SHAKESPEARE
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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK

AND

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1878

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IN preparing the text of this volume, we have in general followed the same rules as in the so-called 'Cambridge Shakespeare': rules which we adopted originally after much deliberation, and of which the soundness has been confirmed by our subsequent experience.

As however the two editions differ in plan, the one recording in foot-notes all the various readings and conjectural emendations, the other giving only the text, we have in some particulars modified our rules.

For instance, in cases where the text of the earliest editions is manifestly faulty, but where it is impossible to decide with confidence which, if any, of several suggested emendations is right, we have in the 'Cambridge Shakespeare' left the original reading in our text, mentioning in our notes all the proposed alterations: in this edition, we have substituted in the text the emendation which seemed most probable, or in cases of absolute equality, the earliest suggested. But the whole number of such variations between the texts of the two editions is very small.

In this volume, whenever the original text has been corrupted in such a way as to affect the sense, no admissible emendation having been proposed, or whenever a lacuna occurs too great to be filled up with any approach to certainty by conjecture, we have marked the passage with an obelus (†).
As in the larger work, we have numbered the lines of each scene for convenience of reference.

In the stage directions we have preserved as far as we could, consistently with clearness, the language of the oldest texts.

The Glossary has been prepared by the Rev. J. M. Jephson.

We trust that the title which has been chosen for the present edition will neither be thought presumptuous nor be found inappropriate. It seems indeed safe to predict that any volume which presents, in a convenient form, with clear type and at a moderate cost, the complete works of the foremost man in all literature, the greatest master of the language most widely spoken among men, will make its way to the remotest corners of the habitable globe.

WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK.
WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.

Trinity College, Cambridge,
November, 1864.
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THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship.

Boatswain.
Mariners.
MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, NYMPHS, Reapers, presented by Spirits.
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—A ship at sea: 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.

Mast. Boatswain!
Boats. Here, master: what cheer?
Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

Enter Mariners.

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, boatswain?
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 cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

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.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallowes. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advant-

age. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[Exit.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to 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 yet.

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

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheanted of our lives by drunkards:

This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

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

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

Ant. Let's all sink with the king.
Scene II. The island. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or er'd
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, or that I am more better
Then Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:
[Leys down his mantle.

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have
Comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wrench, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul—
No, not so much petulancy as an hair
Beizd to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

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

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee one thin 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 40
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

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

Mir. 'Tis far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hast, 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? 50
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

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 thou his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl: 60
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved
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 peridious—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospero the 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 rap't in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

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

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked 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 into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty, With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing.

Dost thou hear?  
**Mir.**  Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.  
**Pros.** To have no screen between this part he play'd.  
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be 
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library  
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royal-
ties  

He thinks me now incapable; confederates—
So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of Naples 
To dry him annual tribute, do him homage, 
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend 
The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan!— 
To most ignoble stooping.  
**Mir.**  O the heavens!  
**Pros.** Mark his condition and the event; then tell me 
If this might be a brother.  
**Mir.**  I should sin 
To think but nobly of my grandmother:  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.  
**Pros.**  Now the condition.  

This King of Naples, being an enemy 
To me inverteate, heartens my brother's suit; 
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises 
Of homage and I know not how much tribute, 
Should presently extirpate me and mine 
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan 
With all the honours on my brother: whereon, 
A treacherous army levied, one midnight 
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open 
The gates of Milan, and, I the dead of dark-
ness, 
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence 
Me and thy crying self.  
**Mir.**  Alack, for pity!  
I, not remembering how I cried out then, 
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint 
There wrings mine eyes to't.  
**Pros.**  Hear a little further.  
And then I'll bring thee to the present business 
Which now's upon's; without the which this story 
Were most impertinent.  
**Mir.**  Wherefore did they not 
That hour destroy us?  
**Pros.**  Well demanded, wench: 
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they 
durst not,  
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set 
A mark so bloody on the business, but 
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark, 
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared 
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd, 
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats 
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us, 
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh 
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again, 150 
Did us but loving wrong.  
**Mir.**  Alack, what trouble 
Was I then to you!  
**Pros.**  O, a cherubin 
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst 
smile, 
Infused with a fortitude from heaven, 
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt, 

Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me 
An undergoing stomach, to bear up 
Against what should ensue.  
**Mir.**  How came we ashore?  
**Pros.** By Providence divine. 
Some food we had and some fresh water that 160 
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 steadied much; so, of his gen-
tleness, 
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me 
From mine own library with volumes that 
I prize above my dukedom.  
**Mir.**  Would I might 
But ever see that man!  
**Pros.** Now I arise! I resume his mantle. 
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. 170 
Here in this island we arrived; and here 
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit 
Than other princesses can that have more time 
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.  
**Mir.**  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 180 
I find my zenith doth depend upon 
A most auspicious star, whose influence 
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes 
Will ever after drop. Here cease more questions: 
Thou art inclined 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, 190 
To swim, to dive into the fire, ride 
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task 
Ariel and all his quality, and all his 
And his obedience, and all his service, 
And all his parts of some import. 
**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 heak, 
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin. 
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide, 
And burn in many places: on the topmast, 
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly, 
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the pre-
cursors 
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary 
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks 
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune 
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble, 
Yet, 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 210 
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leapt; 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 bastest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle. 220

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.

The mariners say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour

Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still- vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;

Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,

Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd

And his great person perish.

Ari. Ariel, thy charge

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

What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six 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 promised,
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, served

Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise

To have 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 ooz

Of the salt deep,

To run upon the sharp wind o' the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked 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,

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. O, was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought

with child

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wass thou then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To acht her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain

A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strive. Then was this island—

Save for the son that she did litter here,

A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with

A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

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

Ari. I thank thee, master.

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

Ari. Pardon, master; I will be correspondent to command

And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. Do so, and after two days

I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master! What shall I do? say what; what shall I do? 300

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea:

be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence!

[Exit Ariel.

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

Awake!

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

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

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

Pros. But, as 'tis,

We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,

Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak,
Cal. [Within] There's wood enough within.
Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other business 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 unwholesome 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, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner. 330
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me,
wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you stye me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.
Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not dinner! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
Cal. O ho, O ho! wouldn't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had people else 341
This isle with Calibans.
Pros. Ahhorded slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst 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 wait thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language: and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!
Pros. Hag-seed, hence! Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice? If thou negleést or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, pray thee.
[Aside] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Sycorax,
And make a vassal of him.
Pros. So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban.

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

Ariel's song.
Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whish.
Foot it fealty here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Burthen [dispersedly]. Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark:

Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cook-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,
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.

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

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

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.
Mir. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir, 410
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 staid
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pros. [Aside] It goes on, I see,
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,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How? the best? 430
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, never 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 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [To Fer.] 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 inclined my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

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

Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pros. Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
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.

Mir. [Drum, 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;
Who makes a show but darest 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 the most of men this is a Caliban 480
And they to him are angels.

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

Fer. 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, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [Aside] It works. [To Fer.] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [To Fer.] Follow 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 free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable. 500

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

Scene I. Another part of the island.

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

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

_Alon._  Prifthee, peace.

_Seb._  He receives comfort like cold porridge.

_Ant._  The visitor will not give him o'er so.

_Seb._  Look, he's winding up the watch of his
wit; by and by it will strike.

_Gon._  Sir,—

_Seb._  One: tell.

_Gon._  When every grief is entertain'd that 's
offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

_Seb._  A dollar.

_Gon._  Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have
spoken truer than you purposed. 20
_Seb._  You have taken it wiselier than I meant
you should.

_Gon._  Therefore, my lord,—

_Ant._  Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his
tongue!

_Alon._  I prifthee, spare.

_Gon._  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!

_Adr._  Though this island seem to be desert,—

_Seb._  Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

_Ant._  Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

_Seb._  Yet,—

_Ant._  He could not miss't.

_Ant._  It must needs be of subtle, tender and
delicately temperance.

_Ant._  Temperance was a delicate wrench.

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

_Adr._  The air breathes upon us here most
sweetly.

_Seb._  As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

_Ant._  Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

_Gon._  Here is everything advantageous to life.

_Ant._  True; save means to live. 50

_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 vouch'd 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.

_Adr._  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 Æneas'
too? Good Lord, how you take it!

_Adr._  'Widow Dido' said you? you make me
study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

_Gon._  This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

_Adr._  Carthage?

_Gon._  I assure you, Carthage.

_Seb._  His word is more than the miraculous
harp; he hath raised the wall and houses too.

_Ant._  What impossible matter will he make
easy next?

_Seb._  I think he will carry this island home in
his pocket and give it his son for an apple. 91

_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 e'er came there.

_Seb._  Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido. 100

_Ant._  O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

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

_Ant._  That sort was well fished for.

_Gon._  When I wore it at your daughter's mar-
rriage?

_Alon._  You cram those words into mine ears
against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

_Fran._  Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold
head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'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 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't.

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

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes  
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I  
find  
They are inclined to do so.  

*Seb.* 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.  

*Ari.*  

*Ant.* Why 200  
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not  
Myself disposed to sleep.  
*Ant.* Nor I; my spirits are nimble.  
They fell together all, as by consent;  
They dropp’d, as by a thunder-stroke. What  
might,  
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?—No more:—  
And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,  
What thou shalt be: the occasion speaks thee,  
And  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.  

*Seb.* What, art thou waking?  
*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?  

*Seb.* I do; and surely  
It is a sleepy language and thou speak’st  
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,  
And yet so fast asleep.  

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,  
Thou let’st thy fortunate sleep—die, rather; wink’st  
Whilest thou art waking.  

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly;  
There’s meaning in thy snores.  

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom: you  
Must be so too, if need me; which to do  
Trebles thee o’er.  

*Seb.* Well, I am standing water.  

*Ant.* I’ll teach you how to flow.  

*Seb.* Do so: to ebb  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.  

*Ant.*  

*Seb.*  

*Ant.* If you but knew how you the purpose cherish  
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,  
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,  
Most often do so near the bottom run  
By their own fear or sloth.  

*Seb.* Pr’thee, say on:  

*Ant.*  

*Seb.*  

*Ant.*  

*Seb.*  

*Ant.* Thus, sir:  
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Scene I.

THE TEMPEST.

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

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

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

He's gone.

Who's the next heir of Naples?

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

What stuff is this! how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

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

Methinks I do.

And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

I remember 270
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

True:

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

But, for your conscience.

Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slippur: 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,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead; Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it, Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for eye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,

They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say betits the hour,

Thy case, dear friend, 290
Shall be my precedent; as thou go'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.

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

O, but one word. [They talk apart.

Re-enter Ariel, invisible.

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 snoring lie,

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

Then let us both be sudden.

Now, good angels
Preserve the king.

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

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

What's the matter?

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

I heard nothing.

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.

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humm-

And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise, 320
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Lead off this ground; and let's make
Further search
For my poor son.

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

Lead away.

Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:

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

Scene II. Another part of the island.

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

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me;  
Sometimes like apes that now and shatter at me  
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter Trinculo.

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

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear  
off any weather at all, and another storm brewing;  
I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud,  
yond huge cherry to a sailor, a chaff-boggy ball  
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 pailfuls.  
What have we here? a man or a fish? dead  
or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish: a very  
ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of 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 another man make a  
an; any strange beast there makes a man:  
when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame  
boggar, 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 thunderbolt. [Thunder.]  
Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to  
creep under his gaberline; there is no other shelter  
hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange  
bad-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs  
of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing: a bottle in his hand.

Ste. 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.  
Sings.]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,  
The gunner and his mate  
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery, 50  
But none of us cared for Kate;  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
yod go hang a sailor, a chaff-boggy ball.  
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor 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 comfort.  
[Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!  
Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils  
here? Do you put tricks upon 'em with savages and  
men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped drowning to  
be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been  
said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs  
cannot make him give ground; and it shall be  
said so again while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.  
Cal. The spirit torments me; Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with  
four limbs, who hath got, as I take it, an auge.  
Where the devil should be 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 neat'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 hurt; thou  
shalt not know that voice: it should be  
—but he is drowned; and these are devils: O  
defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices: a most  
deleterious mate! His forward voice now is to speak  
well of his friend: his backward voice is to utter  
soul-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! 100

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

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

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll  
pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's  
legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo in-  
deed. 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  
tender, for fear of the storm. And art thou living,  
Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitan's scaped!  
Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stom-  
mach is not constant.

Cal. [Aside] These be fine things, an if they  
be not spirits. 121

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

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

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true  
salvation. Ste: But the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapest.
Scene II.

The Tempest.

Trinc. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

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

Trinc. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

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 age?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven? 140

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trinc. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurry monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,— 160

Ste. Come, kiss.

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

Cal. 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.

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

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow:
And I will by my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Will'lt 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!

Trinc. A howling monster: a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in fering
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
Ban, Ban, Canacian
Has a new master: get a new man.

Freedoom, hey-day! hey-day, freedoom! freedoom,
hey-day, freedoom! 191

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

ACT III.

Scene I. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Ferd. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This may 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 crabb'd,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do ever refresh my labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now, pray, you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined 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; 20
He's safe for these three hours.

Ferd. 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.

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

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

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

Mir. You look wearily.

Ferd. 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 hest to say so!

Ferd. Admired Miranda! Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!
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 you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

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

Mir. Do you love me?

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

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

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

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself;
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me: but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

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

Mir. My husband, then?

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

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

Fer. A thousand thousand!

[Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.

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

SCENE II. Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, STEFANO, and TRINCULO.

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

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' 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 drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swim, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my 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 serve him; he's not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being 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 thy 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's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. 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 thouarest, 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,
Scene II.

THE TEMPEST.

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

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

Cal. I'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?
Ari. Thou liest.
Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [Beats Trin.]

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

Ste. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can
sack and drinking do. A murrun on your mon-
ter, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithhee, stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time
I'll beat him too.


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

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

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

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

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

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

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

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

Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariel plays the tune on a tabour and pipe.
Ste. What is this same?
Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played
by the picture of Nobody.
Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy
likeness: if thou beest a man, take't as thou list.
Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.

Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?
Ste. No, master, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Cal. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.
Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.
Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember
the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it,
and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I
could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exeunt.

Scene III. 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 weakness,
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 we thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our fruitless search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. [Aside to Seb.] I am right glad that he's
so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. [Aside to Ant.] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
Ant. [Aside to Seb.] 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 Ant.] I say, to-night: no more.

[Solemn and strange music.

Alon. What harmony is this? My good
friends, hark!

Gen. Marvellous sweet music!
Enter Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. 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.

Ant. 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 'em.

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

[Aside] Honest lord, Thou hast said well; for some of you there present Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing, Although they want the use of tongue, a kind of excellent dumb discourse.


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 hanging at'em Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find Each puffer-out of five for one will bring us Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feed, Although my last: no matter, since I feel The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke, Stand to and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Art. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny, That hath to instrument this lower world And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad; And even with such-like valour men hang and drown Their proper selves.

Alon., Seb., &c., draw their swords. You fools! I and my fellows Are ministers of Fate: the elements, Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs Kill the still-closing waters, as to diminish One dowe 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 From Milan did supplant good Prospero; Embosed unto the sea, which hath requit it, Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures, Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso, They have bereft; and do pronounce by me: Lingering perdition, worse than any death Can be at once, shall step by step attend You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from— Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow &c And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and moves, and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring: Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated In what thou hadst to say: so with good life And observation strange, my meeker 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 You, my Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd, And his and mine loved darling. [Exit above.

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

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous! Meatigh't the billows spoke and told me of it; These winds did sing it to me, and the thunder, That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass. Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded And with him there lie mudded. [Exit. Seb. But one fendi at a time, I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. [Exit Seb. and Ant.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt, Like poison given to work a great time after, Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you That are of supper joints, follow them swiftly And hinder them from what this ecstasy May now provoke them to. [Exit.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Scene I. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you, Your compensation makes amends, for I
Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease; Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep, And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep; Thy banks with plowed and twilled brims, Which spongy April at thy best betrays, To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves, Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves, Being less-born; thy pole-clipt vineyard; And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard, Where thou thyself dost air,—the queen of the sky, Whose watery arch and messenger am I, Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace, Here on this grass-plot, in this very place, To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain: Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

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

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow, If Venus or her son, as thou dost know, Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot The means that dusky Dis my daughter got, Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company I have 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-right shall be paid Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain; Mars's hot minion is returned again; Her waipish-headed son has broke his arrows, Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state, Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

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

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

Which spongy April at thy best betrays, To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves, Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves, Being less-born; thy pole-clipt vineyard; And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard, Where thou thyself dost air,—the queen of the sky, Whose watery arch and messenger am I, Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace, Here on this grass-plot, in this very place, To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain: Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ariel.

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

Pros. Presently?

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

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

Ari. Well, I conceive. [Exit. 50

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dailiance Too much the rein: the strongest oats are straw To the fire! the blood: be more abstemious, Or else, good night your vow! Fer. I warrant you, sir; The white cold virgin snow upon my heart Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well, Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary, Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly! No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [Soft music.
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.
Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.
Pros. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

[Pros. and Ceres whisper, and send
Iris on employment.]
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.
Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wind-
ring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks.
Leave your crisp channels and on this green lawn.
Answer your summons. Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

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

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they
join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance;
towards the end whereof Prospero starts sud-
denly, and speaks; after which, to a strange,
hollow, and confused noise, they heavily va-
nish.
Pros. [Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [To the Spirits.] Well done! avoid; no more!
Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
as if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir,
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits
And melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgious palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself;
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is round'd with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not distur'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.
Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [Exeunt.

Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee,
Ariel: come.

Enter Ariel.
Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?
Pros. Spirit, We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.
Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varied?
Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advancing with their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they snelt music: so I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, prickling goss and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
The filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.
Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stave to catch these thieves.
Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.]
Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humbly taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glistering ap-
parel, &c.

Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain, invisible. Enter
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.
Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than played
the Jack with us.

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

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

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.
Cal. Good my lord, give me my favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this miscrope: therefore speak
sofily.
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.
Scene I.]

THE TEMPEST.

Trin. That’s more to me than my wetting; yet this is your harmless fairy, monster. 
Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o’er ears for my labour.
Calf. Pray thee, my king, be quiet. See’st thou here,
This is the mouth o’ the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.
Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy
Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!
Calf. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs
to a frippery. O king Stephano!
Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I’ll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.
Calf. The dropsy drowns this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let’s alone
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to 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 unrewarded while I am king of this country. ‘Steal by line and level’ is an excellent pass of page; there’s another garment for’t.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingures, and away with the rest.

Calf. I will have none on’t: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn’d to baracoles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

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

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

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

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark! hark! [Calf., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions, shorten up their sices 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 Shall 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? Air. On the sixth hour: at which time, my lord, You said our work should cease.

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

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which heather-tends 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 termed, sir, ‘The good old lord, Gonzalo’;
His tears run down his beard, like winter’s drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works ‘em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, while I humbly

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 moved 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. 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 ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid, weak masters though ye be, I have bedim’d
The noontide sun, call’d forth the mutinous winds,
And, ‘twixt the green sea and the azure vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and ruf’d Jove’s stout oak
With his own bolt; the storm’d-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 ’em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abuse, and it has brought me to
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 fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.  [Solemn music.

Re-enter Ariel before: then Alonso, with a
frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo: Se-
bastian and Antonio in like manner, at-
tended by Adrian and Francisco: they all
enter the circle which Prospero had made,
and there stand charmed; which Prospero
observing, speaks:

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning 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 70
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 art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and
blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Se-
bastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have kill'd thy king; I do forgive thee.
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide 80
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul 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:
I will discourse me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back do I fly 90
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. 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 shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place, 100
And presently, I prithee,
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat.  [Exit.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amaze-
ment
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country?

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:

For more assurance a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid 110
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted tribe 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,
As if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should
Prospero
Be living and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

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

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


Pro. 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 perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

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

Pro. I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience 140
Says it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss!
Pro. 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 muddied in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoever you have
Been justified from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely

160
THE TEMPEST.

Scene I.

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
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing:
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dear'st 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. Sek. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [Kneels.
Alon. Now all the blessings Of a glad father compass thee about! 150
Arise, and say how thou camest here.
Mir. O, wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Pros. Tis new to thee. Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your el'd 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 190
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Fer. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen 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 have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo! Gonz. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis

And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.
Alon. [To Fer. and Mir.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy?
Gon. Be it so! Amen!
Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace or board, 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 Pros.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
Pros. [Aside to Ari.] My trick'sy 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,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd underhatches;
Where but even now with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightforward, 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 moping his popinjay.
Ari. [Aside to Pros.] Was't well done? 240
Pros. [Aside to Ari.] Bravely, my diligence.
Thou shalt be free.
Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'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 Ari.]
Come hither, spirit: 251
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [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 fortune;
Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!
THE TEMPEST.

ACT V.

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight. 260
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 'em? 
Ant. Very like; one of them Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave, His mother was a witch, and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, And deal in her command without her power. 271 These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil— For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them To take my life. Two of these fellows you Must know and own; this thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butter?
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? 280 How camest 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'll be king o' the isle, sirrah?
Str. I should have been a sore one then.
Alon. 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; 291 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. 300
[Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.]

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it Go quick away; the story of my life And the particular accidents gone by Since I came to this isle: and in the morn I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples, Where I have hope to see the nuptial Of these our dearest loved 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 expeditious that shall catch Your royal fleet far off. [Aside to Ari.] My Ariel, chick, That is thy charge: then to the elements Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near,

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown, And what strength I have's mine own, Which is most faint: now, 'tis true, I must be here confined by you, Or sent to Naples. Let me not, Since I have my dukedom got And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell In this bare island by your spell; But release me from my bands With the help of your good hands: 10 Gentle breath of yours my sails Must fill, or else my project fails, Which was to please. Now I want Spirits to enforce, art to enchant, And my ending is despair, Unless I be relieved by prayer, Which pieces so that it assaults Mercy itself and frees all faults. As you from crimes would pardon'd be, Let your indulgence set me free. 20
THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, the two Gentlemen.
PROTEUS, Father to Proteus.
ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
EGAMOUR, Agent for Silvia in her escape.
Host, where Julia lodges.
OUTLAWS, with Valentine.
SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine.

LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.
PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.
JULIA, beloved of Proteus.
SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.
LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.
Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Verona. An open place.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus: Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits. Were’t not affection chains thy tender days To the sweet glances of thy honour’d love, I rather would entreat thy company To see the wonders of the world abroad Than, living dully sluggardized at home, Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness, But since thou lovest, love still and thrive therein, Even as I would when I to love begin.

Pro. wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu.

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


Val. That’s on some shallow story of deep love:

How young Leander cross’d the Hellespont.

Pro. That’s a deep story of a deeper love;

For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. ’Tis true; for you are over boots in love,

And yet you never swim the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;

Coy looks with heart’sore sighs; one fading moment’s mirth

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:

If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However, but a folly bought with wit, Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

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

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

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

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;

And he that is so yoked by a fool, Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

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

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud Is eaten by the canker ere it be blow’d 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 fairest 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 thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters Of thy success in love and what news else Betideth here in absence of thy friend:

And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

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

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

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

**Speed.** You conclude that my master is a shepherd then and I a sheep?

**Pro.** I do.

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

**Pro.** A silly answer and fitting well a sheep.

**Speed.** This proves me still a sheep.

**Pro.** True; and thy master a shepherd.

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

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

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

**Pro.** The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master; thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

**Speed.** Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

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

**Speed.** Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave you a written letter to her, a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

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

**Speed.** If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

**Pro.** Nay: in that you are astray, 'twere best pound you.

**Speed.** Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

**Pro.** You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pindolf.

**Speed.** From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

**Pro.** But what said she?

**Speed.** [First nodding] Ay,

**Pro.** Nod—Ay—why, that's noddy.

**Speed.** You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod; and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, 'Ay.'

**Pro.** And that set together is noddy.

**Speed.** Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

**Pro.** No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

**Speed.** Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

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

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

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

**Speed.** And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

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

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

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

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

**Pro.** Why, couldst 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 destined to a drier death on shore.

[Exit Speed.

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

Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

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

**Jul.** Of all the fair resort of gentlemen

That every day with parle encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

**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, an unworthy body as I am,

Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

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

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

**Jul.** Your reason?

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

I think him so because I think him so.

**Jul.** And wouldst 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 moved me.

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

**Jul.** His little speaking shows his love but small.

**Luc.** Fire that's closest keep burn's most of all.

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

**Luc.** O, they love least that men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
Jul. 'To Julia.' Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.
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!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate.
[Exit.
Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlooked the letter:
It were a shame to call her back again
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What a fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say 'no' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'ay.'
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse
And presently all humbled kiss the rod!
How chirfully I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is to call Lucetta back
And ask remission for my folly past.
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.
Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is't near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach on your meat
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou 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 rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy! belie it hath some burden then?
Luc. Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Re-enter Lucetta.
Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers 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 two, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will't please you go?  
[Exeunt.}
Scene III. The same. Antonio's house.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the closet?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any or for all these exercises
He said that Proteus your son was meet,
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me about
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship
sent him thither:
There shall 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 mayst perceive how well I like it
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso
With other gentlemen of good esteem
Are journeying to salute the emperor
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time, I now will we break with him.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved
And daily graced by the emperor:
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affeeted to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will 61
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentine in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[Exeunt Ant. and Pan.

