughter
Princes in this should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them;
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet.
Here then we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas! my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
may my prouer take for an o'fence, 
ece men take women's gifts for impudence 
im. How! 
hat. Aside. Now, by the gods, he could not 
please me better. 
im. And furthermore tell him, we desire to 
know of him, 
whence he is, his name, and parentage. 
hat. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you. 
Ier. I thank him. 
hat. Wishing it so much blood unto your life. 
Ier. I thank both him and you, and pledge 
him freely. 
hat. And further he desires to know of you, 
whence you are, your name and parentage. 
Ier. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles; 
education been in arts and arms; 
o, looking for adventures in the world, 
as by the rough seas reft of ships and men, 
d after shipwreck driven upon this shore. 
hat. He thanks your grace; names himself 
Pericles, 
gentleman of Tyre, 
o only by misfortune of the seas 
left of ships and men, cast on this shore. 
im. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune, 
d will awake him from his melancholy. 
me, gentlemen, we sit too long on trilles, 
d waste the time which looks for other revels. 
en in your armours, as you are address'd, 
ll very well become a soldier's dance, 
will not have excuse, with saying this 
music is too harsh for ladies' heads, 
se they love men in arms as well as beds. 
The Knights dance. 
this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd. 
me, sir; 
re is a lady that wants breathing too: 
I have heard, you knights of Tyre 
excetant in making ladies trip, 
that their measures are as excellent. 
er. In those that practise them they are, my 
lord. 
im. O! that's as much as you would be denied 
your fair courtesy. 
The Knights and Ladies dance. 
Unclap, unclasp; 
akns, gentlemen, to all; all have done well, 
PERICLES. But you the best. Pages and 
ights, to conduct 
es knights unto their several lodgings! 
Yours, sir, 
e have given order to be next our own. 
Per. I am at your grace's pleasure. 
im. Princes, it is too late to talk of love, 
that's the mark I know you level at; 
therefore each one betake him to his rest; 
morrow all for speeding do their best. 

EXECUT.

SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me, 
Achilles from incest liv'd not free; 
or which, the most high gods not minding longer 
withhold the vengeance that they had in store, 
Due to this heinous capital offence, 
Even in the height and pride of all his glory, 
When he was seated in a chariot 
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him, 
A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up 
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk, 
That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall 
Scorn now their hand should give them burial. 
Esca. 'Twas very strange. 
Hel. And yet but just; for though 
This king were great, his greatness was no 
guard 
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward. 
Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man, in private confer- 
cence 
Or council has respect with him but he. 
Second Lord. It shall no longer grieve without 
proof.

Third Lord. And cars'd be he that will not 
second it. 
First Lord. Follow me then. Lord Helicane, 
a word. 
Hel. With me? and welcome. Happy day, 
my lords. 
First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to 
the top, 
And now at length they overflow their banks. 
Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the 
prince you love. 
First Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble 
Helicane; 
But if the prince do live, let us salute him, 
Or know what ground's made happy by his 
breath. 
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out; 
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; 
And be resolv'd he lives to govern us, 
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral, 
And leaves us to our free election. 
Second Lord. Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure: 
And knowing this kingdom is without a head, 
Like goodly buildings left without a roof 
Soon fall to ruin, your noble self, 
That best know how to rule and how to reign, 
We thus submit unto, our sovereign. 
All. Live, noble Helicane! 
Hel. For honour's cause forbear your suffrages: 
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear. 
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas, 
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's case. 
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you 
To forbear the absence of your king; 
If in which time expir'd he not return, 
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke. 
But if I cannot win you to this love, 
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, 
And in your search spend your adventurous 
worth; 
Whom if you find, and win unto return, 
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown. 
First Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield; 
And since Lord Helicane unjoineth us, 
We with our travels will endeavour it.
PERICLES.

I'll. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a letter; the Knights meet him.

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Pericles. That never aim'd so high to love your daughter
But bent all offices to honor her.

Simonides. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, an

Thou art

A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not:

Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Simonides. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Simonides. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat, unless it be the king

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Simonides. Aside. Now, by the gods, I do appall his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thought.

That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Simonides. No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,

Resolve your angry father, if my tongue

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe

To any syllable that made love to you?

Thaisa. Why, sir, say if you had

Who takes offence at that would make me glad

Simonides. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

Aside. I am glad on't with all my heart.

I'll make you; I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,

Bestow your love and your affections

Upon a stranger! Aside who, for aught I know

May be, nor can I think the contrary,

As great in blood as I myself.

Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame

Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,

Either be ruled by me, or I will make you—

Man and wife.

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too,

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy

And for a further grief.—God give you joy!

What! are you both pleased?

Thaisa. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it

Simonides. What! are you both agreed?

Thaisa. Per. Yes, if it please your majesty.

Simonides. It pleaseth me so well, that I will se

you wed;

Then with what haste you can get you to bed.

Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter Gower.

Now sleep y'asaked the rout;

No din but snores the house about,

Made louder by the o'er-fed breast

Of this most pompous marriage-feast.

The cat, with eyne of burning coal,

Now couches for the mouse's hole;

And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,

E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed, 10
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attend,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine functions quaintly echo;
What's dumb in show I'll plain in speech.

Dumb-show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter; PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to PERICLES.

Then enter THAISIA with child, and LYCHORIDA:

SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter; she chooses: she and PERICLES take leave of her ather, and all depart.

By many a deep and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coigns,
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and sail and high expense,
Can stand the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering; the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyres on the head
Of Heliocanus did set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastens to oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
'Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen, with child, makes her desire,
Which he shall cross? along to go;
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the gisled north
Disgorge such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives,
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear;
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I will relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey,
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. Exit.

Scene I.

Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Rush wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep. O! still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes. O! how,
Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou split all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida! Lucina, O!
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails.

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Now, Lychorida!

Lye. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lye. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your good gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lye. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudestist welcome to this world
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb; even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!
Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh new sea-fater,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bulins there! Thou wilt not,
Wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Second Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudily billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard;
the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lift till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed, and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight.
PERICLES.

As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Lye. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;

No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements

Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time

To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight

Must cast thee, scarcely collid'd, in the coze; a

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,

And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale

And numbing water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,

Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida!

Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,

My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander

Bring me the satin coffer: lay the baby

Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say

A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman. 70

Exit LYCHORIDA.

Second Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumined ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

Second Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,

Alter thy course from Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Second Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O! make for Tarsus,

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe Cannot hold out to Tarsus; there I'll leave it At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;

I'll bring the body presently.  

Exeunt

SCENE II.—Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter Cerimon, with a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men; 'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this

Till now I ne'er endured,

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature

That can recover him. To Philemon. Give this to the 'pothecary

And tell me how it works.

Exeunt all but Cerimon.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow.

Second Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

First Gent. Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,

Shook as the earth did quake;

The very principals did seem to rend,

And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear

Made me to quit the house.

Second Gent. That is the cause we trouble

you so early;

'Tis not our husbandry.

First Gent. But I much marvel that you lordship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'Tis most strange

Nature should be so conversant with pain,

Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,

Virtue and cuning were endowments greater

Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend,

But immortality attends the former,

Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever

Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have,

Together with my practice, made familiar

To me and to my aid the best infusions

That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;

And I can speak of the disturbances

That nature works, and of her cures; which
doth give me

A more content in course of true delight

Than to be thirsty after tittering honour,

Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,

To please the fool and death.

Second Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus

poured forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves

Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd

And not your knowledge, your personal pain,

but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon

Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

First Serv. So; let there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:

'Tis of some wreck;

Cer. Set it down; let's look upon't.

Second Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,

'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

Second Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caul'd and bitum'd

Did the sea cast it up?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a bilow, sir,

As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open.

Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

Second Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.

O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

First Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and

treasur'd

With full bags of spices! A passport too!

Apollo, perfect me 't the characters!

Here I give to understand,

If ever this coffin drive a-land,

I, King Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a King:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods require his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanc'd to-night,

Second Gent. Most likely, sir.
Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
Or look how fresh she looks. They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
Etch hither all my boxes in my closet.

Exit a Servant.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard
Of an Egyptian that had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Vell said, well said; the fire and cloths
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
He viol once more; how thou stir'st, thou block!

The music there! I pray you, give her air.

Gentlemen, this queen will live; nature awakes, a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been encro'cd
Above five hours. See! how she 'gin to blow
Into life's flower again.

First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder and set up
Our fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive! behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Are as you seem to be!

Thaï. O dear Diana!

Where am I? Where's my lord? What world
Is this?

Second Gent. Is not this strange?

First Gent. Most rare.
Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours!

Send me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.

Set linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Escalusarius guide us!

Exeunt, carrying Thaïsa away.

SCENE III.—Tarsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,
with MARINA in her arms.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tarsus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness; the gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt
You mortally,
Yet glance full Wonderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought
Her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so; here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care, beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you.

Must in your child be thought on. If negligence
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty;
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Uncissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave.

Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge
Of the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam. O! no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Epheus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter CERIMON and THAÏSA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer; which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thaï. It is my lord's;
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my ceasing time; but whether there
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thy. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gained
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, aack!
That monster envy, oft the wreck
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid
Hight Philotena, and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:

Be't when she wear'd the sleidened silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needl wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the late
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with man; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philotena contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Victorious white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philotena all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rore,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to steady,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
And cursed Dionyz a hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prep't for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the bane feet of my rime;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyz a doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer.

Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.
Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.
Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have
her. Here

She comes weeping for her only mistress' death.
Thou art resolv'd?
Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flower; the yellows,
blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance your daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your fav'ring chang'd
With this unprofitable woe.
Come, Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come,
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here; when he shall come and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you;
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come. I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least.
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.
Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.
Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.

Exit DIONYZA.

Is the wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.
Leon. Was 't so?
Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried ' Good seamen! ' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with haling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?
Mar. When I was born:
PERICLES.

Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern; the boatswain's whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come; say your prayers.

Mar. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of car, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature; believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly;
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do't.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought;
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now;
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch.

En' er Pirates.

First Pir. Hold, villain!

LEONINE runs away.

Second Pir. A prize! a prize!

Third Pir. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, et's have her aboard suddenly.

Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go;
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

Exit.

SCENE II.—Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.

Enter PANDAR, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pand. Boult!

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly, Mitylene
is full of gallants; we lost too much money
this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they
can do no more than they can do; and they
with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er
we pay for them. If there be not a conscience
to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true; 'tis not the bringing
up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought
up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down
again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have a
strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so
pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they're too un-
wholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transyl-
vanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made
him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search
the market.

Exit.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were
as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so
give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a
shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O! our credit comes not in like the
commodity, nor the commodity wages not with
the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could
pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to
keep our door hatched. Besides, the sord terms
we stand upon with the gods will be strong with
us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we
offend worse. Neither is our profession any
trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. My masters, you say
she's a virgin?

First Pir. O! sir; we doubt it not.
Boult. Master, I have gone through for this
piece, you see; if you like her, so; if not, I
have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and
has excellent good clothes; there's no further
necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a
thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall
have your money presently. Wife, take her in;
instruct her what she has to do, that she may
not be raw in her entertainment.

Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, the
colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with
warrant of her virginity, and cry 'He that will
give most shall have her first.' Such a maiden-
head were no cheap thing, if men were as they
have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow.

Pand. Alack! that Leonine was so slack, so
slow.

He should have struck, not spoke; or that these
pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard
thrown me

For to seek my mother?

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part
in you.
Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall have well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling! I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Bawd's returned.

Re-enter BAWD.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Bawd. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Bawd. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Bawd. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' th' huns?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Bawd. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hitter: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Bawd. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. To MARINA. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes petty in your lovers; seldom but that petty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Bawd. O! take her home, mistress, take her home; these bluses of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Bawd. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayest cut a morzel off the spit.

Bawd. I may so?

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Bawd. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Bawd, spend thou that in the town; report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Bawd. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep

Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us?

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Tarsus. A Room in Cleopatra's House.

Enter CLEON and DIONYZI.

Dion. Why are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon.

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady!

Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare. O villain Leonine!

Whom thou hast poison'd too; 10
If thou hadst drank to him't had been a kindness

Becoming well thy fact; what caus't thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?

Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play.'

Cle. O! go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods

Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will lily hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then;
Yet none does know but you how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. 30
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes; none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face,
Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malting
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me through:
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle.  
Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles, 40
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn; her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle.  
Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies;
But yet I know you'll do as I advise.  Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Before the Monument of MARINA at Tarsus.

Enter GOWER.

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for 't;
Making, to take your imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thevar'ning the wayward seas, 10
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daugh'ter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus, think his pilot thought,
So with his steereage shall your thoughts grow on,
To fetch his daugh'ter home, who first is gone. 20
Like notes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb-show.

Enter PERICLES, with his Train, at one door;
CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the tomb of MARINA; whereas PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt CLEON and DIONYZA.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sooth, all devour'd,
With sighs shot through his sighs, and biggest tears o'er-shower'd,
Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Bawd. We should have both lord and lown if the peevish baggad would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginites?
Bawd. Now, the gods to bless your honour!
Lys. I am glad to see your honour in good health.
Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorbers stand upon sound legs. How now! wholesome iniquity, have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?
Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.
Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wou'dst say.
Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.
Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.
Bawd. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed if she had but—
Lys. What, prithee?
Bawd. O! sir, I can be modest.
Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Exit BOULT.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?
Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you; leave us.
Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave; a word, and I've done presently.
Lys. I beseech you, so.
Bawd. To MARINA. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.
Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.
Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.
Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that I know not.
Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.
Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.
Lys. Ha! you done?
Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.
Lys. Go thy ways.

Exit BAWD, PARDAR, and BOULT.

Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?
Mar. What trade, sir?
Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.
Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.
Lys. How long have you been of this profession?
Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to 't so young? Were you a gamster at five or at seven?
Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.
Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.
Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.
Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?
Mar. Who is my principal?
Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O! you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place; come, come.
Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.
Lys. How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.
Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
O! that the gods Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird That flies i' the purer air.
Lys. I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well; never dream'd thou could'st.
Had I brought bitherto a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee;
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!
Mar. The gods preserve you!
Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent, for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.
Lys. Avant! thou damned door-keeper. Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it, would
Sink and overwhelm you. Away!
Exit BOULT.

How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel.

Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?
Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman will execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no 'em gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.
PERICLES.

Re-enter Baudo.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter? 140
Bawd. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.
Bawd. O! abominable.
Bawd. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!
Bawd. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.
Bawd. Bawd, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.
Bawd. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!
Exit.

Bawd. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?
Bawd. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.
Bawd. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?
Bawd. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art. Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st field Of hell would not in reputation change; Thou art the damned door-keeper to every Covstril that comes inquiring for his Tib, To the choleric fistling of every rogue Thy car is like, thy food is such As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Bawd. What would you have me do? go to he wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost. Empty Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman: Any of these ways are yet better than this; For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, Would own a name too dear. O! that the gods Would safely deliver me from this place. Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me, Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance, With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast; And I will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

Bawd. But can you teach all this you speak of?
Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, And prostitute me to the basest groom That doth frequent your house.

Bawd. Well, I will see what I can do for thee; if I can place thee, I will.


Bawd. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come; I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

Exit.

ACT V.

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the brothel 'seapes, and chances Into an honest house, our story says. She sings like one immortal, and she dances As goddess-like to her admired lays; Deep clerks she dumb; and with her heed composes Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry, That even her art sisters the natural roses; Her inkle, silk, twine with the rubied cherry; That purlple lacks the none of noble race, Who pour their bounty o'er; and her gain She gives the cursed bawd. If we see her place, And to her father turn our thoughts again; Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost Whereence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd Here where her daughter dwells; and on this coast Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from whence Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies, His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense; And to him in his barge with favour hies. In your supposing once more put your sight (Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark Where, what is done in action, more, if might, Shall be discover'd; please you, sit and hark.

Exit.

SCENE I.—On board Pericles's ship, off Mitylene. A Pavillion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. To the Sailor of Mitylene. Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. O! here he is. Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene And in it is Lysimachus, the governor, Who craves to come aboard. What is your will? Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen. Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?
Hel. Gentlemen, there's some of worth would come aboard; I pray ye, greet them fairly.

Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sal. Sir, This is the man that can, in aught you would Resolve you. Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to proverge his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight: he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. PERICLES discovered.

This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this,

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

First Lord. Sir,

We have a maid in Mitylen, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She questionless with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd ports
Which now are midway stop'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maidies is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge
of LYSIMACHUS.

Hel. Sure, all effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O! sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so afflicit our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you;
But see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with MARINA and a young Lady.

Lys. O! here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is 't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that, were I well assur'd
She came of gentle kind and noble stock,

I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in anguish,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous!

MARINA sings.

Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet; she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;
But time hath root'd out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. Aside. I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parent-age—
To equal mine!—was it not thus! what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who stars the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger; from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak;
PERICLES.

I'm she call'd thine tell but id speak 120
And make my senses credit thy relation
O points that seem impossible; for thou look'st like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Idst thou not say when I did push thee back, which was when I perceive'd thee, that thou canst rom good descending?
Mar. So indeed I did. Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st how hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury, and that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine, both were open'd.
Mar. Some such thing said, and said no more but what my thoughts id warrant me was likely.
Per. Tell thy story; thine consider'd prove the thousandth part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I save suffer'd like a girl; yet thou dost look like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling extrémity out of act. What were thy friends? ow lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin? ecount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.
Mar. My name is Marina.
Per. O! I am mock'd, nd thou by some incensed god sent hither make the world to laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir, r here I'll cease.
Per. Nay, I'll be patient. thou little know'st how thou dost stirrle me, call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name as given me by one that had some power; by father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter? id call'd Marina?
Mar. You said you would believe me; ut, not to be a trouble of your peace, will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood? have you a working pulse? and are no fairy? fotion! Well; speak on. Where were you born? nd wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina or I was born at sea.
Per. At sea! what mother? Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king; who died the minute I was born, my good nurse Lychorida hath oft eliver'd weeping.
Per. O! stop there a little. side. This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep id mock sad fools withal; this cannot be. ny daughter's buried. Well; where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story, nd never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn to believe me; 'twere best I did give o'er.
Per. I will believe you by the syllable. Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave: How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me, Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me; and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir, Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be
You think me an impostor; no, good faith, I am the daughter to King Pericles, If good King Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my lord?
Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.
Ly. She never would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
Per. O Helicanus! strike me, honour'd sir; Give me a gash, put me to present pain,
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me O'erbear the shores of my mortality.
And drown me with their sweetness. O! come hither,
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again. O Helicanus!
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us; this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that.
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. What is your title?
Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now My droun'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been god-like perfect;
Thee'ret heir of kingdoms, and another life
To Pericles thy father.
Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments! Mine own, Helicanus;
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon; she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess. Who is this?
Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.
Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens! bless my girl. But hark! what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But what music?

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Hel. My lord, I hear none.
Per. None!
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?
Lys. My lord, I hear.
Music. Per. Most heavenly music: It nips me unto listing, and thick slumber Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest. Sleeps.
Lys. A pillow for his head.
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends, If this but answer to my just belief, I'll well remember you.
Exeunt all but PERICLES.

DIANA appears to PERICLES as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife;
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's call
And give them repetition to the life.
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in wo;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream! Disappears.
Per. Celestial Diana, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee! Helicanus!

Re-enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir?
Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhostable Cleon; but I am for other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
Lys. Sir,
With all my heart; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.
Per. You shall prevail,
Wro't to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

SCENE II.—Before the Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.

Enter Gower.

Now our sands are almost run; More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylene
To greet the king. So he thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wise'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Diana bade: whereto being bount.
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.

At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. Exit.

SCENE III.—The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.

THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess
A number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON
And other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS,
HELCANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dia! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess!
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon, whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder; but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene, 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us.
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Tha. Voice and favour!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles! Faint!
Per. What means the sum? she dies; half gentlemen!
Cer. Noble sir, if you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
Per. Reverend appearer, no:
I threw her overboard with these very arms.
Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.
Per. Tis most certain.
Cer. Look to the lady. O! she's but o' erjoy'd
Early in bust's ring morn this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and
place'd her
Here in Diana's temple.
Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is recovered.

Tha. O! let me look.
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O! my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are. Did you not name a temple
A birth, and death?
Per. The voice of dead Thaisa
Tha. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.
Per. Immortal Dian!
Tha. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.

Per. This; this: no more, you gods! you present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well.
That on the touching of her lips I may
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day I'll beautify.

That. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good
credit, sir,
My father's dead.
Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there,
my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following
days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon. we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold. Sir, lead's the way.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crowned with joy at last.

In Helicanus may you well desire
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity doth wear.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn:
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

Exit.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY Wriothesly,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON
OF TICHFIELD.

Right Honourable,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, no
how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if you
honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours
'ill I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deform
I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield a
still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's conten
which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

- William Shakespeare.

'Vilia mine tur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.'

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn;
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice-fairer than myself,' thus she began,
The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are; 10
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy need
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know;
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses;
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses:

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty, 20
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,

And trembling in her passion, calls it balm.

Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens; O! how quick is love:
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth she frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,

'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open

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burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith she is immo'd, blames her miss;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

If, as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
res with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
aking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Il either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

o'd to content, but never to obey,
uting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
e feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
de calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

ok! how a bird lies tangled in a net,
FASTEN'd in her arms Adonis lies;
ere shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
high bred more beauty in his angry eyes: 70
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.
ill she entreats, and prettily entreats,
or to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
ill is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
wixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

ok how he can, she cannot choose but love;
Id by her fair immortal hand she swears, 80
on his soft bosom never to remove,
he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
and one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

on this promise did he raise his chin,
ke a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
o, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

ever did passenger in summer's heat
ore thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
er help she sees, but help she cannot get;
bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
"Oh! pity, 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy:
"Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?
have been wo'd, as I entreat thee now,
ven by the stern and direful god of war,
ose newy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
ho conquers where he comes in every jar; 100
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
batte'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, daily, smile and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd.
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O! be not proud, nor brag not of thy might.
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight.

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe, yet may'st thou well be tasted.
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old.
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow;
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy trip upon the green,
Or like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou should'st think it heavy unto thee?
'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,' Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook, And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.
'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use, Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse;
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty.
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why should'st thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows overhwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries 'Fie! no more of love: The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Ay me!' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind? What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone;
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.
The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo! I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthy sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth, Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love! how want of love tormenteth?
Oh! had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

'What am I, that thou should'st contend me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.'

'Fie! lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone!
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contending but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong.
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause,
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intimtions break.
Sometimes she shakes her head, and then her hand;
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground:
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee here Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in vale.
Grave on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough:
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.'

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie, Why, there Love liv'd and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking;
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a check that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
'Pity!' she cries, 'some favour, some remorse!' Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo! from forth a cope that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue. 390

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, sweltheth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said,
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind, 340
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O! what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy:
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy:
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as she sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels:
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tender cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O! what a war of looks was then between them:
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them:
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gird of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band:
So white a friend entights so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou Wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou
feel it?'
'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have it.'
O! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'
VENUS AND ADONIS.

For shame! he cries, 'let go, and let me go; My day's delight is past, my horse is gone, And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so: I pray you hence, and leave me here alone: For all my mind, my thought, my busy care, Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should, Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire: Affection is a coal that must be cool'd; Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire. The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none; Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a judge he stood, tied to the tree, Servilely with a leathern rein! But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee, He held such petty bondage in disdain; Throwing the base thong from his bending crest. Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true-love in her naked bed, Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white, But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed, His other agents aim at like delight! Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold To touch the fire, the weather being cold? Let me excuse thy colourer, gentle boy, And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee, To take advantage on presented joy; Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.

O! learn to love; the lesson is but plain, And once made perfect, never lost again.'

I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it, Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it; 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it; My love to love is love but to disgrace it; For I have heard it is a life in death, That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd? Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth? If springing things be any jot diminish'd, They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth: The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part, And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat: Remove your siege from my unyielding heart; To love's alarms it will not ope the gate: Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery; For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue? O! would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing; Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong; I had my load before, now press'd with bearing: Melodies discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding. Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love That inward beauty and invisible; Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move Each part in me that were but sensible: Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see. Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me, And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch, And nothing but the very smell were left me, Yet would my love to thee be still as much; For from the still?'tory of thy face excelling Comes breath perfum'd that breedeth love by smelling.

But O! what bouquet wert thou to the taste, Being nurse and feeder of the other four; Would they not wish the feast might ever last, And bid Suspicion double-lock the door, Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest, Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd, Which to his speech did honey passage yield; Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field, Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds, Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh; Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth, Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh, Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, Or like the deadly bullet of a gun, His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down, For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth; A smile recures the wounding of a frown; But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth The silly boy, believing she is dead, Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent, For sharply he did think to reprehend her, Which cunning love did wittily prevent; Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her! For on the grass she lies as she were slain, Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks, He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard, He chaifes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd: He kisses her; and she, by her good will, Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day: Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth, Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth: And as the bright sun glorifies the sky, So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd. As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine, Were never four such lamps together mix'd, Had not his clouded with his brow's repine; But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light, Shone like the moon in water seen by night.
O! where am I? 'quoth she, 'in earth or heaven, or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.
O! thou didst kill me; kill me once again:
By eyes' shrewed tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Iath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.
Long may they kiss each other for this cure!
Never let their crimson liversies wear;
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year:
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.
Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
'Sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.
A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?
Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Lesture my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
'To fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast.
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.
Look! the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
And cool-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part and bid good night.
Now let me say good night, and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
Good night,' quoth she; and ere he says adieu,
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.
Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with death,
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.
Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey.
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insuffer willleth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.
And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.
Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tami'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandiling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.
What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commisision:
Affection fains not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O! had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.
For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him,
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.
'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?'
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.
'The boar!' 'quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek, she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.
Venus and Adonis.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium and to lack her joy. 690

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her misjudgments,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.
But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
'Fie, fie!' he says, 'you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hast been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou would'st hunt the boar.
O! be advis'd; thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being ired, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

'Alas! he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eye,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage, wondrous dread!
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

'O! let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My birthing heart pants, beats, and takes no rest.
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry 'Kill, kill!'
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissertious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshot his troubles
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musets through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keeps,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth with a herd of dear:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

'For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out:
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.
By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill, 
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear, 
'Lo hearken if his foes pursue him still? 
Then their loud alarms he doth hear; 
And now his grief may be compared well 
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch 
Turn, and return, indenting with the way; 
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch, 
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay: 
For misery is trodden on by many, 
And being low never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more; 
Say, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise: 
'tis not to make thee hate the hunting of the boar, 
Like myself thou hear'st me moralize, 
Applying this to that, and so to so; 
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave? 'No matter where,' 
Quoth he; 
Leave me, and then the story aptly ends: 
The night is spent. 'Why, what of that?' 
Quoth she. 
I am, quoth he, 'expected of my friends; 
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.' 
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all. 
But if thou fall, 0! then imagine this, 
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips, 
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss. 
Tich prey's make true men thieves; so do thy lips 
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn. 
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reason: 
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine, 
'll forging Nature be condemn'd of treason, 
Or stealing moulds from heaven that were divine; 
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite, 
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

And therefore hast she brib'd the Destinies 
'o cross the curious workmanship of nature, 
'to mingle beauty with infirmities, 
And pure perfection with impure defeature; 
Making it subject to the tyranny 
Of mad mischances and much misery.

As burning fevers, agnes pale and faint, 
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzy's wood, 
The narrow-eating sickness, whose attain'd disorder breeds by heating of the blood; 
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair, 
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies 
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under: 
Sorh favour, savour, hue, and qualities. 
Whereat the impartial gaze late did wonder, 
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done, 
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity, 
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns, 
That on the earth would breed a scarcity, 
And barren earth of daughters and of sons, 
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night 
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave, 
Seeming to bury that posterity 
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have, 
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity? 
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain, 
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

'So in thyself thyself art made away; 
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife, 
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay, 
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life. 
Foul-cankerst rust the hidden treasure frets, 
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.'

'Nay then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again 
Into your idle over-handled theme; 
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain, 
And all in vain you strive against the stream; 
For this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse, 
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.'

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues, 
And every tongue more moving than your own, 
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs, 
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown; 
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear, 
And will not let a false sound enter there.

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run 
Into the quiet closure of my breast; 
And then my little heart were quite undone, 
In his bed chamber to be bare'd of rest. 
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan, 
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove? 
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger; 
I hate not love, but your device in love, 
That lends embracements unto every stranger. 
You do it for increase: O strange excuse! 
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.'

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled, 
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name; 
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed 
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame; 
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves, 
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain. 
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun; 
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain. 
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done. 
Love surfeits not. Lust like a gluton dies: 
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say: 
The text is old, the orator too green. 
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away; 
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen: 
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended, 
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'
With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;
Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more.
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.
Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stoinish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.
And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
' Ay me! ' she cries, and twenty times ' Woe, woe,'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.
She marking them begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrill and old men cfe:
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.
Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.
For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says ' Tis so: ' they answer all ' Tis so;'
And would say after her, if she said ' No.'
Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.
Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,' 869
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,
'May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.' 870
This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love;
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.
And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face.
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace.
Like a milch doe, whose swelling ugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.
By this she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder,
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.
For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclame aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curt,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.
This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart:
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness nums each feeling part;
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.
Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them ' tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:
And with that word she spied the hunted boar,
Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.
A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways,
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain:
Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.
Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary catiff for his master,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling:
When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch’d ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world’s poor people are amaz’d
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz’d,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

Hard-favour’d tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love, thence chides she Death,
Grim-grinning ghost, earth’s worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when liv’d, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

If he be dead, O no! it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou should’st strike at it;
O yes! it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.

Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant’s heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And bearing him thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck’st a flower.

Love’s golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death’s ebon dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok’st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin’d with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail’d her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp’d
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp’d;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O! how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow;
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view’d each other’s sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sights sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain’d, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla;
A nurse’s song ne’er pleas’d her babe so well:

The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters it is Adonis’ voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison’d in her eye, like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drownd.

O hard-believing love! how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous;
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unwraps the web that she hath wrought,
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call’d him all to naught,
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

‘No, no,’ quoth she, ‘sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow, truth I must confess,
I call’d on thee, fearing my love’s decease.

‘Tis not my fault: the boar provok’d my tongue;
Be wreak’d on him, invisible commander;
‘Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he’s author of thy slander.
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women’s wit.’

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

‘O Jove!’ quoth she, ‘how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind;
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain.
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

‘Fie, fie, fond love! thou art so full of fear!
As one with treasure laden, hemm’d with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed by eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking griefs.
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.
As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar’s conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder’d with the view,
Like stars asham’d of day, themselves withdrew.
Venus and Adonis.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother’d up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head:
Where they resign their office and their light
To the dispensing of her troubled brain; 1040
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,
Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison’d in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth’s foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men’s minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;
And, being open’d, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench’d
In his soft flank; whose wond’ring lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was trench’d:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood and seem’d with him to bleed.
This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth,
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passes, frantically she dothet;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead; 1060
Her voice is stopp’d, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.
Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangleing eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be;
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

‘My tongue cannot express my grief for one, 1069
And yet,’ quoth she, ‘behold two Adonis slain!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn’d to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart’s lead, melt at mine eyes’ red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

‘Alas! poor world, what treasure hast thou lost?
What face remains alive that’s worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv’d and died with him.

‘Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis liv’d, sun and sharp air
Lurk’d like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:
‘And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years, 1091
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

‘To see his face the lion walk’d along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he bath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

‘When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills; 1108
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

‘But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne’er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill’d him so.

‘Tis true, ’tis true: thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And muzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath’d unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

‘Had I been tooth’d like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill’d him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurs’d.’ 1120
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his concealed blood.
She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold:
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect; 1130
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excelled,
And every beauty rob’d of his effect:
‘Wonder of time,’ quoth she, ‘this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.
Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end:
Ne’er settled equally, but high or low; 1139
That all love’s pleasure shall not match his woe.

‘It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire:
Subject and servile to all discontents,
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, cheesker'd with white;
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise.
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd:
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY Wriothesly,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON
OF TICHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The wearant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife: among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids; the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling; or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withheld suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the door and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhappily set
This baseless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let

To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent

In the possession of his beauteous mate;
teckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame. 20

happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
and, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
is the morning's silver-melting dew
against the golden splendour of the sun;
in expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms.
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

beauty itself doth of itself persuade
the eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apologies be made
o set forth that which is so singular?
or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From tilevish ears, because it is his own?

'erchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
uggested this proud issue of a king;
or by our ears our hearts oft-tainted be:
erchance that envy of so rich a thing,
aving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men
should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

at some untimely thought did instigate
is all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
his honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
eglected all, with swift intent he goes
n quench the coal which in his liver glows.
Of rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.

hen at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
'all was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
thin whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
ich of them both should underprop her fame:
hen virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that or with silver white.

ut beauty, in that white intituled,
rom Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;
hen virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
heir silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

his heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
rg'd by beauty's red and virtue's white
If either's colour was the other queen,
rowing from world's minority their right;
et their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
that off they interchange each other's seat.

his silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

ow thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil.
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverent welcome to her princely guest.
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:
For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plait's of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy:
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecy's
Writ in the glassy margents of such books.
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry.
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with heav'd up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

Far then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy slumb'rt
For after supper long he question'd
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,
that wake.
As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolting
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to ab-
staining:
Despair to gain doth traffic off for gaine;
And when great treasure is the need prosp'od,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That what they have not that which they possess
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torment us with defect.
Of that we have; so then we do neglect
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust,
And for himself he must forsake;
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:

'As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking sorrowfully, he doth despire
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine;
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

'What win I if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wall a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

'O! what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed?
The gulf being great, the fear doth still exceed:
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.
Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known: 
Fateful it is; there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love; but she is not her own:
He worst is but denial and reproving:
If will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

hus, graceless, holds he disputation
T'ween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
nd with good thoughts makes dispensation,
rging the worser sense for vantage still:
Which in a moment doth confound and kill.
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

noth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,
nd gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
earing some hard news from the war-like
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.

! how her fear did make her colour rise:
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Whch struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
ntil her husband's welfare she did hear;
Thereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
Il orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
or wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
ove thrives not in the heart that shadows

dreadeth:

fection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights and will not be dismay'd.

Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
pect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
nd pause and deep regard beseech the sage;
by part is youth, and beats these from the stage.

Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?

s corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear's almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
way he steals with open listening ear,
all of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
oth which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
nd in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
hat eye which looks on her confounds his wits:
hat eye which him beholds, as more divine,
nto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worser part;
nd therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jovial powers,
duff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;

And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Payng more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforce'd, retires his ward;
But as they open they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Fuffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And gripping it, he neeld his finger pricks;
As who should say, 'This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haste;
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial.
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time.
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring.
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the snaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves
ands
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour.
Even there he starts: quoth he, 'I must de-flower:
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act? 
'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:

Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:

By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,

To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed,

But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O! had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill:
That Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have repos'd still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill,
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Coozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is:

Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Shewing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality;
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.

These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a soul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but nightly he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd

Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,

His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delightful,
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting.

Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,

Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries;

She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,

Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;

What terror 'tis! but she, in worse taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting anticks, ugly in her eyes;

Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.
Then being 540

*So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited in rites,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains unacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice's dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grize's sharp
claws.

Pleads in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth
threat
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth
got,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their
biding.

Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Plato winks while Orphians plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but daily,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granareth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust though marble wear with
raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place;
And amidst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's
oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common trnth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire;
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.
THE RAPe OF LUCRECI.

Quoth she, 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pre-
tended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare
me;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me;
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me:
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to
heave thee.
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolve'd to water do convert.
O! if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears and be compassionate;
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong' st his honour, wound' st his princely
name:
Thou art not what thou seem' st; and if thesame,
Thou seem' st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou dar' st do such outrage,
What dar' st thou not when once thou art a king?
O! be remember'd; no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Whereas subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where lust shall
learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame?
To privilege dishonesty in thy name!
Thou back'st reproach against long-living land,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the
way?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother;
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy
brother.
O! how are they wapp'd in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their
eyes.

'To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash reliever;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyene,
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.

'Have done,' quoth he; 'my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lets are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls
haste
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo! there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, mis-governing,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their
slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou losted in their shame, they in thy pride;
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—
'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will not
hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear
thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb
cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice con-
troll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her pitious labours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chistlest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O! that prone lust should stain so pure a bed:
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.
He thence departs a heavy convertite,
She there remains a hopeless castaway;
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day;
'For day,' quoth she, 'night's scarpe doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.'

'They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.

Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night:
'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my careless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

'With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon and make perpetual night.

'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again;
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

'Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.'
O Night! thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace:
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
M ay likewise be seepulchred in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
As I ere this was pure to Collatine.

O unseen shame! invisible disgrace
O unfelt sore! crest-wounded, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatines' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas! how many bear such shamefull blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows.

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But rob'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And stuck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O! unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil.

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoo hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair fountains with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagu'd with cramps and gouts and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong;
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours;
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O Opportunity! thy guilt is great,
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shadocore, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displaceth laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great striifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deceds:
Wra th, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.
Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
In accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Missapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Wilt in thine post, carrier of grisly care,
Latter of youth, false slave to false delight,
Last watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's
snare;
Hou runest all, and murder'st all that are;
O! hear me then, injurious, shifting Time,
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Stray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Ance'll my fortunes, and enchain'd me
'0 endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
O unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
O stamp the seal of time in aged things,
O wake the morn and sentinel the night,
O wrong the wrangler till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden
towers;

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
O feed oblivion with decay of things,
O blot old books and alter their contents,
O pinch the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
O dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
O make the child a man, the man a child,
O slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
O tame the unicorn and lion wild,
O mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand
friends,
Ending him wit, that to bad debtors lends:
O! this dread night, would'st thou one hour
come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack.

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devis extreme beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his level eyes alight,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.
Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances

To make him moan, but pity not his moans;
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones.
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wildre to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wall the abusing of his time.

O Time! thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill;
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill:
Such wretched hands such wretched blood
should spill;
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death'sman to so base a slave?

The baser is he, coming from a king,
The shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or beget's him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in
mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious
day.

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

Out, idle words! servants to shallow fools,
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite;
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiverest thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame?
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defiance.
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afeard to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'
This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth, 1097
To find some desperate instrument of death;
But this no slaughterhouse, no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

\[ \text{In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain} \]
\[ \text{Some happy mean to end a hapless life:} \]
\[ \text{I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,} \]
\[ \text{Yet for the same-said purpose seek a knife:} \]
\[ \text{But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:} \]
\[ \text{So am I now: O no! that cannot be;} \]
\[ \text{Of that true type hath Tarquin riffled me.} \]

\[ \text{O! that is gone for which I sought to live,} \]
\[ \text{And therefore now I need not fear to die.} \]
\[ \text{To clear this spot by death, at least I give} \]
\[ \text{A badge of fame to slander's livery;} \]
\[ \text{A dying life to living infamy,} \]
\[ \text{Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,} \]
\[ \text{To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!} \]

\[ \text{Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know} \]
\[ \text{The stained taste of violated troth;} \]
\[ \text{I will not wrong thy true affection so,} \]
\[ \text{To flatter thee with an enfringed oath;} \]
\[ \text{This bastard graft shall never come to growth:} \]
\[ \text{He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute} \]
\[ \text{That thou art doting father of his fruit.} \]

\[ \text{Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,} \]
\[ \text{Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;} \]
\[ \text{But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought} \]
\[ \text{Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate,} \]
\[ \text{For me, I am the mistress of my fate,} \]
\[ \text{And with my trespass never will dispense,} \]
\[ \text{Till life to death acquit my fore'd offence.} \]

\[ \text{I will not poison thee with my attain't,} \]
\[ \text{Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coined excuses;} \]
\[ \text{My sable ground of sin I will not paint,} \]
\[ \text{To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:} \]
\[ \text{My tongue shall utter all;} \]
\[ \text{Mine eyes, like sluices,} \]
\[ \text{As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,} \]
\[ \text{Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.} \]

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when, lo! the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.
Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes! Why peepst thou through my window? leave thy peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping;
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.'

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild.
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputition with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometimes her grief is dumb and hath no words;
Sometimes 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines befuddling food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief gives most at that would do it good,
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts.
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair;
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear;
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye,
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'
s the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze, 
Warily determining which way to fly, 
Our one compass'd with a winding maze, 
That cannot tread the way out readily; 
With herself is she in mutiny, 
To live or die which of the twain were better, 
When life is shan'd, and death reproach's debtor.

To kill myself, quoth she, 'alack! what were it, 
Ut with my body my poor soul's pollution? 
Bey that lose half with greater patience bear it 
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion. 
That mother tries a merciless conclusion, 
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one, 
Will slay the other and be nurse to none. 

My body or my soul, which was the dearer, 
Then the one pure, the other made divine? 
Those love of either to myself was nearer, 
Then both were kept for heaven and Collatine? 
Y me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine, 
His leaves will wither and his sap decay; 
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted, 
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy; 
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted, 
Rossily engirt with daring infamy; 
Hen let it not be call'd impiety, 
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole 
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die will not, till my Collatine 
Ave heard the cause of my untimely death; 
Hat he may vow, in that sad hour of mine, 
Evenge on him that made stop my breath; 
Y stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath, 
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent, 
And as his due writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife 
That wounds my body so dishonoured: 
My honour to deprive dishonour'd life; 
The one will live, the other being dead: 
Of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred; 
For in my death I murder shameful scorn: 
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost, 
That legacy shall I bequeath to thee? 
By resolution, love, shall be thy boast, 
Whose example thou reveng'd may'st be. 
Ow Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me: 
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe, 
And for my sake verandalone Tarquin so.

This brief abridgement of my will I make: 
My soul and body to the skies and ground; 
By resolution, husband, do thou take; 
Fine honour be the knife's that makes my wound; 
My shame be his that did my fame confound; 
And all my fame that lives disbursed be 
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will; 
Tow was I overseen that thou shalt see it! 
By blood shall wash the slander of mine ill; 

My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it. 
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say "So be it." 
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee: 
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid, 
And wip'd the bloodstain from her bright eyes, 
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid, 
Whose swift obedience to her mistresse hies; 
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so 
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow, 
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty, 
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow, 
For why her face were sorrow's livery; 
But durst not ask of her audaciously 
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so, 
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set, 
Each flower mois'ten'd like a melting eye; 
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet 
Her circled eye, enforce'd by sympathy; 
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky, 
Who in a salt-way ocean quench their light, 
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand, 
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling; 
One justly weeps, the other takes in hand 
No cause but company of her drops spilling; 
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing, 
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts, 
And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts:

For men have marble, women waxen minds, 
And therefore are they form'd as marble will; 
The weak oppress'd, the impression strange kinds 
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill: 
Then call them not the authors of their ill, 
No more than wax shall be accounted evil; 
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a kindly campaign plain, 
Lays open all the little worms that creep; 
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain 
Cave-keeping evils that obsequiously sleep; 
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep: 
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks, 
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower, 
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd: 
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour, 
Is worthy blame. O! let it not be hold 
For women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd 
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame, 
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.
Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to read her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace this
fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her 132
From that suspicion which the world may
bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them
better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them
told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part of a woe doth bear:
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear;
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow
fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of
words. 133

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ
'At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste.'
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to he as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she
deems:
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low;
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie;
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her
shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmlesse creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others scantily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to
gage.

This kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's
lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks re-
pleni,
The more she thought he spied in her some
blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain.
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, mean tired mean,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer
way.
For much imaginary work was there;  
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,  
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,  
Grip'd in an armed hand; himself behind  
Was left unseen, to save to the eye of mind:  
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy  
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,  
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield:  
And to their hope they such odd action yield,  
That through their light joy seemed to appear,  
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,  
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,  
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began  
To break upon the galled shore, and than  
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks  
They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.  
Many she sees where cares have carved some,  
But none where all distress and colur dwell'd,  
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud footstiles.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd  
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:  
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;  
Of what she was no semblance did remain;  
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,  
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,  
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,  
And shapes her sorrow to the baldman's woes,  
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:  
The painter was no god to lend her those;  
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong.

To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,  
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,  
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,  
And roll on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,  
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,  
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.  
'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
Thy heat of lust, foul Paris, did incur  
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:  
Thine eye kindled the fire that burneth here;  
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.
"Why should the private pleasure of some one 
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone 1489
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives avised unwounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes;
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes,
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks
Doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes walling still,
A brow unbent that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming-just,
And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-keeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skil'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words like wildfire burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd;
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile-
She would have said 'can lurk in such a look'
But Tarquin's shape came in my mind the while,
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot'
took:
"It cannot be," she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind;"

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had faint'd,
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?"
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to fatter fools and make them bold;
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assaults,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
"Fool! fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surprise of others' detriments;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their doleur others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw, 
1007 mazedly in her sad face he stares : 
Eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw, 
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares. 
He hath no power to ask her how she fares: 
Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance, 
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

't last he takes her by the bloodless hand, 
And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event 
Athee befell'n, that thou dost trembling stand! 
Weet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent? 
Thy art thou thus affir'd in discontent? 
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness, 
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire, 
Re once she can discharge one word of woe: 
't length address'd to answer his desire, 
He modestly prepares to let them know 
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe; 
While Collatine and his corted lords 
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest 
Egins the sad dirge of her certain ending: 
Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass best, 
There no excuse can give the fault amending: 
I me moe woes than words are now depending; 
And my laments would be drawn out too long, 
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say: 
Ear husband, in the interest of thy bed 
Stranger came, and on that pillow lay 
There thou wast wont to rest thy weary head; 
And what wrong else may be imagined 
By foul enforcement might be done to me, 
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight, 
With shining falchion in my chamber came 
Creeping creature, with a flaming light, 
Softly cried 'Awake, thou Roman dame, 
Entertain my love; else lasting shame 
On thee and thine this night I will inflict, 
If thou my love's desire do contradict. 

'For some hard-favour'd groom of thine,' 
Quoth he, 
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will, 
'Twill murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee, 
And swear I found you where you did fulfill 
His loathsome act of lust, and so did kill 
The lechers in their deed: this act will be 
My fame, and thy perpetual immnity.'

With this I did begin to start and cry, 
And then against my heart he set his sword, 
Wearing, unless I took all patiently, 
Should not live to speak another word; 
Should my shame still rest upon record, 
And never be forgot in mighty Rome. 
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak, 
And far the weaker with so strong a feare; 
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak; 
No rightful plea might plead for justice there: 
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear 
That my poor beauty had purloined his eyes; 
And when the judge is robb'd the prisoner dies.

'O! teach me how to make mine own excuse, 
Or at the least this refuge let me find; 
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse, 
Immaculate and spotless is my mind; 
That was not for'd; that never was inclin'd 
To necessary yieldings, but still pure 
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo! here the hopeless merchant of this loss, 
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe, 
With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across, 
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow 
The grief away that stops his answer so: 
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain; 
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide 
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste, 
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride 
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast; 
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past: 
Even so his sigus, his sorrows, make a saw, 
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth, 
And his untimly frenzy thus awaketh: 
'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth 
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh. 
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh 
More feeling-painful: let it then suffice 
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

'And for my sake, when I might charm thee so, 
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me: 
Be suddenly revenged on my foe, 
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me 
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me 
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die; 
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you, fair lords,' quoth she, 
Speaking to those that came with Collatine, 
'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me, 
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine; 
For 'tis a meritorious fair design 
To chase injustice with revengeful arms: 
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition 
Each present lord began to promise aid, 
As bound in knighthood to her imposition. 
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd: 
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said, 
The protestation stops. 'O! speak,' quoth she, 
How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?
Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
Then but now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bond death by time outworn.
O! from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

'O Time! cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive;
Then live, sweet Lucretia, live again and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.'

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucretius' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long.
Begins to talk; but through his lips doth throm
Weak words so thick, come in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says 'She's mine.' 'O! mine she is,'
Replies her husband; 'do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O! ' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spoil'd.'
'Woe, woe!' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife,
I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.'
'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamours fill'd
The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucretie's life,
Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucretie's side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucretie's wond his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jerking idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:
Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's
stercor.
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece's soul, that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome, and
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.
SONNETS.

TO THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. INSUING. SONNETS.
Mф. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.
BY.
OUR EVER-LIVING POET.
WISHETH.
THE WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTURER. IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.
T. T.

I.
FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buried thy content
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.
Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unblesse some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art Thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, rememb'red not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.
Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free:
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profiteer usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive:
Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
 Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee.
Which, used, lives the executor to be.
SONNETS.

V.

Howe hours, that with gentle work did frame
He lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
'll play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
Or never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Ep check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite
gone,
Eauty's o'ersnow'd and bareness everywhere:
hen, were not summer's distillation left,
Liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Eauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
For it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Loose but their show; their substance still
Lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
A thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
ake sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd:
hat use is not forbidden usury,
Which happen's those that pay the willing loan;
hat's for thyself to breed another thee,
Ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
Ten of thine ten times refug'd thee:
hen what could death do, if thou should'st depart,
aving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

VII.

O! in the orient when the gracious light
Riseth up his burning head, each under eye
Both homage to his new-appearing sight,
erving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
sembling strong youth in his middle age,
Let mortal looks adore his beauty still,
TTending on his golden pilgrimage;
UT when from highest pitch, with weary ear,
ike feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
He eyes, fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy:
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tune'd sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering:
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world wilt wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.

Look! what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And, kept unused, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so un provident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many;
But that thou none lovest is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beantoes roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O! change thy thought, that I may change my mind:
Shall hate be fairer lodging than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou may'st call thine when thou from youth consortest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;
Without this, folly, age and cold decay;
If all were minded so, the times should cease
And three-score year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;
Which bonounous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish:
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,  
Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
That thou among the wasters of time must go.  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake  
And die as fast as they see others grow;  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defense  
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

O! that you were yourself; but, love, you are  
No longer yours than you yourself here live:  
Against this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other give:  
So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no determination; then you were  
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.  
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
O! none but unthrifts. Dear my love, you know  
You had a father: let your son say so.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;  
And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,  
Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
By oft predict that I in heaven find:  
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
And, constant stars, in them I read such art  
As 'Truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert;  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:  
'Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.'

When I consider every thing that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows  
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;  
When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
Cheer'd and check'd even by the self-same sky,  
Van't in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
And wear their brave state out of memory;  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,  
To change your day of youth to sullied night;  
And all in war with Time for love of you,  
As he takes from you, I engrave you new.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?  
And fortify yourself in your decay  
With means more blessed than my barren rime?

Now stand you on the top of happy hours,  
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,  
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers  
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:  
So should the lines of life that life repair,  
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,  
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;  
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts!  
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb  
Which hides your life and shows not half you parts.  
If I could write the beauty of your eyes  
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
The age to come would say, 'This poet lies;  
Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces.'  
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth to the tongue,  
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage  
And stretched metre of an antique song:  
But were some child of yours alive that time  
You should live twice, in it and in my rime.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger jaws,  
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood:  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou pleasest,  
And do what 'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
O! carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen  
Him in thy course untainted do allow  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong.  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.
XX.
A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition of me thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.
So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
Making a complement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondeur hems.
O! let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hear-say well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII.
My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the scemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.
As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
O! let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O! learn to read what silent love hath writ;
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.
Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.
Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlock'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famou'd for fight,
After a thousand victories once fall'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd
Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

XXVI.
Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

XXVII.
Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd.
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thine shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beautious and her old face new.

Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself no quiet find.

XXXVIII.
How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by day, and night by day, oppress'd;
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee?
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

XXXIX.
When, in di-grace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Fatter'd like him, like him with friends posses'sd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate:
For thy sweet love rememb'red such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unsu'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

XXXI.
Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns Love, and all Love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.

How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buri'd love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII.
If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy decased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the height of happier men:
Oh! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

XXXIII.
Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdainedeth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.
Why did'st thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face.
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.
XXXV.

No more be grie'd at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blot's that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite.
Which, though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engraven to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give.
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wi'l I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O! give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rimes invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O! how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me!
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence! what a torment would'st thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hast'd before?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hast'd this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robberies, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury:
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows.
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will souldy leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ay me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth;
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me.
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
SONNETS.

XLIV.

Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes go stay!
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

XLV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injuries distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No more then although my foot did stand
Upon the furthest earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be,
But, ah! thought kills me that I am not thought,
To leap long lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my soul;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLVI.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sink's down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recover'd
By those swiftmessengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVII.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part.
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVIII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not further than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLIX.

XLIX.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under trustest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust
But thou, to whom my jewels trilef are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

L.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sun,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I enconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

LI.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Dost teach that case and that repose to say,'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
he bloody spur cannot provoke him on
hat sometimes auger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan
lore sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my
mind:
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.
thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I spied :
from where thou art why should I haste me thence?
ill I return, of posting is no need.
1) what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
in winged speed no motion shall I know:
then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
shall neigh, no dull flesh in his fiery race;
but love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
'since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run and give him leave to go.'

LII.
so am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure
Therefore are feasos so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph; being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.
What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring and folon of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.
O! how much more doth beauty beanteous seem
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beanteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.

LV.
Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.
Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more bless'd may be the view;
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
more rare.

LVII.
Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII.
That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O! let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
SONNETS.

Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child?
O! that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done:
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Wh'er we are mended, or wh'er better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
'O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toll all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to cow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whist thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious handcrush'd and o'erworn
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now forfify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen.
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
And sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O! how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of bettering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stont,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O! none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully mispal'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpet'd,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall’d simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
’Tis with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXXI.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live
And with his presence grace imploie,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his check,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Begg’d of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O! him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXXII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv’d and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty’s dead fleece made another gay;
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another’s green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXXIII.

Those parts of thee that the world’s eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown’d;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing further than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churl’s, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

LXXIV.

That thou art blam’d shall not be thy defect,
For slander’s mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven’s sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo’d of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present’st a pure, unstained prime.
Thou hast pass’d by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail’d, or victor being charg’d;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarg’d:
If some suspect of ill mask’d not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXV.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O! if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compound am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your mean,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXVI.

O! lest the world should task you to recite
What me it lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O! lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham’d by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXVII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare rum’d choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see’st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death’s second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see’st the glooming of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum’d with that which it was nourish’d by.
This thou perceiv’st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXVIII.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
SONNETS.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the fitching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometimes, all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O! know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of montheid graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thieves progress to eternity.
Look! what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poesy disperse,
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing
And given grace a double majesty.

Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces grace be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O! how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame.
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth willfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this; my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues be to your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You shall still live, such virtue hath my pen,
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not marri'd to my Muse,
And therefore may'st without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days,
And do so, love; yet when they have devise'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
SONNETS.

He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeeb'd mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flutter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art sworn.

With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell.
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

LXXX.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
SONNETS.

If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.

Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away and me most wretched make.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me with inconsistent mind,
Since that my life on thy revolts doth lie.
O! what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die:
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O! in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose;
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O! what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see.
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantoness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deem'd
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute:
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
The leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leapt with him.
Yet nor the laves of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play
Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long to speak of that which gives thee all thy might? For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd? Both truth and beauty on my love depends; So dost thou too, and therein dignified.

Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say, 'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd; Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay; But best is best, if never intermix'd?' Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb? Excuse not silence so; for 'tis lies in thee To make him much entitle a gilded tomb And to be prais'd of ages yet to be. Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming; I love not less, though less the show appear; That love is merchandis'd whose rich esteeming The owner's tongue doth publish every where. Our love was new, and then but in the spring, When I was wont to greet it with my lays; As Philomel in summer's front doth sing, And stops her pipe in growth of riper days: Not that the summer is less pleasant now Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night, But that wild music burthen every bough, And sweets grown common lose their dear delight. Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue, Because I would not dall you with my song.