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning.
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter, 80
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.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go. 81
Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers 'no.'

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Scene I. Milan. The Duke's palace.

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. 10
Val. Well, you'll be still 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 love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak pulling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to row as a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

\[ Val. \] Are all these things perceived in me?

\[ Speed. \] They are all perceived without ye.

\[ Val. \] Without me? they cannot.

\[ Speed. \] Without you? nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your madly.

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

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

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

\[ Speed. \] Why, sir, I know her not.

\[ Val. \] Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest she not?

\[ Speed. \] Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

\[ Val. \] Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

\[ Speed. \] Sir, I know that well enough.

\[ Val. \] What dost thou know?

\[ Speed. \] That she is not so fair as, of you, well-favoured.

\[ Val. \] I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

\[ Speed. \] That's because the one is painted and the other out of all count.

\[ Val. \] How painted? and how out of count?

\[ Speed. \] Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

\[ Val. \] How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

\[ Speed. \] You never saw her since she was deformed.

\[ Val. \] How long hath she been deformed?

\[ Speed. \] Ever since you loved her.

\[ Val. \] I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

\[ Speed. \] If you love her, you cannot see her.

\[ Val. \] Why?

\[ Speed. \] Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going unguarded!

\[ Val. \] What should I see then?

\[ Speed. \] Your own present folly and her passing deformity: the he, being in love, could not see to gather his hose, and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

\[ Val. \] Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

\[ Speed. \] True, sir; I was in love with my bed:

I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

\[ Val. \] In conclusion, I stand affected to her, go Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

\[ Val. \] Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

\[ Speed. \] And have you?

\[ Val. \] I have.

\[ Speed. \] Are they not lamely writ?

\[ Val. \] No, boy, but as well as I can do them.

Peace! here she comes.

\[ Speed. [Aside] \] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter Silvia.

\[ Val. \] Madam and mistress, a thousand good-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 clerkeiy done.

\[ Val. \] Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;

For being ignorant to whom it goes

I writ at random, very doubtful.

\[ Sil. \] Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

\[ Val. \] No, madam; so it stand 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 sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! it was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should
write the letter?
Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning
with yourself?
Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have
the reason. 150
Val. To do what?
Speed. To be a spokesman for Madam Silvia.
Val. To whom?
Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes 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 writ to her friend.
Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and
there an end.
Val. I would it were no worse.
Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well: 170
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 he Taken, sir; though the chan-
neled Love can feed on the air, I am one that
am nourished by my viuuals and would fain have
meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved,
be moved. [Exit.

SCENE II. Verona. Julia's house.

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.
Jul. I must, where is no remedy.
Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turn not, you will return the
sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[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 o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, 20
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.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.
Pro. Go; I come, I come. 20

Alas! 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 Launces have
this very fault. I have received my proportion,
like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir
Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab
my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my
father weeping, my father wailing, my sister
cries, our maid howling, our cat wringing her
hands, and all our house in a great perplexity,
yet did not this cruel-hearted our shed one tear: he
is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more
pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept
to have seen our parting; why, my grandson,
having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at
my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it.
This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is
my father: no, no, this left shoe is my mother:
nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it
is so, it hath the worser 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 as white as a lily
and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our
maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and
I am the dog—Oh! the dog is me, and I am my-
self: ay, so, so. Now come I to my father;
Father, your blessing; now should not the shoe
speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my
father; now should I kiss my mother; now should
I kiss my sister; mark the moan 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.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master
is shipped and thou art to post after with oars.
What's the matter? why weepest thou, man?
Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any
longer.

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

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

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

Pan. 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 shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tale!

Enter SIlVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, and Speed.

**Sil.** Servant!
**Val.** Mistress?
**Speed.** Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.
**Val.** Ay, boy, it's for love.
**Speed.** Not of you.
**Val.** Of my mistress, then.
**Speed.** 'Twere good you knocked him. [Exit.]
**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 counterfeit.
**Val.** So do you.
**Thu.** What seem I that I am not?
**Sil.** 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 bawd livories, that they live by your bare words.
**Sil.** No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

**Duke.** Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends? Of much good news?
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

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

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant

To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of; nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Re-enter Thurio.

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

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome:

I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship,

[Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.

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

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

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. O tell me, tales of love were wont to weary you;

I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that love 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 chased 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

No tears to his service, no such joy on earth.

Now no discourse, except it be of love;

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,

Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your 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 160
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower
And make rough winter everlasting.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

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, 170
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 along with her, 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,

Determined of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted 'gainst all other; for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,

In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. No, but before: I shall inquire you forth;

I must unto the road, to disembar

Some necessaries that I needs must use,

And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will. [Exit Valentine.

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:

'Tis it mine, or Valentine's praise,

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,

That makes me reasonless to reason thus?

She is fair; and so is Julia that I love—

Tis so, but 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 perfection,

There is no reason but I shall be blind.

If I can check my error love, I will;

If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[Exit.

SCENE V. The same. A street.

Enter Speed and Launce severally.

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

Launce. 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.'

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

Laurence. 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?

Laurence. 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. Ay, 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 stand-under 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 from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

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

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

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

Speed. Why?

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

Speed. At thy service. [Exeunt.]
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;  
But when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh 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's knots.  
To make the fantastick 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 likest, Lucetta.  
Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece,  
Madam.  
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will ill favour'd.  
Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,  
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.  
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have  
What thou thinkest meet and is most mannerly.  
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me  
For undertaking so unstaide a journey?  
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.  
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home and love not.  
Jul. Nay, that I will not.  
Luc. Then never dream on inframy, but go.  
If Proteus like your journey when you come,  
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:  
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.  
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:  
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears  
And instances of infinite love  
Warrant me welcome to 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!  
Jul. Now, as thou lovest 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 long journey.  

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,  
My goods, my lads, my reputation;  
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.  
Come, answer not, but to it presently!  
I am impatient of my tarryance.  

ACT III.  

SCENE I. Milan. The Duke's palace.  

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.  

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

[Exit Thu.  

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your 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,  
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 stol'n 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 unprepared, to your timeless grave.  

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest  

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 purposely to forbid  
Sir Valentine her company and my court;  
But fearing lest my jealous aim might err  
And so unworthily disgrace the man,  
And that it was that I ever yet have shun'd,  
I gave him gentle looks, whereby to find  
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.  
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,  
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,  
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,  
The key whereof myself have ever kept;  
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.  

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a  
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 pretense.  

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?
Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.
Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my Lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities
Beseeching such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child
Nor fearing me as if I were her father;
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherished by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved 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 esteems not.
Val. What would your Grace have me to do
in this? 80
Duke. 'Tis there a lady in Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor—
For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed—
How and which way I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Val. A woman sometimes scorches what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no refusal, whatever she doth say;
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'
Flatter and praise, commend, extoll their graces;
Though 'e'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duke. But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.
Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shuffling that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would venture it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise 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,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.
Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this same? What's here? 'To Silvia!'
And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Reads.
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them:
While I, their king, that hither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be.'
What's here?
'Tis 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 folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this more than for all the favours
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:—
Those at her father's 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 chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of bad'ring 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 study help for that which 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.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd:
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me!
Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest—my boy,
Did him make haste and meet me at the Northgate.
Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine! 260
Pro. [Exeunt Val. and Pro.]
Val. 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 gossip; 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-log of her condition. 'Imprimis: She can fetch and carry. 'Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore she is 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?
Scene I.  

**THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.**

_**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 thou hearest.

_**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 thou canst not read.

_**Speed.**_ Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

_**Launce.**_ There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed! _[Reads]_ 'Imprimis: She can milk.'

_**Speed.**_ Ay, that she can.

_**Launce.**_ 'Item: She brews good ale.'

_**Speed.**_ And thereof comes the proverb: 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'

_**Launce.**_ 'Item: She can sew.'

_**Speed.**_ That's as much as to say, Can she so?

_**Launce.**_ 'Item: She can knit.'

_**Launce.**_ What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

_**Speed.**_ 'Item: She can wash and scour.'

_**Launce.**_ A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

_**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 virtues.'

_**Launce.**_ Close at the heels of her virtues.

_**Speed.**_ 'Item: She is not to be kissed fasting, 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 sleep 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 only virtue; I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

_**Speed.**_ 'Item: She is proud.'

_**Launce.**_ Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

_**Speed.**_ 'Item: She hath no teeth.'

_**Launce.**_ I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

_**Speed.**_ 'Item: She is curst.'

_**Launce.**_ Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

_**Speed.**_ 'Item: She will often praise her liquor.'

_**Launce.**_ If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

_**Speed.**_ 'Item: She is too liberal.'

_**Launce.**_ Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

_**Speed.**_ 'Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

_**Launce.**_ Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

_**Speed.**_ 'Item: She hath more hair than wit,—

_**Launce.**_ More hair than wit? It may be; I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

_**Speed.**_ 'And more faults than hairs,—

_**Launce.**_ That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

_**Speed.**_ 'And more wealth than faults.'

_**Launce.**_ Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.—

_**Speed.**_ What then?

_**Launce.**_ Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

_**Speed.**_ For me?

_**Launce.**_ For thee! ay, who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

_**Speed.**_ And must I go to him?

_**Launce.**_ Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

_**Speed.**_ Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! _[Exit._

_**Launce.**_ Now will he be swung for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. _[Exit._

Scene II.  

_**The same.**_ The Duke's palace.

_Enter Duke and Thurio._

_**Duke.**_ Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight. _Thurio._ Since his exile she hath despaired of most, Forsworn my company and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her. _Duke._ This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. _Enter Proteus._

_**Duke.**_ How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman According to our proclamation gone? _Proteus._ Gone, my good lord. _Duke._ My daughter takes his going grievously, _Proteus._ 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 spoke in hate. Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it: These words 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 entreated to it by your friend. Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it By oath that I can speak in his dispraise, She shall not long continue love to him. But say this weed her love from Valentine, It follows not that she will lose Sir Thurio. 50 Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him, Least 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 dispraise 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 wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes Should be full- fraught with serviceable vows. 70 Duke. Ay. Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy. Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart: Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears Moist it again, and frame some feeling line That may discover such integrity: For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews, Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones, Makeigers tame and huge leviathans 80 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 Tune 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 thou hast been in love. Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice. Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver, 90 Let us into the city presently To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music. I have a sonnet that will serve the turn To give the onset to thy good advice. Duke. About it, gentlemen! Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper, And afterward determine our proceedings. Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you. Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The frontiers of Mantua. A forest. Enter certain Outlaws. First Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger. Sec. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em. Enter Valentine and Speed. Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye; If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you. Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains That all the travellers do fear so much. Val. My friends,—First Out. That's not so, sir: we are your enemies. Sec. Out. Peace! we'll hear him. Third Out. Ay, by my beard, we stick, for he's a proper man. 10 Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose: A man I am cross'd with adversity; My riches are these poor habiliments, Of which if you should here disfurnish me, You take the sum and substance that I have. Sec. Out. Whither travel you? Val. To Verona. First Out. Whence came you? Val. From Milan. Third Out. Have you long sojourned there? Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd, If crooked fortune had not thwarted me. First Out. What, were you banish'd thence? Val. I was. Sec. Out. For what offence? Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
Scene I.]

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

I kill’d a man, whose death I much repent; But yet I slew him manfully in fight, Without false vantage or base treachery. First Out. Why, ne’er repent it, if it were done so. But were you banish’d for so small a fault? Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom. Sec. Out. Have you the tongues? Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy. Or else I often had been miserable. 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. Masters, be one of them; it’s an honourable kind of thievery. Val. Peace, villain! Sec. 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 Thrust from the company of awful men: Myself was from Verona banish’d For practising to steal away a lady, An heir, and near allied unto the duke. Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman, Who, in my mood, I stabb’d unto the heart. First Out. And I for such like petty crimes as 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— Sec. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish’d man, Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you: Are you content to be our general? To make a virtue of necessity And live, as we do, in this wilderness? Third Out. What say’st thou? wilt thou be of our cons’rt? 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. Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer’d. Val. I take your offer and will live with you, Provided that you do no outrages On silly women or poor passengers. Third Out. No, we detest such vile base practices. Come, go with us, we’ll bring thee to our crews, And show thee all the treasure we have got; Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [Exeunt.

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

Enter Proteus.

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

Enter Thurio and Musicians.


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

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you’re allycholly: I pray you, why is it? Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry. Host. Come, we’ll have you merry: I’ll bring you where you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you asked for.


Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she, That all our swains commend her? 40 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 you not. Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.
Host. Why, my pretty youth? 
Jul. He plays false, father.
Host. How? out of tune on the strings? 60
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 whist, 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.
Host. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so please That you shall say my cunning drift excels.
Thu. Where meet we?
Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.
Thu. Farewell. 
[Exeunt Thu. and Musicians.

Enter Silvia above.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen. Who is that that 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's your will?
Pro. That I may compass yours.
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this: That presently you lie you home to bed. You subscribe, my lord, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless, To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows? Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me, by this pale queen of night I swear, 100
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, 110
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, 121
The picture that is hanging in your chamber; To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh andweep: 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, 133
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it: And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn. 
[Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.
Jul. Host, will you go?
Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think it is almost day.
Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest. 141
[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.

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 loved; and I have heard thee say No grief did ever come so near thy heart As when thy lady and thy true love died, 20
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 dying hence, To keep me from a most unholy match, 30
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Jul. In what you please: I'll do what I can.
Pro. I hope thou wilt. [To Launce] How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?
Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia
down 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 market-
place: and then I offered her mine own, who is a
dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift
the greater.
Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog
again, or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?
[Exit Launce.
A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!
Sebastian, I have entertain'd thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth
That can with some discretion do my business, 70
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish stout,
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 loved me well deliver'd it to me.
Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her
token.
She is dead, belike?
Pro. Not so; I think she lives. 80
Jul. Alas!
Pro. Why dost thou cry 'alas'?
Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.
Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?
Jul. Because methinks that she loved you
as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry 'alas'!
Pro. Well, give her that ring and therewithal
This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, be home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [Exit.
Jul. How many women would do such a mes-
sage?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,

Enter Proteus and Julia.
Pro. When shall I see thee? I like thee well
As I would serve thee in some service presently.

Scene III.

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 placed,
I give consent to go along with you,
Recking as little what befitted 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 severally.

Scene IV. The same.

Enter Launce, with his Dog.
Launce. When a man's servant shall play the
cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that
I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from
drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers
and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even
as one would say precisely, 'thus I would teach a
dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present
Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no
sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me
to her treacher and steals her capon's leg: O,
'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself
in all companies! I would have, as one should
say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed,
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 com-
pany of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under
the duke's table; he had not been there—bless
the mark!—a pissing while, but all the chamber
smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one: 'What
cur is that?' says another: 'Whimp 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
puddings he hath stolen; otherwise he had been
executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese
he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't.
Thou thinkest not of this now.
Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave
of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me
and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up
my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's
farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a
trick?

Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her
token.
She is dead, belike?
Pro. Not so; I think she lives. 80
Jul. Alas!
Pro. Why dost thou cry 'alas'?
Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.
Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?
Jul. Because methinks that she loved you
as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry 'alas'!
Pro. Well, give her that ring and therewithal
This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, be home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [Exit.
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A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
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That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. [Act v.

To carry that which I would have refused,
To raise his faith which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true-confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself. 110
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O, he sends you for a picture. 120
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
Go give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forgot,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
Sil. Madam, please you peruse this letter. —
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold! I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know the false and true, as my ofiice's proffes
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Sil. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Jul. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure. 140
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Sil. She thanks you.
Jul. What say'st thou?
Sil. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Jul. Dost thou know her?
Sil. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times. 150
Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in her judgement, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass
And threw her hair-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks
And pinch'd the lily-ting'ure of her face, 160
That now she is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature; for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgements,
As if the garment had been made for me:

Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood, 170
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!
Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words. 180
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
Farewell. [Exit Silvia, with attendants.
Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a face, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig,
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine:
Ay, but her foreland's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her?
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved and adored!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseening eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Milan. An abbey.

Enter Eglamour.

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

Enter Silvia.

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. 10
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exeunt.]
Scene II. The same. The Duke's palace.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia.

Thur. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

[Exit. Pro.

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

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

[Exit.

Scene III. The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.

Enter Outlaws with Silvia.

First Out. Come, come, Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

Sec. Out. Come, bring her away.

First Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyse 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 best; 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!

[Exit.

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 long tenantless,
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?

[Exit. Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,
To hazard life and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love;
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. [Aside] How like a dream is this I see and 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. 30
Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.
Val. [Aside] And me, when he approacheth to your presence?
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rathe '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. 40
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look! O,
'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When the women cannot love where they're beloved!
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's loved.
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
Deserved into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two:
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend! 61
Pro. In love
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ye.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. Russian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion! 81
Pro. Valentine! 61
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuad'd me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake. 70
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,
'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 order '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 pleased.

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd: 81
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.
Val. O me unhappy!
Pro. Look to the boy.
Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter? Look up; speak.
Val. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done. 90
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?
Val. Here 'tis; this is it.
Pro. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
Val. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
Pro. But how camest thou by this ring? At my depart I gave this unto Julia.
Val. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Pro. How! Julia! 100
Val. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And enter'd 'em deeply in her heart.
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 raiment, 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.
Val. And I mine. 120

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. 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: 130
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold her but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress’ love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
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 derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved 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, whate’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.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth and rare solemnity.

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

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

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

[Exeunt.}
THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
Fenton, a gentleman.
SHALLOW, a country justice.
SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.
FORD, Page,} 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.
BARDOLPH, Pistol,} sharers attending on Falstaff.
NYM,}

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.

SLEN. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and 'Coram.'

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

SLEN. 'Ay, and 'Rato-lorum' too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself 'Armigero,' in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, 'Armigero.'

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

SLEN. All his successors gone before him hath done it; and all his ancestors that came after him may: they may give the dozen white luces 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 luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

SLEN. 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 benevolence 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. Hal! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

EVANS. It is better that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discrections with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

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

EVANS. It is that fairy person for all the old, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandisire 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 pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

SLEN. Did her grandisire leave her seven hundred pound?

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

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

EVANS. Seven hundred pounds and possibili- ties 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 beseech you, be 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?

Enter Page.

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.

Page. I am glad to see your worship's well.

I thank you, for my venison, Master Shallow. 81

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

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on 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 spoke as 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. 111

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


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

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

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! paucha, paucha: slice! that's my humour.

Slen. 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 my-

self; and the three party is, lastly and finally, nine host of the Garter.

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

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

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

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

tions.

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

Slen. 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 Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

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

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine, I combat challenge of this latten billo. Word of denial in thy labras here!

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the noothook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

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

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

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

Slen. Ay, you speake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drank whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So Get me judge, me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Anne Page, with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

[Exit Anne Page.

Slen. 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. [Kisse her.

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

[Exeunt all except Shal., Slen., and Evans.]
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must warn 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 Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coze; come, coze; we stay for you. A word with you, coze; marry, this, coze: there is, as I do tender, a kind of tenderness, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Shal. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that which is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Sh. So I do, sir. 220

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: no perdition of the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

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

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Evans. Master Slender, have you a woman?

Shal. 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?

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

Evans. Nay, God's lords and his ladies! you must name a possibleness, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Shal. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coze: what do I to pleasure you, coze? Can you love the maid?

Shal. 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 consummation: but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolve.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort 'dissolutely'; the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely': his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Shal. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SCENE II.]

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Sim. Well, sir.
Evans. Nay, it is pettier yet. Give her this
letter; for it is a 'man that altogether's ac-
quaintance with Mistress Anne Page; and the
letter is, to desire and require her to solici-
t your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray
you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner;
here's pippins and cheese to come. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter! Host. What says my bully-rook? speak sco-
larly and wisely.
Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away
some of my followers.
Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let
him wag: trot, trot.
Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.
Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, Keiser,
and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph: he
shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully
 Hector?
Fal. Do so, good mine host.
Host. I have spoke; let him follow. [To Bard.
Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word;
follow. [Exit. Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a
good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin;
a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.
Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will
thrive.
Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the
spigot wield? [Exit Bardolph.
Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the
humour conceived?
Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-
box: his thefts were too open; his filching was
like an unskilful singer; he kept not time.
Nym. The good humour is to steal at a
minute's rest.
Pist. 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal'! 31
foh! 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 con-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 good
substance.
Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I
am about.
Pist. 'Twixt two yards, and more.
Fal. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in
the waist the 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 face, her style; and the hardest voice of her
behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir
John Falstaff's.'
Pist. He hath studied her will, and trans-
lated her will, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour
pass?
Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the
rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of
angels.
Pist. As many devils entertain; and 'To her,
boy,' say I.
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 quizzles; sometimes the beam of her
view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.
Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine. 70
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 scorch me up like a burn-
ing-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears
the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold
and bounty. I will be cheater 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,
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 haviour of
reputation.
Pist. [To Robin] Hold, sirrah, bear you these
letters tightly:
Sail like my pinnae to these golden shores.
Kogues, hence, avaut! vanish like halststones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.
[Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.
Pist. - Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd
and fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Tester I'll have in poor when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!
Nym. I have operations which be humours
of revenge.
Pist. Wit 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 incen-
esc Page to deal with poison; I will possess
him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is
dangerous: that is my true humour.
Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A room in Doctor Caius's house.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, and Rugby.

Quick. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go
to the casement, and see if you can see my mas-
ter, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, I
faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

**Rug.** I'll go watch.

**Quick.** Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [Exit Rugby.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal, and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is 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? 21

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

**Quick.** A softly-spirted man, is he not?

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

**Quick.** How say you? O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait? 31

**Sim.** Yes, indeed, does he.

**Quick.** Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune. Will Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

**Rug.** Re-enter Rugby.

**Quick.** Out, alas! here comes my master.

**Quick.** We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet: he will not stay long. [Shuts Simple in the closet.] What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home. 43

[Singing] And down, down, adown-a, &c.

**Enter Doctor Caius.**

**Caius.** Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boiter vert, a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

**Quick.** Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you. [Aside] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. 52

**Caius.** Fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais a la cour—la grande affaire.

**Quick.** Is it this, sir?

**Caius.** Out; mette je au mon pocket: depeche, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?

**Quick.** What, John Rugby! John!

**Rug.** Here, sir!

**Caius.** You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court. 62

**Caius.** Out, me sir, here in the porch.

**Caius.** By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's me! Qu'ai-joiblie! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the vardi I shall leave behind.
Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way: I praise heaven for it.

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

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

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

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

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

Quick. Will I? 't faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other woers.

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

Quick. Farewell to your worship. [Exit Fenton.] Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon't! what have I forgot?

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Before Page's house.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter.

Mrs Page. What, have I scapeed love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [Reads.]

'Ask me no reason why I love you: for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase: but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,

Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth; Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

Mrs Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsels. [Reads.]

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 shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs Ford. We burn daylight: here, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall make the worse of the men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all 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 trow, threw this whale, with so many tons of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man,
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 bored me in this fury.

Mrs Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs Page. Let's consult together against this greedy knight. Come hither. [They retire.]

Enter Ford with Pistol, and Page with Nym.

Ford. Why, 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 gallimaufry: Ford, perdure.

Ford. Love my wife!

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,

Like Sir Acheon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:

O, odious is the name!

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. [Aside] I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [To Page] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humour-ed letter to her; but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the shaft 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.]

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. I will not believe such a Catalaunian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man. 150

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now, Meg! [Mrs Page and Mrs Ford come forward.

Mrs Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

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

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.

Get you home, go.

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

Mrs Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George. [Aside to Mrs Ford] Look what comes yonder; she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs Ford. [Aside to Mrs Page] Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs Page. Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[Execut Mrs Page, Mrs Ford, and Mrs Quickly.]

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

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

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

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

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head. 191

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

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

Enter Host.

Host. How now, mine host!


Enter Shallow.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.
Host. Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

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

Ford. Good mine host of the Garter, a word with you. [Drawing him aside.

Host. What sayest thou, my bully-rook?

Sal. [To Page] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. [They converse apart.

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

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

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, An-heires?

Sal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Sal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[Exeunt Host, Sal., 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.

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 Nym; 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 got the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hast it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hast thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: 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 Pickt-hatch! Go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour. Why, this inconfinable 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 ensnare your rags, your cat-a-mountain lookks, your red-lattce phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. Do I do relent; what would thou more of man?

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, this may be said?

Quick. I'll be sworn, As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. Do I believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I'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. 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 say!

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 has 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 alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been 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, for which she thanks you a thousand times;
and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?
Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: he's a very jealous man; she leads a very 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 let me tell you in your ear, she's as furtuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she be me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside I have no other charms. 

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?
Quick. That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope: they were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is she will; and truly she desires it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.
Quick. Nay, but do so: then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know on to his mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. [Exit Mistress Quickly and Robin.] This news distresseth me!

Pit. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers: Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights: Give fire: she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [Exit.]

Fal. Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?
Bard. Ay, sir.
Fal. Call him in. [Exit Bardolph.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page have I encompassed you? go to; via!

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir! 
Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?
Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.


Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be well pursued; the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'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 pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this: 'Love is like a shadow flies when substance love pursues: Pursuing that that flies, and flying what 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 on another man’s ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.
Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to 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 enlargeth her mirth 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 adimitance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.
Fal. My good 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 affections, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.
Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me.
Fal. What say you to’t, Sir John?
Ford. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford’s wife.
Fal. 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 blest 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 wittily knave hath masses of money; for which the 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, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will scare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o’er the cuckold’s horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford’s a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night.
[Exit.
Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improbable jealousy? My wife hath sent to me; 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! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils’ additions, the names of fiends: but Cuckold! Witlo!—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.

Scene III. 'A field near Windsor,' 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 well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.
Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.
Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I will kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you how I will kill him.
Caius. Villany, take your rapier.
Rug. Forbear; here’s company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.
Host. Bless thee, bully doctor!
Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!
Page. Now, good master doctor! 20
Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.
Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?
Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy puto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? 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 Castaion-King-Urinal.
Hector of Greece, my boy!
Caius. I pray you, bear vitness 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. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itch 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. 51
Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.
Shal. It will be found so, Master Page.
Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.
Host. Pardon, guest-justice. A word, Moun-
seur Mockwater. 60
Caius. Mock-water! vat is dat?
Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.
Caius. By gar, den, I have as mush mock-
water as de Englishman. Scurvy Jack-dog priest! by gar, me will cut his ears.
Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.
Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?
Host. That is, he will make thee amends. 70
Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-
de-claw me; for, by gar, me will have it.
Host. And I will provoke him t'ot, or let him wag.
Caius. Me tank you for dat.
Host. And, moreover, bully,—but first, mas-
ter 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.

[Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.
Caius. By gar, me will 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 ain't? said I well?
Caius. By gar, me dank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de 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. 100
Host. Let us wag, then.
Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. A field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slen-
er's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?
Simple. Marry, sir, the pittie-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.
Simple. I will, sir. 110
Evans. 'Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and trembling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the orch.
'Sples my soul! To shallow rivers, to whose falls Meleodious birds sing madrigals; There will we make our peds of roses, And a thousand fragrant posies. 120
To shallow—
Mercey on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

[Sings.

Meleodious birds sing madrigals— When as I sat in Pablyon— And a thousand vagram posies. To shallow &c.

Re-enter Simple.

Simple. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh. Evans. He's welcome. 130
[Sings.
To shallow rivers, to whose falls— Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he? Simple. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way. Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slen. 140

Shal. How now, master Parson! Good mor-
row, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

[Aside] Ah, sweet Anne Page! 150

Page. 'Save you, good Sir Hugh!
Evans. 'Piss 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.  
50 Evans. Fery well: what is it?  
Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman,  
who, belike having received wrong by some per-  
pson, is at most odds with his own gravity and  
patience that ever you saw.  
Shal. I have lived fourscore years and up-  
ward; 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 Hibo-  
crates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a  
cowardly knave as you would desires to be ac-  
quainted withal.  
Page. I warrant you, he's the man should  
fight with him.  
71 Slen. [Aside] O sweet Anne Page!  
Shal. It appears so by his weapons. Keep  
them asunder: here comes Doctor Caius.  

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.  
Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your  
weapon.  
Shal. So do you, good master doctor.  
Host. Disarm them, and let them question:  
let them keep their limbs whole and hack our  
English.  
80 Caius. I pray you, let a' me speak a word  
with your ear. Wherefore vill 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 and Tennis.  
Evans. [Aside to Caius] Pray you, let us  
ot be laughing-stocks to other men's humours:  
I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or  
other make you amend. [Aloud] I will knock  
your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for  
missing your meetings and appointments.  
92 Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby,—mine host de  
Jarteer,—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 judgement  
by mine host of the Garter.  
Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French  
and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!  
100 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 proverbs and the no-verbs. Give  
me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand,
boughted well of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Aëtacious; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [Clock heard.] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff; I shall be rather praised for this than mocked: for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slender. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slender. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you: but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, begar; and de maid is love-a-me: my nurs-a-Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry t', he will carry t'; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry t'.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Pains; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer woorin at Master Page's.

[Exeunt Shal. 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 pipeswine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. A room in Ford's house.

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs Page. Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket—

Mrs Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs 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 brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or starving take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whistlers in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs Page. You will do it?

Mrs Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

[Exeunt Servants.

Mrs Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs Ford. How now, my eyas-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'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [Exit Robin.] Mistress Page, remember you my cue.

Mrs Page. I warrant thee; if I do not aet it, hang me.

[Exit.

Mrs Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pummion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed 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-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance. Or Mrs Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an ex-
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Scene III.

\[55\]

cellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circular farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foec were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

\[7\]

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that per- suade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lising 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 deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightest as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the neck of a line-kilt.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Fal. [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 enconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman. [Falstaff hides himself.]

Re-enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What's the matter? how now! Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, 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, 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 ad-
vantage of his absence; you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, 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.

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-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Fal. [Coming forward] Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never—[Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!


Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly. Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble! Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whith
ter 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 uncap.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen. [Exeunt.

Evans. This is very fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[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 carrion,
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 will do it: let him be sent for
to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends. 210

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh
Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knife
bragged of that he could not compass.
Mrs Page. [Aside to Mrs Ford] 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! 220
Mrs Page. You do yourself mighty wrong,
Master Ford.
Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.
Evans. If there be any body in the house,
and in the chambers, and in the coopers, and in
the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of
judgement.
Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.
Page. Pie, 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 pad conscience: your
wife is as honest a' o'mans 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 hereafter make known to you why I have
done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page.
I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.
Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me,
we'll mock him. 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
the turd.
Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.
Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-mor-
row on the lousy knave, mine host.
Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my
heart!
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Scene iv.

Anne. Now, Master Slender,—
Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne,—
Anne. What is your will?
Slen. My will! 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.
Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you have with me?
Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father: here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master Slender! love him, daughter Anne.
Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, your daughter is disposed of.
Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.
Mrs Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.
Page. She is no match for you.
Fent. Sir, will you hear me?
Page. No, good Master Fenton.
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton. [Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.]
Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.
Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter.
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love
And not retire: let me have your good will.
Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.
Mrs Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.
Quick. That's my master, master doctor.
Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth
And bowl'd to death with turnips!
Mrs Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.
Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Nan.
[Exeunt Mrs Page and Anne.
Quick. This is my doing, now: 'Nay,' said I,
'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton!' this is my doing.
Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.
Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! [Exit Fenton.] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master 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 slighted 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 shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been 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 mornor.
Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle 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 yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.
Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.
Quick. I will tell her.
Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayesthou?
Quick. Eight and nine, sir.
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 larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.
Ford. What, while you were there?
Fal. While I was there.
Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?
Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's 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 knife 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 have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease; think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—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 Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.
Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.
Fal. Is it? I will then address myself to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I sped; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.
Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? 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 buck-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 to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me: I'll be horn-mad. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Scene I. A street.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, and William.

MRS. PAGE. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?
Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently; but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.
MRS. PAGE. I'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? 20
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 accidence.
Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.
MRS. PAGE. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid. 20
Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?
Will. Two.
Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'Od's nouns.'
Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair,' 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, remem-
ber in your prayer.
Will. Lapis.
Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lead articles?
Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, 
sic, haece, hoc.
Evans. Nominativo, hic, hag, hog; pray you, 
mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your ac-
cusative case?
Will. Accusativo, hinc.
Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, 
child; accusativo, hung, hang, hog.
Quick. 'Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I war-
rant you.
Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What 
is the vocative case, William?
Will. O,—vocatio, O.
Evans. Remember, William; vocative is caret.
Quick. And that's a good root.
Evans. 'Oman, forbear.
Mrs. Page. Peace!
Evans. What is your genitive case plural, 
William?
Will. Genitive case!
Evans. Ay.
Will. Genitivo,—horum, harum, horum.
Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! tie on 
er! 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 hick and to hack, which 
they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call 
'horum:' tie upon you!
Evans. 'Oman, art thou lutharies? hast thou 
no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of 
the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian crea-
tures as I would desires.
Mrs. Page. Prithie, hold thy peace.
Evans. Show me now, William, some declen-
sions of your pronouns.
Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.
Evans. It is qui, quae, quod: if you forget 
your 'quies,' your 'ques,' and your 'quods,' you 
must be peeches. 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. Fare-
well, Mistress Page.
Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [Exit Sir Hugh.]
Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long.
[Exit.]

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 to a hair's 
breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple 
ofice of love, but in all the accoutrement, com-
plement and ceremony of love. But are you sure 
of your husband now?
Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.
what, ho!
Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.
[Exit Falstaff.

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at 
home besides yourself?
Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.
Mrs. Page. Indeed!
Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. [Aside to her] 
Speak louder. 
Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have 
obody here.
Mrs. Ford. Why?
Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in 
his old tunes again: he so takes on yonder with 
my husband; so rails against all married man-
kind: 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 
knights is not here; now he shall see his own 
foolery.
Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?
Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will 
be here anon.
Mrs. Ford. I am undone! The knight is here.
Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly shamed, 
and he's but a dead man. What a woman are 
you!—Away with him, away with him! better 
shame than murder.
Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how 
should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the 
basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket.
May I not go out ere he come?
Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's bro-
thers watch the door with pistols, that none shall 
issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he 
came. But what make you here?
Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the 
chimney.
Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge 
their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.
Fal. Where is it?
Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word.
Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, 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 sem-
blance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised—
Mrs Ford. How might we disguise him? 70
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 miscarriage.
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. 81
[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. 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 swine 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.
First Serv. Come, come, take it up.
Sec. 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, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.
Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket! O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.
'M what, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!
Page. Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinned.
Evans. Why, this is lunacies! this is mad as a mad dog!
Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.
Ford. So say I too, sir.
Re-enter Mistress Ford.
Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?
Mrs Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty. 140
Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah!
[Pulling clothes out of the basket.
Page. This passes!
Mrs Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.
Ford. I shall find you anon.
Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.
Ford. Empty the basket, I say!
Mrs Ford. Why, man, why? 150
Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket; may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.
Mrs Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a lea's death.
Page. Here's no man.
Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you. 161
Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.
Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.
Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.
Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.
Mrs Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.
Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that? 170
Mrs Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.
Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this, is beyond our element: we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!
Mrs Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman. 190
Re-enter Falstaff in woman's clothes, and Mistress Page.
Mrs Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.
SCENE II.]

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

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. [Exeunt. 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 his nuffer. Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my encomy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again. Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [Exeunt Ford, Page, Shalt, Caines, 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? Mrs Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.
Mrs Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?
Mrs Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further 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. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A room in Ford's house.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a '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? Pie, 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 how you'll use him when he comes, And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter, Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest, Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight, Walk round about an oak, with great 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 old Received and did deliver to our age This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak: But what of this?

Mrs Ford. Marry, this is our device; That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come:

And in this shape when you have brought him thither, What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs Page. That likewise 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, ouphes and fairies, green and white, With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
[Act IV.

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, 60
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Evans. I will teach the children their beha-
vours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to
burn the knight by my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go and buy
them 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
in that time
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 us
properties
And tricking for our fairies.

Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable plea-
sures and fery honest knaveries.

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[Exit Mrs. Ford.

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affacts.
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 wouldst thou have, boor? what,
thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short,
quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir
John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his
castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis
painted about with the story of the Prodigal,
fresh and 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,
gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay,
sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her,
indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be
robbed: I'll call. Bully knight! bully Sir John!
speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it
is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [Aside] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar terrifies the
coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend,
bully, let her descend; my chambers are honour-
able: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was mine host, an old fat woman
even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman
of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell: what
would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent in
her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know,
sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of
a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man
that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened
him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the
woman herself; I had other things to have spoken
with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quickly.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about
Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my mas-
ter's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, or no. Go; say the woman
told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my
master glad with these tidings.

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir
John; there is a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that
hath taught me more wit than ever I learned
before in my life; and I paid nothing for it
neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of
them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so
soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off
from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and
set spurs and away, like three German devils,
three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke,
villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are
honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments:
there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me
Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and outful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a dat you make grand preparation for a duke de amany: by my trod, dere is no duke dat the ourt is know to come. I tell you for good vill: I die.

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! Assist me, night. I am undone! Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [Exit Host and Bard.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; or I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop and liquor fishermen's roots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a lied pear. I never prospered since I forswore 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 heother! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant: specially one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tellest thou me of black and blue? 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 lexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave capable and set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exit.

Scene VI. Another room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fent. 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.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who mutually hath answer'd my affection, So far forth as herself might be her chooser, Even to my wish: I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; That neither singly can be manifested, Without the show of both; fat Falstaff Hath a great scene: the image of the jest I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host. To-night at Henre'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 to 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 deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her; to this her mother's plot She seemingly obedient likewise hath Made promise to the duke: now, thus it rests: Her father means she shall be all in white, And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand and bid her go, She shall go with him; her mother hath intended, The better to denote her to the doctor.

For they must all be mask'd and vizarded, That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed, 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? Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me: And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one, And, in the lawful name 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. Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee; Besides, I'll make a present recom pense. [Exit.

ACT V.

Scene I. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling: go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away! 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 mince. [Exit Mrs Quickly.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. [ACT V]

Enter Ford.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne’s oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you: he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver’s beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant and whipped top, I knew not what ‘twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me; I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i’ the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Shal. Ay, forsooth: I have spoke with her and we have a nay-word how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry ‘mum;’ she cries ‘budget;’ and by that we know one another.

Shal. That’s good too: but what needs either your ‘mum’ or her ‘budget?’ the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o’clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let’s away; follow me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A street leading to the Park.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Doctor Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius.]

My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor’s marrying my daughter: but ’tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break. 

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all cased in a pit hard by Herne’s oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff’s and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We’ll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak!

Enter Sir Hugh Evans disguised, with others as Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be bold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-’ords, do as I bid you: come, come; trib, trib. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Another part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised as Herne.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast. O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on’t, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, ’t the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Love, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hall kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a brie buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter! Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [Noise within.]

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. Away, away! [They run off.]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that’s in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus. 

[ACT V]
Enter Sir Hugh Evans, disguised as before; Pistol, as Hobgoblin; Mistress Quickly, Anne Page, and others, as Fairies, with tapers.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moonshine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office and your quality. Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy eyes. Pistol. Elves, list your names; silence, you silly toys. Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap: Where fires thou find'st unranked and heart's unswept, 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 try.

[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 fancy. Sleep she as sound as careless infancy: But those as sleep and think not on their sins, Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and shins.

Quick. About, about, Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out: 60 Strew good luck, ophues, on every sacred room: That it may stand till the perpetual doom, In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit, Worthy the owner, and the owner it. The several chairs of order look you scour With juice of balm and every precious flower: Each fair instambl, 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 expressure 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 phosphorus, pearl and rich embroidery, Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee. Fairies use flowers for their charictery. Away; disperse: but till 'tis one o'cock, Our dance of custom round about the oak Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; your-selves 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!

Pistol. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even In thy birth. Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end: If he be chaste, the flame will back descend And turn him to no pain; but if he start, It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pistol. A trial, come. Evans. Come, will this wood take fire? Fal. Oh, Oh, Oh! Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!

About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme; And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy! Fie on lust and luxury! Lust is but a bloody fire, Kindled with unchaste desire, Fed in heart, whose flames aspire As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher. Pinch him, fairies, mutually; Pinch him for his villany; Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about, Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

During this song they pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a boy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs Anne Page. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now; Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn? Mrs Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher. Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives? See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes Become the forest better than the town? Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer. 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 guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foyperty into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!


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'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.
Evans. Seese is not good to give putter; your belly 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 flax?

Mrs Page. A puffed man? 160

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 methergins, and to drinkings and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am deflected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummeter o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander; over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight; thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs Page. [Aside] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter Slender.

Slender. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?

Slender. Dispatched! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know ou't; would I were hanged, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I never stir!—and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong. 201

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slender. I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy: it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened. 220

Mrs Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor.

[Exit. Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: here comes Master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

Fenton. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title, Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed; here is no remedy: In love the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

Fal. What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.

Ford. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

Mrs Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,

Page. Heaven give you many, many merry days! Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. Sir John, To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word; For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford. [Exeunt.]
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 thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo:
In our remove be thou at full oneself;
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 leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.
Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.
Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and Ayes vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE. [ACT I.

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. [Exit.

SCENE II. A street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke with the other dukes come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclavest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. 'Thou shalt not steal'?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

Sec. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy; as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

First Gent. And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou 'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year.

First Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Mistress Overdone.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs Ov. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

Sec. Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Mrs Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

First Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Mrs Ov. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested, saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs Ov. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to do such a purpose.

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.

Mrs Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gullows and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter Pompey.

How now! what's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs Ov. Well; what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs Ov. But what's his offence?

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs Ov. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs Ov. And what shall become of those in the city?

Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs Ov. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour’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 so tinkle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he’s not to be found.

I priethee, 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 encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I’ll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away!

SCENE III. A monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought; Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your grace speak of it:

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you How I have ever loved the life removed And held in idle price to haunt assemblies Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps, I have deliver’d to Lord Angelo,

A man of stricte and firm abstinence, My absolute power and place here in Vienna, And he supposes me travell’d to Poland; For so I have strew’d it in the common ear, And so it is received. Now, pious sir, You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most bitting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds, Which for this nineteen years we have let slip; Even like an o’ergrown lion in a cave, That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers, Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch, Only to stick it in their children’s sight For terror, not to use, in time the rod Becomes more mock’d than fear’d; so our decrees, Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead; And liberty plucks justice by the nose:
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Per. T. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem’d
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith ’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 imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home, I
And yet my nature never in the fight
Do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as ’twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prittle,
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;
One day more: Lord Angelo, I protest;
Stands at a guard with envy: scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to breed than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. A nunnerie.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Franc. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more:
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio. [Within] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who’s that which calls?

Franc. It is a man’s voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow’d, you must not speak with men.

But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face,
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [Exit.]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is’t that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those check-

Isab. Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stand me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why, ’tis my unhappy brother! let me ask,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly
greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he’s in prison.

Isab. Would one for what?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:

He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. ’Tis true.

I would not—though ’tis my familiar sin.
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky’d and sainted,
By your renunciation an immortal spirit,
And to be talk’d with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,
’Tis thus:

Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings.
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tillth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vane, though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence:
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand and hope of action: but we do learn
By them that know the very nerves of state,
His giving-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He— to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath pick’d out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother’s life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And doth so use the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that’s my pith of business
’Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he seek his life?

Lucio. Has censured him already: and, as I hear,
The provost hath a warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability’s in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power? Alas, I doubt—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them,

Isab. I’ll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Command me to my brother; soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Good sir, adieu. 90

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A hall in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and a Justice, Provost,
Officers, and other Attendants, behind.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the
law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentle-
man,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!

Let but your honour know,
What I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections, 10
Had time cohorted with place or place with
wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own pur-
pose.
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 know not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two 20
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made
justice.

'That justice seizes: what know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very preg-
nant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We read 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 offend,
Let mine own judgement 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 prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[Exit Provost.]

Escal. [Aside] Well, heaven forgive him! and
forgive us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of ice, 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?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor
duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do
leam upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before
your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: what benefactors
are they? are they not malefactors?

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?

Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow. 6r

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one
that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was,
as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and
now she professes a hot-house, which, I think,
is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before hea-
en and your honour.—

Escal. How? thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an
honest woman,—

Escal. 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.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had
been a woman cardinally given, might have been
accused in fornication, adultery, and all unclean-
liness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means:
but as she spit in his face, so she denied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou
honourable man: prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and
longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stew-
ed prunes; sir, we had but two in the house,
which at that very distant time stood, as it were,
in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your
honours have seen such dishes; they are not
China dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, 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.

Pom. Very well; you being then, if you be
remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid
prunes,—
Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas: was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hail, and eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, and leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit Angelo.

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, there was nothing done to her once.

Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, there was nothing done to her once.

Pom. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Escal. He's, thouliest, thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity. Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine aotion of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou could'st, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me bear 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.] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order
or the drabs and the knaves, you need not to
ear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I
am tell you: it is but heading and hanging. 250
Pom. If you head and hang all that offend
that way but for ten year together, you'll be
lad to give out a commission for more heads: if
his law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the
airiest house in it after three-pence a bay: if you
ive to see this come to pass, say Pompey told
so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in re-
quital 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
leaning, Pompey, I shall have you whip: so, for
his time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good
counsel: [Aside] but I shall follow it as the flesh
and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade:
The valiant heart is not whipt out of his trade.

[Exit. 270

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow;
some hither, Master constable. How long have
you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the
office, you had continued in it some time. You
say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you.
They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are
here 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
or 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.

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:
Merry is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy.

Come, sir.

[Exeunt. 290

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 be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!

All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for 't!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?
Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-
morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not
order?

Why dost thou ask again?
Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen, 10
When, after execution, judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?
Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous
maid, 20
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[Exit Servant.

See you the fornicatrix be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter Isabella and Lucio.

Prov. God save your honour!

Ang. Stay a little while. [To Isab.] You're
welcome: what's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well: what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. [Aside] Heaven give thee moving
graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor
of it?

Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record, 40
And let go by the actor.

Isab. [Aside] O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your honour!

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Give't not o'er so: to
him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say!

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. [Aside to Isab.] Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him, and neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

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 sentenced; 'tis too late.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word, may call it back again. Well, believe this, no course that to great ones 'longs, not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, so the marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, become them with one half so good a grace as mercy does. If he had been as you and you as he, you would have slipt like him; but he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency, and you were Isab! should it then be thus? No: I would tell what 'twere to be a judge, and what a prisoner.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Ay, touch him; there's the venom.

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 condemn your brother: So were he my kinsman, brother, or my son, it should be thus with him; he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him! He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens we kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven with less respect than we do minister to our gross selves? Good, good my lord, be think you; who is it that hath died for this offence? There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:

Lucio. Those many had not dared to do that evil, if the first that did the edict infringe had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake, takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet, looks in a glass, that shows what future evils, either new, or by remissness new-conceived, and so in progress to be hatch'd and born, are now to have no successive degrees,
re sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls, 
rom fastings maids whose minds are dedicate 
o nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow. Lulio. [Aside to Isab.] Go to; 'tis well: away! Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. [Aside] Amen: or I am that way going to temptation, where prayers cross. Isab. At what hour to-morrow shall I attend your lordship? Ang. At any time 'fore noon. Isab. 'Save your honour!' 

Ang. From thee, even from thy virtue! 'Tis this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine? He tempter or the tempted, who sins most? a yet 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, oerrupt with virtuous season. Can it be hat modesty may more betray our sense han woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough, hall we desire to raze the sanctuary nd pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie! hat dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo? ost thou desire her fouly for those things hat make her good? O, let her brother live: thieves for their robbery have authority hen judges steal themselves. What, do I love her, hat I desire to hear her speak again, nd feast upon her eyes? What's is't I dream on? cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, ith saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous that temptation that doth goad us on o sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet, ith all her double vigour, art and nature, nce stir my temper; but this virtuous maid ibdes me quite. Ever till now, hen men were fond, I smiled and wonder'd how. [Exit.}

SCENE III. A room in a prison.

Enter, severally, DUKE disguised as a friar, and PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are. Prov. I am the provost. What's your will, good friar? Duke. Bound by my charity and my blusterder, come to visit the affected spirits ere in the prison. Do me the common right o let me see them and to make me know he nature of their crimes, that I may minister o them accordingly. Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful. Enter JULIET. ook, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine, ho, falling in the flaws of her own youth, ath blister'd her report: she is with child; nd he that got it, sentenced: a young man fore fit to do another such offence han die for this.

Duke. When must he die? Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you: stay awhile, [To JULIET. And you shall be conducted. Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry? Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently. 20 Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience, And try your penitence, if it be sound, Or hollowly put on. Jul. I'll gladly learn. Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you? Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him. Duke. So then it seems your most offensive act Was mutually committed? Jul. Mutually. Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his. Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father. Duke. "Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent, 30 As that the sin hath brought you to this shame, Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven, Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it, But as we stand in fear,— Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil, And 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. Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love, 40 That resipates me a life, whose very comfort Is still a dying horror! Prov. "Tis pity of him. [Exit.

SCENE IV. A room in ANGELO's house.

Enter ANGELO. 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, whercon I studied, Is like a good thing, being often read, Grown fear'd and tedious: yes, my gravity, Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride, 10 Could I with boot change for an idle plume, Of 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 Serv.] O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, so
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offense.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid? 50
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 re-prieve,
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 heavens 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... 50
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 accompt.
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this: 60
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. Please you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer 71
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 enshiled 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 desired of such a person, 91
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 body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?
Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death, 100
The impression of keen whipps I'd wear as rubies,
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 die.
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 sentence
That you have slander'd so? 110
Isab. Ignomy 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 proved the sliding of your brother
A morriment 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. 120
Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, 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: 130
And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Scene IV.