Alack! what poverty my Muse brings forth, That having such a scope to show her pride, The argument, all bare, is of more worth Than when it hath my added praise beside. O! blame me not, if I no more can write; Look in your glass, and there appears a face That over-goes my blunt invention quite, Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace. Were it not sinful then, striving to mend, To mar the subject that before was well? For to no other pass my verses tend Than of your graces and your gifts to tell; And more, much more, than in my verse can sit, Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old, For as you were when first your eye I eyed, Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold Have from the forests shook three summers' pride. Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd In process of the seasons have I seen, Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd, Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green. Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand, Steal from his figure, and no pace receiv'd; So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand, Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd: For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbro't: Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

Let not my love be call'd idolatr'y, Nor my beloved as an idle show, Since all alike my songs and praises be To one, of one, still such, and ever so. Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind, Still constant in a wondrous excellence; Therefore my verse, to constancy confin'd, One thing expressing, leaves out difference. 'Fair, kind, and true,' is all my argument, 'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to other words; And in this change is my invention spent, Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords. 'Fair, kind, and true,' have often liv'd alone, Which three till now never kept seat in one.

When in the chronicle of wasted time I see descriptions of the fairest wights, And beauty making beautiful old rime In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights, Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best, Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow, I see their antique pen would have express'd Even such a beauty as you master now. So all their praises are but prophecies Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:  
For we, which now behold these present  
days,  
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to  
praise.

CVIII.
What's in the brain, that ink may character,  
Which hath not figure'd to thee my true spirit?  
What's new to speak, what new to register,  
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?  
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers  
divine,  
I must each day say o'er the very same;  
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
So that eternal love in love's fresh case  
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,  
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
But makes antiquity for aye his page;  
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
Where time and outward form would show it  
dead.

CIX.
O! never say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.  
As easy might I from myself depart  
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:  
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,  
Like him that travels, I return again;  
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,  
So that myself bring water for my stain.  
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.
Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is  
most dear,  
Made old offences of affections new;  
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth  
Askeance and strangely; but, by all above,  
These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.  
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:  
Mine appetite I never more will grind  
On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.  
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the  
best,  
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.
Your love and pity doth the impression fill  
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;  
For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?  
You are my all the world, and I must strive  
To know my shames and praises from your  
tongue;  
None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.  
In so profound abyss I throw all care  
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense  
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.  
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:  
You are so strongly in my purpose bred  
That all the world besides methinks they're  
dead.

CXII.
Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,  
And that which governs me to go about  
Doth part his function and is partly blind,  
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;  
For it no form delivers to the heart  
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch  
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;  
For if it see the rad'rt or gentlest sight,  
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature  
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your features:  
Incapable of more, replete with you,  
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIII.
On whether doth my mind, being crown'd with  
you,  
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?  
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,  
And that your love taught it this alchemy,  
To make of monsters and things indigest  
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
Creating every bad a perfect best,  
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
O! 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,  
And my great mind most kindly drinks it up:

CXIV.
SONNETS.

CXXI.

I

and to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin.
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Fan sacred beauty, blunt the sharpest intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove: O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark, Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus: that I have scented all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereeto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And giv'n to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me furthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweet-

Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweet-

To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And sick of welfare found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true need-

Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd:
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbeck's foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart com-
mitted,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this maddening fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ills thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriended me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must i under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O! that our night of woe might have remem-
ber'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits:
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are trailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
SONNETS.

CXXV.

I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badness reign.

CXXIII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character’d with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz’d oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss’d.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXVIII.

No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix’d with seconds, knows no art
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn’d informer! a true soul
When most impeach’d stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time’s fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waing grown, and therein show’st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow’st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou go’st onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure;
Her audit, though delay’d, answer’d must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty’s name;
But now is black beauty’s successive heir,
And beauty slander’d with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature’s power,
Fairing the soul with art’s false borrow’d face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan’d, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress’ eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem,
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Sland’ring creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

CXXIX.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play’st
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway’st
The wavy concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood’s boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickl’d, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O’er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless’d than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune’s bastard be unfather’d,
As subject to Time’s love or to Time’s hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers garner’d.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pining, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall’d discontent,
Where’er the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short number’d hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv’d for crime.

CXXV.

Wanted’st me to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
SONNETS.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun; 
Coral is far more red than her lips' red; 
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun; 
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head. 
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white, 
But no such roses see I in her cheeks; 
And in some perfumes is there more delight 
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks. 
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know 
That music hath a far more pleasing sound: 
I grant I never saw a goddess go, 
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground: 
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare 
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art, 
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel; 
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart 
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel. 
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold, 
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan: 
To say they err I dare not be so bold, 
Although I swear it to myself alone. 
And to be sure that is not false I swear, 
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face, 
One on another's neck, do witness bear 
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place. 
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds, 
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me, 
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain, 
Have put on black and loving mourners be, 
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain. 
And truly not the morning sun of heaven 
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east, 
Nor that full star that ushers in the even 
Doth half that glory to the sober west, 
As those two mourning eyes become thy face: 
O! let it then as well beseech thy heart 
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace, 
And suit thy pity like in every part. 
Then will I swear beauty herself is black, 
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan 
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me! 
Is't not enough to torture me alone, 
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be!

Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken, 
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd: 
Of him, myself, and thee. I am forsaken; 
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd: 
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward, 
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart ball; 
Woo'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard; 
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol; 
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee, 
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine, 
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will, 
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine 
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still: 
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free, 
For thou art covetous and he is kind; 
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me, 
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind. 
The statue of thy beauty thou wilt take, 
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use, 
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake; 
So him I lose through my unkind abuse. 
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me: 
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will, 
And Will to boot, and Will in overplus; 
More than enough am I that vex thee still, 
To thy sweet will making addition thus: 
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious, 
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine? 
Shall will in others seem right gracious, 
And in my will no fair acceptance shine? 
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still, 
And in abundance addeth to his store: 
So thou, being rich in Will, add to thy Will 
One will of mine, to make thy large Will more. 
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill; 
Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near, 
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will, 
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there; 
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil. 
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love, 
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one. 
In things of great receipt with ease we prove 
Among a number one is reckon'd none: 
Then in the number let me pass untold, 
Though in thy store's account I one must be; 
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold 
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee: 
Make but my name thy love, and love that still, 
And then thou lov'st me, for my name is Will.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes, 
That they behold, and see not what they see? 
They know what beauty is, see where it lies, 
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor’d in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes’ falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Where to the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world’s common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In thing might true my heart and eyes have err’d,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor’d youth,
Unlearned in the world’s false subtilities.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress’d,
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O! love’s best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter’d be.

CXXXIX.

O! call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov’st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need’st thou wound with cunning, when
Thy pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wrestling world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belf’d,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXL.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But ’tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleas’d to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue’s tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Disuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unwary’d the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart’s slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O! but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan’d their scarlet ornaments
And seal’d false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb’d others’ beds’ revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov’st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may’st thou be denied!

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather’d creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not pricing her poor infant’s discontent:
So runn’st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother’s part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may’st have thy Will,
If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man, right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour’d ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn’d fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another’s hell:
Yet this shall I ne’er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.
SONNETS.

CXLV.
Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said 'I hate,'
'Fo me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doon;
And taught it thus anew to speak;
'That hate' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away;
'That hate' from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying 'Not you.'

CXLVI.
Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Press'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer death,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy labours thus spend life?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.
My love is as a fever, long'ning still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve;
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth, vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.
O me! what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight;
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereof my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O! how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.
Const thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forget
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.
O! from what power last thou this powerful night
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O! though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou should'st not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.
Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove;
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no further reason,
But rising at thy name doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.
In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing,
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost;
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjur'd I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!
CLIII.

Cupid laid by his hand and fell asleep;
A maid of Dan's this advantage found,
And her love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.

But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad dismester'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies.

Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintive story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sarc'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyene,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Lauding the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what content it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime, diverted, their poor balls are tied
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheev'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;

Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And true to bondage would not break from thence
Though shuckly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margin she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarchs' hands that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleeled silk feat and affectedly
Ensawth'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried 'Of false blood! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear;
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here.'
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle high,
Sometimes a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.
So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself and to no love beside.

'But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit, it was to gain my grace,
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face.
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd and newly defined.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
And every light occasion of the wind:
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurl.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix down began to appear
Like unshorn velvet on that tallow skin.
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seemed to wear;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear,
And nice affections waiving stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beantious as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the way,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!"
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appartainings and to ornament,
Accomplisht' in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piece'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong.
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

'That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunts:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouuring in more pleasures to bestow
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them.

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desire'd yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded.
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behalf.
O appetite! from judgment stand aloof;
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry "It is thy last."

'For further I could say "This man's untrue,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to faking;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.
A LOVER’S COMPLAINT.

‘And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: “Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to ye sworn to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

‘All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame
did find,
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

‘Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as
waru'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was
harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

‘Look here, what tributes wounded fancies
sent me,
Of pale pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that their passions likewise lent
me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

‘And, lo! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impalest,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

‘The diamond; why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
Where to his invis'd properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sighs their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some
mourn.

‘Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of sensibl'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I heard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

‘O! then, advance of yours that phraseless
hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of
praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did
raise;

What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

‘Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

‘But, O my sweet! what labour's t't leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not
strives,
Paling the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

‘O! pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly;
Religious love put out religion's eye;
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt, all liberty procur'd.

‘How mighty then you are, O! hear me tell:
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

‘My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplin'd, ay, dictated in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when they to assured
began,
All vows and consecrations giving place,
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

‘When thou impressest, what are precepts
worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pants it bears,
The alos of all forces, shocks, and fears.

‘Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And suppliant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you made 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my truth.

‘This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a font
With brinish current downward flow'd apace.
O! how the channel to the stream gave grace;
Who gaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

O father! what a hell of witchcraft lies in the small orb of one particular tear, but with the inundation of the eyes What rocky heart to water will not wear? What breast so cold that is not warmed here? d cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath, both fire from hence and chill extinture hath.

For, lo! his passion, but an art of craft, Even there resolv'd my reason into tears; There my white stole of chastity I affidavit, shook off my sober guards and civil fears; And to him, as he to me appears, All melting; though our drops this difference bore, His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter, Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives, Of burning blushes, or of weeping water, Or swounding paleness; and he takes and leaves, In every aptness, as it best deceives, To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes, Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:

That not a heart which in his level came Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim, Shewing fair nature is both kind and tame; And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would main: Against the thing he sought he would exclaim: When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury, He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd; That the unexperient gave the temperet place, Which like a cherubin above them hover'd. Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd? Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make What should I do again for such a sake.

O! that infected moisture of his eye, O! that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd, O! that foro'd thunder from his heart did fly, O! that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd, O! all that borrow'd motion seeming ow'd, Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd, And new pervert a reconciled maid.'

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

When my love swears that she is made of truth, I do believe her, though I know she lies, That she might think me some untutor'd youth, Unskilful in the world's false forgeries. Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young, Although I know my years be past the best, I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue, Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest. But wherefore says my love that she is young? And wherefore say not I that I am old? O! love's best habit is a soothing tongue, And age, in love, loves not to have years told. Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me, Since that our faults in love thus smoother'd be.

II.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair, Which like two spirits do suggest me still; The better angel is a man, right fair, The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill. To win me soon to hell, my female evil Tempteth my better angel from my side, And would corrupt a saint to be a devil, Wooling his purity with her fair pride; And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend Suspect I may, but not directly tell;

For being both to me, both to each friend, I guess one angel in another's hell. The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt, Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye, 'Gainst whom the world could not hold argu- ment, Persuade my heart to this false perjury? Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment. A woman I forswore; but I will prove, Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee: My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love; Thy grace being gain'd eues all disgrace in me. My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is; Then thou, fair son, that on this earth dost shine, Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is: If broken, then it is no fault of mine. If by me broke, what fool is not so wise To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green, Did court the lad with many a lovely look, Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
Toches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripen years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
He rose and ran away; ah! fool too froward.

V.
If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O! never could faith hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O! do not love that wrong.
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

VI.
Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon us'd to cool his spleen:
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him:
He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood:
'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a flood!'

VII.
Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her;
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.
Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.
She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade the love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.
If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX.
Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,

Fairer for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a younger proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.'
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X.
Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bad, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, allack! too timely shaded;
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.
I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why thou leftst me nothing in thy will:
nd yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;  
or why I craved nothing of thee still:  
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,  
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI.

Enus, with young Adonis sitting by her  
under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:  
he told the youngling how god Mars did try  
her,  
and as he fell to her, so fell she to him.  
Even thus, 'quoth she, 'the war-like god  
embrac'd me,'  
and then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;  
Even thus, 'quoth she, 'the war-like god un-  
lac'd me,'  
as if the boy should use like loving charms.  
Even thus, 'quoth she, 'he seized on my lips,'  
and with her lips on his did act the seizure;  
and as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
and would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.  
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,  
To kiss and clip me till I ran away.

XII.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together;  
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;  
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;  
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;  
Youth is nimble, age is lame;  
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;  
Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;  
O! my love, my love is young;  
Age, I do defy thee; O! sweet shepherd, lie thee,  
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;  
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;  
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;  
A brittle glass that's broken presently;  
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,  
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,  
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
As broken glass no cement can redress,  
So beauty blemish'd once's for ever lost,  
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XIV.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:  
She bade good night that kept my rest away;  
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
To descend on the doubts of my decay.  
'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-  
morrow.'  
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
In scorn or friendship, nil I construe whether:  
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,  
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:  
'Wander,' a word for shadows like thyself,  
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord! how mine eyes throw gazes to the east;  
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise  
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.  
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,  
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;  

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,  
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:  
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;  
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;  
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;  
For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-  
morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;  
But now are minutes added to the hours;  
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;  
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!  
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night  
now borrow:  
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-  
morrow.
SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

I.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas! it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
Alas! she could not help it.

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man bath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

II.

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.'

III.

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's reining,
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove,
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss:
O! frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame;
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain,

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O! cruel speeding,
Fraughted with gail,
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
arewell, sweet lass,
by like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
or Corydon
Just live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none.

IV.
Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,
Yet reason rule things worthy blame,
as well as fancy partial wight:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
lest she some subtle practice smell;
A cripple soon can find a halt:
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear ere night;
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day;
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and bawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,
"Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Seek never thou to change anew.
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The widows and grills that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that trends them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think, women love to match with men
And not to live so like a saint:
Here is no heaven; they holy then
Begin when age doth them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough! too much, I fear;
For if my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to ring my ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets be bewray'd.

V.
Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.
If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

VI.
As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
"Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;
'Teren, Teren!' by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Searce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead,
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call
SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king,' If he be addict to vice, Quickly him they will entice; If to women he be bent, They have him at commandement: But if Fortune once do frown, Then farewell his great renown; They that fawn'd on him before

Use his company no more. He that is thy friend indeed, He will help thee in thy need: If thou sorrow, he will weep; If thou wake, he cannot sleep: Thus of every grief in heart He with thee does bear a part. These are certain signs to know Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE.

LET the bird of loudest lay On the sole Arabian tree, Herald sad and trumpet be, To whose sound chaste wings obey,

But thou shrieking harbinger, Foul precurrer of the fiend, Augur of the fever's end, To this troop come thou not near,

From this session interdict Every fowl of tyrant wing, Save the eagle, feather'd king: Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white That defunctive music can, Be the death-divining swan, Lest the requiem lack his right,

And thou treble-dated crow, That thy sable gender mak'st With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st, 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence: Love and constancy is dead; Phænix and the turtle fled In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain Had the essence but in one; Two distincts, division none: Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder; Distance, and no space was seen 'Twixt the turtle and his queen: But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine, That the turtle saw his right Flaming in the phænix' sight; Either was the other's vine.

Property was thus appall'd, That the self was not the same; Single nature's double name Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded, Saw division grow together; To themselves yet either neither, Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, 'How true a twain Seemeth this concordant one! Love hath reason, reason none, If what parts can so remain.'

Whereupon it made this threne To the phænix and the dove, Co-supremes and stars of love, As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity, Grace in all simplicity, Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest; And the turtle's loyal breast To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity: 'Twas not their infirmity, It was married chastily.

Truth may seem, but cannot be; Beauty brag, but 'tis not she; Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair That are either true or fair; For these dead birds sigh a prayer.
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Agincourt, battle of (October 25, 1415), H. V.

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Alarbus, son of Tanara in Tit. And.

Albany, Duke of, Gonneril's husband, in Lear.

Abert, Charles d'. See CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.

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Alcibiades (b.c. 454-404), an Athenian general, T. of A.

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Alidiefest (dearest of all), 2 H. VI., i. 1.

Ale, cakes and, Tw. Nat., ii. 3.

Alek, on the robbed, on the, Tito Gent., ii. 5. Minor church festivals were called ales.

Allesto (one of the Furies), 2 H. VI., v. 5.

Alession, the Duke of, a character in i. H. VII. Mentioned in H. V., iii. 5; his glove, H. V., iv. 7, 8.

Alexander, one of the Nine Worthies in L. L.'s L., v. 2. The jests on the player, "Your nose," etc., are allusions to the traditions that his head was set obliquely, and that his body gave out a sweet fragrance: his crown, Winter's T., v. 1; the king likened to, H. V., iv. 7, v. 7.

Alexander, Cressida's servant in Tr. & Cr.

Alexandria, a city of Egypt, scene of a part of A. & C.

Alice, an attendant of the queen in A. & C.

Algiers, See ARGIER.

Alice, a lady attending on the Princess Katharine in H. V.

Aliena, name assumed by Celia in As You Like It.

Alisander. See Alexander.

Alla nostra casa, etc., Tem. of S., i. 2. (Welcome to our house, much-honoured Signor Petruchio.)

All-hallowes summer, 1 H. IV., i. 2. A November summer.

All hid, L. L.'s L., iv. 3. A child's game.

Alliteration, the use of, L. L.'s L., iv. 2, "to affect the letter."

Allons (let us go), L. L.'s L., iv. 3.

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Ama, of my traps, Cor. of E., i. 2. One by whose birth he knew the date of his own.

Amanacs, allusions to weather prognostications in, 2 H. IV., ii. 4; A. & C., i. 2; Sonnet xiv.

Alonso, King of Naples, character in Temp.

Alphabet, the, called Absy. See ABSEY-BOOK and Cross-book.

Althea, dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand, 2 H. IV., vi. 2; burning the brand, 2 H. IV., i. 1.

Amaimon, Merry Wives, ii. 2, end; 1 H. IV., ii. 4. One of the four demon-kings. His realm is in the north, the quieter of the four, and he is ever full of evil.

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America, Com. of Er., iii. 2; allusion to, H. VIII., v. 3, "Make new nations," etc.

Amenes-ace, All's Well, iii. 3. The lowest throw upon two dice has two aces.

Amiens, lord attending the banished duke in As You Like It.

Amor (dispirited), Tem. of S., iv. 5; 1 H. VI., ii. 3.

Amphion, harp of, Temp., i. ii.

Amurath, 2 H. IV., v. 2. Amurath V., who, succeeding to his father, Amurath IV., caused all his brothers to be strangled.

Amyntas, King of Lyceania, A. & C., iii. 6.

Anatopize (analyze), as You Like It, i. 1, ii. 7; 2 H. VI., v. 2.

Anatomy (skeleton), a mere, Com. of Er., v. 1; I'll eat the rest of the, Tw. Nat., iii. 2; that fell, which cannot heal, K. J., iii. 4; in what part of the, does the name lodge, R. J., iii. 3.

Anchises, Jul. Cesar, i. 2. The father of Aeneas.

Ancient (a standard, or standard-bearer, or ensign). Pistol and fagio were ancients; an old-faced (flag), 1 H. IV., ii. 1; ii. 2; of war (experienced), Lear, v. 1.

Andirons, Cymb., ii. 4.

And let the canakin, song, Oth., iii. 2.

Andren (Arde), yale of, in Pecary, the Field of the Cloth of God, H. VIII., i. 1.

Andrew, my wealthy, M. of V., i. 1. A merchantman, perhaps called so after the great admiral. Andrea Doria.

Andromache, Hector's wife, a character in Tr. & Cr.

Andronici, tomb of the, Tit. And., i. 1 or 2.

Anemone, the flower that sprang from the blood of Adonis, Von. & Ad., 195. Purple was used for any bright colour.

Angelo, the deputy of the duke in M. for M.

Angelo, a goldsmith in Com. of Er.

Angels (made to weep, M. for M., ii. 2; blessed ministers above, M. for M., v. 1; guardian, 2 H. IV., ii. 2; attending evil, 2 H. IV., ii. 2; visions of, H. VIII., iii. 2; beauty of, R. J., ii. 2; are bright still, Mac., iv. 3; and ministers of move in Heaven, i. 4; heavenly guards, Ham., iii. 4; skins to thy rest, Ham., v. 2.

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Angus, a thane of Scotland in Mac.

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Anjou, Margaret of. See MARGARET.

Anna, the confidant of Dido, Tam. of S., i. 1.

Anne, Princess of Wales, widow of the son of Henry VI., and a woman, character in R. III.

Annoint (stated for annotate), L. L.'s L., iv. 1.

An old hare hoar (an old song), R. J., ii. 4.

Anon (in a moment), Merry Wives, iii. 4; 1 H. IV., ii. 4.

Antenor, a Trojan commander, character in Tr. & Cr.
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Bag-pipe, the melancholy. Winter's T., iv. 3; 1 H. IV., i. 2; M. of V., iv. 1.

Bailie (give), Merry Wives, i. 4.

Bajazet's mute, All's Well, iv. 1. Meaning unknown.

Balked (heaped or buried), 1 H. IV., i. 1.

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Balthasar, a servant of Portia in M. of V.

Balthasar, Romeo's servant in R. & J.

Balthazar, a merchant in Com. of Er.

Balthazar, a servant of Don Pedro in Much Ado.

Banbury cheese, called merry, Wives, i. 1.

Bangor, in Wales, scene of part of 1 H. IV.

Bank'd, their towns (passed by the towns on the banks of rivers), K. J., v. 2.

Banquo, character in Mac.

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Barbary, Bollingbroke's horse, R. III., v. 5.

Barbason (a demon), Merry Wives, ii. 2; and, H. V., ii. 1.

Barber-monger (companion of barbers?), Lear, ii. 2.

Barber's shop, forfeits in a, M. for M., v. 1. Alluding to the custom of imposing forfeits for bad conduct on the loungers in barber-shops.

Barbury hen, a, 2 H. IV., ii. 4.

Bardolph, Lord, character in 2 H. IV.

Augustus Caesar, demands tribute, Cymb., iii. 1; character in A. & C. See CEsar.

Aubry, Duke of, son of the Duke of York, character in R. II. He was high constable, and was deprived of his dukedom for adhering to Richard, but allowed to retain the earldom of Rutland, "Call him Rich by his title. M. V., iii. 4; he has again spoken of, as an old man and Duke of York, as dying on the field of Agincourt (H. V., iv. 6).

Aunt, an old, Tr. and Cr., ii. 2. Hesione, sister of Priam.

Austria, Leopold, Archduke of, a character in K. J., in which he is made identical with Vidomar, Viscount of Lyngevies, in a quarrel with whom Richard I. of England fell, having been shot by one of the viscount's vassals while besieging the castle of Chaluz. The archduke died before Richard.

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Auvergne, Countess of, a character in 1 H. VI.

Avoid (avant), Com. of Er., iv. 3.

Awful (law-abiding), Two Gent., iv. 1; (respectful toward authority), 2 H. IV., iv. 1.

Awkward (adverse), Peric., v. 1.

Aye-word, gull him into an (make a by-word of him by gulling him), V. of Na., ii. 3.

Bardolph, one of the companions of Falstaff in the Merry Wives, the two parts of H. IV., and H. V. In the first three he is a corporal, in the last lieutenant.

Barefoot, I must dance, Tam. of S., ii. 1. Alluding to the notion that, if a younger sister were married first, the elder must dance barefoot at her wedding, or surely be an old maid.

Baron Gironia's, A. & C., ii. 2.

Barghils (or Bardylis), 2 H. VI., iv. 1. Mentioned by Cleerco. A pirate, who rose to be King of Illyria.

Barkloously Castle, R. II., iii. 2. No such castle is known.

Barn, (yeast), M. N. D., ii. 1.

Barnacles, we shall be turned to, Tempe., iv. 1. There was a saying that the barnacle-goose was a transformation of the barnacle, an idea which gave rise to the custom in France of eating the bird on fast-days, as being of fishy substance.

Barnardine, a prisoner in M. for M.

Barnet, battle of (April 14, 1471), 3 H. VI., v. 2, 3.

Barrenness, supposed cure for, Jul. Cos., i. 2.

Bartholomew, a page who plays the part of Sty's wife in the induction to the Tem. of S.

Bartholomew-pig, 2 H. IV., ii. 4. Allusion to the roasted pigs which were a feature of the Smithfield Fair on Saint Bartholomew's Day.

Bartholomew-tide (August 24), H. V., ii. 11.

Bau, the hill of, A. & C., iii. 11 or 13. (See Psalms xxviii. 12.)

Base, prisoner's, allusions to, Two Gent., i. 2; the country, Cymb., v. 4; Ven. & Ad., I. 303, to bid the wind a base, to challenge it to run a race.

Bases, a pair of (embroidered mantles covering a rider's knees), Peric., i. 1.

Basilisco-like, K. J., i. 1. Name of a braggart knight in an old play, Saliman and Perseda, who insists on being addressed by his title.

Basilisk, the allusions to its supposed power of poisoning by looking, S. of L., iii. 2; Winter's T., i. 2; 2 H. V., iii. 2; 3 H. VI., iii. 2; R. III., i. 2, iv. 1; R. & J., iii. 2; Cymb., ii. 4; Lear, i. 540.

Basilisks (pieces of ordinance), 1 H. IV., ii. 3; H. V., v. 2.

Bassano, a character in the M. of V.

Basset, a character in 1 H. VI., a Lancastrian.

Bassianus, brother of Sertorius in Tit. And.

Basta (enough), Tam. of S., i. 1.
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Bourbon, Lord High Admiral, addressed in 3 H. VI., i. 3. A grandson of the preceding.

Bourchier, Thomas, Arch Bishop of Canterbury and cardinal, character in R. III. His mother was a daughter of the Duchess of Gloucester in R. II. He had taken sides with the Yorkists, and crowned Edward IV., Richard II., and Henry VII. (Rich mond).

Bourdues, scene of 1 H. VI., iv. 2, 5.

Bourn (burn, rivulet, or boundary), Tr. & Cr., ii. 3; his brother, L., iv. 6; of the undiscovered country, tan., i. 11.

Bowling, allusions to, Tan. of S., iv. 5; R. II., iii. 4; Cor., v. 2, rub on, etc., Tr. & Cr., ii. 3; kissed the jack, symb., i. 11.

Boys, a lord attending on the Princess of France in Le. L.'s L.

Bray, Sir John, mentioned in i H. IV., ii. 4.

Braid (deceitful), All's Well, iv. 2.

Braikenbury, Sir Robert, Lieutenant of the Tower in R. IV.

Brandon, Sir William, character in R. III.

Brandon, character in H. VIII. The Duke of Buckingham was arrested by one Sir Henry Marney.

Brawny, a bird, or subject to whipping.

Breese, A. & C., iii. 8-10. The gaddly.

Bretonford, fat woman, or witch, of Merry Wives, iv. 2.

Breath (voice), Tw. Nt., ii. 3.

Brecknock, R. III., iv. 2. Buckingham's castle in South Wales.

Breeching scholar, Tan. of S., iii. 1. To breech was an old term meaning to whip, used in Merry Wives, iv. 1, "You must be breeched." A breeching scholar was a boy subject to whipping.

Breese, or, A. & C., iii. 8-10.

Breath, A. & C., iii. 8-10. The gaddly.

Brentford, a wild female, or witch, of Merry Wives, iv. 2.

Breath, a well-known personage of Shakspere's day, named Gillan.