Measure for Measure.

Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold;
do arrest your words. Be that you are,
that is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
you be one, as you are well express'd
by all external warrants, show it now,
by putting on the destined livery.
Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
let me entreat you speak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Isab. My brother did love Juliet,
and you tell me that he shall die for it.
Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. And know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
I'll pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
or with an outstretched throat 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 reign:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Let 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'erweighes your true.

[Exit.]

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perious mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approb'res;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'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 disguised as before, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.
Duke. Be absolute for death; either death
Or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath
Thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost 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 runnest toward him still. Thou art not noble:
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant:
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
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 strivest 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 loins,
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 pyedied eld; 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.
Claud. I humbly thank you.
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!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.
Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.
Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.
Duke. Provost, a word with you. 50
Prov. As many as you please.
Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed. [Exeunt Duke and Provost.
Claud. 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 leger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.
Claud. Is there no remedy?
Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?
Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But better you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.
Claud. 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.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I'd encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There speak 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 applications. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The prenzio Angelo!
Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'at body to invest and cover
In prenzio guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.
Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would give'the thee, from this
rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claud. Thou shalt not do't.
Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As simply as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to morrow.
Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus may make him bite the law by the nose.
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin; 110
Of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined? O Isabel!
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In swelling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thought
Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.
Isab. Alas, alas!
Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.
O you beast!
Isab. Faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.
Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.
Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd: 150
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.
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:
the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.
Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

just be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile. [Walks apart.  
Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never a purpose to corrupt her; only be hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures; she, having the ruth of honour in her, hath made him that gruous denial which he is most glad to receive. I confess to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are falsible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [Exit Isadell.] Provost, a word with you.

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 touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap a beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter doth stands, he will avoid your accusation: he was made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most righteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the anger of fortune, and, by that grace, do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married? who proceeds to her by oath, and the nuptial appointment: between which time of the contract and limitation 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 siew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her comrade husband, this well-seeming 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 foresaid Angelo 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: 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 entertain you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE II. The street before the prison.

Enter, on one side, Duke disguised asbefore; on the other, Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here? Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the wors-
er allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep
him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins
too, to signify, that craft, being richer than inno-
cency, stands for the facing. 21

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 maw 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.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir;
but yet, sir, I would prove— 30

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, 40
† From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a
cord, sir.

Pom. 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 Pyramion'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 i' the last rain,
ha? What sayest thou, Troit? 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 mistres,
Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all herbess,
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 pow-
erd bawd: an unshunnèd consequence; it must be
so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Fare-
well: go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pom-
ey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprison-
ment be the sign of a bawd, why, 'tis his right:
bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-

born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me
to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good hus-
band now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be
my host.

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. 81

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news
abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.
Measure for Measure.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?
Lucio. No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be loosed within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.
Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was,
Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.
Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamion. Let him be but testified in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more it is much darkened in your malice.
Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.
Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.
Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.
Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know and what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?
Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.
Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.
Lucio. I fear you not.
Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.
Lucio. I'll be hanged first; thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?
Duke. Why should he die, sir?
Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tumbler, I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this agenrented agent will unpeole the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure 'scape; back-bounding calamity The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?
Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!
Mrs. Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.
Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawl of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Mrs. Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

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 goodness 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 't the world?
Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to 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.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the 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.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.
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 desip’d;  
† 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 forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn;  
But my kisses bring again, bring again;  
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.  
Mariana. Break off thy 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,  
Mymirth it much displeased, but pleased 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.  
Mariana. You have not been inquired after: I  
have sat here all day.  

Enter Isabella.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time  
is come even now. I shall crave your forbear-  
ce a little: may be I will call upon you anon,  
for some advantage to yourself.  
Mariana. I am always bound to you.  
[Exit.  
Duke. Very well met, and well come.  
What is the news from this good deputy?  
Isabella. He hath a garden circummured with  
brick,  
Whose western side is with a vineyard back’d;  
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,  
That takes his opening with this bigger key:  
This other doth command a little door  
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;  
There have I made my promise  
Upon the heavy middle of the night  
To call upon him.  
Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find  
This way?  
Isabella. I have ta’en a due and wary note upon’t:  
With whispering and most guilty diligence,  
In action all of precept, he did show me  
The way twice o’er.  
Duke. Are there no other tokens  
Between you and concerning her observance?  
Isabella. No, none, but only a repair I the dark;  
And that I have possess’d him my most stay  
Can be but brief; for I have made him know  
I have a servant comes with me along,  
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is  
I come about my brother.  
Duke. ’Tis well borne up.  
I have not yet made known to Mariana  
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!  

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;  
She comes to do you good.  
Isabella. I do desire the like.  
Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I re-  
spect you?  
Mariana. Good friar, I know you do, and have  
found it.  
Duke. Take, then, this your companion by  
the hand,  
Who hath a story ready for your ear.  
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;  
The vaporous night approaches.  
Mariana. Will you please you walk aside?  
[Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.  
Duke. O place and greatness! millions of false  
Beaues  
Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report  
Run with these false and most contrarious guests  
Upon thy doings; thousand escapes of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dreams  
And rack thee in their fancies.  

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Welcome, how agreed?  
Isabella. She’ll take the enterprise upon her,  
father,  
If you advise it.  
Duke. It is not my consent,  
But my entreaty too.  
Isabella. Little have you to say  
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,  
‘Remember now my brother.’  
Mariana. Fear me not.  
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at  
all.  
He is your husband on a pre-contract:  
To bring you thus together, ’tis no sin,  
Sith that the justice of your title to him  
Doth flourish the deceit.  
Come, let us go:  
Our corn’s to reap, for yet our tithe’s to sow.  
[Exeunt.
Scene II. A room in the prison.

Enter Provost and Pompey.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gryves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisongment and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho! Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there? 

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale.

[Exit.]

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief; if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

[Re-enter Provost.]

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth often ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Prov. Do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio: [Exit Pompey and Abhorson.]

The one has my pitty; 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?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones: 70
He will not wake.

Prov. 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.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy. Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'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 gaoler is the friend of men.

How now! what noise? That spirit's possessed
With haste.

That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. 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?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we: 90
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

6—2
MEASURE FOR MEASURE. [Act iv.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. [Giving a paper.] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you sware not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disquieter; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the paint from whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against 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 offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall answer over-read it at your pleasure, as you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perishance of the duke's death; perishance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[Exit.

Scene III. Another room in the same.

Enter Pompey.

Pomp. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession; one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready
money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-ple, the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a 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-ear that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and with Half-Can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake.'

\textit{Enter Abhorson.}

\textit{Abhor.} Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

\textit{Pom.} Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

\textit{Abhor.} What, ho, Barnardine!

\textit{Bar.} [\textit{Within}] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

\textit{Pom.} Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

\textit{Bar.} [\textit{Within}] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

\textit{Abhor.} Tell him he must awake, and that too quickly.

\textit{Pom.} Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

\textit{Abhor.} Go in to him, and fetch him out.

\textit{Pom.} He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

\textit{Abhor.} Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

\textit{Pom.} Very ready, sir.

\textit{Enter Barnardine.}

\textit{Bar.} How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

\textit{Abhor.} Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

\textit{Bar.} You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

\textit{Pom.} O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

\textit{Abhor.} Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jost now, think you?

\textit{Enter Duke disguised as before.}

\textit{Duke.} Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

\textit{Bar.} Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

\textit{Duke.} O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

\textit{Bar.} I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

\textit{Duke.} But hear you.

\textit{Bar.} Not a word: if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

\textit{Duke.} Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart!

After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

\textit{[Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey. Re-enter Provost.}

\textit{Prov.} Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

\textit{Duke.} A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;

And to transport him in the mind he is

Were damnable.

\textit{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 reprobate till he were well inclined;

And satisfy the deputy with the visage

Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

\textit{Duke.} O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!

Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on

Prex'd by Angelo: see this be done,

And sent according to command; whiles I

Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

\textit{Prov.} This shall be done, good father, present.

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?

\textit{Duke.} Let this be done. Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:

Here twice the sun hath made his journal greeting

To the under generation, you shall find

Your safety manifested.

\textit{Prov.} I am your free dependant.

\textit{Duke.} Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.

\textit{[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 inducements, I am bound To enter publicly: him I'll desire

To meet me at the consecratedount

A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and well-balanced form,

We shall proceed with Angelo.

\textit{Re-enter Provost.}

\textit{Prov.} Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

\textit{Duke.} Convenient is it. Make a swift return;

For I would commune with you of such things

That want no ear but yours.

\textit{Prov.} I'll make all speed. \textit{[Exit.}

\textit{Isab.} [\textit{Within}] Peace, ho, be here! \textit{[Exit}

\textit{Duke.} The tongue of Isabella. 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.

\textit{Enter Isabella.}

\textit{Isab.} Ho, by your leave!

\textit{Duke.} Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

\textit{Isab.} The better, given me by so holy a man. \textit{[Exit.}
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:

His head is off and sent to Angelo. 120

Isab. Nay, but it is not so. Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter,

In your close patience. Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes! Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight. Isab. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel! 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, revenges to your heart, 140 And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you. Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give; 'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return: Say, by this token, I desire his company At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours. I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you Before the duke, and to the head of Angelo Accuse him home and home. For my poor self, I am combined by a sacred vow

And shall be absent. Wendi you with this letter: Command these fretting waters from your eyes With a light heart; trust not my holy order, If I pervert your course. Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where's the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty 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't. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [Exit Isabella.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little 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. 160 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. 190

Scene IV. A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distraught manner. His actions show much like to madness; pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities 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 no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes! 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. [Exit Escalus. This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant And dullest to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid! And by an eminent body that enforced The law against it! But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;

For my authority bears of a credent bulk, That no particular scandal once can touch 30 But it confounds the breather. He should have lived, Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense, Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge, By so receiving a dishonour'd life With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived! Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not. [Exit

Scene V. Fields without the town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me: [Giving letters. The provost knows our purpose and our plot. The matter being afoot, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to our special drift;
though sometimes you do blench from this to that, 
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius’ house, 
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice 
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus, 
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate; 
But send me Flavius first.

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [Exit. 10

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius: thou hast made 
good haste: 
Come, we will walk. There’s other of our friends 
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. 
[Exeunt.

Scene VI. Street near the city gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath: 
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, 
That is your part; yet I am advised to do it; 
He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure 
He speak against me on the adverse side, 
I should not think it strange; for ‘tis a physic 
That’s bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand 
most fit, 10
Where you may have such vantage on the duke, 
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets 
sounded; 
The generous and gravest citizens 
Have hent the gates, and very near upon 
The duke is entering: therefore, hence, away! 
[Exeunt.

ACT V.

Scene I. The city gate.

Mariana went, Isabella, and Friar Peter, 
at their stand. Enter Duke, Varrius, 
Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, 
Officers, and Citizens, at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met! 
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you. 
Ang. 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 
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks, 
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater. 

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should 
wrong it, 
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, 
When it deserves, with characters of brass, 
A forted residence ‘gainst the tooth of time, 
And razeure of oblivion. Give me your hand, 
And let the subject see, to make them know 
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim 
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus, 
You must walk by us on our other hand; 
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and Isabella come forward. 
Fri. P. Now is your time: speak loud and 
kneel before him. 

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your re-
gard 

Upon a wrong’d, I would fain have said, a maid! 
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye 
By throwing it on any other object 
Till you have heard me in my true complaint 
And 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 myself; for that which I must speak 
Must either punish me, not being believed, 31
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear 
me, here! 

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not 
firm: 
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother 
Cut off by course of justice. 

Isab. By course of justice! 

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and 
strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I 
speak: 
That Angelo’s forsworn; is it not strange? 
That Angelo’s a murderer; ’s it not strange? 40
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 be-
lievest 
There is another comfort than this world, 
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion 50
That I am touch’d with madness! Make not im-
possible 
That which but seems unlike: ’tis not impossible 
But one, the wicked’st caitiff on the ground, 
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute 
As Angelo; even so may Angelo, 
In all his dressings, charactris, 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,— 60
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense, 
Such a dependency of thing on thing, 
As e’er I heard in madness. 

Isab. O gracious duke, 
Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason 
For inequality; but let your reason serve 
To make the truth appear where it seems hid, 
And hide the false seems true. 

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?  
Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio, 
Condemned upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemned by Angelo: 
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger,—
Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isab. That's he indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed
'to't.
Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my
tale,—
Lucio. Right,
Duke. It may be right; but you are i'the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.
Isab. To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it:
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again. The matter; proceed.
Isab. In brief, to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debate-
ment,
My heart's remorse confutes mine honour, 90
And I did yield to him: but the next morn be-
times,
His purpose surfeiting, 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
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 camest here to complain.
Isab. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in 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 unbelieved go!
Duke. I know you'll 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 swinged him soundly.
Duke. Words against me! this is 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 him at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurril fellow,
Fri. P. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurril, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.
Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear
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 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whensover he's converted. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.
Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
[Isabella is carried off guarded; and
Mariana comes forward.
Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.
Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my
face.
Until my husband bid me.
Duke. What, are you married?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow, then?
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why, you are nothing then: neither aid, widow, nor wife.
Lucio. My lord, she may be a pun: for any of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause 181
o prattle for himself.
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Mari. My lord, I do confess I never was married; and I confess besides I am no maid: have known my husband; yet my husband nows 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 say too? 191
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, is self-same manner doth accuse my husband, and charges him, my lord, with such a time he'll depose I had him in mine arms 'th all the effect of love.
Ang. Charges she more than me?
Mari. Not that I know. 200
Duke. No? you say your husband.
Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo, he thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body, it knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.
Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [Unveiling.
is is that face, thou cruel Angelo, hich once thou sworest was worth the looking on; is is the hand which, with a vow'd contract, as fast belock'd in thine; this is the body 210 that took away the match from Isabel, and did supply thee at thy garden-house: her imagined person.
Lucio. 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 swist myself and her; which was broke off, 220 utly for that her promised proportions were short of composition, but in chief or that her reputation was disvalued levity: since which time of five years ever 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, im affianced this man's wife as strongly words could make up vows: and, my good lord, it Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house e knew me as a wife. As this is true, 230 t me in safety raise me from my knees;

Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!
Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.
Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure. 240
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit
That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.
Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord! for he indeed 250
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides
And he may fetch him.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you; 260
But stir not you till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers.
Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. [Exit Duke.
Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?
Lucio. 'Cucullus non facit monachum;' honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.
Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.
Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.
Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again:
I would speak with her. [Exit an Attendant.
Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.
Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.
Escal. Say you?
Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.
Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.
Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight. 272

Re-enter Officers with Isabella; and Pro-
Vost with the Duke in his friar's habit.
Escal. Come on, mistress: here's a gentle-
woman denies all that you have said.
Lucio. My lord, here comes the rasical I spoke of; here with the provost.
Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.
Lucio. Mun.
Escal. Come, sir: did you see these women
on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed
you did. 

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. 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.

Escal. 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? 300
Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed
friend!

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, 310
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
Douse 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, 321
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Stander to the state! Away with him to
jail!

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Sig-
nior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-
man 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
recounted 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. 341

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 unreasonable 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 those
giglots too, and with the other confederate com-
panion!

Duke. [To Provost] Stay, sir; stay awhile.


Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; fool,
sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must
be hooched, must you? Show your knave's visage,
with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face,
and be hanged an hour! Will't not off? 36c

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers
the Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er
madest a duke.

First, provost, let me ball 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 you have spoke I
will not
Do to you:

We'll 'lodge place him. [To Angelo] Sir, by
your leave.

Hast thou 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 dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be indiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:

Immediate sentence then and sequel death
Is all the grace I beg.


Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman? 38c

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.

[Exent Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter
and Provost.

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his
dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.


Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon, 39

That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us,
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance 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, 40c
That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with
him!

That life is better life, past fearing death,
an that which lives to fear; make it your
comfort,
happy is your brother.
'sub. I, I, I, I, I.

What's His 46° and,

Most
t

Merely,

else

Sweet

stand,


Duke. For this new-married man approaching
here,

iose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
ur well defended honour, you must pardon
r Mariana's sake; but as he judged your
brother,—
ing criminal, in double violation
sacred chastity and of promise-breach 410
ereon dependent, for your brother's life,—
e very mercy of the law cries out
st audible, even from his proper tongue,
a Angelo for Claudio, death for death!
iste still pays haste, and leisure answers
leisure:
ce doth quit like, and measure still for
measure.
en, Angelo, thy faults thus manifested;
ich, though you wouldst deny, denies thee
vantage.

do condemn thee to the very block
here Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
haste.

ray with him!

Mari. O my most gracious lord,

hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a
husband.

resenting to the safeguard of your honour,
ought your marriage fit; else imputation,
that he knew you, might reproach your life
choke your good day to come: for his pos-
sessions,
though by confiscation they are ours,
do instate and widow you withal,
buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord, 430

rave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never cease, we are defensive.

Mari. Gentle my leg— [Kneeling,—

Duke. You do but lose your labour.

vay with him to death! [To Lucia] Now, sir,
to you.

Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take
my part;
nd your knees, and all my life to come
lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune
her;
ould she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
old up your hands, say nothing; 'I'll speak all.
ey say, best men are moulded out of faults;
for the most, become much more the better
being a little bad: so may my husband.
Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Mari. Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling,—
ok, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
if my brother lived: I partly think

A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:

For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way; thoughts are no
subjects;

Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up,
I say.

I have betheought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the
deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private
message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your
office:

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so
wise,
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I pro-
cure:

And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart

That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, with Barnardine, Claudio
muffled, and Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squarest thy life according. Thou'rt con-
demn'd:

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide;
For better times to come. Friar, advise him:—
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's
that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[Unmuffles Claudio.

Duke. [To Isabella] If he be like your
brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that. By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe; Methinks I see a quickening in his eye. Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well: 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 deserved of you, That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hanged after. Proclaim it, provost, round about the city, Is any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow, As I have heard him swear himself there's one Whom he begot with child, let her appear, And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd, Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a duke: good my lord, do not repent me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry h
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 press to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.

[Exeunt Officers with Luc. She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you resto Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo: I have confess'd her and I know her virtue. Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much go ness:

There's more behind that is more grateul. 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 you'll a willing ear incline, What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show What's yet behind, that's meet you all shou know. [Exe]
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LINUS, duke of Ephesus.
RON, a merchant of Syracuse.
TIPHOLUS of Ephesus, twins brothers, and
TIPHOLUS of Syracuse, twin brothers, and attend-
OMIO of Ephesus, twin brothers, and attend-
OMIO of Syracuse, twin brothers, and attend-
ATHAZAR, a merchant.
BEGO, a goldsmith.
MERCHANT, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

ACT I.

Scene I. A hall in the Duke's palace.

Duke, AEGON, GAOLER, OFFICERS, and other

Attendants.

Edg. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall
1 by the doom of death and woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more:
not partial to infringe our laws:
emnity and discord which of late
ung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
so wanting guilders to redeem their lives
seald his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
cludes all pity from our threatening looks.

since the mortal and intestine jars
x thy sedicious countrymen and us,
ath in solemn synods been decreed,
eth by the Syracusians and ourselves,
\admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
y, more,
any born at Ephesus be seen
any Syracusan marts and fairs;
me to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
 Goodman confiscate to the duke's dispose,
less a thousand marks be levied,
quilt the penalty and to ransom him.
y substance, valued at the highest rate,
omot amount unto a hundred marks;
erfore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Edg. Yet this my comfort: when your words
are done,
woes end likewise with the evening sun.
Duke. Well, Syracusian, say in brief the cause
by thou departest from thy native home
for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

Edg. A heavier task could not have been
imposed
an I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
t, that the world may witness that my end
as wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
lutter what my sorrow gives me leave.
Syracusa was I born, and wed
into a woman, happy but for me,
nd by me, had not our hap been bad.

Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.
PINCH, a schoolmaster.

ÆMILIA, wife to ÆGEON, an abbess at Ephesus.
ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
LUCIANA, her sister.
LUCE, servant to Adriana.
A Courtezan.

GAOLER, OFFICERS, and other Attendants.

SCENE: Ephesus.

With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my father's death
And the great care of goods at random left
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour and in the self-same inn
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:

Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,

Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us! For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for;
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind; 110
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrow'st for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and importuned 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 laboured of a love to see, 131
I hazard'd the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death.
Could all my travels warrant me they live. 140

Duke. Helpless Ægeon, 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, though thou art adjudged to the death
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet I will 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 sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.  [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Mart.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse, and First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore give out you are Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracuseus 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. 1
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.  [Exi

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain meants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose my self
3
And wander up and down to view the city.

First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your ow content.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine ow 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 I rather approach to late:
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 dinner.
Good sister, let us dine and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master, and when they see time
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' 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 watery seas,
Induced 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 unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear
some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would for-bear.

Adr. Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
**THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.**

**Dro. E.** Nay, he’s at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

**Adr.** Say, didst thou speak with him? know’st thou his mind?

**Dro. E.** Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

**Luc.** Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

**Dro. E.** Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

**Adr.** But say, I prithee, is he coming home?

It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

**Dro. E.** Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

**Adr.** Horn-mad, thou villain!

I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner, he asked me for a thousand marks in gold:

‘Tis dinner-time,’ quoth I; ‘My gold!’ quoth he:

‘Your meat doth burn,’ quoth I; ‘My gold!’ quoth he,

‘Will you come home?’ quoth I; ‘My gold!’ quoth he,

‘Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?’

‘The pig,’ quoth I, ‘is burn’d;’ ‘My gold!’ quoth he.

‘My mistress, sir,’ quoth I; ‘Hang up thy mistress!’

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!’

**Luc.** Quoth who?

**Dro. E.** Quoth my master:

‘I know, quoth he, ‘no house, no wife, no mistress.’

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;

For, 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?

For God’s sake, send some other messenger.

**Adr.** Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

**Dro. E.** And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between 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,

That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [Exit.

**Luc.** Fie, how impatience loueth 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: 50

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 features. 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 wrong dispense.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;

Or else what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promised 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; yet the gold bides still,

That others touch, and often touching will

Wear gold: and no man that hath a name,

By 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 observation and mine host’s report.

I could not speak with Dromio since at first

I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

**Enter Dromio of Syracuse.**

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter’d?

As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

You know no Centaur? you received no gold?

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner"

My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad

That thus so madly thou didst 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 didst deny the gold’s receipt

And told’st me of a mistress and a dinner;

For which, I hope, thou felt’st I was displeased.

**Dro. S.** I am glad to see you in this merr

What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

**Ant. S.** Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?

Thinkst thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[Beating him.

**Dro. S.** Hold, sir, for God’s sake! now you jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

**Ant. S.** Because that I familiarly sometime

Do use you for my fool and chat with you,

Your soconcess will jest upon my love.

And make a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,

But creep in crannies when he hides his beams,
Sc. II.]

The Comedy of Errors.

If you will jest with me, know my aspect
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your scorne.

Dro. S. Scone call you it? so you would leave
Battering, I had rather have it a head: an you
Use these blows long, I must get a scone for my
Head and insconce 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
Why every hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and
then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

When in the why and the wherefore is neither
Rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Dro. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Ant. S. Marry, sir, for this something that
You gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give
You nothing for something. But say, sir, is it
Dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that
I 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 pur-
chase the other dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time:
There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you
Were so cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the
Place bale 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 bestow
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.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he
Spends in trimming; the other, that at dinner
They should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved
There is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time
to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial,
Why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is
Bald and therefore to the world's end will have
Bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But, soft! who waits us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and
Frown:

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurgedest wouldst
Vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I speak, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, indivisible, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me?
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but see me I were licentious
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminat'd!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me
And hurl the name of husband in my face
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and true with thy true bed;
I live unstate'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed
With you!

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee and in his blows Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?
Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration.
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave, Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt, But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness married to thy stronger state
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.
Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What was as married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls and sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why protest thou to thyself and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I not?
Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master, Say he dines forth and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I'll say as they say and persever so
And in this mist at all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrivish when I keep not hours:
Say no, I finger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart and that I beat him
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.
Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.
Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass.
Ant. E. You're 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 cates be mean, take them in good heart.
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.
**Scene 1.**

**Dro. E.** Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Gin!

**Dro. S. [Within]** Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

**Dro. E.** What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

**Dro. S. [Within]** Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

**Ant. E.** Who talks within there? Who, open the door!

**Dro. S. [Within]** Right, sir; I'll tell you what, an you'll tell me wherefore.

**Ant. E.** Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

**Dro. S. [Within]** Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

**Ant. E.** What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?

**Dro. S. [Within]** The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

**Dro. E.** O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame. If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place, Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name or thy name for an ass.

**Luc. [Within]** What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate?

**Dro. E.** Let my master in, Lucie.

**Luc. [Within]** Faith, no; he comes too late; And so tell your master.

**Dro. E.** O Lord, I must laugh! I have you with a proverb—Shall I set in my staff?

**Luc. [Within]** Have at you with another; that's—When? can you tell?

**Dro. S. [Within]** If thy name be call'd Lucie,—Lucie, thou hast answer'd him well.

**Ant. E.** Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

**Luc. [Within]** I thought to have ask'd you.

**Dro. S.** [Within] And you said no.

**Dro. E.** So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.

**Ant. E.** Thou baggage, let me in.

**Luc. [Within]** Can you tell for whose sake?

**Dro. E.** Master, knock the door hard.

**Luc. [Within]** Let him knock till it ache.

**Ant. E.** You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

**Luc. [Within]** What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town? 40

**Adr. [Within]** Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

**Dro. S. [Within]** By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

**Ant. E.** Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

**Adr. [Within]** Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

**Dro. E.** If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.

**Ang.** Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

**Bat.** In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

**Dro. E.** They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

**Ant. E.** There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

**Dro. E.** You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake there is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

**Ant. E.** Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

**Dro. S. [Within]** Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

**Dro. E.** A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind,

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

**Dro. S. [Within]** It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, blind!

**Dro. E.** Here's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in.

**Dro. S. [Within]** Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

**Ant. E.** Well, I'll break in: go borrow me a crow.

**Dro. E.** A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

**Ant. E.** Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

**Bat.** Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so! Herein you war against your reputation

And draw within the compass of suspicion The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom, Her sober virtue, years and modesty, Plead on her part some cause to you unknown; And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse Why at this time the doors are made against you. Be ruled by me: 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 housed where it gets possession.

**Ant. E.** You have prevail'd: I will depart in 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: 110

There will we dine. This woman that I mean, My wife—but, I protest, without desert— Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:

To her will we to dinner. [To Ang.] Get you home

And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.  [Act II.

Scene II. The same.

Enter Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness;
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator; 10
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attain't?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. 20
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her heart; call her wife:
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,— 30
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself and I will dote;
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,
And in that glorious supposition think 50
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 reasonso?

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; 60
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.
Is there this? this is my sister, or else should be.
Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Exit. 70

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio?
am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say 'Sir-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? 80

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grever; 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.

Ant. S. What's her name? 170

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three
quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not
measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than
from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I
could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands
Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found
it out by the bogs. 121

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard
in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted,
making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I
could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it
stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran
between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot
in her breast.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er em-
bellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, de-
clining their rich aspect to the hot breath of
Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to
be ballast at her nose. 141

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To
conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to
me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to
her; told me what privy marks I had about me,
as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my
neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I
amazed ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of
faith and my heart of steel, 150
She had transform'd me to a curtail dog and made
me turn 't the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hire thee presently, post to the road:
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit
here; 161
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S. I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.

Ang. What is your will that I shall do with
this?

Ant. S. What please yourself, sir: I have made
it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times
you have,
Go home with it and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you
And then receive my money for the chain. 180

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. 181

[Exit.

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot
tell;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Scene I. A public place.

Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum
is due,
And since I have not much importuned 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 attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus,
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock
10
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 ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO
of Ephesus, from the courtezans.

Off. That labour may you save: see where he
comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house,
go thou
And 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. 20

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year; I
buy a rope. [Exit.

Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to
myself;
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,  
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came  
not.  
Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note.  
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,  
The fineness of the gold and chargeable fashion,  
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more  
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:  
I pray you, see him presently discharged,  
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.  
Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present  
money;  
Besides, I have some business in the town.  
Good signior, take the stranger to my house  
And with you take the chain and bid my wife  
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:  
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.  
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  
Or else you may return without your money.  
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give 'me  
the chain:  
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.  
Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance  
to excuse  
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.  
I should have chid you for not bringing it,  
But, like a shrew, 'you first begin to brawl.  
Sec. 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,  
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me  
see it.  
Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.  
Good sir, say whether you'll answer me or no:  
If not, I'll give 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.  
Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.  
Off. I do: and charge you in the duke's name  
to obey me.  
Ang. This touches me in reputation.  

Either consent to pay this sum for me  
Or I attach you by this officer.  
Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never  
had!  
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.  
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.  
I would not spare my brother in this case,  
If he should scorn me so apparently.  
Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.  
Ant. E. I do 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,  
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.  

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.  
Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard  
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage,  
sir,  
I have convey'd aboard and I have bought  
The oil, the balsamum and aqua-vitæ.  
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind  
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.  
Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou  
piveish sheep,  
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?  
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.  
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for  
a rope  
And told thee to what purpose and what end.  
Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:  
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.  
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more  
leisure  
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.  
To Adriana, villain, lie thee straight:  
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk  
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry  
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:  
Tell her I am arrested in the street  
And that shall bail me: 'tis she, slave, be gone!  
On, officer, to prison till it come.  

[Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.  
Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,  
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:  
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.  
Thither I must, although against my will,  
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.  

Scene II. The house of Anthophylus  
Ephesus.  

Enter Adriana and Luciana.  
Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?  
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye  
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?  
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merry?  
What observation madest thou in this case  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?  
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.  
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more  
my spite.  
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger  
here.
A Dr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn
he were. 
Luc. Then pleaded I for you. 
A Dr. "And what said he? 
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me. 
A Dr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy
love? 
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might
move. 

first he did praise my beauty, then my speech. 
A Dr. Didst speak him fair? 
Luc. Have patience, I beseech. 
A Dr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still; 
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his
will. 
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere, 
Ull-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere; so
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind, 
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind. 
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one? 
No evil lost is wall'd when it is gone. 
A Dr. Ah, but I think him better than I say, 
And yet would herein others' eyes be worse. 
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away: 
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do
curse. 

Enter Dromio of Syracuse. 
Dro. S. Here! go! the desk, the purse! 
sweet, now, make haste. 
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath? 
Dro. S. By running fast. 
A Dr. 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 judgement carries poor souls
to hell. 
A Dr. Why, man, what is the matter? 
Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is
'trested on the case. 
A Dr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose
suit. 
Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is ar-
rested well; 
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that
can I tell. 
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the
money in his desk? 
A Dr. 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? 
A Dr. 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. 
A Dr. 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. 
A Dr. 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? Go
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in
the way, 
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter Luciana with a purse. 
A Dr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it
straight, 
And bring thy master home immediately. 
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit— 
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [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 kindesses; 
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 dost
thou mean? 
Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Para-
dise, 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, gives
them a sob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes
pity on decayed men and gives them suits of
durance; he that sets up his rest to do more ex-
poits 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!' 
Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. 
Is 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 the
sargeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distrai't, and so am I; And here we wander in illusions: Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtzean.

Covr. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now: Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil. 50

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 to say 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Covr. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that can eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, lend I what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress: I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Covr. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised, 70 And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you. Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail, A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, A nut, a cherry-stone; But she, more covetous, would have a chain. Master, be wise, if you give it her. The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.

Covr. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain: I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avant, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go. 80

Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know.

[Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.]

Covr. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself. A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promised me a chain: Both one and other he denies me now. The reason that I gather he is mad, Besides this present instance of his rage, Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner, Of his own doors being shut against his entrance. Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits, 91 On purpose shut the doors against his way. My way is now to lise home to his house, And tell his wife that, being lunatic, He rush'd into my house and took perforce My ring away. This course I fittest choose: For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

Scene IV. A street.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and the Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away: I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money, To warrant thee, as I am restor'd for. My wife is in a wayward mood to-day, And will not lightly trust the messenger. That I should be attach'd in Ephesus, I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end. Here comes my man; I think he brings the money, How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [Beating him.

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain! Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel thy blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating: When I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont 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 Courtzean, and Pinch.

Dro. E. Mistress, 'respite finem,' respect your end; or rather, † the prophecy like the parrot, 'beware the rope's-end.'

COUR. How say you now? is not your husband mad?
ADR. His incivility confirms no less.

[To Doctor Pinch, who is conjuring; the scene changes.

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. [Striking him.

PINCH. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man, to yield possession to my holy prayers and to thy state of darkness hee thee straight: conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!]

ANT. E. Peace, dotting 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 and feet fasten 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 dined at home: where would you have remain'd until this time, were from these slanders and this open shame!

ANT. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

DRO. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

ANT. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?

DRO. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.

ANT. E. And did not she herself revile me then?

DRO. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

ANT. E. Did not her kitchen-maid raill, taunt and scorn me?

DRO. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scold'd you.

ANT. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

DRO. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness, hat since have felt the vigour of his rage.

ADR. Is't good to soothe him in these contrivances?

PINCH. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein yielding to him humour's well his frenzy.

ANT. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

ADR. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you, y' 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 deliver'd it.

LUCE. And I am witness with her that she did.

DRO. E. God and the rope-maker bear witness.
Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-day 
Came to my house and took away my ring—
| 141 |
The ring I saw upon his finger now—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
| 150 |
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords.
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
Off. Away! they'll kill us.

[Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.]

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold; methinks they are such a gentle nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. A street before a Priory.

Enter Second Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Sec. Mer. How is the man esteemed here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved.
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Sec. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think,
he walks.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck.
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.
Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?
Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st;
did hear thee.
Fie on thee; wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus;
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[They draw.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.

Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house!

This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!

[Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng ye hereby?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held th' man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last.
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Harpy, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed he slept not for my urging it;
At board he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom cloures of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his wits were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
The sauce of his meat was sauced with thy unbridings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
of the raging fire of fever bred;
what's a fever but a fit of madness?

You say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brows;
Yet recreation bard'd, what doth ensue
from sport, and life-preserving rest,
'Be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast;

A consequence is then thy jealous fits,ve
Idly and without any answer not?
She did betray me to my own reproof.

No, not a creature enters in my house.
Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
shall privilege him from your hands.
I have brought him to his wits again,
lose my labour in assaying it.

I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
it is his sickness, for it is my office.
d will have no attorney but myself;

I therefore let me have him home with me.
Be patient: for I will not let him stir,
I have used the approved means I have,
th wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prays,
make of him a formal man again;

A branch and parcel of mine oath,
Charitable duty of my order.

I will not hence and leave my husband here:
ill it doth be seem your holiness
Separate the husband and the wife.

Be quiet and depart: thou shalt not have

Exeunt. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet
d never rise until my tears and prayers
We won his grace to come in person hither
d take perforce my husband from the abbess.

By this, I think, the dial points at five

I am sure, the duke himself in person
Mes this way to the melancholy vale,

A place of death and sorry execution,
Hind the ditches of the abbey here.

Upon what cause?

To see a reverend Syrian merchant,
Up unmixed into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Headed publicly for his offence.

See where they come: we will behold

Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
Any friend will pay the sun for him,
Shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:

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 desparately he hurried through the street.—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—

Doing displeasure to the citizens.
By rushing in their houses, bearing hence
Kings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him:

And with his mad attendants and himself,
Each one with ousel passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again and madly bent on us
Chased us away, till raising of more aid
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them:
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us
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.

Long since thy husband served me in
My wars,
And to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.

Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!

My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids-a-row and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of pulped mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool,
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,

And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true: I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

Come, stand by me; fear nothing.
Guard with halberds!

Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.
Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I besprinkled 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.

Æge. 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 gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury!

Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shamelessly 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?

Adv. 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, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:
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, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balkazar and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him
And in his company that gentleman.

There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for which
He did arrest me with an officer.


Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunds
I gain'd my freedom and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these casks

Heard you confess you had the chain of him?
After you first foresaw it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impleach this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.

If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the

Porpentine.

COUR. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I have of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbe here?

COUR. As sure, my liege, as I do see you grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.

I think you are all mated or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchesafe me speech a word:

Haply I see a friend will save my life
And pay the sum that may deliver me.


Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman.

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
And in a dark and dankish vault at home

Now am I Dromio and his man unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me?

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, b you:
For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?
**THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.**

Ege. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Int. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Ege. O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last.

d carefull hours with time's deformed hand
ve written strange defeatures in my face:

tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Int. E. Neither.

Ege. Dromio, nor thou?

Pro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ege. I am sure thou dost.

Pro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and atsoever a man denies, you are now bound to love him.

Ege. Not know my voice! 0 time's extremity,
st thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
seven short years, that here my only son
owes not my feeble key of unturned cares?

ough now this grained face of mine be hit
sapping winter's drizzled snow
d all the conduits of my blood froze up,

d hath all night of life some memory,
dull deaf ears a little use to hear:

these old witnesses—I cannot err—

me thou art my Antipholus.

Int. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Ege. But seven years since, in Syracuse,

ou knowst we parted: but perhaps, my son,

to shamest to acknowledge me in misery.

Int. E. The duke and all that know me in the city

a witness with me that it is not so:

er saw Syracuse in my life.

Int. E. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years

ve I been patron to Antipholus,

ring which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:

thy age and dangers make thee dote.

—enter Abbess, with ANTIPOHULS of Syracuse

and DROMIO of Syracuse.

168. Most mighty duke, behold a man much

wrong'd. [All gather to see them. 330

Adv. I see two husbands, or mine eyes de-

ceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other:

d so of these. Which is the natural man,
d which the spirit? who decipher them?

Pro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Pro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.

Int. S. Ageon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Pro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

166. Whoever bound him, I will loose his

bonds

d gain a husband by his liberty.

340

ant. E. If I dream not, thou art Emilia:

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:

These two Antipholuses, these two so like,

And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—

Besides her urging of her want at sea,—

These are the parents to these children,

Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou camest 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 gra-

cious lord.—

Dro. E. And with him, I.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most

famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adv. Which of you two did dine with me to-

day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adv. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother. [To Luc.] What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good;

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. 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 arrest-

ed me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adv. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you

And Dromio my man did bring them me.

I see we still did meet each other's man,

And I was 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, vouchsafe 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 burthen ne'er delivered.
The duke, my husband and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such festivity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.


Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:

Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and 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 PERSONÆ.

Don Pedro, prince of Arragon.
Don John, his bastard brother.
Claudio, a young lord of Florence.
Benedick, a young lord of Padua.
Leonato, governor of Messina.
Antonio, his brother.
Balthasar, attendant on Don Pedro.
Conrade, followers of Don John.
Borachio, Francis.
Dogberry, a constable.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not rece 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 achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part and equally numbered by Don Pedro: he hath borne him, beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the sure of a lamb, the feats of a lion; he hath indeed bettered bettered expectation than you must expect from 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 there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough, thou 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. ow much better is it to weep at joy than to joy weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto removed from the war or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there is none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedict of Dubia.

Mess. O, he's returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and allenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? For indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady: but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing, well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a
Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, Benedick, and Balthasar.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such food to meet it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would to God I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a 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.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, 'tis God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer.

I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [To Don John] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement; or would you have me speak after my custom, being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judge manner.

Bene. Why, faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st me too in sport: I pray thee, give me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquir after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good harem finder and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, if what key shall a man take you, to go in the song...

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles and see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her in much in beauty as the first of May doth the las of December. But I hope you have no intention to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this? In faith, hath no the world one man but he will wear his cap without suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three score again? Go to, I faith; an thou wilt need thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro I returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? now that is your grace's part. Mark how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: 'tis not so
nor twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it
Could be so! 220

Clau'd. If my passion change not shortly,
or forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the
day is very well worthy.

Clau'd. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Clau'd. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my
lord, I spoke mine.

Clau'd. That I love her, I feel. 230

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be
ved nor know how she should be worthy, is
the union that fire cannot melt out of me: I will
be in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic
as the despise of beauty.

Clau'd. And never could maintain his part but
the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank
her: that she brought me up, I likewise give her
her humble thanks: but that I will have a re-
pect winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle
an invisible baldric, all women shall pardon
me. Because I will not do them the wrong to
distrust any, I will do myself the right to trust
one; and the fine is, for which I may go the
world, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look
ale with love. 250

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with
anger, my lord, not with love: prove that ever
lose more blood with love than I will get again
with drinking; pick out mine eyes with a ballad-
aker's pen and hang me up at the door of a
coach-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from
its faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat
in the head, and make Adam 262

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the
able Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's
nose and set them in my forehead: and let me
be a little painted, and in such great letters as they
write 'here is good horse to hire,' let them sig
under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick
em a married man.'

Clau'd. If this should ever happen, thou
oulst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his
arrow in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the
ous. In the meantime, good Signor Benedick,
pair to Leonato's; commend to him and if him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed
hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for
the Passion; and so I commit you—

Clau'd. To the tuition of God: From my
ese, if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving
end, Benedick.
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! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Her. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He was an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady’s eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick’s tongue in Count John’s mouth, and half Count John’s melancholy in Signior Benedick’s face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she’s too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God’s sending that way; for it is said, ‘God sends a curst cow short horns;’ but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for

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 betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother’s right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper square! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a dusty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whip me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove God to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me? 

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their clause is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cock were of my mind! Shall we go prove what’s to be done?

Bora. We’ll wait upon your lordship.

[Exeunt.]
be which blessing I am at him upon my knees very morning and evening. Lord, I could not adore a husband with a beard on his face: I am rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will he devil meet me, like an old courtkold, with ones on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids.' So deliver I up my apes, and away o' Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [To Hero.] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy and say 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a seasonable fellow, or else make another curtsy and say 'Father, as it please me.'

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day married with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to catch in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you; if the prince do solicit you in that kind, ou know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooded in good time: if the prince is too important, tell him there is measure in every thing and so dance out the answer. For, ear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly wasted, as a measure, full of state and antiquity; and then comes repentance and, with his bad legs, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a lurch by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother: take good room. [All put on their masks.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar, Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friends?

Hero. So you walk sojily and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and specially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philémon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [Drawing her aside.

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better: the ears may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. 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 Signor Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling 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 Signor 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 slanderers: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [Music.] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[Draw. Then exit all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.
D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.

Bona. 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.

Bona. 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 Bonachio.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick, but hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 'Tis certain so; the prince woos for himself. If friendship is constant in all other things, save in the office and affairs of love! Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues: let every eye negotiate for itself and trust no agent; for beauty is a witch against whose charms faith melteth into blood. This is an accident of hourly proof, which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an 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 strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.

Bene. Alas, poor hurt 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 forsaken, or to bind him up a roset, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet, though he had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! I an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her: my visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She aims poniards and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror and perturbation followed.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-pick now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Prester John's foot, fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard, do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this happy. 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: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [Exit.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Scene I.

much for... 350
D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.
D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?
Claud. Not sad, my lord.
D. Pedro. How then? sick?
Claud. Neither, my lord.
D. Pedro. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that Jealous complexion.
D. Pedro. 'Faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!
Claud. Count, take of me your daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.
D. Pedro. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.
Claud. Silence is the perfect herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.
D. Pedro. Speak, cousin: or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.
D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.
D. Pedro. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.
D. Pedro. And so she doth, cousin.
D. Pedro. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband! I, for a husband! D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.
D. Pedro. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.
D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?
D. Pedro. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.
D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.
D. Pedro. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!
D. Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?
D. Pedro. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon.
D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.
D. Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then: for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.
D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.
D. Leon. O by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.
D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.
D. Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.
D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?
D. Leon. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.
D. Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night: and at 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.
D. Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.
D. Leon. And I, my lord.
D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?
D. Leon. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.
D. Leon. Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so 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.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. The same.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.
Borachio. Yeas, my lord; but I can cross it.
D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinal to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?
Borachio. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.
D. John. Show me briefly how.
Borachio. I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.
Borachio. 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? 20
Bona. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.
D. John. What proof shall I make of that? Bona. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?
D. John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing I can.
Bona. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as, in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—should you have discovered this. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me tell Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.
D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.
Bona. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.
D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Leonato's orchard.

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Boy! Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love; and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, curving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an os- ter; 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 cherish her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[Wild drawes.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?
Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony! 40
D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?
Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-box with a pennyworth.

Enter Balthasar with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.
Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a avocoe To slander music any more than once.
D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency To put a strange face on his own perfection. I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more. 50
Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing; Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos, 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 the noting.
D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [Air.
Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheep's' gods should hate souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The Song.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever, 70
Men, 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 moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since been, that's certain leafy;
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.
[Scene III.]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.
D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift. 80

Benedick. An he had been a dog that should have bit, thus, they would have hanged him: and pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had a lie have heard the night-raven, come a thousand such claque could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; or to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exit Balthasar.]

Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, say: stand on, stand on; the fowl its. I did never think that lady would have oved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom he hath in all outward behaviours seemed even a abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what I think of it but that she loves him with an engag'd affection: it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. O, no; Balthasar. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows he?

Claud. Baits the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit out, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I have would sworn it had, my lord; specially against Benedick. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, I will himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed: so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper; my daughter tells is all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand

halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her; 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit: for I should flout him, if he write to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sob, 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 overcome her that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an 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 every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combat 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 doage on me: I would have daffed all other respects and made her half my own. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not, and she will die, ere she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible 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.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never: 'twill 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. We will hear further of it by her 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 dine on her upon this, I
will never trust my expectation.
D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread
for her; and that must your daughter and her
gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when
they hold one an opinion of another's dotage,
and no such matter; that's the scene that I would
see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us
send her to call him in to dinner.
[Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.
Bene. [Coming forward] This can be no
trick; the conference was sadly borne. They
have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to
pity the lady: it seems her affections have their
full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited.
I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear
myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from
her; they say too that she will rather die than
give any sign of affection. I did never think to
marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they
that hear their detractions and can put them to
mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth,
I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so,
I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me:
by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor
great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly
in love with her. I may chance have some odd
quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because
I have railed so long against her marriage: but doth
not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in
his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall
quirps and sentences and these paper bullets of the
brain awe a man from the career of his honour?
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. Yea, just so much as you may take
upon a knife's point and chafe 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 shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleaded bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it: there will shu
To listen our purpose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.
Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you
presently.
[Exit.
Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter Beatrice, behind.
Now begin:
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.
Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden ears the silver stream,
And then to say they devour the treacherous bait.
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear los
nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.
[Approaching the bower.
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.
Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothed
lord.
Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it
madam?
Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick. 4
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentle
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice: 5
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.
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 ye
saw man.
Scene II. A room in Leonato’s house.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Don Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummated, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I’ll bring you thither, my lord, if you’ll vouchsafe me.

Don Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid’s bow-string and the little 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.

Don 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 toothache.

Don Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Don Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

Don Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a’ brushes his hat o’ mornings; what should that bode?

Don 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.

Don 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.

Don Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Don 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.

Don Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.
Enter Don John.

Don. My lord and brother, God save you!
Ped. Good den, brother.
Don. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

Enter Benedick and Leonato.

Bened. 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.

Don. My lord and brother, God save you!
Ped. Good den, brother.
John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.
Ped. In private?
John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.
Ped. What's the matter?
John. [To Claudio] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?
Ped. You know he does.
John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.
Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.
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 holp to effect your ensuing marriage;—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.
Ped. Why, what's the matter?
John. I came neither to tell you; and, circumstanced shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.
Claud. Who, Hero?
John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

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?

Ped. I will not think it.

Don. 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 any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Ped. And, as I woeed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

Don. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

Ped. O day untowardly turned!
Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!
John. O plague right well prevented! I will you say when you have seen the sequel.

Scene III. A street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges with the Watcher.

Dog. Are you good men and true?
Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance to them, being chosen for the prince's watch.
Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desarted man to be constable?

Enter Watcher. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. Go hath blessed you with a good name: to be well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sec. Watch. Both which, the master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be you answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, giv God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear whe there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for th constable of the watch; therefore bear you th lartern. This is your charge: you shall comp hend all vagrom men; you are to bid any in stand, in the prince's name.

Sec. Watch. How if a' will not stand?
Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but le him go; and presently call the rest of the wat together; and thank God you are rid of a knave.

If he will not stand when he is bidden he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with non but the prince's subjects. You shall also mak no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babbl and to talk is most tolerable and not to be en
dared.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleep ing should offend: only, have a care that you bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the i-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if you make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle o make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?
Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I

thay they touch pitch will be defiled: the

at peaceable way for you, if you do take a

of, is to let him show himself what he is and

al out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful

n, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my

l, much more a man who hath any honesty in

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night,

must call to the nurse and bid her still it. 70

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will

hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the

ld wake her with crying; for the eeu that will

hear her lamb when it baes will never answer

half when he beats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge—you,

stable, are to present the prince's own person:
you meet the prince in the night, you may

him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that I think a'

not.

Dog. Five shillings to one out, with any man

knows the statues, he may stay him; marry,

without the prince be willing; for, indeed,

watch ought to offend no man; and it is an

horse to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night:

there be any matter of weight chances, call

me: keep your fellows' counsels and your

n; and good night. Come, neighbour.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge:

us go sit here upon the church-bench till two,

then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I

y, you watch about Signior Leonato's door; the

wedding being there to-morrow, there is a

at coi-to-night. Adieu: be vigilant, I beseech

u. [Exeunt Dogberry and Verges. 101

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade! 105

Watch. [Aside] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Hon. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought

re would a scab follow.