Bretagne, John de Montfort, Duke of, mentioned in R. II., ii. 1, as furnishing Bollingbroke with ships. Henry IV. afterwards married his widow, Joan of Navarre.

Bretagnes, R. III., v. 3.

Brewer's Horse, a, H. IV., iii. 3. He carried the liquor to the back.

Bribe-Buck (a stolen one), Merry Wives, v. 5.

Bridewell, palace at, scene of H. VIII., ii., 1. 2.

Bridget, Mistress, alluded to, Merry Wives, ii. 2.

Bridgnorth, in Shropshire, forces to meet at, i H. IV., iii. 2, end.

Brief (betrothal), All's Well, ii. 3.

Brief (inventory), A. & C., v. 2.

Brocas, Sir Bernard, mentioned in R. II., v. 6, as having been beheaded for adherence to Richard.

Brooke, a mimic of stringed instruments, punished on, Tr. & Cr., iii. 1; H. V., v. 2, as You Like It, i. 2.

Broker, a crafty knave, 2 H. IV., i. 2.

Brook, or Broom, name by which Ford gets himself introduced to Falstaff, Merry Wives, ii. 2.

Brownist, a (one of a sect of) puritans, Tw. Nt., iii. 2.

Brutus, John, a tribune of the people, character in Cor.

Brutus, there was a, once, Jul. Cæs., i. 2. Lucius Julius Brutus was prominent in the expulsion of the Tarquins and in turning the kingdom into a republic. He is again alluded to in ii. 1, in the argument to Lucrece, and at lines 1734, 1897.

Brutus, Marcus Junius, character in Jul. Cæs. He is spoken of in 2 H. VI., iv. 3; in A. & C., i. 6, Pompey speaks of his motive; and in iii. 9 or 11, Antony calls him the mad Brutus.

Bubukles (pimples), H. V., iii. 6.

Buckingham, Edward Stafford, Duke of, a character in H. VIII. He calls himself Edward Bohun (ii. 1), as he was descanted from the Bohuns, and from them inherited his office of Constable. He was executed in 1221. The Buckingham of R. III. was his father.

Buckingham, Henry Stafford, Duke of, character in R. III. A grandson of the Buckingham of 2 H. VI. and son of Sir Humphrey, character in B. V. H. He fell at the battle of Northampton in 1460. The son of the Lord Stafford mentioned in i H. IV., v. 3, as having been slain for the king.

Buckie (bend), 2 H. IV., i. 1.

Bucklers, give the (surrender), Much Ado, v. 2.

Bucklersbury, a place in the outskirts of London where herbs and drugs were sold, Merry Wives, iii. 3.

Buckler, cases of (oversuits), 1 H. IV., i. 2.

Bugs (household washing), 2 H. VI., iv. 2; buck-basket, Merry Wives, iii. 5.

Bug (bugbear), Tan. of S., i. 2, and elsewhere; Warwick was the bug that feared us all, 3 H. VI., v. 2.

Bulks (projecting show-windows or outside stalls), Cor., i. 1; Oth., v. 1.

Bull, the savage, &c., Much Ado, i. 1; line from "The Spanish Tragedy," by Thomas Kyd, printed in 1603, but played before that time. It was much ridiculed by Kyd's contemporaries.

Bull-Baiting, allusions to, Tr. & Cr., v. 8; v. 7, "Now bull, now dog!"

Bulrul, one of the recruits in 2 H. IV., iii. 2.

Bull Yoke (a bold, bluff, rollicking fellow), Merry Wives, i. 1.

Bulkeley, a grandson of the Hospitallers, 2 H. IV., ii. 3.

Bully Stale, Merry Wives, ii. 3. Bully was a favourite word with the host of the Garter.

Bunch of Grapes, the, for M., i. 1; "It was customary to give such names to rooms in taverns. See DOLPHIN CHAMBER."

Bung (cunt for purse, here entutripe), 2 H. IV., i. 4.

Bunting, took this lark for a, All's Well, ii. 3. A bird like the lark, but soughful.

Burgh, Hubert de. See HUBERT DE BURGH.

Buratonet (helmet), 2 H. VI., v. 1; A. & C., i. 5.

Burgundy, dau. of, 3 H. VI., i. 1.

Burgundy, Duke of, character in Lear.

Burgundy, Philip the Good, Duke of, a character in H. V. and H. VI. His sister was married to Bedford, and he was in alliance with the English till 1432, when he was reconciled to the Dauphin through the mediation of the Pope. In iii. 3 he is represented as won over by Joan of Arc.

Burial, Christian, given to, a, Ham., v. 1; with the head on the table.

Burton Heath (Barton-on-the-Heath), in Warwickshire, Tan. of S., induction, ii.

Bury St. Edmund's, abbey of, in Suffolk, scene of 2 H. VI., i. 2, and of K. J., v. 2, etc.

Bush, good wine needs no, As You Like It, v. 4; reference to a bush of ivy at a vintner's door.

Bushy, Sir John, a parasite of the king's in R. II.

Butcher, privilege to a, 2 H. IV., iv. 3. Referring to the practice of favouring some butchers by permits to kill a certain number of cattle every week in Lent.

But already I turn my song, WINTER'S T., iv. 3.

Butt (bod), painted, M. N. D., iii. 1; you, was a, Cor., v. 4; show not their meatly walls but to the summer, Tr. & Cr., iii. 3.

Butterfly, botanist, painted, M. N. D., iii. 1; you, was a, Cor., v. 4; show not their meatly walls but to the summer, Tr. & Cr., iii. 3.

Butterly-bar, Tw. Nt., i. 3.

Buttons, 'tis in his (he can do it), Merry Wives, iii. 1; (bod), Ham., iii. 3.

Butts, Sir William, the king's physician in H. VIII.

Butt's tether (arrow to be shot at a butt or mark), L.'s L. L., ii. 2, end.

"But yet," disliking for, A. & C., ii. 5.

By (by pay for), 3 H. VI., i. 1.
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Cabin'd, cribb'd, confound, Mac., iii. 4.
Cacodemon (an evil spirit), R. III., i. 3.
Caddisses (crews or braid), Winter's T., iv. 3 or 4.
Cade, Jack, leader of Cade's rebellion in 1450, who called himself King of H. VII. and was killed by one of those with Bolingbroke, Caddmus (the legendary founder of Thebes, who introduced the alphabet into Greece), M. N. D., iv. 1.
Caduceus (Mercury's rod), Tr. & Cr., ii. 3.
Cadwal. See ARYTAGUS.
Caddwallader, H. V., v. 1. The last Welsh king.
Cesar, Julius, character in the play that bears his name, in All's Well, one of those with Bolingbroke, 2 H. VI., iv. 2; quoted, 2 H. VI., iv. 7; began the Tower, R. II., v. 1; R. III., iii. 1. He did not build any part of it. Ship that bare, H. VI., i. 2; commentaries of, 2 H. VI., iv. 7; they that stabbed, 2 H. VI., v. 5; Mark Antony and, Mac., iii. 1; the dust of, Hom., v. 1; Cleopatra's praise of, A. & C., i. 5; death of, A. & C., ii. 6; in Britain, Cymb., iii. 1.
Cesar (Octavius), Augustus, who was triumvir after the death of Julius Cesar, a character in Jul. Cez., and A. & C.
Cage (for vagabonds and criminals), 2 H. VI., iv. 2.
Cain-coloured beard, Merry Wives, i. 4. Cain was represented in old tapestry with a red beard.
Caithness, a thane of Scotland, in Mac.
Calais, Dr. (an irascible French physician), character in All's Well, first spoken of in i. 1, introduced in i. 4.
Caius, kinsman of Titus in Tit. And., addressed in iv. 3 and v. 2.
Cal, name assumed by Kent in Lear.
Cakes and ale, Tw. Nt., ii. 3.
Calchas, a Trojan priest who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle at Delphi as to the result of the war. Being warned not to return, as Troy was to be destroyed, he took part with the Greeks. Cresaidia was his daughter. A character in Tr. & Cr.
Caliban, a deformed monster in Temp.
Calipolis, feed and be fat, my fair, 2 H. IV., ii. 4. Travesty of a line in Peck's "Battle of Acalzar."
Caliver, a hand gun, J. H. IV., iv. 2.
Calixtus (wanton), Winter's T., ii. 3; Oth., iv. 2.
Caipurnia, Cesar's wife in Jul. Cez.
Calumny, none can escape, M., for M., iii. 2; will sever virtue itself, Winter's T., ii. 1; the fate of place, H. VIII., i. 2; not to be escaped, Ham., i. 1.
Calydon (a city of Eotolia in Greece), the prince in 2 H. VI., i. 1. Melegier. See ALTHEA.
Cambo, name assumed by Lucentio in Tam. of S., i. 1.
Cambridge, Richard, Earl of, character in H. V. Son of Edmund Langley, Duke of York, and brother of the York in this play. Spoken of in H. VI., ii. 5, in connection with the claim of the house of York to the throne.
Camyses, King, I. H. IV., iv. 2. Allusion to a play by Thomas Preston, written about 1561, entitled "A Lamentable Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant Mirth, conteyning the Life of Camyses, King of Persia, from the beginning of his Kingdome unto his Death." The story is from Herodotus and Justin.
Cambelot (in Somersetshire), Lear, ii. 2.
Camillo (a lord of Sicilia), a character in Winter's T.
Campeius (Laurence Campeggio), cardinal and legate, character in H. VIII.
Canary, name of a lively dancer and also of a wine, L.'s L.'s L., iii. 1; Merry Wives, lii. 2; end; All's Well, ii. 2.
Cancer, more coals to, Tr. & Cr., ii. 3.
Cant, All's Well, Henry's lieutenant-general, introduced in iii. 7 of A. & C; ii. desert, v. 2; character in H. VIII.
Canis (dog), L.'s L.'s L., v. 2.
Canker, in the bud, Two Gent., i. 1; hath not they rose a, Somerset, I. H. VI., ii. 4; (the dog-rose), Much Ado, i. 3, i. 4; I. H. IV., i. 3; Sonnet liv.
Cannibals, 2 H. IV., ii. 4; Oth., i. 3; Lear, i. 1, "Make his generation messes." See ANTHROPOPHAGI.
Cannon, K. J., i. 1; Mac., i. 2.
Canterbury, Arundel, Archbishop of, mentioned in H. VIII., as ordered from the deck by Bolingbroke. He crowned Bolingbroke as Henry IV. in 1399.
Canterbury, Thomas Bourelius, Archbishop of, character in R. II.
Canterbury Pilgrims, 1 H. IV., i. 2. Pilgrimages were made to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury.
Cante (corner or part), I. H. IV., iii. 1; A. & C., iii. 8 or 10.
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Canvass, 1 H. VI., i. 3. To trap, as wild fowl were taken in a canvass or net.
Caper, Masten, a prisoner, Merry Wives, iv. 3.
Capet, Hugh, his title to the crown of France, H. V., i. 2.
Caphis, servant of one of the creditors of Timon of Athens.
Capilet, family of, All's Well, v. 3.
Capileit, my horse, grey, Tw. Nt., iii. 5.
Capocciia (tool), Tr. & Cr., iv. 2.
Capon, L.'s L.'s L., iv. 1. The French poulet means both a young fowl and a love-letter.
Captions, and intelligne (taking in, not holding), All's Well, i. 3.
Capucius, Eustachius, ambassador from Charles V., character in H. VIII.
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Carbuncle, the, allusions to its supposed power of giving out unflected light, Tit. And., ii. 3; H. VIII., iv. 3; iii. 2; Lear, ii. 2.
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Carded (mixed), I. H. IV., iii. 2.
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Carduus Benedictus (holy thistle, a medicinal herb, thought good for heart-diseases), Much Ado, iii. 4.
Care, business, M. of V., i. 1; killed a cat, Much Ado, v. 1; an enemy to life, Tw. Nt., i. 3; on earth, R. II., ii. 2; premature aging by, I. H. VI., i. 5; no cure, I. H. VII., iii. 3; in the aged, R. & J., ii. 3.
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Carp, of truth, Ham., ii. 1. The carp, perhaps because of its large brain, was proverbially the wisest of fishes.
Carpets (tapestry table-cloths), Tam. of S., iv. 1.
Carriage (load), Temp., v. 1; K. J., v. 7.
Cart, the horse drawn by, the Lear, i. 4.
Carthag, Dido, the Queen of, M. of V., v. 1; Temp., ii. 1.
Carve (to make gestures), L.'s L.'s L., v. 2; Merry Wives, i. 3.
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Egyptian thief, Tw. Nt., i. 1. Thamyis, chief of a band of robbers, who killed his mistress when surprised by a stronger band, that he might have her company in the other world.

Eisel (vinegar), Somnet exi. See also ESILL.

Elbow, rub the, 1 H. IV., i. v. 1. Allusion to the notion that an itching elbow was a precursor of change.

Elbow, constable in M. for M.

Elder-tree, allusion to the belief that it grows where blood has been shed, Tilt. And., ii. 4; emblem of grief, Cymb., iv. 1. Judas was said to have hanged himself on an elder-tree.

Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, in R. II. See Glou-

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Elflocks, R. & J., i., 1. Fairies were supposed to mat and tangle the manes of horses into "elflocks."

Elinor of Aquitaine, widow of King Henry II., char-

acter in K. J.

Elizabeth Woodville (Lady Grey), queen of Edward IV., character in R. III.

Elizabeth, the princess, daughter of Edward IV. Her marriage united the title of the House of York to that of Henry VII.

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ing, v. 2, 3, 4; Cranmer's prophecy concerning her, v. 4. In ii. 2. Suffolk makes something like a prophecy of her reign when speaking of her mother. "There's order given," etc. See BOLKYN. The passage in M. N. D., ii. 1, beginning "That very time I saw," is supposed to be a compliment to Elizabeth (1533-1603).

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Embellishments, Two Gent., ii. 4, iii. 1, 2; Merry Wives, iv. 6, v. 5; M. of V., ii. 6, 8; M. N. D., i., i., iv.; Winter's T., iv. 3 or 4; Oth., i., 1-3.

Elsinore, in the island of Seeland, Denmark, scene of a part of Ham.; cliff at, i. 4.

Eves, offices of, Temp., v. 1. See FAIRIES.

Ewill-marked, R. III., i. Allusion to the notion that deformity was due to evil fairies.

Ely, John Fordham, Bishop of, from 1388 to 1425, char-

acter in H. V.

Ely, John Morton, Bishop of, in r. III.

Ely House, London, scene of a part of R. II.

Elysium, Two Gent., i. 7; Tw. Nt., i. 2; 2 H. VI., i., 1; Cyg., iii. 1-4.

Embattled, H. VIII., ii. 3. Receiving the ball given to sovereigns at coronation.

Embassied (enclosed or caught in a wood), T. of S., induction, i.; All's Well, iii. 6; A. & C., iv. 13.

Embowed (embalmed), I. IV., iv. 4.

Emilia, an attendant of the Queen in Winter's T., ii. 2.

Emilia, Iago's wife in Oth.

Emperor, the, check of Chatham, 2 H. VI., iv. 2, "They use to write it on the top of letters." The name was written at the head of public papers.

Emmow (keep in a cage), M. for M., iii. 1, "And fowls doth emmow."

Emperiche (empire), Cor., ii. 1.

Empirics, All's Well, ii. 1. "We thank you."

Enceladus, Tilt. And., iv. 2. The fabled giant under Mount Etna.

End, the, justifies the means, Lucrece, i. 588; crowds all, K. J., i. 1; Tr. & Cr., iv. 5.

Endymion, a beautiful shepherd, beloved by Diana, M. of V., i. 4.

Engaged (held as a hostage), I. IV., iv. 4, v. 2.

Engine (instrument of torture), Lear, i. 4.

Engineer, hoist with his own petar, Ham., iii. 4, end.

England, curiosity in, Temp., ii. 2; Cont. of Er., iii. 2; white-faced shore of, K. J., ii. 1; if only true to itself, K. J., v. 7; praise of—evil times in, H. II., ii. 1; an un- tended garden, R. III., iv. 4; claim of kings of, to France, H. V., i. 2; a little body with a mighty heart, H. II., iv., ex- orbs: the defence of, 3 H. VI., iv. 1; in Elizabeth's time, H. VIII., v. 5.

English, the bravery of, H. V., iii. 1. French opinion of, H. V., iv. 7, iv. 2, 1.; diet of, 3 H. VI., i. 2; Fossart's account of, I. H. VI., i. 2; tenacity of, I. H. VI., i., 2, "Rather with their-teeth," etc.; have angels' faces, H. VIII., iii. 1; epicures, Mac., iii. 3; drinking habits of, Oth., ii. 2; check of of M., ii. 1, 2.

English (language), the king's, Merry Wives, i. 4; a fellow that frights out of its wits, Merry Wives, ii. 1; let them hack our, Merry Wives, iii. 1; makes fritters of, Merry Wives, v. 5; a lesson in, H. V., iii. 4.

Enlarge (set at liberty), Tw. Nt., v. 1, and elsewhere.

Enobarbus, Domitian, character in A. & C.

Enseamed (fat, greasy), Ham., iii. 3.

Enskied (in heaven), M. for M., i., 5.

Entertain (take into service), Jul. Cos., v. 5.

Entails, as if, were hairs, H. V., iii., 7. Alluding to the bounding of a tennis-ball, which was stuffed with hair.

Envoy (generally in the sense of malice), M. of V., iv. 1; As You Like It, i. 2; of the world, As You Like It, ii. 2; of a father, I. H. IV., i. 1; R. III., iv. 1; H. VIII., iii. 2, "Follow your curious courses," etc., v. 2; lean-faced, H. V., i. 2; Tw. Cr., iii. 2; Temp. Cr., i., 1.

Ephesians (sling for carouse), 2 H. IV., ii. 2.

Ephesus, scene of the Cont. of Er., also a part of Peric.


Epidamnum, in Illyria, Cont. of Er., i., 1, 2, v. 1.

Epidaurus, Cont. of Er., i. 1.

Epilepsy, or falling sickness, Jul. Cos., i. 2; Oth., iv. 1, 2.

Epilogues, to Polyg. (probably not by Shakspere, per-

haps by Ben Jonson); As You Like It; to All's Well, probably not by Shakspere; to 2 H. IV., probably not by Shakspere; to H. V.; to H. VIII., probably not by Shakspere.
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Equage (slang for stolen goods), Merry Wives, ii, 2.

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Erpingham, Sir Thomas, character in H. V. He is mentioned in R. II., ii, 1.

Escalus, an ancient lord, in M. for M.

Escalus, Prince of Verona, in R. & J.

Escapes, a lord of Tyre, in Peric.

Escaped (poktd), Ham., ii, 2.

Escher House, or Asher House, residence of the bishops of Winchester, once occupied by Cardinal Wolsey, who is ordered to retire to it in H. VIII., iii, 2.

Eisil (or cisel), Ham., v, 1. A word not understood; by some supposed to be the river Yssel, by others vinegar.

Esperance (hope), I. H. IV., iv, 3; Lear, iv, 3, and elsewhere. He was the son of the Pegor.

Essex, Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, Earl of, a character in K.-J.

Essex, Robert Devereux, Earl of, Allison to his expi- dition to Ireland, H. V., v, prologue. He was sent over in April 1589 to suppress Tyrone's rebellion. This passage was written, of course, during the summer, before his failure in Ireland.

Estridges (ostiches), I. H. IV., iv, 1; A. & C., iii, 13.

Et Bonum, etc., the older the better, Peric., i, prologue.

Ethiop, a swartee, Two Gent., ii, 6; jewels of an, R. & J., i, 5.

Et tu, Brute? Jul. Ces., iii, and thou, too, Brutus? There is no record that Caesar uttered these words; but Suetonius, who wrote about one hundred and seventy-five years later, has it that tradition reported him as saying in Greek, "Thou too, my son?"

Euphonius, character in A. & C., called Antony's schoolmaster.

Euphuisms, Ham., v, 2, speech of Orsi; L's L's L's Europa, daughter of Agonas, Tem. of S., i, 1; Merry Wives, v, 3; Much Ado, v, 4.

Ewart, Hugh, a Welsh parson and schoolmaster, character in the Merry Wives.

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Excommunication, K. J., iii, 1.

Excrement (the hair or beard, or any non-sensitive part of the body), Ham., iii, 4; M. of V., iii, 2.

Excuses, often make faults worse, K. J., iv, 2.

Exempt (separate), Exe. Thomas Beaufort, Duke of, character in H. V., and I. H. VI. He was uncle of Henry V., and was appointed governor of Henry VI. after his father's death. He was Earl of Dorset only, and not Duke of Exeter, till after Agincourt, and was not present at that battle, being at that time Governor of Harlctie.

Exeter, Henry Holland, Duke of, character in 3 H. VI.

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Exeter, castle at, R. III., iv, 2. Built in the time of William I., destroyed in the Civil War.

Exhalations (meteors or flashes of lightning), H. VIII., iii, 2; Jul. Ces., i, 1.

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Fires (a disease like the stranggles), Tam. of S., iii. 2.

Fish, to eat none, Lear, i. 4; of fortune's buttering, All's Well, v. 2; finless, Com. of En., iii. 1; I. H. IV., v. 1.

Fishing, nothing to be got nowadays except by, Peric., ii. 1.

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Fitchew (pole-cate), Oth., iv. 1, and elsewhere.

Fitzwalter, a character in R. II.

Flaminiaus, a servant of T. of A., introduced in ii. 2. Owes his name to a copy, where the stewart is sometimes known as Flavius, and that name is also given to this servant, later editions vary. See FLAVIUS.

Flannel, made in Wales, Merry Wives, v. 5.

Flap-dragons, L.'s L.'s L., v. 1; Winter's T., iii. 3; 2 H. IV., iv. 5; some—ends set on fire and placed on the top of liquor, skill being required to drink without being burned.

Flatterers, of a king, R. II., i. 1; of the rich, T. of A., i. 1; of the multitude of, T. of A., ii. 2; iii. 2; 5: all men are, T. of A., iv. 3; Jul. Cts., i. 1; iv. 3; v. 1; Passionate Pilgrim, xx.

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Flavius, a gentleman, mentioned in M. for M., iv. 5.

Flavius, one of the tribunes in Jul. Cts.

Flavius, steward of T. of A. In some editions he is mentioned simply as the steward, and those copies have the name Flavius for the servant Hind.

Flaws (sudden gusts of wind), 2 H. IV., iv. 4; 2 H. VI., iii. 1; Ven. & Ad., i. 456.

Fleance, son of Banquo in Mac.

Fleet (the prison), 3 H. IV., v. 5.

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Fleshmost (pride of success), Lear, ii. 2.

Fleur-de-lys. See FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

Flew'd (with flesw or large chaps), M. N. D., iv. 1.

Flibbertigibbet, a fool, Lear, iv. 4. See MAHU.

Flint Castle, in Wales, scene of R. II., iii. 3.

Florence, Italy, scene of a part of All's Well.

Florentius, Duke of Character in All's Well.

Florentius, Tanto, of S. 2. Allusion to an old story told by Gower in "Confessio Amantis." Florentius bound himself to marry a deformed lass if she would solve for him a riddle on which his life depended.

Florizel, character in Winter's T. He is the son of the King of Bohemia and lover of Perdita, to whom he is first known as Doricles.

Flote (wave), Temp., i. 2.

Flout 'em and scout 'em, song, Temp., ii. 2.

Flower-de-luce, Winter's T., iv. 3; or 1; 1 H. VI., i. 2; 2 H. IV., i. 2; 3; 1 H. VI., i. 1; alluding to the losses in France; the three fleurs-de-luces were on the arms of England until the beginning of this century.

Flower(s), Two Gent., ii. 4; M. N. D., ii. 1; Winter's T., iv. 2; significance of, Ham., iv. 5 (or 2); R. & J., iv. 5; Ham., v. 1; for the dead, Cymb., iv. 2; Peric., iv. 15; from the blood of Adonis, Ven. & Ad., i. 1108.

Flnellen, a Welshman, character in H. V. The name is found among those of contemporaries of Shakspeare at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Flute, Francis, a hollows-mender, character in M. N. D. He takes the part of Thibse in the play before the duke.

Fly, killing of, a Tit. And., iii. 2.

Foe, my dearest, Ham., i. 2.

Foils (panses in fencing), Much Ado, v. 1; Lear, iv. 6.

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Fonix, a French lord, killed at Agincourt, mentioned, H. IV., v. 1.

Folly, of love, Two Gent., i. 1, ii. 1; of the wise, As You Like It, ii. 7; L.'s L.'s L., v. 2; waited on by wisdom, All's Well, i. 1; of fools and wise, Tw. Mt., iii. 1.

Fool, in Lear.

Fool-begging Contesso, Com. of Er., ii. 1. Supposed allusion to the custom of begging the king for the guardianship of rich idiots.

Fooling, Tw. Mt., iii. 2; Tr. & Cr., v. 2; Ham., iii. 2.

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Fopp'd (docked), Oth., iv. 2.

Forbidden (bewitched, set apart), Mac., iii. 3.

Ford, Frank, character in the Merry Wives.

Fond, Mistress, one of the Merry Wives of Windsor.

Fordham, John. See ELY, BISHOP OF.

Fordoes (undoes), Ham., ii. 1; Oth., v. 1.

Foreboding, Winter's T., iii. 3, "The skies look grimly;" R. II., ii. 2, "Some unborn sorrow is coming toward me;" H. V., iv. 1, "Even as wrecked men;" R. I., ii. 6; "I hold the storm is hanging in the sky;" iii. 5, "I have an ill-divining soul;" Mac., ii. 1, "A heavy summons issues like lead upon me." See OMENS.

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Froissart, Jean, H. VII., i. 2. Author of the "Chronicles."

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Gamut, Hortensio's, Taw. of S., iii. 1.

Ganymede, name assumed by Rosalind, As You Like It., ii. 5.

Gallows (tunnt), A. & C., i. 3, ii. 2.

Gardener, a, R. III., iii. 4.

Gardening, 2 H. VI., iii. 1, "Now 'tis the spring," etc.; H. V., ii. 4; Adam's profession, R. III., iii. 4; 2 H. VI., iv. 2; Ham., v. 1.

Gardiner, Stephen, Bishop of Winchester, character in H. III.

Gargantua, As You Like It., iii. 2. A giant in the writings of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims in a salad.

Gargrave, Sir Thomas, character in 1 H. VI.

Garlands, Winter's T., iv. 3 or 4; oaken, Corv., ii. 1; wheaten, Ham., v. 2; willow, Oth., iii. 4, song.

Garment, the everlasting, Com. of B., iv. 2.

Garter, Knights of the, Merry Wives, v. 5.

Garter, Order of the, 1 H. VI., iv. 1; R. III., iv. 4.

Garter king at arms, H. VIII., iii. 1, order of the coronation. Thomas Wriothesley, grandfather of Henry Wriothesley, to whom Ven. & Ad. and Lacew were dedicated.

Garter Inn, the, scene of a part of the Merry Wives. The Host is one of the characters.

Gascoigne, Sir William, Lord Chief Justice, character in 2 H. IV.

Gascony, in south-western France, scene of 1 H. VI., iv. 3. 4.

Gasted (frightened), Lear, ii. 1.

Gate, the strait, All's W., iv. 5.

Gaudy night, other, A. & C., iii. 13. Gaudy days— that is, days of joy—is a term for feast-days.

Gaunt, John of, Duke of Lancaster, character in R. II.

His line, 3 H. VI., 1, 1; his wisdom, 3 H. VI., iii. 4.

Gawsew (Gussew or Goussell), Sir Nicholas, 1H. IV., v. 4.

Gecko (fool, top), Tw. Nt., v. 1; Cymb., ii. 1.

Gedimis timour, etc, 2 H. IV., iv. 1. Cold fear seizes my limbs.

Gender (sort), Ham., iv. 7 (or 4).

General (the common people), M., for M., ii. 4; cavailer to the. See CAVIARE.

General (the public weal), Jul. Cas., ii. 1.

General, name of, Corv., 1, 1, end.

Genius, the (the soul), Jul. Cas., ii. 1; Tw. Nt., iii. 4; (the tutelary angel), Ty., gr., iv. 4.

Gentility, law against—the influence of women, L.'s L.'s L., i. 1.

Gentleman, characteristics of a, Two Gent., ii. 4; a fine, L. & L., v. 2; signs of a, Tw. Nt., i. 5; born a, Merry Wives, i. 1; Winter's T., ii. 1; a brave, 1 H. VI., vi. 1; a frame in the prodigality of nature, R. III., i. 3; bears him like a, R. & J., i. 5; the most ancient, Ham., v. 1.

Gentlemen, who neither envy the great nor despise the low, Pec., i. 3. 4.

Gentry, degrees of, Merry Wives, ii. 1, "Not after the article," etc.; inheritance of, Winter's T., i. 2.

Geoffroy Plantagenet, the father of Prince Arthur, mentioned in K. J.

George, look on my, 2 H. VI., iv. 1; R. III., iv. 4.

The Knights of the Garter wore a figure of St. George on horseback.

George, St., battle-cry of English soldiers, H. V., iii. 1; 1 H. VI., iv. 2; R. III., iii. 3; feast of, April 23rd, 1 H. VI., i. 1; and the dragon, K. J., ii. 1. Allusion to the picture used as an innkeeper's sign.

Germans, the, Merry Wives, iv. 3. 5. The Duke of Wurttemberg travelled in England with a retinue in 1592, and went to Windsor, under the name of Count Monmbliard (Mumpflegart), his title at the time, and no doubt this is a reminiscence of that event. Garmomble, almost an anagram of Mumpflegart, appears in the copy of 1602. Germans are honest men, Merry Wives, iv. 5; all slops (corn) in the wagon downhill like, Much Ado, ii. 3; are hastily, 3 H. VI., iv. 8.

Germany, the heresies in Upper, H. VIII., iii. 3. Alluding to the following of Thomas Mencere in Thurigia in 1521.

Gerrard, Queen of Denmark and mother of Ham. In the history her name is Geruth or Gerutha.

Gest, Winter's T., i. 2. An appointed stage in a royal progress; sometimes used for an appointed limit of time.

Get you hence, song, Winter's T., iv. 3 or 4.

Ghost(s), returning, M. N. D., iii. 2; appear to Richard and Richmond, R. III., v. 4; of Cesar, Jul. Cas., iii. 5; of Banquo, Mac., iii. 3; 4; of Hamlet's father, Ham., i. 1, 2, 4, 5, ii. 3, end, iv. 3; make the, A. & C., iv. 12 or 14; disbelief in, Winter's T., iii. 3.

Giant, a, Tw. Nt., i. 5, meaning a guardian giant; strength of, M. for M., ii. 2; pangs of, in death, M. for M., iii. 1; robe of a, Mac., ii. 2.

Gib-cat (tom cat), 1 H. IV., i. 2.

Gig (a kind of top), L.'s L.'s L., iv. 3, v. 1.

Giglott (giddily, inconstant), 1 H. VI., iv. 7; Cymb., iii. 1.

Gilded, by liquor, Temp., v. 2.

Gillyvors (gillyflowers), Winter's T., iv. 3 or 4.

Gimmals, or gimmers, machinery or jointing of an automaton. 1 H. VI., ii. 2. A gimmal-thing was a jointed one, two or three fastened together, used by lovers. "Gimmal-bit" is used in H. IV., iv. 2.

Ginger, shall be hot 't the mouth, Tw. Nt., ii. 3.

Gipsy, Cleopatra called a, A. & C., i. 1, iv. 10 or 12.

Girdle, turn his (challenge by turning the buckle to the back), Much Ado, vi. 1.

Girdle, round the earth, M. N. D., ii. 1.

Gis, Ham., iv. 5 (or 2). Meaning unknown.

Giving vein, the, R. III., iv. 2.

Glams, Macbeth made thine of, by the death of his father, Sinel, Finley, or Finley, Mac., l. 3.

Glansdale, Sir William, character in 1 H. VI.

Glitch, a prophet looks in a, M. for M., ii. 2. Allusion to fortune-tellers that prophesied from looking into a glass.

Gleek(s), jests or jibes, M. N. D., iii. 1; 1 H. VI., ii. 2; R. & J., iv. 5.

Glendower, Owen, a Welsh nobleman, character in 1 H. IV., i. 2; as Duke of H. IV., iii. 1. As a matter of fact, he did not die till 1415, after Henry's death. Allusions to, R. III., iii. 2; 2 H. VI., ii. 2.

Globe, this, shall dissolve, Temp., iv. 1.

Globe Theatre, called "this wooden O," in the chorus to act iv.

Glory, guilty of crimes, L.'s L.'s L., iv. 1; the greater dins the less, M. of V., v. 1; departure of, R. III., ii. 4; like a circle in water, 1 H. VI., i. 2; 2 view of earthly (Field of the Cloth of Gold), H. VIII., iii. 1, 2; of the world, H. VIII., iii. 2; of this life, madness, T. of A., i. 2. See also FAME.

Gloucester, Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of, uncle of Richard II. He was arrested for treason in 1507, condemned, and given into the charge of Norfolk, who, it is said, had the king, secretly made away with him. In R. II., i. 1, Eoburgbroke charges Norfolk with his death. In iv. 1, Anmerle is accused of being the instrument of it.

Gloucester, Richard, Duke of. See RICHARD III.

Gloucester, Duke of, character in Lear.

Gloucester, dukedom of, ominous, 3 H. VI., ii. 6. It was thought to be unlucky on account of the deaths of three of the dukes.

Gloucester, Eleanor de Bohun, Duchess of, character in R. II. Her death, ii. 2, supposed in the play to be at the duke's castle of Flasby or Flashey, really occurred at Barking Abbey.

Gloucester, Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of. See ELEANOR.

Gloucester, Humphrey, Duke of. See HUMPHREY.

Gloucestershire, scene of a part of R. II. and a part of H. IV.

Gloves, lovers on, Two Gent., ii. 1; R. & J., ii. 2;
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Greene, Robert. The name of the play, "The thrice Muses mourning for the death of Learning, late deceased in Beggary," offered to Theues in M. N. D., v. 1, is by some supposed to refer to his death.

Green Sleeves, turner in, T. C. W., ii. 1, v. 5.

Greenwood Tree, Under the song, As You Like It, ii. 5.

Gregory, one of Capulet's servants in R. & J.

Gregory, St., Two Gent., iv. 2. Several popes of the name were canonized, Gregory I., II., III., and VII.

Gregory, Turk, 1 H. IV., v. 3. Pope Gregory VII.

Gremio, an old man, suitor of Bianca in the T姆. of S.

Grey, Elizabeth Woodville, Lady, afterward queen of Edward IV. See Elizabeth.

Grey, Sir Richard (correctly John), spoken of in 3 H. IV., iii. 3, as having died for the honor of the White Rose, 1473, as a partisan of Lancaster. The latter is correct. He fell at the first battle of St. Albans in 1455. His widow married Edward IV.

Grey, Richard, Lord, son of Lady Elizabeth Grey, character in R. III.

Grey, Sir Thomas, character in H. V.

Grey, Thomas. See DOSET.

Greyhounds, race by, Merry Wives, i. 1.

Grievs, beauty's canker, Temp., i. 2; unspeakable, Com. of Enr., i. 1; every one can n stagger a, but he that has it, Much Ado, ii. 2; one in, easily led, Much Ado, iv. 1; comfort in—patch with provers, Much Ado, v. 1; that burns worse than tears drown, Winter's T., ii. 1; what's past help, should it be past, Winter's T., ii. 2; 2 H. IV., iii. 3; 3 H. IV., v. 4; Mac., iii. 2; Oth., i. 5; a throne, K. J., ii. 1; fills the room of the absent, K. J., iii. 4; boundeth, R. II., i. 2; counterfeit, R. II., i. 4; shadows of, R. II., ii. 2; king of my R., ii. 1; eased by speech, R. III., iv. 4; Mac., iv. 3; a glistening, H. V., ii. 1; with, Proverbs, 2 T. A., iii. 1; one, cured by another, R. & J., i. 2; much of, shows some want of wit, R. & J., iii. 5; sin of excessive, Ham., i. 2, ii. 3; expression of, Ham., v. 1; fellowship in, Lear, iii. 6; full of, as age, Lear, iii. 4; to deal alone with, Lear, iv. 3; fully of, for careless ills, Oth., i. 3; great, medicine the less, Cymb., iv. 2; our own forgotten in others, Peric., i. 4; hath two tongues, Ven. & Ad., I. 1007; testy, Lear, I. 1004; best society for, Lear, i. 1111; dallied with, Lear, i. 1199; at grievances forgone, Sonnet xxx., the greatest first, Sonnet xcv., blow a man up, 1 H. IV., ii. 4; weighed with wrongs, 2 H. IV., iv. 1; softens the mind, 2 H. IV., iv. 4; moderation in, Tr. & C., iv. 4; speechless, Mac., iv. 3. See SORROW and TEARS.

Griffith, Richard, Queen Katherine's gentleman usher in H. VIII.

Grise (step, degree), Oth., i. 3, and elsewhere.

Grizell, Tom. of S., ii. 1. The patient Griselda, whose story is told by Boccaccio and by Chaucer.

Groan, a half-faced, K. J., i. 1. A coin first issued in the reign of Henry VII, having a profile on it.

Groundlings, split the ears of, Ham., iii. 2.

Grumio, servant of Petruchio in the T姆. of S.

Guatree Forest, 2 H. IV., iv. 1.

Guarded (trimmed), M. of V., ii. 3, and elsewhere.

Guards, prissily, precisely, or precise, M. for V., iii. 1. The original reads prenzie, variously supposed to be a mistake for the three words above. Guards were fringes or trimmings.

Guiana, a region in, Merry Wives, i. 3.

Guiderius and Arviragus, sons of Cymbeline. They pass under the names of Polyoarbus and Cadwal as sons of Belarius, who stole them in their infancy in revenge for his banishment.

Guillemesten, a courtier in Ham.

Guilford, Sir Henry, character in H. VIII.

Guilford, the, R. III., iv. 4. Sir John and his son Sir Richard.

Guilddall, R. III., iii. 5.

Guilff, consciousness of, K. J., iv. 2; jealousy of, Ham., iv. 5 (or 2); revelations of, in the tempest, Lear, ii. 2; who is quite free from, Oth., iii. 3; to be read in the sense, Oth., v. 1; makes cowardly, Cymb., v. 2. See CONSCIENCE.

Guines, in Picardy, H. VIII., i. 1.


Guiles (fools), Tw. No., i. 1; H. V., iii. 6; T. of A., ii. 1; Oth., v. 2; also used for a trick, as in Much Ado, ii. 3; 1 H. IV., i. 1. "That ungentle gull."

Gun-stones (cannon-balls), H. V., i. 2.

Gurnet, a soused, 1 H. IV., iv. 2. Used as a term of contempt.

Gurney, James, servant of Lady Faneconnobridge in K. J.

Guy, Sir, H. VIII., iii. 3. Sir Guy of Warwick, a crusader of the tenth century, of whose prose very fabulous stories were told.

H.

Haberdasher, a, a character in T姆. of S., iv. 3.

Hacket (become cheap), Merry Wives, ii. 1.

Hacket, Marian and Cicely, an aulew and her maid, mentioned, T姆. of S., interlude.

Haggard (wild hawks), Much Ado, iii. 1; T姆. of S., iv. 1; T. of A., iii. 1; Oth., iii. 3.

Hair, the, raised with fright, Temp., i. 2; 2 H. VI., iii. 2; 2 R. III., i. 3; Mac., iii. 3, v. 5; Ham., iv. 4; of professions, Merry Wives, iii. 3; why time takes, more, than with "tap," Ham., ii. 2; Two Gent., iii. 2; golden, M. of V., i. 1; false, M. of V., ii. 2; H. V., iii. 7; T. of A., iv. 3. "That your poor, thin roofs," etc.; Sonnet lxxvii.; flaxen, Tw. No., i. 1; conceit of friendship in, K. J., iv. 3; made character, complexion, 1 H. IV., iv. 1; of Judas, As You Like It, ii. 4; allusion to the belief that a hair turns to a snake in water, A. & C., i. 2; dishevelled, Lover's Complaint, i. 29.

Hal, Prince. See Henry V.

Halycon beaks, Lear, ii. 2. Allusion to the belief that the turns of the halycon's beak indicate changes in the weather.

Halycon days, 1 H. VI., i. 2. These were fourteen days in winter, when, as was supposed, the halycon builds its nest, and the sea is calm. Hence it is used for days of peace.

Half Can, a prisoner, M. for M., iv. 3.

Half Moon, a room in an inn, 1 H. IV., iv. 2.

Haldilem (holy dame), H. VIII., i. 4.

Halswells (All-Saints' Day), R. III., v. 1; a beggar at, Two Gent., ii. 1, i. 3.

Hames Castle (in Picardy), 3 H. VI., v. 5.

Hampton, H. V., ii. 2.

Hand, in any (at any rate), Act's Well, iii. 6.

Hand-fast (troth-plight), Cymb., i. 5.

Hand's, Cressida's, Tr. & Gr., i. 1; indications in, Com. of Enr., iii. 2; M. of V., ii. 2; Oth., iii. 4; A. & C. i. 2; beauty of, Ven. & Ad., i. 301; Lear, i. 356; blue, M. of V., ii. 2; R. II., ii. 1; proper fellow of my (tall and well made), 2 H. IV., ii. 2; Winter's T., v. 2.

Handkerchief, Desdemona's, Oth., iii. 3, 4.

Handshaw (heronshaw), knew a hawk from, Ham., ii. 2.

Handwriting, a fair, held base, Ham., v. 2.

Hanged, born to be, Temp., i. 1, v. 1; Two Gent., i. 1; never undone till, Two Gent., ii. 5.

Hanger-on, a Much Ado, i. 1.

Hanging, comfort in, Cymb., v. 4; many a good, prevents a bad marriage, Tw. No., i. 5.

Hannibal, M. for M., ii. 1; 1 H. VI., i. 5.

Happiness, seen through another's eyes, As You Like It, v. 2; achieved in not being over-happy, Ham., ii. 2; learnt, T姆. of S., i. 1; brevity of, Lear, i. 52; of kings, H. V., iv. 1; absolute, Oth., ii. 1.

Happy man be his dole, proverbial expression, T姆. of S., i. 1, and elsewhere.

Harcourt, character in 2 H. IV. He is on the side of
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Hermione, heroine of the first part of Winter’s T., wife of Leontes and daughter of the Emperor of Russia.

Hermits, your (headsmen to pray for you), Mac., i. 6; Cymb., iii. 6; ‘Great men,’ etc.

Herod, conquer, his oak in Windsor Forest, Merry Wives, iv. 4, v. 5.

Her, of Sestos, As You Like It, iv. 1; her tower, Two Gent., iii. 1; R. & J., ii. 4.

Herod, daughter of Leonato, Governor of Messina, character in Much Ado.

Heroes, Merry Wives, ii. 1; H. V., iii. 2; A. & C., i. 2, iii. 3, 6, iv. 6; out-Herods, Ham., iii. 2. Herod was a frequent character in the miracle-plays.

Herring, a shotten, 1 H. IV., ii. 4. One that has cast its spawn.

Heribert, gardens of the, L. L. & L., iv. 3; Perie, i. 1.

Hesychia, sleepy balm of, All’s W., ii. 1.

He that has and a little song, Lear, iii. 2.

Hey Robin, song by Sir Thomas Wyatt, Tw. Nt., iv. 2.

Hic et ubique (here and everywhere), Ham., i. 5.

Hic hab Simeo, etc., from Ovid, Tam. of S., iii. i. “Here Simoens rowed; here was the Sigean land; here stood the lofty realm of old Priaem.”

Hic jacet, All’s W., iii. 6. “Here lies.”

Hide, your, and you, K. J., ii. 1. Austria was represented as wearing the lion’s skin taken from Richard.

Highwaymen, St. Nicholas’s clerks—Trojans, 1 H. IV., ii. 1; gentlemen of the shade, mimons of the moon, 1 H. IV., i. 3.

Highway robbery, 1 H. IV., ii. 2; As You Like It, ii. 3.

Hiding (cowardly), 2 H. IV., i. 1; H. V., iv. 2.

Hiding (a crash girl), Tam. of S., ii. 1.

Hinckley Fair, 2 H. IV., v. 1.

Hind, the, that would mate with the lion, All’s W., i. 1.

Hip, to have upon the (a wrestling phrase), M. of V., i. 3, iv. 1.

Hipocrates, Merry Wives, iii. 3. A Greek physician, born about 460 B.C., called the father of medicine.

Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, character in the M. N. D.

Hisperia, an attendant of the princess, in As You Like It, ii. 2.

Hobbesiana, a friend, Lear, iv. 1.

Hobby-horse, Ham., iii. 2.

Hobby-horse is forgot, L. L. & L., iii. 1. A line of an old song.

Hob nob, is his word, Tw. Nt., iv. 3. Have or have not.

Hogs, shall I keep your, As You Like It, i. 1. Allusion to the parable of the prodigal son. This making of Constantinople an attitude of M. of V., i. 5.

Hold you there (keep in that mind), M. of M., iii. 1.

Holiday(s), if all the year were, 1 H. IV., i. 2; a beautiful, K. J., iii. 1.

Holland, John, a follower of Jack Cade, 2 H. IV., vi. 2.

Holmes, or Homilond Hill, September 14, 1402, battle at, 1 H. IV., i. 1, 3, between the Scots and Devis and the king’s troops under Hotspur.

Holofernelles, character in L. L. & L. He has been supposed to be a caricature of an Italian teacher in London named Florio, who translated Montaigne and published in 1588 a dictionary called “A World of Words.” His name has been given to Holofner in L. L. & L. because “neither right comedies nor right tragedies, but perverted histories without decorum.”

Holy Land, the, 1 H. IV., i. 1.

Holy-rood day, 1 H. IV., i. 1. September 14th, feast of the translation of the Cross.

Holy thistle (Carduus benedictus), Much Ado, iv. 4. It was used as a specific for heart diseases.

Holy water, court (flattery), Lear, ii. 3.

Homilond Hill. See HOLMELON.

Honesty, truant with one’s own, Merry Wives, ii. 1; description of Dunian’s, All’s W., iv. 3; is a fool, Shakespeare’s use of it, etc., Ham., ii. 2; prudence of, R. III., i. 3, ii., “if I cannot flatter,” etc.; armed song in, Jul. Cyn., iv. 3; rarity of, Ham., ii. 2, i.; Winter’s T., i. 1; T. of A., iv. 3; honesty his fault, T. of A., ii. 1; no puritan, All’s W., ii. 3; unsafe, Oth., iii. 3; a man of, Oth., v. 2.

Honeymoon, a, Tam. of S., iv. 1.

Honey-stalks, Tit. And., iv. 4. Supposed to be clover.

Honi soit, etc., Merry Wives, v. 5. “Shame to him that thinks evil of it,” the motto of the Order of the Garter.

Honorificabilitudinitatis, not so long as, L. L.’s i. 3.

Honour(s), take the, Merry Wives, ii. 1; hidden in necessity, Merry Wives, ii. 2; that it was purchased by merit, M. of V., ii. 9; the knight that swore by his, As You Like It, i. 2; perfect, All’s W., i. 2; real, All’s W., ii. 3; words of, All’s W., iii. 2; woman’s, Temp., i. 2; All’s W., iii. 5, iv. 2.; life loved more than, M. of M., i. 1; I stand for, Winter’s T., ii. 3; signs of new-made, K. J., i. 1; value of, R. III., i. 1; shown in the meanest habitation, Tam. of S., iv. 2; sets him off more than a mortal seeming, Cymb., i. 7; in war and in peace, Cor., iii. 2; who hates, the gods, Perie, iii. 3; to pluck or bring up—shared with others, I. H. IV., i. 2; with, 1 H. IV., iii. 2; stamped with the name of, Ham., i. 2; of Cor., i. 3; at difference with mercy, Cor., v. 2; a brow, a throne for, R. & J., iii. 2; love of, Jul. Cyn., i. 2; justice of a quarrel for, Ham., iv. 4 (or 1); an essence not seen, Oth., iv. 1; all in, Oth., v. 2; in love, A. & C., i. 3; before profit, A. & C., ii. 7; if born to, show it, Perie, iv. 6; appeal to, Lucrece, i. 568; and death, Lucrece, lines 1032, 1651; fleeting, Sonnet xxv. See Truth, Reputation.

Honour, riches, marriage blessing, song, Temp., iv. 1.

Hood, Robin, Two Gent., iv. 1; As You Like It, i. 1.

Hoodman blind (blind-man’s-buff), All’s W., iv. 5; Ham., iii. 4; 1 H. IV., iv. 5.

Hopdance, a feud, Lear, iii. 6.

Hope, put off, Temp., iii. 3; a lover’s staff, Two Gent., i. 1; a curtail (tailless) dog, Merry Wives, ii. 1; medicine for the miserable, M. of M., iii. 1; fulfilment oft comes when it is coldest, All’s W., ii. 1; lined himself with, 2 H. IV., i. 3; is swift, R. III., v. 2; never wholly filled, Tr. & Cyn., i. 3; against evidence, Tr. & Cyn., v. 2; was the, drunk, Mac., i. 7; at the darkest time, Mac., iv. 2; cost, R. II., ii. 2; far off, 3 H. IV., iii. 2; one for four.

Hopkins, Nicholas. See HENTON.

Horace, quoted, Tit. And., iv. 2.

Horatio, character in Ham.

Horn, is dry, the, Lear, iii. 6. The horn cup of the hegar, to be filled by charity with beer.

Horns, of the cuckold, allusions to, Much Ado, i. 1; as You Like It, iii. 3, iv. 1, 2; Tr. & Cyn., i. 1.

Horner, the, the turner in 2 H. IV. His real name was William Gat.".

Horrors, supped full of, Mac. v. 5.

Horse(s), the dancing, L. L. & L., i. 2. A learned horse belonging to one Banes was exhibited in London in 1569. In France he was near being taken as a sorcerer at the Congress of Paris. Description of a diseased, Tam. of S., ii. 3; of that colour, Tw. Nt., ii. 3; praise of a, H. V., iii. 7; my kingdom for a, R. III., v. 4; to each other, Mac., ii. 4; buttered hay for, Lear, ii. 4; remembrance of a, Ven. & Ad., i. 235; roam Barbary, R. II., v. 5.

Horsemanship, good, Ham., iv. 7 (or 4); 1 H. IV., iv. 1; Lover’s Complaint, i. 160.

Hortensio, one of the unsuccessful suitors for Blanca in Tw. Cyn., of S.

Hortensius, servant of one of the creditors of Timon of Athens.

Hospitality, want of, As You Like It, ii. 4; extended, Winter’s T., i. 1, 2, v. 1; T. of A., iii. 4; abuse of, Lear, iii. 7; Lucrece, lines 575, 582.

Host of the Garter Inn, character in Merry Wives.

Hotspur, Henry Percy, so surnamed from his quick temper, son of the Earl of Northumberland, character in R. II., and 1 H. IV. In 1 H. IV., ii. 2, he is represented as of about the same age as the prince, though only twenty, has old ways.

Hounds, description of, M. N. D., iv. 1; fell and cruel Tr. Nt., i. 1; allusion to the story of Acteon (q.v.); Ven. & Ad., i. 913. See HUNTING.

Hour, allusion to the, Temp., i. 2; M. of V., i. 3; V. of S., i. 4, ii. 2.

Howard, John. See NORFOLK.

Howard, Thomas. See SURREY.
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Tw., it. 5; impotence of, R. II., i. 3; "O who can tell, etc.; help of, at the theatre, H. V., i.; chorus; of riches, Lover's Complaint, i. 136; desperate with, Ham., i. 4.

Imbark (make bare, expose), H. V., ii. 2.

Immunity (inhumanity), I. II., viii., v. 1.

Imogen, daughter of Cymbeline.

Imp, L.'s L. I., ii. 2. A graft or shoot of a tree, and so比喻 for child in a good sense.

Impy, R. II., ii. 1. To imp a hawk was to supply missing wing feathers.

Impeachment (imputation), H. V., iii., viii.

Imperceivest (unperceiving), Cymb., iv., 1.

Impetico thy gratuity (pockets thy gratuity), Tw., ii.

Impleached (intwirled), Lover's Complaint, i. 295.

Imposed (impawned, staked), Ham., v., 2.

Importance (import), Winter's T., v., 2.

Importance (importancy), K. J., ii. 1; Tw., vi., y.; 1.

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Lady, attending the queen in R. II., Eleanor Holland, widow of the fourth Earl of March.

Lady, an old friend of Anne Boleyn in R. III., sometimes called Lady Denny.


Laban, M. of V., i. 3.

Labienus, mentioned in A. & C., i. 2.

Labour, menful, made pleasure, Temp., iii. 1; physics, pain, when delighted in, Mac., ii. 3; vain, R. II., ii. 2; H. V., iv. 1; 3 H. VI., i. 2.

Labras (lips), Merry Wives, i. 1.

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Lady, attending the queen in R. II., Eleanor Holland, widow of the fourth Earl of March.

Lady, an old friend of Anne Boleyn in R. III., sometimes called Lady Denny.

La-grace, son of Polonius and brother of Ophelia, in Ham.

Laban, an old lord in All's Well.

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Laertes, son of Polonius and brother of Ophelia, in Ham. 

Lafan, an old lord in All's Well.

La fin, etc., 2 H. VI., v. 2. The end crowns the work.

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Lakinf, the, the, entreats the butcher, Cymb., iii. 4; and the fox, M. for M., v. 1; T. of A., iv. 4; and the wolf, 3 H. VI., i. 1, 4; in a borrowed skin, 3 H. VI., iii. 1; follows the lion, 3 H. VI., iv. 8; doinf the feats of a lion in the figure of a, Much Ado, i. 1; offered up, Mac., iv. 3. 

Laertes, son of Polonius and brother of Ophelia, in Ham.
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Lubber's Head (leopard's), an inn, 2 H. IV., ii. 1.

Lucentio, the successful suitor of Bianca in the Tam. of S. Luce, servant of Adriana in the Com. of Er.

Lucius, the eldest son, Merry Wives, i. 1. A supposed allusion to the arms of the Lucy family, in which there were three pike, luce being another name for that fish. See SHALLOW.

Lucetta, Julia, maid in the Two Gent., appears in i. 2.

Luciana, sister of the wife of Antipholus of Ephesus in Com. of Er.

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Lucilius, a friend of Brutus in Jul. Caesar.

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Lucius, one of the flattering lords in T. of A.

Lucius, servant of Brutus in Jul. Caesar.

Lucius, character in Tit. And., son of Titus.

Lucius, Young, a brave child, son of Lucius in Tit. And.

Lucius, brother of Antony, mentioned in A. & C., i. 2.

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Lucrece, a poem published in 1594, dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. The story on which it is founded is told by Ovid and Livy, and is given in the argument that Shakespeare prefixed to the poem. References to Lucrece, As You Like It, iii. 2, song; Tam. of S., ii. 3; Tw. N., ii. 5.

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Malin, misery, Mac., iii. 6.

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Malcolm, the son of Duncan in Mac. Canmore signifies "Great Head.

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Paracelsus, All's Well, ii. 3. A philosopher, physician, and reputed magician, 1493-1541.

Paradise, the, the offending Adam out of, H. V., i. 1; what fools do not wish to lose an oath to win a, L.'s Le., iv. 3.

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Paritors, L.'s Le., iii. 1. Und. Officers of the spiritual court who serve citations.

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Peele, a, usually a jest, in a patched dress.

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Patience, an attendant of Queen Katharine in H. VIII.

Patines (patron), M. of V., v. 1. A small, flat dish or plate.

Patricians, Cor. The aristocracy of Rome.

Patrick, Saint, Hamlet aways by, i. 5.

Patroclus, a Greekian general, character in Tr. & Cr.

Pauca verba (few words), L.'s Le., iv. 2.

Pauca pallabris (few words), Tam. of S., induction, i.