Hon. I will owe thee an answer for that: and

eard with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-

use, for it drivelles rain; and I will, like a true

ikard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [Aside] Some treason, masters: yet

close.

Hon. Therefore know I have earned of Don

a thousand ducats.

Hon. Is it possible that any villany should

dear?

Hon. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were

sible any villany should be so rich; for when

illains have need of poor ones, poor ones

ake what price they will.

Hon. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou

nowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat,
or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yet, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the

fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief

this fashion is?

Watch. [Aside] I know that Deformed: a'

has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes

up and down like a gentleman: I remember

his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear anybody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed

thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about

all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-

 ory? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's

olds in the rocky painting, sometime like god

el's priests in the old church-window, sometime

ike the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-

aten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as

asy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion

ears out more apparel than the man. But art

not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that

hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of

the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither: but know that I have

to-night woood Margaret, the Lady Hero's gen-
tlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leaves the

ist at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a

ousand 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. 162

Con. And thought they Margaret was

Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and

ia Claudio; but the devil my master knew she

Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first

essed them, partly by the dark night, which

d, deceived them, but chiefly by my villany,

ich did confirm any slander that Don John

id, away Claudio enraged; swore he would

meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at

emple, and there, before the whole congregation,

ame her with what he saw o'er night and send

om her home again without a husband.

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's

ame, stand!

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master con-
stable. We have here recovered the most dan-
gerous piece of lechery that ever was known in

commonwealth. 181

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of

om: I know him; a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

Sec. Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed

forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

First Watch. Never speak: we charge you

let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly com-
modity, being taken up of these men's bills. 191

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant

you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.
SCENE IV. Hero's apartment.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [Exit.

Marg. 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 one within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, 's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and faced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fe upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. 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 wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, it an 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. 40

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap's into 'Light o' love'; that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing! I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuff'd! there's good catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! he long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Even since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should weep in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Cordus Benedictus, and lay to it your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thist!


Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have a moral meaning: I meant, plain holy-thistle. Y. may think perchance that I think you are love: nay, by'l lady, I am not such a fool think what I list, nor I list not to think what can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love: that you will be in love on what you can be love. Yet Benedick was such another, and no is he become a man: he swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, eats his meat without grudging: and how y. may be converted I know not, but methinks y. look with your eyes as other women do.

Marg. What pace is this that thy tongue keep?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the com Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallad of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Madam good Ursula. [Exit.

SCENE V. Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some con
dence with you that decreas you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were, but, in faith, honest as the skin between two brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest any man living that is an old man and no nester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palabr neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It please your worship to say so, I we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king could find it in my heart to bestow it all of yo worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah!

Dog. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound in than 'dis; for I hear as good exclamation on y
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT IV.

Scene I. A church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, and attendants.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to e plain form of marriage, and you shall recount your particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry is lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married this count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I large you, on your souls, to utter it.


Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:

Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give 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
May counterfeit this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here! O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the 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 will 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 pumper'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 herself 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 ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named,
my lord,
Not to be spoken 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
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety 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 shall fill it more be gracious
Than that I was, and that I am, and that I was
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, or divinity;
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some beting error.
Leon. How now, cousin Hero!
Friar. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.
Beaut. How now, cousin Hero!
Friar. Have comfort, lady.
Leon. Dost thou look up?
Friar. Yea, wherefor should she not?
Leon. Wherewith! Why, doth not every earthly
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldest not quickly die,
Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
If if their wisdoms be misled in this,
As practice of it lives in John the bastard, 190
Hose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
I proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Me hath not yet so dreed this blood of mine,
or age so eat up my invention,
or fortune made such havoc of my means,
or my bad life left me so much of friends,
At they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Strength in limb and policy of mind, 200
Bility in means and choice of friends,
Out of me they handful throughly.

Friar. Pause awhile, and let my counsel sway you in this case.
Our daughter here the princes left for dead:
At her ahile she secretly in,
Publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation
And on your family's old monument
Ang mournful epitaphs and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf
Hange slander to remorse; that is some good:
Ut not for that dream I on this strange course,
Ut on this travell look for greater birth.
Dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Pon the instant that she was accused,
All be lamented, pitied and excused
Every hearer: for it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Hiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
By then we rack the value, then we find
He virtue that possession would not show us
Hiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio: he
Shall he not hear she died upon his words,
He idea of her life shall sweetly creep
to his study of imagination:
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
Ore moving-delicate and full of life,
To the eye and prospect of his soul,
An when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,
Love ever had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her,
o, though he thought his accusation true:
If this be so, and doubt not but success
Ill fashion the event in better shape
Can I lay it down in likelihood.
It if all aim but this be levell'd false,
He supposition of the lady's death
Ill quench the wonder of her infamy:
If it sort not well, you may conceal her,
She best befits her wounded reputation,
Some reclusive and religious life,
Ut of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
Ut though you know my inwardness and love
Very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

[Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.]

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 lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and
I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

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 stayed me in a happy hour: I
Was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart
That none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

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: say, 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 Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain,
That hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my
Kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and
then, with public sores, uncovered slander,
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!
Scene II. A prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrad and Borachio.

Dog. Is our whole assembly appeared?
Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.
Sex. Which be the malefactors?
Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.
Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.
Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.
Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me.

What is your name, friend?

Borachio. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrad.

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Conrad.

Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dog. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Borachio. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way: let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you in the prince's name, accuse these men.

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down Prince John a villain. Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Borachio. Master constable,—


Sex. What heard you him say else?

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio dismean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned in everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secret; stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused; in this manner refused, and upon the grie of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's I will go before and show him their examination.

[Exeunt.]

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;
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

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or let no comforter delight mine ear,
rt such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
I speaking a father that so loved his child,
ose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine.
d bid him speak of patience: 10 
asure his woe the length and breadth of mine
let it answer every strain for strain,
thus for thus and such a grief for such,
lineament, branch, shape, and form:
such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
o sorrow wag, cry 'hem!' when he should

forebear with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
thaft-candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
I of him will gather patience.

there is no such man: for, brother, men 20
ounsel and speak comfort to that grief
ich they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
oul counsel turns to passion, which before
uld give preceptial medicine to rage;
onger madness in a silken thread,
rm achat with air and agony with words:
, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
those that wring under the load of sorrow,
no man's virtue nor sufficiency
be so moral when he shall endure
like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
grievies cry louder than advertisement.
tra!

Theat do men from children nothing differ.

, I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh
and blood:
there was never yet philosopher
it could endure the toothache patiently,
ver all they have write the style of gods
med a push at chance and sufferance.

Yet bent not all the harm upon yourself;
ke those that do offend you suffer too.

There thou speak'st reason: nay, I
will do so.
soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
t shall Claudio know; so shall the prince
all of them that thus dishonour her.

. Here comes the prince and Claudio

Enter DON PEDRO AND CLAUDIO.

[To Pedro.] Good den, good den.

[To Leon.] Good day to both of you.

. Hear you, my lords,—
[To Pedro.] We have some haste, Leonato.

. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you
well, my lord:
you so hasty now? well, all is one.

[To Pedro.] Nay, do not quarrel with us, good
old man.

. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
us would lie low.

Who wrongs him?

. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dis-
sembler, thou:—
, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
, thee not.

. Marry, beshrew my hand, should give your age such cause of fear:
sith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

. Tush, tush, man: never fleer and jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me
That I am forced to lay my reverence by
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!

Claud. My villany?

. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

. You say not right, old man.

. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lusthhood.

. Away! I will not have to do with you.

. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast
kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, fol-
low me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

. Brother,—

. Content yourself. God knows I loved
my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milk-sops!

. Brother Antony,—

. Hold you content. What, man! I know
them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost
scrupule,—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticy, show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.

. But, brother Antony,—

. Come, 'tis no matter: Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

. Gentlemen both, we will not wake
your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true and very full of proof.

. My lord, my lord,—

. I will not hear you.

. No? Come, brother; away! I will be
heard.

. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.

. See, see; here comes the man we
went to seek.

Enter BENEDICK.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[Act v]

**Bene.** Good day, my lord.

**D. Pedro.** Welcome, signior; you are almost come to part almost a fray.

**Claud.** We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

**D. Pedro.** Leonato and his brother. What thinkst thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

**Bene.** In a false quarrel there is no true valour, I came to seek you both.

**Claud.** We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy and would fain have it beaten away. Will thou use thy wit?

**Bene.** It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

**D. Pedro.** Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

**Claud.** Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

**Bene.** As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?

**Claud.** What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

**Bene.** Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

**Claud.** Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

**D. Pedro.** By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

**Claud.** If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

**Bene.** Shall I speak a word in your ear?

**Claud.** God bless me from a challenge! **Bene.** [Aside to Claudio] You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

**Claud.** Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

**D. Pedro.** What, a feast, a feast?

**Claud.** I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

**Bene.** Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

**D. Pedro.** I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit.' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit.' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise.' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues.' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he wore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape the particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

**Claud.** For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

**D. Pedro.** Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would have him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.
upon record: which I had rather seal with my leath than repeat over to my shame. The lady's dead upon mine and my master's false accusa-
tion: and, briefly, I desire nothing but the re-
ward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron
through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whilsts he ut-
ter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on
to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice
of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of
treachery:
and fled he is upon this villain.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth
appear
in the rare semblance that I loved it first: 260

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by
this time our sexton hath reform'd Signior Le-
onio the matter: and, masters, do not forget to
pecify, when time and place shall serve, that
an am ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leo-
atio, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the
Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
that, when I note another man like him, may
avoid him: which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger,
look on me.

Leon. Art thou that slave that with thy breath
hast kill'd
fine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliést thyself:
here stand a pair of honourable men; a
third is fled, that had a hand in it.

Claud. I know not how to pray thy patience;
et I must speak. Choose thy revenge yourself;
impose me to what penance thy invention
can lay upon my sin: yet sin'd I not
but in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I: and yet, to satisfy this good old man,
would bend under any heavy weight
that he'Il enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
hat were impossible: but, I pray you both,
'ossess the people in Messina here
how innocent she died; and if your love
'ain labour ought in sad invention,
hang her an epitaph upon her tomb
and sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
'to-morrow morning come you to my house,
and since you could not be my son-in-law,
le yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
most the copy of my child that's dead,
and she alone is heir to both of us:
live her the right you should have given her
confin, and doth my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your
coming:

To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But always hath been just and virtuous.

In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under
white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender,
did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remem-
ber'd in his punishment. And also, the watch
heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he
wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it,
and borrows money in God's name, the which he
hath used so long and never paid that now men
grow hard-hearted and will lend nothing for God's
sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest
pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful
and reverend youth: and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner,
and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your wor-
ship; which I beseech your worship to correct
yourself, for the example of others. God keep your
worship! I wish your worship well; God restore
you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart;
and if a merry meeting may be wished, God pro-
hibit it! Come, neighbour.

[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, fare-
well.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you
to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Leon. [To the Watch] Bring you these fel-
owns on. We'll talk with Margaret.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[Exeunt, severally.

SCENE II. LEONATO'S GARDEN.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret,
I desire 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 deservest 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 in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who think hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come. [Exit Margaret.

[Sings] The god of love,
That sits above;
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Tullus the first employer of pardons, 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 rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for school, 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a ryming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then.

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkindly.

Bene. Thou hast frighted 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 didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epitaph! 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 spite 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 who 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 rueful: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don W orm, 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 praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder'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 fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's.

[Exeunt.

Scene III. A church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and three or four with tapes.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Adam. It is, my lord.

Claud. [Reading out of a scroll]

Done to death by slanderous tongues Was the Hero that here lies!

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs, Gives her name 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 which, with songs of woe, Round about her tomb they go. Midnight, assist our morn; Help us to sigh and groan, Heavily, heavily; Graves, 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 your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Pharus, 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 his several way.
SCENE III.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds:
And then to Leonato's we will go.
Leon. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula, Friar Francis, and Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent? Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
but Margaret was in some fault for this,
although against her will, as it appears
in the true course of all the question.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves, and when I send for you, come hither mask'd.

[Exeunt Ladies.

The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
'to visit me. You know your office, brother:
you must be father to your brother's daughter,
and give her to young Claudio.
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior? Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.
Ignor Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
or our niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio and the prince: but what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
but, for my will, my will is your good will
may stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
in the state of honourable marriage:
which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, and two or three others.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow,
Claudio: we here attend you. Are you yet determined
'to-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiopie.
Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why,
what's the matter.

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.

Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When 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
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his beat.

Claud. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Re-enter Antonio, with the Ladies masked.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand: before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife:

Claud. Another Hero! Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defiled, but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whilst her slander lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

Beat. [Unmasking] I answer to that name.
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
Have been deceived; 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 deceived; 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 no such 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, stolen 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.  

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 satirist 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 wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceedingly 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 ta'en 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.
BIRON, lords attending on the King.
DUMAIN, lords attending on the Princess.
BOYET, lords attending on the Princess.
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.
HOLOPHERNES, a schoolmaster.
DULL, a constable.

COSTARD, a clown.
MOTH, page to Armado.
A FORESTER.
The Princess of France.
ROSALINE, ladies attending on the Prince.
MARIA, Princess.
KATHARINE, a country wench.
Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: Attendants, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I. The king of Navarre’s park.

Enter Ferdinand, king of Navarre, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, Boyet, lords attending on the King.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives, jive register’d upon our brazen tombs and then grace us in the disgrace of death: When, spite of cormorant devours Time, he 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,—your late edict shall strongly stand in force: Navarre shall be the wonder of the world; your court shall be a little Academie, still and contemplative in living art. ‘O three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville, have sworn for three years’ term to live with me: 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: subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved; ’tis but a three years’ fast: the mind shall banquet, though the body pine: at pabulum have lean pates, and dainty bits fake rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits. Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified: the grosser manner of these world’s delights he throws upon the gross world’s baser slaves: to love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die; with all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over; so much, dear liege, I have already sworn, that is, to live and study here three years: but there are other strict observances: is, not to see a woman in that term,

Which I hope well is not enrolled there; And one day in a week to touch no food And but one meal on every day beside, The which I hope is not enrolled there; And then, to sleep but three hours in the night, And not be seen to wink of all the day— When I was wont to think no harm all night And make a dark night too of half the day— Which I hope well is not enrolled there: O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep, Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

King. Your oath is pass’d to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:

I only swore to study with your grace
And stay here in your court for three years’ space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.

What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr’d, you mean, from common sense.

King. Ay, that is study’s god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it and not break my troth.
If study’s gain be thus and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne’er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite.

And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

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 dazling so, that eye shall be his head
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven’s glorious sun
That will not be deep-search’d with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others’ books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven’s lights
That give a name to every fixed star
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

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.
Biron. The spring is near when green geese are a-breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhyme.
King. Biron is like an envious sniping frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast
Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May’s new-fangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.
King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu.
Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And though I 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 penance of each three years’ day.
Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I’ll write my name.
King. How well this yielding rescues thee
From shame!

Biron [reads]. ‘Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court:’ Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let’s see the penalty. [Reads] ‘On pain of losing her tongue.’ Who devised this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!

[Reads] ‘Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, I shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.’

This article, my liege, yourself must break:
For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king’s daughter with yourself speak—
A maid of grace and complete majesty—
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her deceptr, sick and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.
King. What say you, lords? why, this w’
quite forgot.
Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would
It doth forget to do the thing it should,
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
’Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.
King. We must of force dispense with the decree:
She must lie here on mere necessity.
Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn.
Three thousand times within this three year space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master’d but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;
I am forsworn on ‘mere necessity.’
So to the laws at large I write my name:

And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stains his attainder of eternal shame.
Suggestions are to other as to me:
But I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know
is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world’s new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony:
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy that Armado hight.
For interim to our studies shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain lost in the world’s debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, 16
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion’s own knight.
Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull with a letter, and Costard.
Dull. Which is the duke’s own person?
Biron. This, fellow: what wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for
I am his grace’s tharborough: but I would see
his own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you.
There’s villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.
Love's Labour's Lost

Scene I.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificient Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God rant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning aequenetta. The manner of it, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those here: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and I do defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King [reads]. 'Great deputy, the wellkin's iniquerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my own earth's god, and body's fostering patron.'

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King [reads]. 'So it is.'

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me and every man that dares not ght!

King. No words!


King [reads]. 'So it is, besiegued with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-presuming 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 most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, mean, I walked upon: it is cleyed thy park, then for the place where; where, I mean, I did mounter that obscure and most preposterous gent, that draweth from my snow-white pen the non-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest; but to the place where; it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, hat base minnow of thy mirth,--'

Cost. Me? Costard. [reads], 'that unlettered small-knowing swain.'

Cost. Me?

King [reads]. 'that shallow vassal,'

Cost. Still me?

King [reads]. 'which, as I remember, hight Costard,'

Cost. O, me!

King [reads]. 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with,—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,—'

Cost. With a wench.

King [reads]. 'with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed 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 [reads]. 'For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's sway; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliants of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty. Written by Don Adrian de Armado.'

Biron. 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 damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed 'damsel.'

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed 'virgin.'

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:

And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow!

[Exeunt.

Scene II. The same.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.
Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.
Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenile?
Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.
Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?
Moth. Why tender juvenile? why tender juvenile?
Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenile, as a congruent epithet appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.
Moth. And I, tough senior, as an 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?
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 hearest 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.
Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.
Arm. True.
Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere ye'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put 'years' to the word 'three,' and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.
Moth. A most fine figure!
Arm. To prove you a cipher.
Moth. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outwear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?
Moth. Hercules, master.
Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.
Moth. Samson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.
Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too.
Moth. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?
Arm. A woman, master.
Moth. Of what complexion?
Arm. 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 affects her for her wit.
Arm. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.
Moth. My love is most immaculate white and red.
Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, as 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; more pretty and pathetic!
Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known,
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred.
And fears by pale white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.
A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.
Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?
Moth. The world was very guilty of such 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 hint 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 ligh
tench.
Arm. I say, sing.
Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance; but a must for three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day woman. Fare you well.
Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid.
Jag. Man?
Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.
Jag. That's hereby.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are! Arm. I will thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away! [Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall o't on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly wounded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away! if a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much lds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado respects not, the duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to be called men. Adieu, rash! rust! rapier! be ill, drum for your manager is in love; yea, he veth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Desse wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same.

Arm. What is the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants?

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits; consider who the king your father sends, o whom he sends, and what's his embassy: ourself, held precious in the world's esteem, o parley with the sole inheritor of all perfections that a man may owe, latchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight than Aquitaine, 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 judgement 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's seemeth it a needful course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure; and in that behalf, Bold of your worthiness, we single you As our best-moving fair solicitor. Tell him, 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-visaged 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 votaries, my loving lords, That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

First Lord. Lord Longaville is one.


Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized In Normandy, saw I this Longaville: A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd; Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms: Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss, If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil, Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will; Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills. It should none spare that come within his power. Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so? Mar. They say so most that most his humours know. Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumat, a well-accomplished youth, Of all that virtue love for virtue loved: Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill: For he hath wit to make an ill shape good, And shape to win grace though he had no wit. 60 I saw him at the Duke Alencçon'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. Biron 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;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

*First Lord.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter Boyet.*

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord? 80

*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 unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

*Enter King, Longaville, Dumas, Biron, and Attendants.*

*King.* Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

*Prin.* 'Tis fair! I give you back again; and 'tis I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

*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 sworn.

*King.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will 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 beseecheth 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 were away:
For you'll prove perjured if you make me stay.

*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Biron.* I know you did.

*Ros.* How needless was it then to ask the question!

*Biron.* You must not be so quick.

*Ros.* 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast
Twill tire.

*Ros.* Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

*Biron.* What time o' day?

*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.

*Biron.* Now fair belfay your mask!

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!

*Biron.* And send you many lovers!

*Ros.* Amen, so you be none.

*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.

*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns; 130
Being but the one half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
Which we much rather had depart with
And have the money by our father lent
Than Aquitaine so gelled 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 wrong
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. 160

*Boyet,* you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.

*King.* Satisfy me so.

*Boyet.* So please your grace, the packet is not come.
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

*King.* It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so received
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell!
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis
abused.
Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom
lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected. 230
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle af-
fected.
Prin. Your reason?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their
retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print im-
press'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair, 240
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy:
Who, tendering their own worth from where they
were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did quote such amaz'n
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.
Boyet. But to speak that in words which his
eye hath disclosed.
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
Ros. Thou art an old love-monger and speakest
skilfully,
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather and learns
news of him.
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her
father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wench? 250
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my
sense of hearing.
Moth. Conconsider.

[Singing.

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 a
French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off
a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your
feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sig
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 snuffed up
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

[Act 1]

love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wench's, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note—do you 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. Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot grow by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious? Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Minimè, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so: Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he: I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then and I flee. [Exit.

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!

By thy favour, sweet wellkin, I must sigh in thy face:

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth with Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy; begin.

Cost. No egna, no riddle, no l'envoy; nosalve
fin the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain! I

Arm. By virtue, thou enforeste laughter; thy

silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lip provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take sal for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? Is it

l'envoy a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse to make plain Some obscure precedence that hath tofor be sain.

I will example it:

The fox, the ape and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the mor again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,

And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you folo with my l'envoy.

The fox, the ape and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,

Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goos would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goos that's flat.

Sir, your pennysworth is good, an your goose be fa

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast as a

Cost. Let me see; a fat l'envoy; ay, that's a fat goos.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How d this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a costard was broke in a shin.

Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus can

The boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that yo bought;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a costar

broken in a shin?

Cost. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I wi speak that the 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 sme some l'envoy, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting the at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou we immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be m purgation and let me loose.

I give thee thy liberty, set thee fro durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on the nothing but this: bear this significant [giving, letter] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [Exit.

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard adieu.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon say a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. Why, then, three-farthings worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

Biron. Stay, slave; I must employ thee! thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, one thing for me that I shall entreat. Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

Biron. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, ave, it is but this:

Enter the Princess, and her train, a Forester, Boyet, Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurred his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.

Prin. Who'er a'was, a' show'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:

On Saturday we will return to France.

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush

That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder copse:

A stand where you may make the fairest shoot. 10

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,

And thereupon you speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me and again say no?

O short-lived pride! Not fair? allack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now:

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Boyet. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And out of question so it is sometimes:

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart;

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford

To any lady that subdues a lord.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew! 120

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.
Enter Costard.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistresse, were as slender as my wit,

One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve; Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here; It is writ to Jaquinetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.

Boyet [reads]. 'By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy hercical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that mightily right say, Veni, vidi, vici; which to annotainize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar Videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one: saw, two: overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar: for so witensteth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thee, thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar:

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.

Submitive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then? Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that in-ditted this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keep here in court;

A phantasime, a Monarch, and one that make sport
To the prince and his bookmates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master o' mine,

To a lady of France that he calleth Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come lords, away.

[To Ros.] Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.

[Exeunt Princess and train

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know? I tell thee,

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year mis-carry.

Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.

Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,

Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,

An I cannot, another can.

[Exeunt Ros. and Kath.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark that mark! A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll never hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Cast. Then will she get the upshot by cleav-
ing the pin.
Mar. Come, come, you talk graysly; your lips grow foul.
Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

But, if I eat too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [Exeunt Boyet and Maria.
Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
ord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!
my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vul-
gar wit!
hen it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
ado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man!
see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!
see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!
de his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit! heavens, it is a most pathetic it! 150
la, sola! [Exit Costard, running.

SCENE II. The same.

iter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.
Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done the testimony of a good conscience.
Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in odo; ripe as the pomewriter, who now hangeth a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the wel-
the, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.
Vath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets: sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least:
sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.
Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo. 11
Dull. Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.
Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind nature, as it were, in via, in way, of expli-
cation; facere, as it were, replication, or rather, entare, to show, as it were, his inclination, or his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, pruned, untrained, or rather, unlettered, or heret, unconfessed fashion, to insert again haud credo for a deer. 20
Dull. I said the deer was not a haud credo; as a pricket.
Twice-sod simplicity, bic cosfius! thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!
Vath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;
not eat paper, as it were; he hath not ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;
such barren plants are set before us, that we must be careful to:
dich we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he,
as it would ill become me to be vain, indis-
creet, or a fool,
were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
minute bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,
my 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?
Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.
Dull. What is Dictynna?
Nath. A title to Phoebus, to Luna, to the moon.
Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,
And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.
Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.
Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.
Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.
Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extem-
poral epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket.
Nath. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.
Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.
The préyful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket:
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sorel
of one sore.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.
Nath. A rare talent! 29
Dull. [Aside] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.
Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions; these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.
Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.
Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but vir sapit qui paucu loquitur; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.
Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.
Hol. Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?
Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hoghead.
LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST. [Act I]

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a tuft of earth; fire enough for a flint, Pearl enough for a swine: ’tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

Veneta, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia. 100
Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.

Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; lege, domine.