Paul, by Saint, a favourite oath of Richard III., i. 1, iii. 4, v. 3.

Paulina, a character in Winter's T.

Paul's, I bought him in, 2 H. IV., i. 2. St. Paul's was a resort for all kinds of idlers, and men out of service were to be found there. See under PROVERBS.

Pavan, Tw. N., v. 1. The pavan is a grave, formal dance. This word is in some texts pavan in the case "a passy-measures paynun" is interpreted, a heathen past measure. With pavan, passy-measures may be understood to mean pacing-measure.

Payment, fair, for foul words, L.'s Le., iv. 1.

Peace, Heaven's, but not the Kingdom of Hungary, M. for, M. ii. 2; soldiers and, M. for, M. i. 2; to all that dare not fight, L.'s Le., i. 1; made, K. J., ii. 1, 3; fat ribs of, K. J., iii. 3; attempt to make, between challenger and challenged, R. & J., i. 1; breathing space, 1 H. IV., ii. 1; made, 2 H. IV., i. 2; 2 H. IV., v. 3; 1 H. VI., v. 1; 2 H. VI., i. 1; H. VIII., v. 1; virtues becoming in, H. V., iii. 1; one unfitted for—the piping time of, R. III., i. 1; desire for, R. III., i. 1; above the, H. VIII., iii. 2; prophesied in the time of Elizabeth, H. VIII., v. 4; shallows boats in time of, Tr. & Cr., i. 3; an apoplexy, etc., Cor., iv. 5; made by women, Cor., v. 3; ratified, Cymb., v. 5, end.

Peace-maker(s), King Edward as a, R. III., iii. 1; God's blessing on, Mac., ii. 4.

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Pears, in a foil oyster, as You Like It, v. 4; tears transformed to, R. III., iv. 4; alluding to the notion that pearls—oysters open, on a certain day in the year to receive rain-drops, which then become pearls; in India, Tr. & Cr., i. 1; a union (a large pearl), Ham., v. 2; a rich, thrown away, Oth., v. 2.

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Peas-blossom, a fairy in the M. N. D., ii. 1.

Peasod, woos a, as You Like It, iv. 4. Alluding to the custom of using the pods of peas in divinities of lovers.

Peas (pet), Tam. of S., i. 1.

Peck, Gilbert, H. VIII., i. 1, i. 1.

Pedantry, ridiculed in L.'s Le., L's Le.

Pedasculus (pedant), Tam. of S., iii. 1.

Pedlar, a, Autolycus in Winter's T.

Pedro, Don, Prince of Aragon, character in Much Ado.

Peedal (bald, tousewed), 1 H. VI., i. 3.

Pea out, Merry Wives, iv. 2. Allusion to a children's invocation to a small—"Pea out, pea out, pea out of your hole, Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal."

Peevish (foolish), Con. of E., iv. 1; R. III., iv. 4; (sandy), Tw. N., i. 5.

Peg-a-Ramsey, Tw. N., ii. 3. The heroine of an old song, mistress of James I., of Scotland.

Pegasus, 1 H. IV., iv. 1; H. V., iii. 7. The winged horse of the Muses.

Pegasus, the, Tam. of S., iv. 4. An inn in Genoa. The arms of the Middel Temple, and a popular sign.

Peise or peize (to weigh), M. of V., ii. 2; K. J., ii. 1.

Pelican, R. II., i. 1; Ham., iv. 6 (or 2); Lear, iv. 3. Allusion to the custom that young pelicans were fed on their mother's blood.

Pelion, Mount (a range in Thessaly), Merry Wives, iv. 1; Ham., v. 1. The giants pilled Ossu upon Pelion in order to keep their invention.

Pelting (paltry), R. II., ii. 1, and elsewhere; M. for, M. ii. 2; M. N. D., ii. 2; Tr. & Cr., iv. 5; Lear, ii. 3.

Pembroke, William, Earl of, character in K. J.
Pharamond, King, and the Salic law, H. V., i. 2.
Pharaoh, lean kine of, 1 H. IV., ii. 4; soldiers of, Much Ado, iii. 3.
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Phialus, a Roman of Paphagonia, *A., & C., iii. 6.
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Philemon, servant of Cerimon in Peric.
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Phil, friend of Antony in A. & C.
Philomel, Tit. And., ii. 4 or 5; iv. 1; Lucrce, lines 1079, 1128; Sonnet clix; _Passionate Pilgrimage_, xv; Cymb., ii. 2. See TERRUS.
Philosopher, a, never could endure toothache, Much Ado, v. 1; the weeping (Heracleus), M. of V., i. 2; designing in a fastidious Italian, Much Ado, iv. 1; Cymb., ii. 3; Much Ado, v. 2; & J., i. 5.
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Philostrate, Theseus's master of the revels in the M. N. D.
Philoten, daughter of Cleon, Governor of Tarsus, mentioned in Peric., iv. 40, Peric. 5.
Philotus, servant of one of the creditors of T. of A.
Phisonomy (physiognomy), All's Well, iv. 5.
Phoebe (the moon), M. N. D., i. 1; Tit. And., i. 2.
Phoebe, a shepherdess in As You Like It.
Phoebus Apollo, god of the sun, Temp., iv. 1; Much Ado, v. 3; Winter's T., iv. 3 or 4; 3 H. VI., ii. 6; Ham., i. 2; & C., iv. 8; v. 5; Cymb., ii. 3; 1 H. IV., ii. 2; R. & J., i. 2.
Phoenix, the, Temp., iii. 3; Com. of Er., i. 2; 3 H. VI., i. 4; H. VIII., v. 5; Cymb., i. 6; Sonnet xix.; Lover's Complaint, i. 88; As You Like It, v. 2; H. VI., v. 1; Tit. And., i. 1; a fabulous Arabian bird, which, after living five hundred years, made for itself a funeral pyre, from the ashes of which rose a new phoenix.
Phraseless (indescribable), Lover's Complaint, i. 225.
Phrases, red-lattice (alehouse), Merry Wives, v. 5; not soothing, Merry Wives, ii. 1; a mint of L. L. L's, i. 1.
Phrygian Turk, base, Merry Wives, i. 3.
Phrynia, a mistress to Aciablades in T. of A.
Physic, throw to the dogs, Mac., v. 3.
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Physicians. See BUTTS, CAJUS, CERIMON, CORNELIUS, ACAPULCO.
Picardy, scene of a part of H. V., and mentioned in 2 H. VI., iv. 1.
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Pickers and stealers (the fingers),Ham., iii. 2.
Pickpocket, a, Antolycus in Winter's T.
Pickthaws (parasites), 1 H. IV., iii. 2.
Picket-hatch, Merry Wives, ii. 2.
"A disputable neighborhood in London, where the hatches or half-doors were protected against rogues by spikes or pickets."
Picture, of we three, Tw. & Cr., ii. 3. Allusion to a common sign representing two fools and the legend beneath: "We three fools be.""Picture, two contrasted, Ham., iii. 4; description of, Tam. of S., induction, ii. 1; the sleeping and the dead are as, Mac., ii. 2.
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Propontic, the, Oth., iii. 3.

Proposing (conversing), Much Ado, iii. 1.

Proserpina, Winter's T., iv. 3 or 4; Tr. & Cr., i. 1.

Prospero, the rightful Duke of Milan in Tempest.

Protector, the Lord, Gloucester's (Richard III's) title after the death of Edward IV.

Proteus, ii. II., ii.; 3. He was a son of Neptune, who also has a horse called Proteus.

Proteus, one of the two gentlemen of Verona.

Provand (provender, food), Cor., i. 1.

Proverbs, on tapestry and in rings, As You Like It, ii. 5.

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Sabell, Ham., iii. 2. A yellow colour; but some editions have sables.
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Sagittary, the, Tr. & Cr., v. 5; a sign in Venice, Oth., i. 1. The sagittary was an archer centaur who fought for the Trojans.
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Saint Alans, Mayor of, character in 2 H. VI. The town was not incorporated until 1552, and therefore had no mayor at this time.
Saint Bennet's Church, in Illyria, Tw. Nt., v. 1.
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Sandal Castle, two miles from Wakefield, scene of 3 H. VI., i. 2-4.
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Satire, keen and critical, M. N. D., iv. 1; wit laden with malice, Tr. & Cr., v. 1; liberty for, As You Like It, ii. 7; L.'s L.'s L., v. 2.
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Saturn, Much Ado, i. 3; 2 H. IV., ii. 4; Tit. And., iii. 3; Cymb., ii. 5; Sonnet xcviii.
Saturnius, a character in Tit. And.
Satyr(s), Winter's T., iv. 4; Hyperion to a, Ham., i. 2. Goat-like deities of the woods and fields.
Sawy, the, 2 H. VI., iv. 7. A palace of the Duke of Burgundy;
Says revolting in 1581. It was in London, on the bank of the Thames.
Saws, full of wise, As You Like It, ii. 7.
Say (a kind of woolen cloth), 2 H. VI., iv. 7.
Say (and Selle), James Fennes, Lord, character in 2 H. VI.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault, Sonnet lxxxix. 
Scales, Thomas, Lord, character in 2 H. VI.; spoken of in, I H. VI., i. 1; his daughter, 3 H. VI., iv. 1. He was put to death by the Yorkists in 1469.
Scaling (weighing), Cor., i. 3.
Scarcely; humble, Merry Wives, iii. 1.
Scambiling, H. V., i. 1, v. 2. Mondays and Saturdays in Lent were called scambiling days. No regular meals were served, and members of the household scambled or served themselves as best they could.
Scamels, Temp., ii. 2. The meaning is uncertain; the sea-gull, the young of the limpet or seaman, and the kestrel or stannely, have been suggested.
Scandal, Jud. Ces., i. 2; Sonnet xliii.
Scantling (portion), Tr. & Cr., i. 3.
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Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn, Passion, R. III. & IV.
Scarcrow, of the law, a, M. for M., ii. 1; Talbot exhibited as, i. 7 H. VI., i. 4; called a crow-keeper, R. & J., i. 4.
Scarlet, and John, Merry Wives, i. 1. Robin Hood's men.
Scarle, All's Well, iv. 2; Cymb., v. 5. So in some editions. The meaning is uncertain, but seems to be occasion or opportunity.
Scars, he jests at, that never knew a wound, R. & J., ii. 2; shown by a candidate, Cor., ii. 2.
Scarus, character in A. & C.
Schoolboy, the whining, As You Like It, ii. 7; stupidity of the, Much Ado, ii. 2.
Schoolmasters, Miranda's, Temp., i. 2; pretended, Tem. of S., i. 1, 2. See Holofernes, Evans, and Pindar.
Scitatica, M. for M., i. 2; T. of A., iv. 1.
Scoghan, Henry, said, in 2 H. IV., i. 3, 2, to have had his head broken by Falstaff. He wrote a ballot to the princes, sons of Henry IV. Probably confounded with John Scogan, the jester, who lived later in the century.
Scone, a place near Perth, where the Scottish kings were crowned, Mac., ii. 4, and the last line of the play.
Scorn, in love, Two Gent., iii. 1; in her eyes, Much Ado, ii. 1; the slow fowler of, Oth., iv. 2; of love, Ven. & Ed., i. 252; of the people, Cor., iii. 1; 2 H. IV., iv. 1; the argument of one's own, Much Ado, ii. 3; and derision never come in tears, M. N. D., ii. 2.
Scotland, scene of the greater part of Mac.; its barrenness, G. in E. iv. 2.
Scots, invasions of England by, and king of, taken, II. V., i. 2.
Scottish lord, a, described, M. of V., i. 2.
Scrimer (escrimer, fencer), Ham., iv. 7 (or 4).
Scripture, the devil can cite, M. of V., i. 3; odd ends from, R. III., i. 5. See BIBLE.
Seronela, cure of, by the king, Mac., iv. 3. See King's PILGRIM.
Scroop, or Scrope, Sir Stephen, a character in R. II.
Sheba, Queen of. See SABA.

Sheep, love kills, L. s. L. s. L., iv. 3; the harmless, 3 H. V., iv. 5.

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Shent (scooted), Merry Wives, i. 4; Tr. Nt., iv. 2; Tr. & Cr., ii. 3; Cor., ii. 4; Three Men on Board, iv. 5; The Infant Tr. v., ii. 4; the unfolding star calls up the M., for M., iv. 2; life of a, As You Like It, iii. 2; 3 H. VI., ii. 5; philosophy of a, As You Like It, iii. 2; dead, As You Like It, III. 5. The dead shepherd is Marlowe, and the saw quoted from his "Hero and Leander," published in 1593.

Shepherd, an old, the reputed father of Perdita in Winter's T.

Shepherd, an old, the son of Joan of Arc in I. H. VI.

Shepherd to his love, (by Christopher Marlowe), Passion Play (Shepherdesses).

Shepherdess. See MOPS and DOGAS. in character. 1 K. J.

Sheriff, a character in I. H. IV.; another in 2 H. VI.

Sheriff of York (Sir Thomas Rokeby), mentioned in 2 H. IV.

Shepherd of Wiltshire (Henry Long, of Wraxall), character in ii. 5.

Sheriff's post, Tw. Nt., i. 5. Set up at the sheriff's door for placing notices on.

Sherris, effects of. 2 H. IV., iv. 3.

Ship's scene on a, Temp., i. 1; carcass of a, Temp., i. 2; cannot perish, Two Gent., iv. 1; inoculation of, H. V., iii. 5; chorus," Behold the thread sails," etc.; the state like a, in danger, 3 H. VI., iv. 4; Grecian, Tr. & Cr., protube.

Shipwreck, Temp., i. 2, ii. 1; Com. of Err., i. 1; Tw. Nt., i. 2; Winter's T., iii. 5; M. of V., iii. 2.

Shirley (Sir Hugh), mentioned in I. H. IV., iv. 4.

Shirt, a, and a half, in a whole company, I. H. IV., iv. 2; of Nesmus, A. & C., iv. 10.

Shive (alice), Tit. And., ii. 1.

Shoe-maker, the, should meddle with his yard, R. J., i. 2.

Shrew, a traveller and prisoner, spoken of in M. for M., iv. 3. This was a name commonly applied to a traveller.

Shog (jog), H. V., ii. 1, 3.

Shore, Jane, R. III., i. 1, iii. 4, 5. Mistress of Edward IV., and afterward of Hastings.

Shortcake, Alice, Merry Wives, i. 1.

Shoe, to Two Gent., ii. 5.

Shoglars (a shaggy kind of dogs), Mac., iii. 1.

Shoulder-shotten (having a dislocated shoulder), Tam. of S., ii. 3.

Shovel-boards, Merry Wives, i. 1. The broad shillings of Edward VI. were used in playing the game of shovel-board, and were familiarly called by the name of the play. The game was also called shoe-groat, and is alluded to in 2 H. IV., ii. 4.

Show, a street, Cor., ii. 1.

Shrew (shrewish), Tam. of S., i. 1, 2, and elsewhere.

Shrewsbury, scene of part of I. H. IV. The battle was fought July 25, 1403.

Shrewsbury clock, fought a long hour by, I. H. IV., v. 4.

Shrewsbury, Earl of. See TALBOT.

Shrieve (sheriff), All's Well, iv. 3.

Shrift, a short, R. III., ii. 4; riding confession makes riding shrift, R. J., ii. 3.

Shroud (protection), A. & C., iii. 11 or 13; 3 H. IV., iv. 4.

Shrove-Tuesday, fit as a pancake for, All's Well, ii. 2.

Shylock, the Jew in the M. of V.

Sibyl, as old as, Tam. of S., i. 2; work of a, Oth., iii. 4.

Sibylla (the sibyl), M. of V., i. 2.

Sibyls, the nine, of Rome, 1 H. VI., i. 2.

Siema, scene of a part of Winter's T.

Sicilian Lord, a character in Winter's T.

Sicily, King of. See REGNIER.

Sicinius Velutus, a tribune of the people in Cor.

Sic spectanda fides Peric., ii. 2. Thus faith is to be proved.

Siege (sent, rank), M. for M., iv. 2; Ham., iv. 7 (or 4); Oth., i. 2.

Siege, envious, of Neptune R. II., ii. 1; laugh, to, scor, Mac., v. 5.

S {?}gers, Sir, K. J., ii. 11; end of the, of Harfleur, H. V., ii. 3; of Orleans, 1 H. VI., i. 4, 2, 4; ii. 1, 2; of Coriolis, Cor., i. 4.

Sieve, as water in, Much Ado, v. 1; All's Well, ii. 1; a vehicle for witches, Mac., i. 3.

Sighs, cooling the air with, Temp., i. 2; to drive a beat, Two Gent., ii. 3; Eugenius, Cyll., ii. 4; hiccough drinking, 2 H. VI., ii. 3; blood-sucking, 3 H. IV., iv. 4; to shatter all his bulk, Ham., ii. 1; a spindrift, Ham., iv. 7 (or 4). The last alluding to the belief that sighing consumes the blood; blows a man up like a bladder, II. IV., iii. ii. 4; a battery of sighs, 3 H. VI., iii. 1.

Sigh no more, song, Much Ado, ii. 3.

Sightless (invisible), Mac., i. 5.

Silence, herald of joy, Much Ado, i. 1; in whom comementable—reputation for wisdom gained by, M. of V., i. 2; the mean and base—the grammer, Tam. of S., ii. 1; and speech, All's Well, i. 1; of innocence, Winter's T., ii. 2; before a storm, Ham., ii. 2; not proof of want of love, Lear, i. 1; intensifies feeling, Ven. & Ad., i. 53; be polite with, 1 H. VI., ii. 5; speech in dumbness, Winter's T., v. 2.

Silence, a country justice in 2 H. IV.

Silus, character in A. & C.

Silly-cheat (pocket-picking), Winter's T., iv. 2.

Silly sooth (simple truth), Tw. Nt., ii. 4.

Silver, pale and common drudge, M. of V., iii. 2.

Silver, name of the spectre of a hound, Temp., iv. 1; a dog, Tam. of S., induction, 1.

Silvia, a girl in the Two Gent.

Silvia, a shepherd in As You Like It, in love with Phebe.

Similes, the most unsavoury, 1 H. IV., ii. 2; curish, Town, of S., v. 2.

Simiois, a river of Troy, Lucrece, lines 1437, 1442.

Simondies, King of Pentapolis, character in Peric.

Simpcox, Sannder, an impostor in 2 H. VI.

Simple, Slender's servant in the Merry Wives.

Simplicity, of the upright, Lear, i. 2, elud; how green you are unfresh, K. J., iii. 4.

Simular (simulator, counterfeit), Lear, iii. 2.

Sin(s), men of, Temp., iii. 3; some rise by, M. for M., ii. 1; results of pardoning, M. for M., ii. 2; most dangerous temptation to, M. for M., ii. 3; compelled—charity in, M. for M., ii. 4; comparison—of become; a viole, M. for M., M. for M., iii. 1; remorse for; and fear of exposure—effect of one, M. for M., vi. 4; teach, the carriage of a saint, Com. of Err., ii. 2; cunning, can cover itself, Much Ado, iv. 1; in chiding sin, As You Like It, ii. 7; allusion to the dogma of origin; T. of A., ii. 4; "The incident in heraldic ory," gathering head, 2 H. IV., iii. 1; struck down like an ox, 1 H. IV., iv. 2; will pluck on sin, R. III., iv. 2; mercy emboldens, T. of A., iii. 5; resistance against, Ham., ii. 4; appearance, As 1 of Like. of Like, iv. 5; (or 3); plate with gold, Lear, iv. 6; one, provokes another, Peric., i. 1; Cymb., i. 7, "The cloven will," etc.; hidden in majesty, Lucrece, i. 93; with opportunity, Lucrece, i. 578; affering of, Lucrece, 1. 1785; in the lovely, Sonet xvii-xcvii.; some, do bear their privilege, K. J., i. 1; the oldest, committed the newest way, 2 H. IV., iv. 4; may be absoled in English, H. VII., iii. 1.

Sinf of brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor bandless sea, Sonet lv.

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind, Sonet exii.

Sinkel, a name sometimes given to the first player in the induction to the Tam. of S., and also to one of the hundreders of Com. of Err., ii. 4.

Sinel (correctly, Finel or Finlay), Thane of Glamis, father of Macthe, Mac., i. 3.

Singing, ridicule of Balthazar's, Much Ado, ii. 3; Perdita's, Winter's T., iv. 5 or 4; of Lady Mortimer, I. H. VI., i. 3, 11; of the timely martial and weight, M. of V., v. 2; of Edmund, Lear, i. 2; sing the savages out of a hear, Oth., iv. 1; the singing-man of Windsor, 2 H. IV., ii. 1.

Sink-a-pace (chance-pas), a dance whose measures are in fives, Tr. M., i. 3.

Sinning, more sinned against than, Lear, iii. 2.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye, Sonet lvii.
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Simon, 3 H.V., iii. 2; Cymb., iii. 1; in a painting, Lucrece, lines 1521–1523. The Greek who, pretending to desert to the Trojans, persuaded them to admit the wooden horse.

Sir. This title was applied to curates, as Sir Nathaniel, Sir Hugh, and Sir Oliver of Sinfin, Sir Topas, said to have properly belonged to such ecclesiastics as had taken the degree of bachelor of arts, or dominis.

Sirrah, generally used to an inferior, but Puns uses it to the prince in 1 H. IV., i. 2.

Sir-reverence (saving your reverence), Com. of Er., iii. 3.

Sisters, the weird. See WITCHES.

Sit (live, board), at ten pounds a week, Merry Wives, i. 3.

Sith, sithence (since), M. for M., iv. 1; All's Well, i. 3; Lear, i. 1, and elsewhere.

Siward, Earl of Northumberland and general of the English forces that fight against Macbeth. He was the brother of Lord Siward. His son Osbern is called in the play young Siward.

Sixpenny strikers, 1 H. IV., ii. 1. Bullies who would knock a man down for sixpence.

Sizes (allowances of money), Lear, ii. 4.

Skains-mates (companion scavenges, originally brothel partners), ii. 3; ii. 6.

Skills (signifies), Tam. of S., iii. 2; Tw. Nt., v. 1; 2 H. VI., iii. 1.

Skin, silver, laced with golden blood, Mac., ii. v.

Skin-coat, your, K., ii. 1.

Skull(s), R. & J., iv. 1, v. 3; moralizing on a, Ham., v. 1.

Slab (plutonius), Mac., iv. 1.

Slender, will retain his name, Com. of Er., ii. 1; is for ever housed when it gains possession—avoid occasion for, Com. of Er., iii. i; power of, Much Ado, iii. 1; on Hero, Much Ado, iii. 2, v. 14; changed to remorse, Much Ado, iv. 1; on Diana, All's Well, v. 3; none in an allowed for, T., iv. 3, v. 5; removed spear of, R. III., iii. 1; poison shot of, Ham., iv. 1 or v. 5; damned nature of, Oth., iii. 3; "If thou dost slander," etc.; to get office, Oth., iv. 2; sly, Cymb., i. 6; sharpness of, Cymb., iii. 4; manner of all abilities, Mac., iii. 4; secrets uttered in, Macc., iii. 1; Oth., iii. 3; of the weary, Cymb., iii. 6; life and death in, Lucrece, i. 402; the age of death, Cymb., ii. 2.

Sleeve, a pledge of love, Tr. & Cr., iv. 4, v. 2–4.

Sleeve-hand (cuff), Winter's T., iv. 3 or 4.

Sleed (unworth), silk, Peric., iv. 3; prologue.

Slender, Abrahann, an awkward country fellow in the Merry Wives.

Sleenderness, hyperbolcs on, 1 H. IV., ii. 4; "Away, you starveling," etc.; "My own knee," etc., 2 H. IV., ii. 3.

Sky (by God's lid), Merry Wives, iii. 4.

Sly (by his light), Tw. Nt., v. 5, and elsewhere.

Slighted (pitched), Merry Wives, iii. 5.

Sip (a false coin), R. & J., ii. 4; quibble on the word, Tr. & Cr., ii. 3.

Slops (large trousers), Much Ado, iii. 2; R. & J., ii. 4; IV. i.

Slubber (slight), M. of V., ii. 8.

Slubber (soil), Oth., i. 3.

Sly, Christopher, a tinker, character in the induction to the Tam. of S.

Small-pox, allusion to marks of, L. 's L.'s L., v. 2, "Face full of Os."


Smatch (smack, tincture), Jul. Ces., v. 5; 2 H. IV., i. 2.

Smell(s), an ancient and fish-like, Temp., ii. 2; villainous, Merry Wives, iii. 5.

Smile, Jane, mentioned in As You Like It, ii. 4.

Smiles, the craft of, R. II., ii. 1; of Cassius, Jul. Ces., i. 2; of Imogen, Cymb., iv. 2; when time shall serve, H., V., iii. 1; and tears, Lear, iv. 3; King of, 111. IV., i. 5.

Smling, with a character of mischief in the heart, Jul. Ces., iv. 1; one's check into years, L.'s L.'s L., v. 2; smile and murder while they smile, 3 H. VI., iii. 2; and be a villain, Ham., i. 3; as the wind's sists, Lear, i. 4.

Smith, the weaver, a follower of Jack Cade in 2 H. VI.

Smithfield, now a part of London, scene of 2 H. IV., ii. 2.

Smoked (discovered or suspected), All's Well, iii. 6; i.

Smulkin, a bendl, Lear, iii. 4. See MAHU.

Snail, the, Com. of Er., ii. 2; As You Like It, iv. 1; Lear, i. 5; Ven. & Ad., i. 1083.

Snake, the, M. N. D., ii. 2; As You Like It, iv. 3; scotched the, Macc., iii. 2; warmed the, 3 H. VI., iii. 1; see ADDER and SERPENT.

Snake, one of the sheriff's officers in 2 H. IV., ii. 1.

Snack-cup, a, 2 H. IV., iii. 3. One who baulks his glass.

Snap (beke, nimb), 2 H. IV., i. 1.

Sneap-pinning (pinching, nipping), L.'s L.'s L., i. 1; Winter's T., i. 2.

Sneck up (perhaps from "his neck up," that is, be hanged), Tw. Nt., ii. 3.

Snout, Tom, a tinker, character in M. N. D.

Snow, a mockery king of, R. II., iv. 1; consecrated, on Diana's lap, T. of A., iv. 3; of Taurus, M. N. D., v. 2; covered, two trembling, becomes a mountain, K., ii. 4; in harvest, R., iii. 4.

Snuff, took it in, 1 H. IV., i. 3. A quibble on the cant use of the phrase, "took it angrily."

Snug, a joiner, character in M. N. D.

So am I as the rich, Sonnet iii.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life, Sonnet lxxv.

Softly-sprighted man, a, Merry Wives, i. 4.

So is it not with me as with that muse, Sonnet xxi.

Sol, the glorious planet, like a king, Tr. & Cr., i. 3.

Solano. See SALANO.

Soldier(s), of Pharaoh, Much Ado, iii. 3; base for, to love, L.'s L.'s L., i. 2; full of strange oaths, As You Like It, ii. 7; looks at a cowardly, All's Well, i. 1; "Under Mars," etc.; honour of, A. W. L., i. 1; would have been a, but for those vile guns, 1 H. IV., i. 3; Hotspur and his comrades, 1 H. IV., iv. 1; Falstaff's, 1 H. IV., iv. 1; a beaрайг, H. V., iii. 6; speaks like a, Cor., i. 3; not appreciated in peace, Cor., iv. 7; dreams of, R. & J., ii. 1; a better, Jul. Ces., iv. 3; a daring, Mac., iii. 1; death of a, Mac., v. 7; R. J., v. 5; 3 H. VI., ii. 3; your sister is the better, Lear, iv. 5; little blessed with soft phrase—adventures of a, Oth., i. 3; one fit to stand by—courage of, Oth., ii. 3; endurance of a, A. & C., i. 1; should brook worries as little as gods, T. of A., iii. 5; a brave, 1 H. VI., iii. 2; unapt to weep, 1 H. VI., v. 3; a true, hath no self-love, 2 H. VI., v. 2.