Nath. [reads]
If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love? 110
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow’d!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I’ll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow’d.

Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would 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:
Thy eye Jove’s lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder;
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
That sing’s heaven’s praise with such an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified: but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, care.

Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen’s lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: ’To the snow-white hand of the most beautiful Lady Rosaline.’ I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: ’Your ladyship’s in all desired employment, BIRON.’ Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the vortaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen’s, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Tr

and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy pleasantry; I forgive thy dul adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear God, very religiously; and, as a certain fath saith—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father: I do fe colourable colours. But to return to the verse did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father’s of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, shall please you to gratify the table with a grace I will, on my privilege I have with the persons of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake you ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you; for society, sa the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly colours it. [To Dull] Sir, I do invite you; too: you shall not say me nay: panca vert Away! the gentles are at their game, and will to our recreation. [Exeunt]

SCENE III. The same.

Enter Biron, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I couring myself: they have pitched a toil; I toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for they say the fool said, and so say I, and I fool: well proved, wit! By the sight of this I am as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, sheep: well proved again o’ my side! I will love: if I do, hang me; i faith, I will not. but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Wt. I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and here part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o’ my somnets already: I clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady he it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lad. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a pap God give him grace to groan! [Stands aside.

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ay me!

Biron. [Aside] Shot, by heaven! Proc

sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with a bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets

King [reads].

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays hit

The night of dew that on my cheeks down flow Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter Dumain, with a paper.

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!
Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. O most profane coxcomb!
Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!
Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.
Dum. Her amber hair for foul hath amber quoted.
Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.
Dum. As fair as day. 90
Biron. 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!
Biron. 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.
Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
Dum. [reads]
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, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death, Wish himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow; Air, would I might triumph so! 110
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 Jove would swear Juno but an Ethiope were; And deny himself for Jove, Turning mortal for thy love.
120
This will I send and something else more plain, That shall express my true love's fasting pain, O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville, Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill, Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note; For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. [advancing]. Dumain, thy love is far from charity, That in love's grief desirest society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know, To be o'erheard and taken napping so. 130
King [advancing]. Come, sir, you blush; as if 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 wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bash:
And mark'd thee both and for thee both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries; 144
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
To Long. You would for paradise break faith and troth.

[To Dum.]
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

What will Biron say when that he shall hear
Faith so infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
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. 150
Biron. Now I step forth to whip hypocrisy.

[Advancing.]
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reproce
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears;
You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershoot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of folly have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And cletic Timon laugh at idle toys!

Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A caudle, ho!
King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
Biron. Nay, you to me, but I betray'd by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like men of inconstancy.

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love, or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?
King. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?
Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

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 makes nothing neither,

The treason and you go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over.

[Giving him the paper.]

Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
[Biron tears the letter.]

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[Gathering up the pieces.]
Biron. [To Costard] Ah, you woreson log-gingerhead! you were born to do me shame.

Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you, and my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four.

Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, sirs; away!
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, let us embrace!

As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face:
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsown.
King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Biron. 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 inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron;
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cul'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
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,
Sheasses praise; then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Might shake off 5 fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
Thus the sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath where is a book? 250
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If 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 suit of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

If in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns 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 displeasure,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

And since her time are colliers counted bright.

And Etheloids of their sweet complexion rich.

Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light,
Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.

O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.

But what of this? are we not all in love?

Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

Then leave this chat; and, good Biron,
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Ay, marry, there; some flatterry for this evil.

O, some authority how to proceed;
some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.

Some salve for perjury.

'Tis more than need.

Have, thee, then, affections men at arms. 290
Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
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!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glories by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted
That may be possible, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. 

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir; your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without horror. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tamen quae te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and treasonable. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithe. [Draws out his table-book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abominable,—which he would call abominable: it insinuath me of insante: anne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo, bene intelligo. 

Hol. Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian! a little scratched, 'twill serve.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Arm. Chirrah! [To MOTH.

Hol. Quair chirra, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

MOTH. [Aside to Costard] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatis: thou art easier swallowed than a fliap-draken.

Moth. Peace! the pelai begins.

Arm. [To Hol.] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes: yes; he teaches boys the horn-book.

Arm. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth. I.

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit! snap, snap, quick and home! it rejoceth my intellect; true wit! 

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Arm. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Hol. Lend me thy horn to make one, and I will whip about thy infamy circum circa,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny pursuit of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to: thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or mons, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous
Scene I.

Love's Labour's Lost.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart.

If fairs are, come thus plentifully in:
A lady will'd about with diamonds!

Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madame, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme

As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ o' both sides the leaf, margin and all,

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax,

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll 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.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;

Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care.'

Prin. Well banded both; a set of wit well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew?

An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs,
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauetous as ink; a good conclusion.


Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho! I let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter:

O that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shows,

Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

[ACT V]

Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam, and moreover
Some thousand verses of a faithfull lover,
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.
Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Long-
vaville.
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go:
O that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn and beg and seek
And wait the season and observe the times
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes
And spend his service to folly to my hests
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So pertautt-like would I o'ersway his state
That he should be my fool and I his fate.
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.
Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter Boyet.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where'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,
 Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a syecamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath com'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear:'
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;

'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shall thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.'
With that, all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolden:
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, 'Via! we will do't, come what will come;
The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well;'
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.
Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parade, to court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.
Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be:
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give methine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived 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:
To stop it but in mocking Merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?
Boyet. No, to the death, we will the move a foot;
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 no such sport as sport o'erthrown,
To make theirs ours and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[Trumpets sound within.]

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd: the maskers come.

Enter Blackamoors with music: MOTH: the King,
BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DEMAIN, in Russian habits, and masked.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

[The Ladies turn their backs to him.

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

BIRON. [Aside to Moth] Their eyes, villain,
their eyes.

MOTh. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!—

But—

BOYET. True; out indeed.

MOTh. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits,
vouchsafe not to behold—

BIRON. [Aside to Moth] Once to behold, rogue.

MOTh. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
—with your sun-beamed eyes—

BOYET. They will not answer to that epithet;
or were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes.'

MOTh. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

BIRON. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue! [Exit Moth.

ROS. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:

BOYET. They do speak our language, 'tis our will

That some plain man recount their purposes:
Now what they would.

BOYET. What would you with the princess?

BIRON. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

ROS. What would they, say they?

BOYET. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

ROS. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

BOYET. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

KING. Say to her, we have measured many miles,

'Tis a measure with her on this grass.

BOYET. They say, that they have measured many a mile

'Tis a measure with you on this grass.

ROS. It is not so. Ask them how many inches in one mile; if they have measured many,
he measure then of one is easily told.

BOYET. If to come hither you have measured many miles,
the princess bids you tell many inches doth fill up one mile.

BIRON. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

BOYET. She hears herself.

ROS. How many weary steps,

If many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Do number'd in the travel of one mile?

BIRON. We number nothing that we spend for you:
our duty is so rich, so infinite,
that we do it still without accompl.

OUSAF Show the sunshine of your face,
hat 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 removed, upon our watery eye.

ROS. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
how now request'st but moonshine in the water.

KING. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

ROS. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon.

Music plays. 211

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: 220

Curgyt, 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.

I am best pleased with that.

[They converse apart.

BIron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

PRI. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

BIRON. Nay then, two treys, and if you grow so nice,

Metheglin, wort, and malmsye: well run, dice!

There's half-a-dozen sweets.

PRI. Seventh sweet, adieu; since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

BIron. One word in secret.

PRI. Let it not be sweet.

BIRON. Thou grievest my gall.

PRI. Gall! bitter.

BIRON. 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, 240

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[They converse apart.

KATH. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?

LONG. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

KATH. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

LONG. You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless vizard half.
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, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox. 250
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these
sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do
grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly then; the butcher hears
you cry.
[They converse apart.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are
as 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 have
wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swift-
er things.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break
off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure
scuff!
King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have
simple wits.
Prin. Twenty adieux, my frozen Muscovits.
[Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet
breaths puff'd out.
Ros. Well-like wits they have; gross, gross;
fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-
night?
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
And he did swear himself out of all suit.
Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No point, quoth I; my servant straight was
mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his
heart;
And trod you what he called me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art! 280
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain sta-
tute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith
to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give
ear;
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows, 290
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair;
 Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be
understood.
Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their
bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commination
shown,
†Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
Prin. Avant! perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovits, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at
hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roses run o'er land.
[Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and
Maria.
Re-enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and
Dumain, in their proper habits.
King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the
princess?
Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your
majesty
Command me any service to her thither?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for
one word.
Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my
lord.
Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons
pease,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace, but with such show.
This gallant puts the wenches on his sleeve; 310
Hath he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one;
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;
And conscientious, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Biron.
King. A bluster on his sweet tongue, with my
heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!
Biron. See where it comes! Behaviour, what
wert thou
Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou
now?
Re-enter the Princess, usher'd by Biron; Rosa-
line, Maria, and Katharine.
King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of
day!
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

in. ‘Fair’ in ‘all hail’ is foul, as I conceive.
11. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
12. ‘Then wish me better; I will give you leave.

13. We came to visit you, and purpose now
    lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.
14. This field shall hold me; and so hold your

15. for God, nor I, delights in perjured men.
16. Rebuke me not for that which you pro-

17. ‘the virtue of your eye must break my oath.
18. You nickname virtue; vice you should
    have spoke;
19. or virtue’s office never breaks men’s truth.

20. w by my maiden honour, yet as pure
    is the unsullied lily, I protest,

21. world of torments though I should endure,
    would not yield to your house’s guest;
22. much I hate a breaking cause to be
    heavenly oaths, vow’d with integrity,
23. O, you have lived in desolation here,
    seen unvisited, much to our shame.

24. ‘Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
Ve have had pastimes here and pleasant game:

25. ness of Russians left us but of late.
26. ing. How, madam! Russians!

27. ‘ren. Ay, in truth, my lord;
28. gallants, full of courtship and of state.
29. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my

30. lord: lady, to the manner of the days,
    courtesy gives undeserving praise.
31. four indeed confronted were with four
    Russian habit: here they stand an hour,
    I talk’d apace; and in that hour, my lord,
    did not bless us with one happy word.
32. are not call them fools; but thus I think,
en they are thirsty, fools would fain have

33. drink.
34. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle
    sweet,
35. it makes wise things foolish: when we

36. h eyes best seeing, heaven’s fiery eye,
    light we lose light: your capacity
37. that nature that to your huge store
    se things seem foolish and rich things but poor.
38. This proves you wise and rich, for in my

39. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
40. But that you take what doth to you
    belong,
41. ere a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
42. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
43. All the fool mine?
44. I cannot give you less.
45. Which of the wizards was it that you

46. Where? when? what wizard? why de-
    mand you this?
47. There, then, that wizard; that super-
    fluous case

48. t bid the worse and show’d the better face.
49. We are described; they’ll mock us now
downright.
50. Let us confess and turn it to a jest.
51. Amazed, my lord? why looks your high-

52. ’s. Help, hold his brows! he’ll swoon!
    Why look you pale?
53. Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
54. Thus pour the stars down plagues for
    perjury.

55. Can any face of brass hold longer out?
56. Here stand I: lady, dart thy skill at me;
    Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a
    flout;
57. Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my igno-
    rance;

58. Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance, 400
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penn’d,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy’s tongue,
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woe in rhyme, like a blind harper’s song!

59. Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
    Three-plied hyperboles, spruce affection,
    Figures pedantical; these summer-flys,
    Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

60. I do forswear them; and I here protest, 410
    By this white glove,—how white the hand,
    God knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express’d
    In russet yea’s and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
    My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

61. Sans sans, I pray you.
62. 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 those three;
    They are infected; in their hearts it lies; 420
    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.

63. No, they are free that gave these tokens
to us.
64. Our states are forfeit: seek not to
    undo us.
65. It is not so; for how can this be true,
    That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

66. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.
67. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
68. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an
    end.

69. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude
    transgression
    Some fair excuse.

70. The fairest is confession.
    Were not you here but even now disguised?
71. Madam, I was.
    And were you well advised?
72. I was, fair madam.
    When you then were here,
    What did you whisper in your lady’s ear?
    That more than all the world I did
    respect her.

73. When she shall challenge this, you will
    reject her.
    Upon mine honour, no.

74. Peace, peace! forbear:
    Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
    Despise me, when I break this oath of

75. mine.
Love's Labour's Lost

[Act 4, Scene 5]

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 dear 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 lord Most honourably doth uphold his word. King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my truth, I never swore this lady such an oath. Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain, You gave me this: but take it, sir, again. King. My faith and this the princess I did give: I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve. Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear; And Lord Biron, I thank you, is my dear. What, will you have me, or your pearl again? Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain. I see the trick on't; here was a consent, Knowing aforehand of our merriment, To dash it like a Christmas comedy: Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany, Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick. That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick To make my lady laugh when she's disposed, Told our intents before; which once disclosed, The ladies did change favours: and then we, Following the signs, woud but the sign of she. Now, to our perjury to add more terror, We are again forsworn, in will and error. Much upon this it is: and might not you Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue? Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier, And laugh upon the apple of her eye? And stand between her back, sir, and the fire, Holding a trencher, jesting merrily? You put our page out: go, you are allow'd; Die when you will, a smack shall be your shroud. You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye Wounds like a leaden sword. Biron. Full merrily Hath this brave manage, this career, been run. Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done. Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou parst a fair fray. Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no. Biron. What, are there but three? Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine, For every one pursents three. Biron. And three times thrice is nine. Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so. You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know: I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,— Biron. Is not nine. Cost. Under correction, sir, we know where until it doth amount. Biron. By Jove, I always took three thrice for nine. Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should your living by reckoning, sir. Biron. How much is it? Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, actors, sir, will show whereunto it doth amonst for mine own part, I am, as they say, but perfect one man in one poor man, Pompion Great, sir. Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies? Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy Pompiion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worth, but I am to stay for him. Biron. Go, bid them prepare. Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [Exit Costard.]

King. Biron, they will shame us: let the approach. Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: a 'tis some policy To have one soaw worse than the king's and company. King. I say they shall not come. Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'ern you now: That sport best pleases that doth least know how! Where zeal strives to content, and the content Dies, the zeal of that which it presents: Their form confounded makes most form in mirth. When great things labouring perish in their birth Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expen of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a bra of words. [Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.]


Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet, homonarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain, but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna de guer. I wish you the peace of mind, my royal couplement! [Exit King. Here is like to be a good presence of the Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedlar, Judas Maccabeaus: And if these four Worthies in their first shew thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five. Biron. There is five in the first show. King. You are deceived: 'tis not so. Biron. The pedlar, the bragart, the hedge- priest, the fool and the boy:—] Abate throw at novum, and the whole wor Cannot pick out five such, take each one his vein.
Enter Costard, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he. 559

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard’s head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big.—

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is, ‘Great,’ sir:—

Pompey surnamed the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did
make my foe to sweat;
And travelling along this coast, here I am
come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet
luss of France.
your ladyship would say, ‘Thanks, Pompey,’
I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey. 560

Cost. ’Tis not so much worth; but I hope I
scarfet: I made a little fault in ‘Great.’

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves e best Worthy.

Enter Sir Nathaniel, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the
world’s commander;
y east, west, north, and south, I spread my
conquering might:
yscutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it
stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells ‘no’ in this, most
tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay’d. Proceed,
good Alexander. 570

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the
world’s commander,—

Boyet. Most true, ’tis right; you were so,
Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away
lisander.

Cost. [To Sir Nath.] O, sir, you have over-
rowned Alisander the conqueror! You will be
rapted out of the painted cloth for this: your
on, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-
ool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth
orthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run
way for shame, Alisander. [Nath. retires.]

here, an’t shall please you; a foolish mild man;
a honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He
a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very
ood bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see
ow, a little o’erparted. But there are Wor-
ies a-coming will speak their mind in some
ther sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes, for Judas; and Moth, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill’d Cerberus, that three-headed
canis;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quomiam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [Moth retires.

Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas! 600


Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved
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.

Biron. Well followed: Judas was hanged on
an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because the hath no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A citron-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A Death’s face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce
seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Caesar’s falchion.

Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.

Biron. Saint George’s half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead. 621

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-
drawer.

And now forward; for we have put thee in coun-
tenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-faced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou
stay?—

Dum. For the latter end of his name. 630

Biron. 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. [Hol. retires.

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he
been baited!

Enter Armado, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes
Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me,
I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of
this. 640

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-tim-
bered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector’s.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indue in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

[Act]

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—
Dum. A gilt nutmeg.
Biron. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. Peace! The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight:
Yea,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion. 660
I am that flower,—
Dum. That mirth.
Long. That column.
Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.
Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.
Arm. The sweet 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. [To the Princess] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing. 670
Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.
Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.
Boyet. [Aside to Dum.] Loves her by the foot.
Dum. [Aside to Boyet] He may not by the yard.
Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—
Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.
Arm. What meanest thou? 680
Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan,
The poor wench is cast away: she's quick;
The child brares in her belly already: 'tis yours.
Arm. Dost thou infamize me among potentates? thou shalt die.
Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.
Dum. Most rare Pompey!
Boyet. Renowned Pompey! 690
Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!
Dum. Hector trembles.
Biron. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on! 700
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Biron. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.
Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.
Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I beseech 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-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your steps as a child, skipping and vain.
Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt. 711
Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey has made the challenge.
Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.
Biron. What reason have you for't?
Arm. This the naked truth of it is, I have shirt; I go woolward for penance.
Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll sworn, he wore none but a dishcloth of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for favour.

Enter Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam!
Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.
Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
Prin. Dead, for my life!
Mer. Even so; my tale is told.
Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins cloud.
Arm. For mine own part, I breathe from breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my self like a soldier. [Exeunt Worthies.
King. How fares your majesty?
Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.
King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.
Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords;
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sol'd soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide
The liberal opposition of our spirits,
If over-boldly we haveborne ourselves
In the converse of breath: your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtained.

King. ¶The extreme parts of time extremel forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed,
And often at his very loose decisions
The laborious long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which pain it would convince,
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed; since, to wait friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For all your fairs have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,
Form'd by the eye and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PRIN. We have received your letters full of love;
our favours, the ambassadors of love;
and, in our maiden council, rated them,
A courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy.
Our letters, madam, show’d much more than jest.

DUM. Our letters, madam, show’d much more than jest.

LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST.

PRIN. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
To no, my lord, your grace is perjur’d much,
All of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:
For my love, as there is no such cause;
Some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
Here stay until the twelve celestial signs
Fave brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insensible life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
Frost and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial and last long;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Some challenge me, challenge me by these
Darts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
Will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of remembrance
For the remembrance of my father’s death.
If this thou do deny, let us part hands,
Neither intitled 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.

BIRON. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

RES. You must be purged too, your sins are rack’d,
You are attainted with faults and perjury;
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But in the weary beds of people sick.

DUM. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

A wife?

KATH. A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

DUM. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

KATH. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I’ll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I’ll give you some.

DUM. I’ll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

KATH. Yetswear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

LONG. What says Maria?

MAR. At the twelvemonth’s end
I’ll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

LONG. I’ll stay with patience; but the time is long.

MAR. The liker you; few taller are so young.

BIRON. Studies my lady? 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.

RES. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world’s large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without which 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 pained impotent to smile.

BIRON. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

RES. 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 scorn, 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 befal.

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? 390

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 so.

Re-enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and others.

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

The Song.

Spring.

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidsens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter.

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
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.

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way: we this way. [Exeunt.]
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DRAMATIS 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.
Snout, a tinker.
Starveling, a tailor.

Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.
OBERON, king of the fairies.
TITANIA, queen of the fairies.
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow.
PEASEBLOSSOM, CONWEB, MOOTH, MUSTARDSEED, \{ fairies.

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.

Th. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour

raws on apace; four happy days bring in

other moon: but, O, methinks, how slow

his old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,

like to a step-dame or a dowager

ong withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. 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

ebent in heaven, shall behold the night

four solemnities.

Th. Go, Philostrate,

ir up the Athenian youth to merriments;

wake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;

urn melancholy forth to funerals;

he pale companion is not for our pomp.

[Exit Philostrate.

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,

ud won thy love, doing thee injuries;

it I will wed thee in another key,

th pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

Th. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news

with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint

again my child, my daughter Hermia.

and forth. Lysander: and, my gracious duke,

his man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:

hou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her

rhymes

And interchanged love-tokens with my child:

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung

With feigning voice verses of feigning love,

And stolen with his fancy

With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetsmells, messengers

Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's

heart,

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,

To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,

Be it so she will not here before your grace

Consent to marry with Demetrius,

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,

As she is mine, I may dispose of her:

Which shall be either to this gentleman

Or to her death, according to our law

Immediately provided in that case.

Th. What say you, Hermia? be advised,

fair maid:

To you your father should be as a god;

One that composed your beauties, yea, and one

To whom you are but as a form in wax

By him imprinted and within his power

To leave the figure or disfigure it.

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

Th. 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.

Th. Rather your eyes must with his judge-

ment 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 aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.
Her.  So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
The.  Take time to pause; and, by the next
new 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 aye 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 derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his; too
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 extemate—
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.
[Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.

Lys.  How now, my love! why is your cheek
so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
Her.  Belike for want of rain, which I could
Betemn them from the tempest of my eyes.
Lys.  Ay me! for aught that I could ever rea
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,
Her.  O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to love
Lys.  Or else misguid'd in respect of years,
Her.  O spite! too old to be engaged to young
Lys.  Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;
Her.  O hell! to choose love by another's 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 collid'd 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.
Lys.  If then true lovers have seen 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.
Her.  My Lysander! 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 prosperous loves
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage quee
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.
Lys.  Keep promise, love. Look, here come
Helena.

Enter Helena.
Her.  God speed fair Helena! whither away?
Hel.  Call me you fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet
air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your ey


Scene I. A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

[Exeunt all but Demetrius and Lysander.]

Demetrius. Well, Lysander, what thinkst thou of my girl?
Lysander. I think she is the fairest that ever I beheld, Demetrius.

Scene II. Athens. Quince's house.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?
Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the script.
Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.
Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Pyramus rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

Quin. Read it, then. It is, 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 tendril Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.
Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.
Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.
Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.
Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisane, Thisane;' 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!' and much more.

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceeded.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Snout. You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and Puck.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green.

The cowslips, sages, scabious, know

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dewdrops here

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

 Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:

Our quean and all our elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to night:

Take heed the queen come not within his sight

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she as her attendant hath

A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;

She never had so sweet a changeling;

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;

But she performeth withholds the loved boy,

Crows him with flowers and makes him all his 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 thy shape and make it quite,

Or else ye are that shrewd and knavish sprite

Call'd Robin Goodfellow: I'll eat you he:

This is the time the maidens of the villagery,

Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the corn

And bootless make the breathless housewife crouch,

And sometime make the drink to bear no harm,

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.

Those that Hobgoblin call ye and sweet Puck

You do their work, and they shall have good luck

Are ye not F? I think not.

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 filly 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 wither'd dewlap pour the ale.

The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,

Sometimes for three-foot stool mistaketh me;

Then slip I from her bum, down topples she;

And both her 'sowder', her 'pail', her 'foul',

And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,

And waxen in their mirth and naze and swear

A merrier hour was never wasted there.

But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train from the other, TITANIA, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania. (To Titania. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, sir, hence:

I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

Tit. Then I must be thy lady; but I know When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,

And in the shape of Corin sat all day,

Playing on pipes of corn and versing love To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here, Come from the farthest steps of India? But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon, Thy buskin'd mistress and your warrior love, To Theseus must be wedded, and you come To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Tita. Perchance till after Theseus’ 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 Titania 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 rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin’s back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid’s music.
Puck. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm’d: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throne by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts; 150
But I might see young Cupid’s fiery shaft
Quench’d in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial vortices passed over,
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 maidsens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew’d thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid 170
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 from off 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 slay, the other slayeth me. 190
Thou told’st me they were stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and woe within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted admant;
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.
Act II

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 war with rere-mice for their leathern wings
To make my small elves coats, and some keep
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wond'rs
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

The Fairies sing.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts 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, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh:
So, good night, with lullaby.
Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-leg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody, &c.

A Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well:
One afoot stand sentinel.

[Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.

Enter Oberon, and squeezes the flower on
Titania's eyelids.

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take,
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[Exit.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
wood:
And to speak truth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's spherie eye?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground! 100
Dead! or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [Awaking] And 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. 120

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'erslook
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, is't 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 truth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perfurce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused! [Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there?
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive. 140
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen and to be her knight! [Exit.

Her. [Awaking] Help me, Lysander, help me! I 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:
Metthought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.

Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Mute the compare with whips that love
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death or you I'll find immediately. [Exit.
ACT III.

SCENE I. The wood. Titania lying asleep.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Fat, 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’t 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’t.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell him 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 pity of my life; no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;’ and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snout. Doth 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 may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come sit down, every mother’s son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen? &c
What, a play toward! 'I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus, Thisby, stand forth.

Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet.—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Bot. — odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e’er played here. [Exit. 90

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of e’er the rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenile and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire.