Soldiers, introduced on the stage in All's Well, K. J., H. V., 11. VI., 3 H. VI., R. III., Cor., Tit. And., Lear, A. & C., Cymb., Mac.

Soldaires (small coins), T. of A., iii. 1.

Solinus, Duke of Ephesus, character in the Com. of Er.

Solitude, Two Great.

Solomon, L. 's L., i. 2, iv. 3.

Solon (about 638–550 B.C.), laws of, M. N. D., i. 1.

Solon's happiness, Tit. And., i. 1 or 2. "No man can be pronounced happy till he is dead."

Solyan, Sultan (about 1496–1500), M. of V., ii. 1.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill, Sonnet xcv.

Somerset, John Beaufort, third Earl of, afterward first Duke, character in 1 H. VI.

Somerset, Edmund Beaufort, fourth Earl of, afterward second Duke, character in 3 H. VI.

Somerset, Edmund Beaufort, fourth Duke of; character in 3 H. VI. He was a son of the Beaufort of the second part.
Sorcerers, Ephesius full of, *Com. of Er.*, i. 2.

Sorcery, Temp., iii. 2; see MAGUS; *2 H. VI.*, i. 1.

Sorcery, patience under, *Macto Ado*, v. 1; here I and, sit, K. J., iii. 1; canker, K. J., iii. 4; of the queen, *R. H.*, iii. 4; of the king, *R. H.*, iv. 1; for the dead king, *R. H.*, iv. 2; breaks seasons, *R. H.*, i. 4; for the dead king, *R. H.*, iv. 2; a golden, *H. VII.*, iii. 3; conquered, *Tis. And.*, ii. 4 or 5; more in, than anger, Ham., i. 2; each must bear his own, Ham., ii. 2, "Why let the stricken, etc.; a rarity most beloved, Lear, iv. 3; heaven,即天, *Lear*, i. 2; doubled by sight of unattainable relief, *Lacerce*, i. 1114. See GRIEF, MOURNING.

Sorrows, come not single, Ham., iv. 5 (or 2); 7; *Peric.*, i. 1.

Sort set, *R. H.*, iv. 1; *R. III.*, v. 3.

Sort and suit (rank and following), men of, *M. for M.*, iv. 4.

So shall I live supposing thou art true, *Sonnet xxiii.

Sossius, A. & C., iii. 1.

Sot (fool), *Merry Wives*, iii. 1; *Tw. Nt.*, i. 5.


Soul, give up the body rather than the, for the, M. for M., iv. 4; an evil, producing holy witness, *M. of V.*, i. 3; the clothes, the, *Alas's Wl.*, ii. 5; disputes with sense, *Tw. Nt.*, iv. 3; the brain the dwelling of the, K. J., v. 7; burden of a guilty, R. H., i. 3; nature of the, K. J., iii. 1; sold to the devil, *Margaretae Body (a fool)*, *H. Peric.*, i. 3; invulnerable, Ham., i. 4; prophetic, Ham., i. 5; in bliss, thou art a, Lear, iv. 7; spotted, *Lacerce*, i. 779; in a discoloured body, *Lacerce*, i. 1160; a true, *Sonnet cxvil*; or, *2 H. IV.*, i. 4; for good fortune once, M. for M., i. 2; punishment of departed, *M. for M.*, i. 2, "Ay, but to die, etc.; *Oth.*, v. 2, "Blow me about in winds, etc.; harmony in immortal, *M. of V.*, v. 1; if, by the air, and be not fixed, *R. III.*, iv. 4; see *Transgression of Souls*.

Sound and fury, life full of, *Mac.* v. 5.

Souse (to attack violently), K. J., v. 2.

South, the foggy, *As You Like It*, iii. 5; *Cymb.*, ii. 5; the sweet, *Tw. Nt.*, i. 1; the dew-dropping, R. d. & J., i. 4 the sponge, *Cymb.*, iv. 5.


Southampton, scene of a part of, *H. V.*

Southampton, Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of, to whom the *Ten. & Ad.* and *Lacerce* were dedicated, was a favourite of Queen Elizabeth until his marriage. He took part in the execution of Bess of Hardwicke. He was killed at the battle of pink in France, and kept in the Tower till the queen's death. He died in 1554. Some suppose that the *Sonnets* are all dedicated to him, his initials being simply reversed.

South Sea, of discovery, a, *As You Like It*, iii. 2.

Southwark, *Margaret of*, a daughter of John, or Thomas, a priest in *2 H. VI.*

Sped, servant of Valentine in the *Tent. & Ad.*, iv. 4.

Speed, of, *Spenser*, *Passionate Pilgrim*, viii.

Speed, of, *Spenser*, *Passionate Pilgrim*, viii.


Sper (bar), *Tr. & C.*, prologue.
Stanley, George, son of the preceding, is spoken of in R., iv., 5, as being kept as surety for his father's good faith.

Stannel, the, checks (the kestrel flies at), T. Nt., ii. 5.

Stanza (old form of stanza), As You Like It, ii. 5.

Star-chamber matter, a, Merry Wives, i. 1. The old court of star-chamber had jurisdiction in cases of riots.

Starchy. See STRACHY.

Starling, a, taught to speak, 1 H. IV., i. 3.

Star(s), shine no brighter for astronomers, L.'s L.'s L., i. 1; harmony of the, M., v. i. 1; a bright particular, All's Well, i. 1; two, not in one sphere, H. IV., iv. 4; cinders of the element, H. IV., iv. 3; Diana's waiting-women, T. & C., v. 2; cut him out in little, R. & J., v. 1; cut him out for a shooting, Ven. & Ad., i. 815; influence of, see ASTROLOGY.

Starve-lackey, the rapier and dagger man, a prisoner mentioned in M., iv. 3.

Starveling, Robert, a tailor, character in the M. N. D.


Stealing, by line and level, Temp., iv. 1; the way to, Merry Wives, i. 3; the wise call it conveying, Merry Wives, i. 3; one's self, Mac., ii. 3.

Steel, true as, Tr. & C., iii. 3; R. & J., i. 4; when steel grows soft, Cor., i. 9.

Steel'd (starry), Lear, iii. 7.

Steel'd (steeled, engraved), Lucrece, l. 1444; Sonnet xxiv.

Stephano, a drunken butler in Temp.

Stephano, a servant of Portia in the M. of V.

Stepmother's, Cymb., i. 1; M. N. D., i. 1.

Sterility, invoked, Lear, i. 4; charm against, Jul. Ces., i. 2.

Steward, in T. of A., in some versions Flavins, q. e.

Stickler (one who separates combatants, an arbitrator). Tr., iv. 2; i. 2.

Stigmatic (one marked, as being branded for crime; also applied to a deformed person), H. VI., i. 1; H. VI., ii. 2.

Stillitory (distillery), Ven. & Ad., l. 443.

Stoccat[a (a sword-thrust)], R. & J., i. 1.

Stock-fish (dried cod), H. IV., ii. 4.

Stocks, punishment in the, Two Gent., iv. 4; All's Well, iv. 3; Lear, ii. 2; Cor., iii. 3; H. II., v. 5; Com. of Er., iii. 1; Merry Wives, iv. 5; "Bilboes," a kind of stocks used at sea, a bar of iron to link together mutinous sailors, are spoken of in Hen., v. 2. The name comes from the Stock, a place in Spain where steel instruments were made.

Stomach (variously used for appetite, pride, ambulation, courage, anger), Two Gent., i. 2; T. & S., v. 2; H. IV., ii. 3; Tempest, i. 1; Toad's northern hallow, Two Gent., ii. 3; Tempest, i. 1.

Stomaching (boiling grudges), A. & C., ii. 2.

Stone-bow (cross-bow for shooting stones), T. & Nt., ii. 5.

Stony-Stratford, a market-town of Buckinghamshire, H. III., ii. 4.

Storm(s), raised by magic, Temp., i. 1, v. 1; at sea, Com. of Er., i. 1; Winter's T., iii. 3; stillness before a Ham., ii. 2; Oth., ii. 3; Peric., iii., prologue, 1 on the heath, Lear, ii. 4, end, iii. 1, 2; betokened by a red morn, Ven. & Ad., l. 453. See TEMPEST.

Stover (foster), Temp., iv. 1.

Strachy, lady of the, T. Nt., ii. 5. An obscure allusion, conjectured by some to refer to a story of a lady of the house of Strrozzi.

Strain (race), of noble, Much Ado, i. 1; Jul. Ces., v. 1; of man, bred out into baboon and monkey, T. of A., i.; a degenerate, Tr. & C., ii. 2.

Stranger, passing, Oth., i. 3; more, than fiction, T. Nt., iii. 1.

Strangers, I do desire we may be better, As You Like It, iii. 2.

Strappado, H. IV., ii. 4. A torture, produced by drawing a rope up by his heels, which were tied behind, and letting him fall with a jerk.

Strato, a servant of Brutius in Jul. Ces.

Straw, a wisp of, H. IV., ii. 2. Scolds and wantons were often crowned with a wisp of straw when punished.

Strawberries, grow under the nettles, H. V., i. 2; in the bishop's garden, R. III., iii. 4.
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T.

Tassel-gentle, R. & J., ii. 2. Properly tercel-gentle, as in Tr. & Cr., iii. 2. The male goshawk, which is gentle all docile.

Taurus, born under, Tw. Nt, i. 3. See Astrology.

Taurus, character in A. & C.

Tawdry lace (necklace, or cheap lace sold at the fair of St. Aurey or Ethreluda), Winter's T., iv. 3 or 4.

Tawny coats, i. H. VI., i. 3. The colour worn by servants of high dignitaries of the Church.

Taxation (sative), As You Like It, i. 2.

Taxing (casual), Winter's T., ii. 2; like winter's drops, Temp., i. 7; Silvia's, T. Gent., ii. 3, iii. 1; of joy, Much Ado, i. 1; of the deer, As You Like It, ii. 1; if ever you have wiped a, As You Like It, ii. 7; to season praise, All's Well, i. 1; the rainbow, in All's Well, i. 3; drowned with, Tw. Nt., ii. 1; not prone to, Winter's T., i. 1; Arthur's, K. J., i. i.; like a proud river, K. J., iii. 1; villainy is not without, K. J., iv. 3; of a man, K. J., v. 2; H. V., iv. 6; H. VIII., iii. 2, v. 1; Lucrèce, i. 1700; will make foul weather—despised—dig graves with, etc., R. II., iii. 3; a world of water, i. H. IV., iii. 1; for babies, 3. H. VI., ii. 1; with every word, 3. H. VI., v. 4; milestone for, R. III., i. 3; the watery morn, R. III., ii. 2; like honey on a fly, H. VIII., iii. 1; of joy, of T., i. 4; R. J. J., iii. 5; a house of, R. J. J., iv. 1; prepare to shed, Jul. Ces., iii. 2; I forbid my, Ham., iv. 7 (or 4); cud women's weapons, Lear, iv. 4; of Lear, Lear, iii. 7; of Cordelia, Lear, iv. 13; of mere women, Lear, iv. 1; when be the sacred sylvus, A. & C., i. 3; of Antony, A. & C., ii. 2; of despair, Ven. & Ad., i. 956; of sympathy, Lucrèce, lines 1136, 1207; of man, Lucrèce, i. 1700; of one forsaken, Lear's Complaint, lines 40, 50; witchcraft in, Lear's Complaint, i. 228; cause illusions, R. II., ii. 2; Tit. And., iii. 2.

Teasheet, Doll. See DOLL TEA-SHEET.

Te Deum, sung, H. V., iv. 8; H. VIII., iv. 1.

Teen (anxiety, sorrow), Temp., i. 2; L. s. L. s. L., iv. 3; R. III., iv. 1; R. J. J., i. 1.

Teeth, significance of being born with, 3. H. VI., v. 6; did it from his, A. & C., i. 4. Only outwardly, not from the heart. A great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on his teeth, Winter's T., iv. 3 or 4.

Telamon (Ajax), A. & C., iv. 11 or 13, 12 or 14.

Tell me, where is fancy bred? song; M. of V., iii. 2.

Tellus, earth, R. J. J., ii. 2; Peric., iv. 1.

Temperance, As You Like It, ii. 3; ask God for, H. V., i. 1; Oth., ii. 3.

Tempest, a, foretold, i. H. IV., iv. 1; a, Jul. Ces, i. 5; Lear contending with the, Lear, iii. 2, i. 2; ill-omened, H. VIII., i. 1; Mac., iii. 2. See STORMS.

Temple Garden, London, scene of i. H. VI., ii. 4.

Temple Hall, the, i. H. IV., iii. 3.

Temple(s), the, the solemn, Temp., iv. 1; of the mind, Cymb., ii. 1; of the body, Ham., i. 3; in the forest, as You Like It, iii. 3.

Temporary (time-serving), M. for M., v. 1.

Tenants, father of Cymbeline, mentioned in i. 1, v. 4.

Ten Commandments, the, 2. H. VI., i. 3. A common expression for the fiddler-nails.

Tender-headed (tenderly beheld or governed), Lear, iv. 4.

Tenedos, island of, Tr. & Cr., prologue.

Tennis, the game of, 2. H. IV., ii. 2; H. V., i. 2. "When we have matched our rackets," etc. : the incident is told in the old chronicles Perse, i. 1; H. VIII., i. 5; Ham., i. 1; Much Ado, ii. 3.

Tent (probe), Tr. & Cr., ii. 2; Cymb., iii. 4; Ham., ii. 2; Cor., iii. 2, and elsewhere.

Tercel-gentle. See TASSEL-GENTLE.

Tereus, Tit. And., ii. 4 or 5, iv. 1; Cymb., ii. 2; L. s. L. s. L., ii. 2.

Termagant, Ham., iii. 2. A supposed god of the Saracens, introduced into the miracle-plays, a noisy ranter.

Terminations (terms), Much Ado, ii. 1.

Terras Astreae reliquit. Tit. And., iv. 3. Astrea, goddess of innocence, left the earth when it became
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Tilled with crime, and was placed among the stars, where she became the constellation Virgo.

Testor, testern, or testrill, Two Gent., i. 1; Merry Wives, i. 3; Tw. Nt., ii. 3. An old French coin varying in value at different times from six to eighteen pence.

Tewksbury's battle of (May 14, 1571), 3 H. VI., v. 4, 5; R. III., i. 2-4, ii. 1, v. 3.

Tewksbury mustard, 2 H. IV., ii. 4.

Thaisa, daughter of Simonides in Peric.

Thalid, a lord of Antioc in Peric.

Thanes, noblemen. The title is applied to the Scottish lords in Mac.

Tharks, shrill, Two Gent., iv. 3; beggarly, As You Like It, ii. 5; good turns shuffled off with. Tw. M., iii. 3; for hospitality, Winter's T's, l. i. 2; the exchequer of the poor. R. II., ii. 3; honourable need to men of noble minds. Tw. And., i. 2; too dear at a halfpenny. Ham., ii. 2; to God, 2 H. VI., i. ii. 1. See GRATITUDE.

Tharborough (third-borough, a constable), L's L's, l. 1.

Tharsus, in Cilicia, Asia Minor, scene of a part of Peric.; famine in, i. 4.

Thaxos, now Thasso, an island in the Grecian Archipelago, Jul. Cces., v. 3.

That God forbid that made me first your slave, Sonnet xlviii.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect, Sonnet liv.

That you did not, it is not all my grief, Sonnet xliii.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits, Sonnet xx.

Thou, use of (an assumption of superiority by the speaker), Tw. Nt., ii. 2, "If thou thoust him."

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art, Sonnet cxxxi.

Thou blind fool, love, Sonnet xxxvii.

Thought, the slave of life, l. H. IV., v. 4; that keeps the roadway, 3 H. IV., ii. 2; sessions of sweet solace, Sonnet iii.; ambivalences distance, Sonnet xlvii.; quickness of, l. II., iv. 1, chorus; the quick forge and working house of, l. II., v., chorus.

Thoughts, Heaven make you better than your, Merry Wives, i. 3; are no subjects, M. for M., v. 1; a woman's, As You Like It, iv. 5; for some, M. for M., v. 5; like untrilled children, Tr. & Cr., iii. 2; murder in, fantastical, Mac., i. 3; in repose, Mac., ii. 1; our worse, Heaven made, A. & C., i. 2; give no unproportioned, his act, Ham., ii. 2; Thans, i. 3; exciting. It, VIII., iii. 2; sky-aspiring and ambitious, R. II., i. 3; to thich the blood, Winter's T.'s, i. 2; whirled like a potter's wheel, l. H. VI., i. 4.

Thraso (boastful), L's L's, l. 1; As You Like It, l. H. IV., v. II., 3; Thraso was the name of a boaster, swaggering soldier in Terence's "Eunuchus."

Three farthings, look where, goes, K. J., i. 1. Allusion to a thin silver coin having the head of Elizabeth on one side and a rose on the other.

Three Fyle, Master, a merchant mentioned in M. for M., iv. 3.

Threnos, The Phoenix and the Tortoise.

Thrift, French, the humour of the age, Merry Wives, i. 2; called interest—be blessed, M. of V., i. 3.

Throng, foolishness of, M. for M., ii. 4.

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Trifles, a snapper-up of unconsidered, Winter’s T., iv. 2 or 3; light as air, Oth., iii. 3.

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Varris, a character in M. for M.

Varrius, a character in A. & C.
Varro, a servant of Brutus in Jul. Cesa.
Vast (a waste), Temp., i. 2; Winter's T., i. 1.
Vastity (vastness), M. for M., iii. 1.
Vauddon, a French earl, killed at Agincourt, mentioned, H., i. 1; iii. 3, iv. 1; Vaughan, Sir Thomas, character in R. III.
Vaut (beginning, van), Tr. & C., prologue.
Vaut-courtiers (heralds, precursors), Lear, iii. 2.
Vaux, Sir William, character in 2. I. VI.
Vaux, Sir Nicholas, character in 2. III. VII., a son of the Sir William Vaux in 2. II. VI. His father's forfeited lands were restored to him at the accession of Henry VII.
Vaward (vane-ward), M. N. D., iv. 1.
Vein (of Pericles), M. N. D., ii. 2; of King Cambyses, 1. IV., iv. 4; the giving, R. III., iv. 2.
Veins, mustering to the heart, Lucrece, i. 442; veins of actions, Tr. & C., i. 3.
Velatut, Sicinius. See SICINIUS VELUTUS.
Velvet, gummed (stilled with gum), I. II. IV., ii. 2.
Velvet-guards, I. II. IV., iii. 1. Trimmings of velvet, much affected by the wives of wealthy citizens; and here applied to the women themselves.
Veneys (veneys, passes in fencer), Merry Wives, i. 1; L. s L.'s L., v. 1.
Vengeance, mercy nobler than, Temp., v. 1; threatened, Much Ado, iv. 1; of Leontes, Winter's T., ii. 3; omens of, K. J., ii. 1; of Heaven, H., ii. 1; sworn, Tit. And., ii. 2; for Cesar's wounds, Jul. Cesa., v. 1; just, Ham., i. 5; Laertes' vows of, Ham., iv. 4 or 2; sure, Lear, ii. 7; invoked, Oth., iii. 3; "Arise, black," etc.; v. 2; Lucrece, Lines 1660, 1681.
Venice, Italy, the scene of a part of the M. of V. and of Oth.
Venice, Duke of, a character in the M. of V.
Venice, Duke of, character in Oth.
Venice, senators of, characters in the M. of V.
Venice, Cupid in, Much Ado, i. 1; as the traveller speaks of, L. s L.'s L., iv. 2; law of, to protect its Cit-
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zens, M. of V., iv. 1; death at, R. II., iv. 1; women of, Oth., iii. 3.

Venison, thanks for, Merry Wives, i. 1; to kill, As You Like It, i. 1.

Vent (impetuosity, as of hounds when they scent the game), Cor., iv. 5.

Ventages (small apparatus), Ham., iii. 2.

Ventidius, one of the false friends in T. of A.

Ventidius, character in A. & C.

Ventricle of memory, the, L. L.'s L., iv. 2. Alluding to three different ventricles, in the hindmost of which was memory.

Venus, doves or pigeons of, Temp., iv. 1; M. N. D., i. 1; M. of V., iv. 6; love's invisible soul, Tr. & Cr., iii. 1; smiles not in a house of tears, K. & J., iv. 1.

Venus (the planet), M. N. D., iii. 2; II. IV., iv. 4; II. IV., v. 3.

Venus with young Adonis, Passionate Pilgrim, xi.

Verb, a noun and a, such abominable words as no Christian car can endure to hear, 2 H. VI., iv. 7.

Vere, Lord Aubrey, 3 H. VI., iii. 3.

Verges, a character in Much Ado, introduced in iii. 3, a meek imitator and disciple of Dogberry.

Verily, a lady's, is as potent as a lord's, Winter's T., ii. 2.

Vernon, Sir Richard, character in 1 H. IV.

Vernon, Sir Richard (Q), character in 1 H. VI.

Verona, Italy, scene of the greater part of R. & J., and parts of the Two Gent.

Vesture of decay, this muddy, M. of V., v. 1; the essential of creation, Oth., ii. 1.

Vices, Venus, Merry Wives, ii. 2; L. L.'s L., v. 5; M. of V., ii. 2, and elsewhere.

Vials, the sacred (inachrymatory), A. & C., i. 3.

Vices (s), prevalence of, M. for M., ii. 1; results of pardoning, M. for M., ii. 2; apparelled like virtue, Com. of Err., iii. 2; virtue misapplied turns to, R. & J., ii. 4; self-acquittal of, M., iv. 2; repeated, Peric., i. 1; assume the marks of virtues, M. of V., iv. 2; titly bestowed, All's Well, i. 1, "One that goes," etc.; want not impudence, Wives, ii. 3; ii. 2; an old man bowing of his youth, 2 H. IV., iii. 2; of a young man, Ham., ii. 1; through tattered clothes, Lear, iv. 6; gods make instruments of, Lear, v. 3; with beauty, Sowet xcv; result of perseverance in, A. & C., iii. 11 or 13.

Vice, the old, T. of N., iv. 2. A character in the old "Moralties," who leaped on the devil's back and beat him with a sword of lath, but was carried away by him in the end. There are other allusions, as to that reverend vice, R. & J., i. 2; II. IV., ii. 4.

Vice, the formal vice in, R. III., iii. 1, and the vice of kings in Ham., iii. 4, a "king of shreds and patches." The vice wore motley.

Vice (fit, grasp), 2 H. IV., ii. 1.

Victory, when without loss, Much Ado, i. 1; exultation and reception of, R. III., II. IV., i. 1; 2 H. IV., i. 3; R. III., i. 1; A. & C., iv. 8.

Video et gaudeo (I see and rejoice), L. L.'s L., v. 1.

Vidisme quis venit (Do you not see who comes?), L.'s L., v. 1.

Vidomar, Viscount of Lymoges. See AUSTRIA, ARCHDukes of.

Vienna, the scene of M. for M.

Villagi (coward), 2 H. VII., iv. 8.

"Vilia miretur," etc., a quotation from Ovid placed at the beginning of Ven. & Ad. "The vulgar admire the vile; to me golden-haired Apollo presents a full Caltian drench." 

Villain(s), when rich, have need of poor, Much Ado, iii. 3; faces of, Much Ado, v. 1; K. J., iv. 2; (serv and rascal), As You Like It, i. 1; determined to prove a, R. II., ii. 1; much at his wish to be a, Ham., i. 6; glozing their villainy, Oth., ii. 3; "And what a villain's eye," etc., a plain-dealing, Much Ado, i. 3; a self-confessed, Lear, ii. 2; a, with a smiling cheek, M. of V., i. 3.

Villainy, out-villained, All's Well, iv. 3; easy to practice with, K. I., ii. 4; courtly and lascivious, R. II., ii. 2; cloathed with old old ends stolen from Holy Writ, R. III., i. 3; instruction in, bettered, M. of V., iii. 3.

Vincentio, the Duke of Vienna in M. for M.

Vincentio, of Pisa, a character in the Tam. of S., introduced in iv. 5.

Vine, the elm and the, the Com. of Er., ii. 2; every man shall eat under his own (in the days of Elizabeth), H. IV., vi. 1.

Vinegia (Venetia), etc., L.'s L.'s L., iv. 2. "O Venetia, who praiseth thee not has not seen thee." From Baptist Spagnoli, of Mantua.

Vinewedst (mouldless), Tr. & Cr., ii. 1.

Vintner, as a character in 1 H. IV., iv. 4; in H. VI., v. 1; and Sowet xcvix. The violet was an emblem of the early dead.

Virgilia, wife of Coriolanus, a character in the drama.

Virginalling (playing the virginals), Winter's T., i. 2.

Virginis, did he do well, Tit. And., v. 3.

Virgins, knights of Diana, All's Well, i. 3.

Vir sapit, etc. (the man is wise who speaks little), L.'s L.'s L., iv. 2.

Virtue, of necessity, Two Gent., iv. 1; to be shown forth, M. for M., i. 1; some fall by, M. for M., ii. 1; a balt to vice, M. for M., iii. 2; looks bleak, etc., All's Well, i. 3; All's Well, ii. 3; "From lowest place, etc.; none like necessity, R. II., i. 3; inheritance of, H. VI., ii. 2; only felt by reflection, Tr. & Cr., iii. 3; perverted, K. & J., iii. 2; from lack of means for vice, T. of A., iii. 2; of Imogen, Cymb., i. 4; escapes not from this, that is it unbecoming more than wrong, Ham., iii. 4; and cunning (wisdom), Peric., iii. 2; influence of, Peric., iv. 5, 6; in a face, Lucrece, i. 53.

Virtu(s), are sanctified and holy traitors to their possessors, As You Like It, ii. 2; world to hide them in, Tw. Nt., v. 2; by beauty, i. 7, II. VI., v. 5; written in water, H. VIII., iv. 2; obscured by one defect, Ham., i. 4; assume a, if you have it not, Ham., iii. 4; lie in the interpretation of the time, Cor., iv. 7.

Virtuous, Dost thou think there shall be no more cakes and ale, because thou art, Tw. Nt., ii. 3.

Vision, the baseless fabric of a, Temp., iv. 1.

Visor, William, of Woncot, 2 H. IV., v. 1.

Vizamments (adviseaments, or considerations), Merry Wives, i. 1.

Vizor, a virtuous, over wife, R. III., ii. 2; Mac., iii. 2.

Voices, of age, Com. of Err., v. 1, "I know not my" etc., v. 1; to Orsino, v. 4; much 2; well diversified (this may mean well reputed by men's voices, or said to be learned in languages), Tw. Nt., i. 5; soft, gentle, and low, Lear, v. 3; beauty of, Ven. & Ad., i. 423; of Marcius, Cor., ii. 2; to sweet, Peric., v. 1; "Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes the hungry, the more she gives them speech."

Volquesonn, K., ii. 1 or 2. The ancient name of the province now called the Venix, which lay on the borderland between France and Normandy.

Volques, preparations of, for war, Cor., iii. 1; incursion of, Cor., iv. 5. A people inhabiting the southern part of Latium.

Vulcanan Senators, characters in Cor.

Voltimand, a courtier in Ham., introduced in i. 2.

Volumnia, mother of Coriolanus.

Volumnias, a friend of Brutus, in Coriol., v. 1.

Votress, the imperial (Elizabeth), M. N. D., i. 1.

Vow (s), as courtesies, Two Gent., ii. 2; unheedful, Two Gent., ii. 6; of men, M. for M., i. 5; broken, L.'s L.'s L., iv. 3; v. 2; Hermain's, M. N. D., i. 1; true, All's Well, iv. 3; Hermione's, Winter's T., iii. 2; obligation of wrongful, H. IV., iii. 4; v. 5; " binds the nature of, T. v. 7; sinful, not to be kept, H. VI., v. 1, broken, Tr. & Cr., v. 2; peevish, Tr. & Cr., v. 3; careless, Ham., i. 3; false, A. & C., i. 3; men's, Cymb., iii. 4.

Vox, you must allow, The T., v. 1. One allow one speech.

Vulcan, a rare carpenter, Much Ado, i. 1; black as, Tw. Nt., v. 1; as like as, and his wife, Tr. & Cr., i. 3; imagination as foul as his stithy, Ham., iii. 2; badge of, Tit. And., ii. 1.

Vulture, the, Merry Wives, i. 3; 2 H. VI., iv. 3; Tit. And., v. 2; Lear, ii. 4.
Warrantage (passage by water), Con. of Er., iv. 1; Tr. & Cr., iii. 2.
Wagtail, name applied to an officious person, Lear, ii. 2.
Waist, and wit, L.'s L.'s L., iv. 1; I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer, 2 H. IV., 1. 2.
Waist (that part of a ship between the forecastle and the quarter-deck), Tr. & Cr., ii. 1. 2.
Wakefield, battle of (December 30, 1386), 2 II., i. 2, 3, 4, 4, 1.
Wakes, L.'s L.'s L., v, 2; a man that haunts, Winter's T., iv. 2 or 3.
Wales, scene of parts of Cymb.
Wales, Anne, Princess of. See ANNE.
Wales, Prince of, See EDWARD, THE BLACK PRINCE.
Edward, Prince of Wales, EDWARD V., HENRY V.
Walking fire (will-o'-the-wisp), Lear, iii. 4.
Wall, a character in the play of the artisans in the N. N. D., taken by Snout, the tinker.
Wall, the weakest goes to the R. & J., i. 1; 4 a beacons, with off-clse in pitfall, Tw. Nt., i. 2.
Walloon, a base, thrust Talbot with a spear, I. III., i. 1.
Wandering stars (planets), Ham., v. 1.
Wannion, with (a with a vengeance), Peric., ii. 1.
Wappened (or wapped, over-worn), T. of A., iv. 3.
War, better than strive at home, All's Well, ii. 3, near the end; threatened, K. J., i. 1, i. 2, ii. 3, iv. 4; devastations of, K. J., ii. 1, 2; Ham., iv. 4; declarations of, K. J., i. 1, v. 2; H. V., i. 2; Cymb., iii. 1; civil, K. J., iv., v. 2; R. III., iii. 3; T. IV., i. 1, ii. 3; 2 II., i. 5; R. III., ii. 4, v. 5; like the god of, K. J., v. 1; old men, boys, and women armed for, R. II., iii. 3; dreams iv. 2; just, 2 II., ii. 2; chances of, iii. 1, v. 1; i. 1; caution, in 2 II., IV., i. 3; an archbishop in 2 II., iv. 1, iv. 2; prophecy of civil, 2 II., iv. 2; counsel for, H. V., i. 2; preparations for, H. V., ii. 3; appearance of, H. V., i. 2; spirit suitable to, H. V., iii. 1; license of, H. V., iii. 3; the beard and vengeance of God, H. V., iv. 1; fame of, H. V., iv. 3; a country after, H. V., v. 2; its attendants, I. III., iv. 3; a son of hell, 2 II., vi. 2; or devotion, 3 II., i. 1; "Shall we go throw away," etc. end of: hath smoothed his wrinkled front, R. III., i. 1; closet, Tr. & Cr., i. 3; counsel in, despised, Tr. & Cr., i. 3; ruthless- ness of the use of. Exceeds penance, Peric., v. 1; bye- 
way of— the dogs of, Jul. Cees., i. 1; preparations for, Jul. Cees., iv. 2; Ham., i. 1, ii. 2; cruel, T. of A., iv. 3; farewell to, Oth., iii. 3; longing for, Cymb., iv. 4.
War, the Trojan, Tr. & Cr.
War, I am now in, All's Well, i. 1. The father should be ward to the son, Lear, i. 2.
War (place of defence), Winter's T., i. 2; Tr. & Cr., i. 2; Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Warden, winters, T. of A., iv. 2 or 3. Made of war- dens, large lars.
Warder, the king's, I. III., i. 3; 2 II. IV., iv. 1. Throwing down the warder or trumpoon was a sign for the combat to stop.
Ware, the bed of, Tw. Nt., iii. 2. This famous bed, which is twelve feet square, is of oak, and very elaborately carved. It bears the date 1463; but the date may have been marked on it to confirm the story that it once belonged to Warwick, the king-maker.
Warre, a market-town of Northumberland, scene of parts of i. and 2 II. IV.
Wars of the Roses, prophecy of, R. II., iv. 1; origin of the saying "Bill of Mortmain," by the partitions of the two houses, 1 II., ii. 5, v. 2. In 1429, John of Gaunt, a white one of his brother, Edmund of Langley.
War, a recruit in 2 II., IV., appears in iii. 2.
Warwick, Richard Beauchamp (1381-1439), Earl of (mistakenly called Neville in iii. 1), character in 2 II., IV., H. V., i. 1.
Warwick, Richard Neville, Earl of, "the king-maker," character in 2 & 3 II. VI.
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Washford (Wexford, in Ireland), I. II., IV., iv. 7.
Was it the proud, full sail of his great verse, Sonnet lxxxvi.
Wassail-candle, a, 2 II. IV., i. 2. A large candle used at a merry-making.
Was this fair face the cause, song, All's Well, i. 3.
Wat, name for a hare, Ven., & Ad., i. 69.
Watch, directions to the, Much Ado, iii. 3.
Watch, winding up the, of wit, Troon, ii. 1.
Watch, give me a, R. III., v. 3. A watch-light, marked to show the passage of time.
Water, smooth, 2 II., VI., i. 1; that gildeth by the mill, Tit. And., ii. 1; as false as, Oth., v. 2; the, was caught, and not the fish, Winter's T., v. 2.
Water-casting, allusions to the practice of, Two Gent., i. 1; Tw. Nt., iii. 4; 2 II. IV., i. 2, Macc., v. 3; Merry Wives, iii. 3.
Water-fy, Ham., v. 2; Tr. & Cr., v. 1. An officious triller.
Waterford, Ireland, Talbot, Earl of, 1 II., VI., iv. 7.
Water-gals, Leant, i. 138 or 2. Secondary rainstorms.
Waterton, Sir Robert, mentioned in R. II., ii. 1, as one of the companions of Bolingbroke.
Waters, a boat for all, Tw. Nt., iv. 2. Ready for any port.
Water-work (water-colours), 2 II., IV., ii. 1.
Watery star (the moon), Winter's T., i. 2.
Wax, love like an image of, Two Gent., ii. 4.
Wax, a form of, K., iv. 4. Allusion to the super- stition that an individual could be destroyed by melting before the fire a waxen image of him; alluded to also in Two Gent., ii. 4; R. III., iii. 4; stung of, 2 II., IV., ii. 2; a wide sea of, T. of A., i. 1. The last is probably an allu- sion to the wood jabots and wood tablets usually used for writing, as one might say now, a wide sea of foulscap; uses of, in sealing, Cymb., iii. 2.
Wealsmen (legislators, commonwealth men), Cor., i. 2.
Wealth, a burden for death to unford, M., for M., iii. 1; power of, Merry Wives, iii. 4; confiscated, M., of V., iv. 1; misery brought by, T. of A., iv. 2; and peace, imposh- thame of, Ham., iv. 4 (or 1); desire for, Locrine, i. 141; Lear, ii. 1; faults that are rich are fair, T. of A., i. 2.
Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed, Sonnet xxvii.
Wesal, spleen of the, 2 II. IV., ii. 3; quarrelous as the, Cymb., iii. 4; as a sucks eggs, As You Like It, ii. 5; very like a, Ham., iii. 2.
Weathercock, invisible as a, Two Gent., ii. 1.
Weaver(s), psalm-singers, 1 II., IV., iv. 4; three souls on one, Tw. Nt., ii. 3. Weavers were noted for psalm-singing; Goliah with a weaver's beam, Merry Wives, v. 1.
Web-and-pin (catacar of the eye), Winter's T., i. 2; Lear, iii. 4.
Weeds, in spring, 2 II. VI., i. 1; a crown of, Lear, iv. 4, 6; the fattest soil is most subject to, 2 II. IV., iv. 4; grow apace, R. III., iii. 4, i. 1.
Weeds (garments), Tw. Nt., v. 1; Cor., iii. 2; Lear, iv. 1, and elsewhere.
Weet (wit, know), A. & C., i. 1.
Weird Sisters, the. See WITCHES, the.
Welcome, a landlady's, Two Gent., ii. 5; at a feast, Con., of Er., iii. 1; must appear in other ways than words, M., of V., v. 1; a general, H. V., VII., i. 4; and farewell, Tr. & Cr., iii. 3; to a returning soldier, Cor., ii. 1; "Most gentl," of a hostess, Macc., v. 5; expression of, Macc., iii. 4; Peric., ii. 3; R. & J., ii. 6.
We'll-likeing (fat), L.'s L.'s L., v. 2.
Welf, the accent of, Merry Wives, Sir Hugh Evans in i. 1, 2, etc., and Fillinell's in H. V.; the devil understands, 1 II., IV., iii. 1; love for cheese of, Merry Wives, v; cruelties of, 1 II., IV., i. 1; language of the, 2 II., iv. 2; the, last part; service of, in France, H. V., iv. 7.
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Westminster, palace at, scene of a part of 2 H. IV.
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Westward, hoe! Tw. N., iii. 1. The cry of boatmen on the Thames.
Weazzand (windpipe), Temp., iii. 2.
Whale, this—Falstaff, Merry Wives, ii. 1; the belching, Tr. & Cr., v. 5; like a, Ham., iv. 2; to virginitv, All's W., iv. 3. The monster that was to devour Andromeda was represented as a whale in some old prints.
Whale's bone (ivory), L.'s L.'s L., v. 2.
What is your substance, whereof are you made, Sonnet iii.
What potions have I drunk of siren tears, Sonnet cxviii.
What's in the brain that ink may character, Sonnet evii.
Wheat; two grains of, in two bushels of chalk, M. of T., i. 1; he that will have a cake of the, musturry the tarrying, Tr. & Cr., i. 1.
Wheel, turn in the (like a turnspit), Com. of Eng., ii. 2; (the burden of a song?), Ham., iv. 5 (or 2); when a great, runs down a hill, let go thy hold, Lear, ii. 4; death by the, Cor., iii. 2, a punishment not used in Rome; of fire, horsemen, All's W., i. 2.
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When as I sat in Babylon, song, Merry Wives, iii. 1. A metrical version of Psalm cxxxvii., mixed with a song by Marlowe.
When thine eye hath chose the dame, Passionate Pilgrim, xvi.
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When forty winters shall Besiege thy brow, Sonnet ii.
When griping grief, R.o., Richard Edwards, R. J., iv. 5.
When I consider every thing that grows, Sonnet xcv.
When I do count the clock that tells the time, Sonnet xcv.
When I have been by Time's fell hand defaced, Sonnet lxxiv.
When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, Sonnet xxix.
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When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see, Sonnet lxxii.
When my love swears that she is made of truth, Sonnet cxxxviii.; *Passionate Pilgrim*, i.
When thou shalt be disposed to set me light, Sonnet lxxvii.
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Where (whether), 2 H. VI., iii. 3; Com. of Eng., iv. 1.
Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long, Sonnet c.
Where is the life that I late led? Tavn. of S., iv. 1. A line from an old ballad now lost.
Where, to find a better, than honest here, Lear, i. 1.
Where the bee sucks, song, Temp., v. 1.
Whiiffer, a. H. V., v.; chorus. An officer who preceeded a procession to clear the way, sometimes a piper.
Whiles you here do siring lie, song, Temp., ii. 1.
Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid, Sonnet bxviii.
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Who is it that says most? Sonnet lxixvi.
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William, a country fellow in As You Like It.
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Willow, a symbol of disappointed love, M. of T., v. 1; 3 H. VI., iii. 3; Ham., iv. 7; Oth., iv. 3; Much Ado, i. 1.
Wiltshire, James Butler, Earl of, spoken of in 3 H. VI., i. 1.
Wiltshire, William de Scrope, Earl of, has the realm in furnace, R. II., i. 2.
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Winchester, Henry Beaufort, Cardinal, and Bishop of (1370-1447), character in 1 & 2 H. VI.
Winchester, Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of, See GARDIN.
Winchester goose, 1 H. VI., i. 3; Tw. & Cr., v. 1.
Who is there one afflicted with a vile disease. A disputable part of the town was under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester.
Winoc (Wilncastle), in Warwickshire, near Stratford, Tavn. of S., induction, ii.
Wincot, Shrew., Com. of Eng., iii. 2; sits in that corner, Much Ado, ii. 3; colurnbr, As You Like It, i. 1; little fire grows great with little, Tavn. of S., ii. 1; iii. 2; H. IV., v. 3; 3 H. VI., i. 5; that bow's the plume, Cymb., iv. 2; allusions to the south or south-west wind
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one, by another, A. & C., iii. 3; never strong, A. & C. ix. 10 or 12; fickleness of, Somnet xx.; waxen minds of, Laurence, I. 1240; not responsible, Laurence, lines 1244, 1257; to woo, Passionate Pilgrim, siv.

Woman-tired (governed by a woman), Winter's T., ii. 3.

Wonder, attired in, Much Ato, iv. 1; rarest argument of, All's Wef, ii. 1; nine days', As You Like It, iii. 2; ten days', 3 H. IV., vi. 2; a sonnet beginning "Wonder of nature," H. IV., iii. 7.

Wondered (endowed with wonderful power), Temp., iv. 1.

Wood, or wode (wild, frantick), M. N. D., ii. 1; Ven. & Ad., i. 740.

Woodbine, Much Ato, iii. 1; M. N. D., ii. 2; iv. 1.

Woodcock (a guillible or cowardly fellow), Much Ato, iv. 1; Tam. of S., i. 2; L.'s L.'s L., iv. 5; All's Wef, iv. 1; Tr. Nt., iv. 2.

Woodville, Richard, Lieutenant or Constable of the Tower, afterward Earl Rivers, character in 1 H. VI. His daughter Elizabeth became the wife of Edward IV., and his son Anthony is the Earl Rivers of R. III. Being taken by the insurgents after the battle of Edgecote (July 20, 1469), he and his son, Sir John Woodville, were beheaded, without trial, at Coventry.

Woodville, Anthony, See Rivers.

Wooing, by a figure, Two Gent., ii. 1; an odd, Tam. of S., i. 1; in haste, Tam. of S., iii. 2; in rhyme, L.'s L.'s L., v. 2; a king's, H. V., v. 2; an unique, R. III., i. 2; love sweeter in, Tr. & Cr., i. 2, end; idle, Ham., i. 3; a soldier's, Oth., i. 3; women were not made for, H. VI., i. 2, or 10; wedding and repenting, Much Ato, ii. 1.

Woolward, go, for penance, L.'s L.'s L., v. 2. Go clothed in wool instead of linen, sometimes as imposed as a penance.


Worcester, Thomas Percy, Earl of, character in 1 H. IV.

Words, crammed into the ears, Temp., ii. 1; his, are bonds, Two Gent., ii. 7; evil, double deeds, Com. of Err., ii. 2; ill, empoison liking, Much Ato, iii. 1; high, to low manner, L.'s L.'s L., i. 1; pronunciation of certain—longest of all, L.'s L.'s L., v. 1; an army of, M. of V., iii. 5; a man of (Parolles, which means words), All's Wef, dallying with, Temp., iii. 1; bethumped with, K. J., ii. 1; like a woman's, H. IV., i. 3; 2 of the dying, R. II., ii. 1; windy attorneys, R. III., iv. 4; mere, Tr. & Cr., v. 3; and strokes, Jul. Cos., vi. 1; unpack the heart with, Ham., ii. 2; without thoughts, Ham., iii. 2; to grief, Oth., i. 3; to tire the heaver with a book of, Much Ato, i. 1; an exchequer of, but no other treasure, Two Gent., ii. 4; a soldier-like, 2 H. IV., iv. 2; have put to flight when blows could not, Cor., ii. 2; unprofitable, Laurence, i. 1016; wind of, Laurence, i. 1330.

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Worm(s), that hath eat a king, Ham., iv. 3; man a, Lear, iv. 1; the word is often used for serpent, as A. & C., v. 2; allusion to the notion that toothache was caused by worms, Much Ato, iii. 4; food for H. IV., iv. 4; the only emperors for diet—politic, Ham., iv. 3, or v. 7.

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Worts, quibbl'd on, Merry Wives, i. 1. A general name for vegetables of the cabbage kind.

Wound(s), one, to be healed by many, K. J., v. 2; notion that they open in presence of the murderer, R. III., i. 2; the custom of showing, when seeking an election, Cor., ii. 3; he that never felt a, jests at scars, Mac., ii. 9; all use of so decent a word, the, Ham., i. 1; a church-door, R. & J., iii. 1; Curst's, Jul. Cos., i. 1; a, Ven. & Ad., i. 1052.

Wren's, the youngest of nine, Tw. Nt., iii. 2. The wren was said to lay nine eggs, and the last bird hatched was said to be as big as the Martin very small, she was called the youngest wren of nine; may prey where eagles dare not perch, R. III., i. 3; parental love of, Mac., iv. 2.

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Wrinkles, of age, All's Wef, iv. 4; likened to kingly sepulchres, 3 H. VI., v. 2; let them come with mirth and laughter, M. of V., i. 1.

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Wrying (sweeping), Cymb., v. 1.

Wye, the, river, 1 H. IV., ii. 1; H. IV., iv. 7.

X.

Xantippa, as cursed and shrwed as Socrates', Tam. of S., i. 2.

Y.

Yare, rarely (quick, speedy, active, skilfully), Temp., i. 1, v. 1; M. for M., iv. 2; Tw. Nt., iii. 4; A. & C., ii. 2.

Yaw, Ham., v. 2. A sailor's word, meaning not to obey the hail; to move unsteadily.

Yclepd (called, from clepe), L.'s L.'s L., i. 1, v. 2.

Yead (Edward), Merry Wives, l. 1.

Yean (to grieve), H. V., ii. 3, iv. 3; Jul. Cos., ii. 2; R. II., v. 5; Merry Wives, iii. 5.

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Yellows (jaundice in horses), Tam. of S., iii. 2.

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Yeoman-service, Ham., v. 2.

Yeomen, of England, H. V., iii. 1.

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Yew, double-fatal (so called because it was used for bows, and the leaves were poisonous), R. II., iii. 2; allusion to the custom of placing sprigs of it in the shroud, Tw. Nt., ii. 4, song; used by witches when silvered in the moon's eclipse, Mac., iv. 1; in churchyards, R. & J., v. 3.
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York, Archibishop of, mentioned in 3 H. VI., iv. 3.
George Neville, brother of Warwick. See ROTHERHAM and SOROOP.
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Zenelophon, daughter of Peter the
York, Edmund of Langley, Duke of, a character in R. II.
York, Edward Plantagenet, Duke of, character in
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Zanies, L.'s L.'s L., v. 2; wise men, the, of fools, Tw. Ne., i. 5.
Zed, unnecessary letter, Lear, ii. 2.
Zenelophon (or Penelope), the beggar of the ballad of King Cophetua, L.'s L.'s L., iv. 1.

York, Richard Plantagenet, Duke of, the younger of the two sons of King Edward IV., character in R. III.
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York-place, name of, changed to Whitehall, H. VIII., iv. 1.
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Z.

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<th>Date of Probable Composition</th>
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<th>Chief Alterations.</th>
<th>Scene.</th>
<th>Time.</th>
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<tbody>
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<td>All's Well that Ends Well</td>
<td>1623</td>
<td>1601-2</td>
<td>Present form, but probably the same as Love's Labour's Lost, mentioned 1598</td>
<td>Addition of characters of Laffin, Parolles, and Countess</td>
<td>France and Italy</td>
<td>14th century.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Antony and Cleopatra</td>
<td>1623</td>
<td>1606-8</td>
<td>Plutarch's Lives, in North's translation</td>
<td>Ennoblement of the characters of Antony and Cleopatra</td>
<td>ALEXANDRIA</td>
<td>40-31 B.C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>As You Like It</td>
<td>1623</td>
<td>1598-9</td>
<td>Lodge's Rosalynde</td>
<td>Addition of characters of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey</td>
<td>Ephesus</td>
<td>14th century (?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comedy of Errors</td>
<td>1623</td>
<td>1589-93</td>
<td>Probably an earlier play called The Historie of Error, acted 1577, and founded in Menachmus of Plautus</td>
<td>Addition of two Dromios and other characters</td>
<td>Rome, and territory of Volscos and Antilates</td>
<td>494-490 B.C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coriolanus</td>
<td>1623</td>
<td>1608-10</td>
<td>Plutarch's Lives</td>
<td></td>
<td>Denmark</td>
<td>Shortly before the Christian era.</td>
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<td>Cymbeline</td>
<td>1623</td>
<td>1610-12</td>
<td>Holinshed and Boccaccio</td>
<td></td>
<td>Rome, Sardis, and near Philippi</td>
<td>B.C. 44-42.</td>
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<td>Hamlet</td>
<td>1603 (1st form), 1604 (present form)</td>
<td>1600-3</td>
<td>An unknown version of the story first told by Saxo Grammaticus in The Historia Daiana. Probably also an older play North's Plutarch</td>
<td></td>
<td>England</td>
<td>Sept. 1402 - July 1403, 1406-1415.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Julius Cæsar</td>
<td>1623</td>
<td>1600-1</td>
<td></td>
<td>Holinshed, and an older play, The Famous Victories of Henry V. As above</td>
<td>England and France</td>
<td>1414-1420.</td>
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<tr>
<td>King Henry IV.</td>
<td>Part I., 1598, Part II., 1600</td>
<td>1596-7</td>
<td>Holinshed, and an older play, The Famous Victories of Henry V. As above</td>
<td>Alteration of dates in relation to Duke of Northumberland in Part II.</td>
<td>England and France</td>
<td>(i.) 1422-44.</td>
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<tr>
<td>King Henry V.</td>
<td>1600 (pirated ed.), 1623 (full text)</td>
<td>1599</td>
<td>Holinshed, and two older plays worked up with the assistance of other playwrights</td>
<td>Holinshed and Stowe, and Foxe's Acts and Monuments. Probably written in collaboration with Fletcher</td>
<td>England and France</td>
<td>(ii.) 1445-55.</td>
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<tr>
<td>King Henry VI.</td>
<td>1623</td>
<td>1590-94</td>
<td></td>
<td>Some alteration in the sequence of events, e.g., Queen Katharine's death is antedated by three years</td>
<td>London, Westminster, and Kimbolton</td>
<td>(iii.) 1455-71.</td>
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<tr>
<td>King Henry VIII.</td>
<td>1623</td>
<td>1612-13</td>
<td></td>
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<td>1521-33.</td>
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<tr>
<td>King Lear</td>
<td>1608</td>
<td>1605-6</td>
<td>Holinshed, reproducing Geoffrey of Monmouth. Parts of Gloucester and his sons from Sidney's <em>Arcadia</em>. There was an older play on the subject.</td>
<td>Britain</td>
<td>c. 800 B.C.</td>
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<td>King Richard II</td>
<td>1597</td>
<td>1593-4</td>
<td>Holinshed</td>
<td>England and Wales</td>
<td>1471-1485.</td>
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<tr>
<td>King Richard III</td>
<td>1597</td>
<td>1592-4</td>
<td>Holinshed</td>
<td>England</td>
<td>14th century (?)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Love's Labour's Lost</td>
<td>1598</td>
<td>1588-90</td>
<td>Holinshed's account of the murder of King Duff by Donwald and his wife at Forres. (Speeches of Hector perhaps by Middleton.)</td>
<td>Scotland England</td>
<td>1603-1607 in Holinshed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Macbeth</td>
<td>1623</td>
<td>1606-7</td>
<td>Whetstone's <em>Promos and Cassandra</em>, and the same story in his <em>Heptameron of Civil Courses</em>, both founded on the <em>Hecatomithi</em> of Giraldo Cintio. They are perhaps lost play named <em>The Jew</em>, which showed &quot;the greediness of worldly chasers and bloody mind of usurers.&quot; The component parts of the story exist in numerous forms.</td>
<td>Vienna</td>
<td>c. 1485, according to an allusion to Corvinus, King of Hungary.</td>
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<td>Measure for Measure</td>
<td>1600</td>
<td>1604-5</td>
<td>Bandello's story, <em>Tinbreo di Cardea</em>, in French version by Bellforest</td>
<td>Venice and Belmont</td>
<td>14th century (?)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Merchant of Venice</td>
<td>1600</td>
<td>1594 or 1596</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Merry Wives of Windsor</td>
<td>1602</td>
<td>1598-1601</td>
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<tr>
<td>Midsummer Night's Dream</td>
<td>1600</td>
<td>1598-4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Much Ado about Nothing</td>
<td>1600</td>
<td>1598-1600</td>
<td>Bandello's story, <em>Tinbreo di Cardea</em>, in French version by Bellforest</td>
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<tr>
<td>Othello</td>
<td>1622</td>
<td>1604-5</td>
<td>Italian story by Giraldo Cintio</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pericles</td>
<td>1609</td>
<td>1603</td>
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<tr>
<td>Romeo and Juliet</td>
<td>1597</td>
<td>1591-3 written, 1596-7 revised</td>
<td>Painter's * Palace of Pleasure* (following Bandello), a poem by Arthur Brooke, and possibly a lost play</td>
<td>Verona and Mantua</td>
<td>Early 14th century.</td>
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<td>Tempest</td>
<td>1623</td>
<td>1610-11</td>
<td>Painters' Palace of Pleasure, Plutarch's <em>Life of Marcus Antonius</em>, and Lucian's <em>Dialogue, Timon.</em> (Not wholly by Shakespeare.)</td>
<td>adding scenes of Bianca and her lovers following Gascoigne's <em>Supposes</em></td>
<td>On board ship, and on an island</td>
<td>14th century (?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Timon of Athens</td>
<td>1627</td>
<td>1607-10</td>
<td>Chaucer's <em>Troilus and Cressida</em>, Caxton's translation of <em>Le Fevre's Reckweld de l'histoire de Troie</em></td>
<td>Addition of Malvolio, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Feste, Maria, Fabian</td>
<td>Rome and neighbourhood</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Titus Andronicus</td>
<td>1600 (1594?)</td>
<td>1585-90</td>
<td>The <em>Historie of Apolomus and Silla</em> by Barnabe Rich, a story by Bandello, etc.</td>
<td>In Greene's story, Hermione dies, and Leontes, falling in love with Perdita, commits suicide</td>
<td>Troy, and the Greek camp before it</td>
<td>Trojan War.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Troilus and Cressida</td>
<td>1609</td>
<td>1606-8</td>
<td>The <em>The Temple of Pleasure</em> by Shakspeare, etc.</td>
<td>Addition of Malvolio, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Feste, Maria, Fabian</td>
<td>Verona, Milan, and forest near Mantua</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Twelfth Night</td>
<td>1623</td>
<td>1600-1</td>
<td>The <em>Twelfth Night</em> by Shakespeare, etc.</td>
<td>Addition of Malvolio, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Feste, Maria, Fabian</td>
<td>Verona, Milan, and forest near Mantua</td>
<td>14th century (?)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Two Gentlemen of Verona</td>
<td>1623</td>
<td>1590-92</td>
<td>Montemayor's <em>Diana</em> (?)</td>
<td>In Greene's story, Hermione dies, and Leontes, falling in love with Perdita, commits suicide</td>
<td>Sicily and Bohemia</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Winter's Tale</td>
<td>1623</td>
<td>1611</td>
<td>Greene's <em>Pandosto</em></td>
<td>In Greene's story, Hermione dies, and Leontes, falling in love with Perdita, commits suicide</td>
<td>Sicily and Bohemia</td>
<td>14th century (?)</td>
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### POEMS.

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<td>1609, included in 1st edition of Sonnets</td>
<td>1595-7.</td>
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<td>The Phoenix and the Turtle</td>
<td>1601, printed as Shakespeare's in a book entitled <em>Love's Martyr, or Rosaline's Complaint</em></td>
<td>1600.</td>
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<td>The Rape of Lucrece Sonnets</td>
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<td>Venus and Adonis</td>
<td>1593</td>
<td>1595-1605, mostly before 1598.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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