I’ll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny’s tomb.

Quin. ‘Ninus’ tomb,’ man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.

Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, ‘never tire.’

Flu. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass’s head.

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help! [Exit Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Puck. I’ll follow you, I’ll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brave, through brier:

Sometime a horse I’ll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [Exit.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Pear. Hail, mortal!
Cob. Hail!
Moth. Hail!
Mus. Hail!
Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily: I
beseech your worship's name.
Cob. Cobweb.
Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.
Bot. I pray you, commend to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peasod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.
Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like excheif hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed. 201

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. Another part of the wood.

Enter Oberon

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awakened?
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.

How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's niple I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisebe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated coughs, 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 snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, fromyielders 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 waked and straightforwardly loved an ass.
Obs. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet catch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter Hermia and Demetrius.
Obs. 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 cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored 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,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, as yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him when he wak'd,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood.
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefor?
Her. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hatred presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

Exit Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here 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.
Obs. What hast thou done? thou hast mis taken quite
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight
Of thy misprision must perf orce 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.
Obs. About the word go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.
Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Obs. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth esp'y,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wakest, 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!

Obs. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.
Lys. Why should you think that I should woo
in scorn?
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-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgement when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.  
Dem. [Awaking] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!  
O what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?  
Cystal is muddy. O, how rife in show  
By lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!  
Hat pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,  
And with the eastern wind, turns to a crow  
Hen thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss  
His princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!  
Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent  
O set against me for your errament:  
You were civil and knew courtesy,  
Would not do me thus much injury.  
An you not hate me, as I know you do,  
If you must join in souls to mock me too?  
'Tould you men, as men you are in show,  
Would not use a gentle lady so?  
O vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,  
I do not sure you hate me with your hearts.  
Both are rivals, and love Hermia;  
And now both rivals, to mock Helen:  
Trim exploit, a manly enterprise,  
O conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes  
With thine derision! none of noble sort  
Could so offend a virgin and extort  
Poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.  
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;  
Or you love Hermia; this you know I know:  
I, here, with all good will, with all my heart,  
Hermia's love I yield you up my part;  
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,  
If I do love and will do till my death.  
Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.  
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:  
'T was I loved her, all that love is gone.  
She heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,  
And now to Helen is it home return'd,  
Here to remain.  
Lys. Helen, it is not so.  
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,  
Ext, to thy peril, thou aby it dear,  
Ook, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.  

Re-enter Hermia.  
Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,  
He ear more quick of apprehension makes;  
Herein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
Pays the hearing double recompense.  
Hou art not by mine eye, Lysander found;  
The ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.  
Ut 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,  
Air 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,  
He hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?  
Hou. You speak not as you think: It cannot be.  
Lys. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!  
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three  
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.  
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!  
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived  
To bait me with this foul derision?  
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us—O, is it all forgot?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,  
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
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,  
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.  
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,  
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
It is not friendly, '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.  
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.  
Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?  
And made your other love, Demetrius,  
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,  
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,  
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this  
To her he hates? and wherefor doth Lysander  
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,  
And tender me, forsooth, affection,  
But by your setting on, by your consent?  
What though I be not so in grace as you,  
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,  
But miserable most, to love unloved?  
This you should pity rather than despise.  
Her. I understand not what you mean by this.  
Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,  
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;  
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:  
This sport, well carri'd, 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 Helena; hear my excuse:  
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!  
Hel. O excellent!  
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.  
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.  
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:  
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak 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!  
Her. 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!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose, 260
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, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, sooth; 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. 270
Her. What, can you do me greater harm
than hate?
Hate me therefore? O me! what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Hel. Ay, by my life; And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest 280
That I do hate thee and love Helena.
Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, 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 counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare 290
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted 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.
Hel. Lower! hark, again.
Her. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I exclaim 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. 310
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;

But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me
To strike me, spur 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 hinder you?
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind
Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius. 320
Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm the Helena.
Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen an 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' an 'little'!
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Hel. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minims, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.
Dem. You are too officious 33
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 darest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.
Dem. Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, choose by jole. [Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.
Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you;
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not trust you, I, 34
Nor longer stay in your curt company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit
Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say
The game.
Obz. This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest
Or else committ'st thy knaverys wilfully.
Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook
Did not you tell me I should know the? can
By the Athenian garment 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.
Obz. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Achiron,
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; 361
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batte wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
Scene II.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. [Sleeps.

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot
Thou run'st before me, shifting every place,
And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.

Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.

By day's approach look to be visited. [Lies down and sleeps.

Re-enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night! O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight.

From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[Lies down and sleeps.

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.

Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter Hermia.

Herm. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[Lies down and sleeps.

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.

When thou wak'st,
Thou takest
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

Scene I. The same. Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia lying asleep.

Enter Titania and Bottom; Peaseblossom, Clown, Moth, Mustardseed, and other Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.

Tit. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheek do coy,

400 Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then, o plainer ground.

[Exit Lysander, as following the voice.

Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again:
hou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
peak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
elling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
and wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child:
I' l whip thee with a rod; he is defiled
hat draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we will try no manhood here.

[Exit Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
He villain is much lighter-heeld than I:
follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
that fallen am I in dark uneven way,
and here will rest me. [Lies down.] Come,
- thou gentle day!
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.
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tit. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
This is a magic call; and strong and dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tit. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!

[Music, still.

Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hand in hand with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers lie.
Now thou and I are new in amity
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly
And bless it to all fair prosperity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tit. Music, ho! my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

[Exeunt.

[Horns winded within.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and attendants.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is performed;
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:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

[Exit an Attendant.

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 bade the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves, 120
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind,
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit:
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside. 180
Away with us to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolitta.

[Exeunt The, Hif, Ege, and train.
Dem. These things seem small and undis-
tinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
Her. Methinks I see these things with parted
eye,
When every thing seems double.
Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.
Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
Her. Yea; and my father.
Hel. And Hippolitta.
Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.
Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow
him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams.

[Exeunt.
Bot. [Awaking] When my cue comes, call me,
and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyra-
mus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bel-
low's-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! Star-
veling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a
dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it
was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound
this dream. Methought I was—there is no man
can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought
I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will
offer to say what methought I had. The eye of
man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not
seen, man's hand is not able to touch, his tongue
to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my
dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a
ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's
Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will
sing it in the latter end of a play, before the
duke: peradventure, to make it the more gra-
cious, I shall sing it at her death. 180

Scene II. Athens. Quince's house.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is
he come home yet?
Stor. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt
he is transported.
Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred:
it goes not forward, doth it?
Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man
in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.
Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any
handicraft man in Athens.
Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he
is a very paramour for a sweet voice.
Flu. You must say 'paragon': a paramour is,
God bless us, a thing of naught.
Enter Snug.

Smg. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

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.

SCENE I. Athens. The palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

Hipp. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of them.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping 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, as Sesostris' 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 it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy; Or in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

Hipp. But all the story of the night told over, And all their minds transfigured so together, More witnesseth than fancy's images And grows to something of great constancy; But, however, strange and admirable. Thee. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermione, and Helena.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us. Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

Thee. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours Between our after-supper and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

Thee. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

What masque? what music? How shall we rejoice?

Thee. The busy 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.

[Giving a paper.]

Thee. [Reads] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'

We'll none of that: that have I told my love, In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

[Reads] 'The riot of the tipsey 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. [Reads] 'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of Lernion, late deceased in baggary.' That is some satire, keen and critical, Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

[Reads] 'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.' Merry and tragical! tedious and brief! 

That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow. How shall we find the concord of this discord? Go, Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long, Which is as brief as I have known a play: But by ten words, my lord, it is too long, Which makes it tedious; for in all the play There is not one word apt, one player fitted: And tragical, my noble lord, it is; For Pyramus therein doth kill himself. Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess, Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears The passion of loud laughter never shed.

Thee. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men that work in Athens here. Which never laboured in their minds till now, And now have told'd their unbreathed memories With this same play, against your nuptial. Thee. And we will hear it.

Phil. It is not for you: I have heard it over,
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder:
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine: for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name, 140
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vole with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
His dagger broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain 151
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

Enter Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.
Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may,
When many asses do.
Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranney is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.
Dem. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Enter Pyramus.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue
so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eyne! 171
[Wall holds up his fingers.]
Thanks, courteous wall! Jove shield thee well for this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.
Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'De-
ceiving me' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now,
And I am to spy her through the wall. You shall
see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

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 an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

This. My love thou art, my love I think.
Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.
This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.
Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procris was so true.
This. As Shafalus to Procris, I to you.
Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!
This. Kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?
This. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay. [Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [Exit.

Thee. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
Thee. The best in this kind are but shadows;
and the worst are no worse, if imagination amends them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.
Thee. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now per chance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.
Thee. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.
Thee. 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.
Thee. 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 lanthorn doth the horned moon present—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.
Thee. He is no creature, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.
Thee. This is the greatest error of all the rest:
the man should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; or, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am awearie of this moon: would he would change!
Thee. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon. Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [Roaring] Oh— [Thisbe runs off.

Dem. Well roared, Lion.

Thee. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.

Thee. Well moused, Lion.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams, I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite! But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here! Eyes, do you see? How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear! Thy mantle good, What, stain'd with blood! Approach, ye Furies fell! O Fates, come, come, Cut thread and thrum; Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!
Thee. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.
Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear: Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.
Scene 1.  

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.  

Come, tears, confound; Out, sword, and wound The pant of Pyramus; Ay, that left pant, Where heart doth hop: [Stabs himself. Thus die I, thus, thus, thus. Now am I dead, Now am I fled; My soul is in the sky: Tongue, lose thy light: Moon, take thy flight: [Exit Moonshine. Now die, die, die, die, die. [Dies. Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one. Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing. Thee. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass. Hie. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover? Thee. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play. Re-enter Thisbe. Hie. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus; I hope she will be brief. Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes. Dem. And thus she means, videlicet:— This. Asleep, my love? What, dead, my dove? O Pyramus, arise! Speak, speak. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A tomb Must cover thy sweet eyes. These lily lips, This cherry nose, These yellow cowslip cheeks, Are gone, are gone: Lovers, make moan! His eyes were green as locks. 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: [Stabs herself. And, farewell, friends; Thus Thysby ends: Adieu, adieu, adieu. [Dies. The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead. Dem. Ay, and Wall too. Bot. [Starting up] No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company? The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hunged himself in Thisbe's garner, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [A dance. The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve: Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time. I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn. As much as we this night have overwatch'd. This palatable-play hath well beguiled The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed. A fortnight hold we this solemnity, In nightly revels and new jollity. [Exeunt. Enter Puck. Puck. Now the hungry lion roars, And the wolf behovels the moon; Whilst the heavy ploughman snores, All with weary task fordone. Now the wasted bands do glow, Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud, Puts the wretch that lies in woe In remembrance of a shroud. Now it is the time of night That the graves all gaping wide, Every one lets forth his sprite, In the church-way paths to glide: And we fairies, that do run By the triple Hecate's team, 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 dirty, 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 in loving be; And the blots of Nature's hand Shall not in their issue stand; Never mole, hare lip, nor scar, Nor mark prodigious, such as are Despised in nativity, Shall upon their children be. With this field-dew consecrate, Every fairy take his gilt; And each several chamber bless, Through this palace, with sweet peace; And the owner of it blest 12—2
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.]
Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,

Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

[Exit.]
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Duke of Venice.
The Prince of Morocco, suitors to Portia.
The Prince of Arragon; Antonio, a merchant of Venice.
Bassanio, his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.
Salanio, Salarino, Gratiano, Salerio; friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.
Shylock, a rich Jew.
Launcelot Gobbo, the clown, servant to Shylock.

OLD GORBO, father to Launcelot.
LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.
BALTHASAR, servant to Portia.
STEPHANO, Portia, a rich heiress.
NERISSA, her waiting-maid.
JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE: Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it waries you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood, 10
Or, as it were, the pageant of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sala. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing behanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio,
Is sad to think upon his merchandise. 40

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie! Not in love neither? Then let us say
you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus, 50
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salar. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made 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.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we
laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange; must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our pleasures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time, 70
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world,
Grat. A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wiffl stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'
O my Antonio, I do know of these
Thieves that are therefore only a rascalise
For saying nothing, when I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool judgion, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, I faith, for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.

[Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.]

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moon to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigal
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

But soon as in my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wiffl youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but 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:
You do not therefore only an archeologist
That in your knowledge may be by me done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages;
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued.
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind pressages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are
At sea;
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake. [Exeunt.]

Scene II. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what
were good to do, chapels had been churches and
poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good
divine that follows his own instructions: I can
easier teach twenty what were good to be done,
than be one of the twenty to follow mine own
teaching. The brain may devise laws for the
blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree:
such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the
meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this
reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a
husband. O me, the word 'choose!' I may nei-
ther 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;
whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,
will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly
but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth
is there in your affection towards any of these
princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as
thou namest them, I will describe them; and,
according to my description, level at my affec-

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 approprigation 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 there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who
should say 'If you will not have me, choose:' he
hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will
prove the weeping philosopher when he grows
old, being so full of unmannersadness 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, Mon-
sieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him
pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be
a mocker: but, he! why, he hath a horse better
than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of
frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every
man in no man; if a throste sing, he falls straight
caping: he will fence with his own shadow:
if I should marry him, I should marry twenty
husbands. If he would despise me, I would for-
give him, for if he love me to madness, I shall
never require him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge,
the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he
understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither
Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come
into the court and swear that I have a poor
pennypoorth in the English. He is a proper man's
picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-
show? How oddly he is suited! I think he
bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in
France, his bonnet in Germany and his behav-
our every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his
neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in
him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the
Englishman and swore he would pay him again
when he was able: I think the Frenchman be-
came his surety and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the
Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is
sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he
is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse
than a man, and when he is worst, he is little
better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever
fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without
him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose
the right casket, you should refuse to perform
your father's will, if you should refuse to accept
him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray
thee, set a deep glass of rhenish wine on the
contrary casket, for if the devil be within and
that temptation without, I know he will choose it.
I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married
to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any
of these lords: they have acquainted me with
their determinations; which is, indeed, to return
to their home and to trouble you with no more
suit, unless you may be won by some other sort
than your father's imposition depending on the
caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will
die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by
the manner of my father's will. I am glad this
parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is
not one among them but I dote on his very
absence, and I pray God grant them a fair de-
parture.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your
father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier,
that came hither in company of the Marquis of
Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he
was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that
ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best
deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember
him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam,
to take their leave; and there is a forerunner
come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who
brings word the prince his master will be here
to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so
good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell,
I should be glad of his approach: if he have the
condition of a saint and the complexion of a
devil, I had rather he should shrive me than
wive me.

Como, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.
Whilest we shut the gates upon one wooer, another
knocks at the door. [Exeunt.
Scene III. Venice. A public place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.
Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.
Shy. For three months; well.
Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.
Bass. May you stead me? will you please me? shall I know your answer?
Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months and Antonio bound.
Bass. Your answer to that.
Shy. Antonio is a good man.
Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?
Shy. Oh, no, no, no, no; my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in assumption: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.
Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?
Bass. If it please you to dine with us.
Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.
Shy. [Aside] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usage here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate.
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrifts,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?
Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubah, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [To Ant.] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, although 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?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot; three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third—
Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the earlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams,
And, when the work of generation was
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 ewes,
Who then conceived did in eaning time
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this set forth to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see;

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

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 believer, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
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
'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;
You, that did vioe your rheum upon my beard.

[Act I.]
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE III. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this;
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys'?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Sky. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This was kindness.

Sky. This kindness will I show
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, I faith; I'll seal to such a bond
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity,

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
I'll bring my ends together, I'll searcely, I'll
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Sky. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others? Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
In the exactation of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
I'll buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Skyllock, I will seal unto this bond.

Sky. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrift knave, and presently
I will be with you.


The Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco and his train; Portia, Nerissa, and others attending.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phæbus' fire scarce thaw's the icles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is best qualified for me.
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 loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a hidden oracle;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedged 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 comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultain Solyma,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong.
Never to speak to lady afterward.
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto
my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! To make me blest or cursed'st among men.

[Cornets, and Exeunt.

SCENE II. Venice. A street.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me
to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at
mine elbow and tempts me saying to me
'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or
'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use
your legs, take the start, run away.' My con-
science 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: 'Via! says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me: 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you run well; 'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well!' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saying your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnate! and, in my conscience, my conscience is bade by the fiend make counsel, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

**Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.**

**Gob.** Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

**Laun.** [Aside] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

**Gob.** Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

**Laun.** Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

By God's sorriness, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

**Laun.** Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

[Aside] Mark me now: now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

**Gob.** No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

**Laun.** Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

**Gob.** Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

**Laun.** But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

**Gob.** Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

**Laun.** Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

**Gob.** A Merry. Good forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

**Laun.** Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

**Gob.** Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

**Laun.** Do you not know me, father?

**Gob.** Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

**Laun.** Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son; give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but at the length truth will out.

**Gob.** Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

**Laun.** Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

**Gob.** I cannot think you are my son.

**Laun.** I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure you say of 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 fill-horse has on his tail.

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 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 farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[Exit a Servant.]

**Laun.** To him, father.

**Gob.** God bless your worship!

**Bass.** Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

**Gob.** Here's my son, sir, a poor boy.

**Laun.** Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

**Gob.** He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

**Laun.** Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify—

**Gob.** His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins—
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

act iv. scene v.

To be brief, the very truth is that the
had done me wrong, doth cause me, as
father, being, I hope, an old man, shall fru-
you—
I have here a dish of doves that I would
your worship, and my suit is—
In brief, the suit is impertinent to
, as your worship shall know by this honest
; and, though I say it, though old man,
father, my father.
One speak for both. What would you?
Serve you, sir. 151
That is the very defect of the matter, sir.
I know thee well; thou hast obtained thy suit:
lock thy master spoke with me this day,
I hav'fath'nd thee, if it be preferment
leave a rich Jew's service, to become
follower of so poor a gentleman.
The old proverb is very well parted
when my master Shylock and you, sir: you
e the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.
Thou speakest it well. Go, father, with
thy son.
be guardian of thy old master and inquire
lodging out. Give him a livery
re guarded than his fellows': see it done.
Father, in. I cannot get a service; no:
ave ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any
in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer
wear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.
to, here's a simple line of life: here's a small
of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing!
en widows and nine maids is a simple coming-
or one man: and then to 'scape drowning
ce, and to be in peril of my life with the edge
 feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well,
 fortunate woman, she's a good wench for
Father, come; I'll take my leave of
Jew in the twinkling of an eye.
[Exit Launcelot and Old Gobbo.
I pray thee, good Lorenzo, think on this:
all things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
urn in haste, for I do feast to-night.
best-esteemed acquaintance: bie thee, go.
My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.
Where is your master?
Yonder, sir, he walks. [Exit.
Signior Bassanio!
Gratiano!
I have a suit to you.
You have obtained it.
You must not deny me: I must go with
to Belmont.
Why, then you must. But hear thee,
Gratiano; thine art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
that become thee happily enough:
in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
where thou art not known, why, there they
nothing too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
allay with some cold drops of modesty
y skipping spirit, lest through thy wild beh-

I be misconstrued in the place I go to
And lose my hopes.
Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hide mine
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say 'amen,'
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Well, we shall see your bearing.
Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not
By what we do to-night,
No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.
And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exit.

Scene III. The same. A room in Shylock's house.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.
I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.
Lorenzo, Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most
beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian
did not play the knave and get thee, I am much
deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do
something drown my manly spirit: adieu.
Farewell, good Launcelot. [Exit Launcelot.
Allack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [Exit.

Scene IV. The same. A street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.
Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging and return,
All in an hour.
We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoken us yet of torch-
Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly
And better in my mind not undertook.
'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two
To furnish us.
Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify. 

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand; and whiter than the paper it writ on. Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica I will not fail her; speak it privately.

Go, gentlemen, [Exit Launcelot.]

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night? I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salar. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano at Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[Exeunt Salar. and Salan.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed how I shall take her from her father's house, what gold and jewels she is furnished with, what page's suit she hath in readiness. If ever the Jew her father come to heaven, it will be for his gentle daughter's sake: and never dare misfortune cross her foot, unless she do it under this excuse, that she is issue to a faithless Jew. Come, go with me; persuade this as thou goest: fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt.

Scene V. The same. Before Shylock's house.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge, the difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—what, Jessica! thou shalt not gormandise, as thou hast done with me:—what, Jessica! and sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!


Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Yes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica: there are my keys. But wherefore should I go? I am not bid for love; they flatter me: but yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon the prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl, hast to my house. I am right loath to go: there is some ill a-brewing towards my rest, for I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.
Enter Lorenzo.
or. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
I, but my affairs, have made you wait:

you shall please to play the thieves for
wives,
which long for you then. Approach;
edwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

Enter Jessica, above, in boy's clothes.

es. Who are you? Tell me, for more cer-
tainty,
it: I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
or. Lorenzo, and thy love.
es. Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,
who love I so much? And now who knows
you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours? 31
or. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness
that thou art.
es. Here, catch this casket; it is worth
the pains,
I glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
I am much ashamed of my exchange:
love is blind and lovers cannot see
pretty follies that themselves commit;
if they could, Cupid himself would blush
me thus transformed to a boy.
or. Descend, for you must be my torch-
bearer. 40
es. What, must I hold a candle to my
shames?
y in themselves, good sooth, are too light.
y, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
I should be obscured.
or. So are you, sweet
n in the lovely garnish of a boy.
come at once;
the close night doth play the runaway,
we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.
es. I will make fast the doors, and gild my-
self
h some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[Exit above. 50
or. Now, by my hood, a Gentle and no
Jew.
or. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
she is wise, if I can judge of her,
fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
true she is, as she hath proved herself,
in therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
il she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.
at, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
masking mates by this time for us stay.
[Exit with Jessica and Salarino.

Enter Antonio.

int. Who's there? 60
ra. Signior Antonio!
int. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
in one o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
masque to-night: the wind is come about;
sanio presently will go abroad;
are sent twenty out to seek for you.
ra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delights
an to be under sail and gone to-night. [Exit.
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 60
For. There, take it, prince; and if my form
lile 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 writing.
[Reads] All that glister is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold,
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscrull'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.
Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart.
To take a tedious leave; thus losers part.
[Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.
For. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. Venice. A street.

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised
the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets;
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.'
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:

I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd I could not be the more.
Salar. You were best to tell Antonio when you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not th' earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part;
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
I'll not enter in thy mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love;
As shall conveniently become you there:
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
Salan. I think he only loves the world for love.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Nerissa with a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.
Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly, If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have I address'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 fool multitude, that choose by show,
Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here: what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there's lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regretts,
To wit, besides commendants and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrier comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afear
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.

Come, come, Nerissa: for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[Ereunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Venice. A street.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked
That Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked
On the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they
Call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal,
Where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried,
As they say, if my gossip Report be an honest
Woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in
That as ever knapped ginger or made her neighbours
Believe she wept for the death of a third
Husband. But it is true, without any slips of
Proximity or crossing the plain highway of talk,
That the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—
O that I had a title good enough to keep his
Name company!

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Sali. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the
End is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his
Losses.

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the
devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the
Likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock! what news among the
Merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as
You, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew
The tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew
The bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion
Of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her
Judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old Carrion! rebels it at
These years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy
flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio has had any loss at sea or no? Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for? Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villain you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salar. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [Exeunt Salar, Shy., and Servant.

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were here at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him! I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou tormentest me, Tubal; it was my turquiose; I had it of Leah for a barter: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile. There's something tells me, but it is not love, 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 I am then forsworn; I 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 forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have d'orlook'd me and divided me: One half of me is yours, the other half yours, Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours. O, these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights! And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it, not I, I I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time, To eke it and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;

For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust, Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love: There may as well be amity and life 30 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack, Where men enforced do speak anything.
**Bass.** Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

**Port.** Well then, confess and live.

**Bass.** 'Confess' and 'love' had been the very sum of my confession; I happy torment, when my tormenter both teach me answers for deliverance! let me to my fortune and the caskets.

**Port.** Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:

you do love me, you will find me out. erissa and the rest, stand all aloof. et music sound while he doth make his choice; hen, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end, ading in music: that the comparison day stand more proper, my eye shall be the

nd watery death-bed for him. He may win; nd what is music then? Then music is ven as the flourish when true subjects bow o a new-crowned monarch: such it is s are those dulcet sounds in break of day hat creep into the dreaming bridgedom's car and summon him to marriage. Now he goes, ith no less presence, but with much more love, han young Alcides, when he did redeem he virgin tribute paid by howling Troy o the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice; he rest aloof are the Dardanian wives, ith bleared visages, come forth to view he issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules! ive thou, I live: with much more dismay view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

**Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.**

**Song.**

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the creative eyes.

Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it.—Ding, dong, bell.

**All.** Ding, dong, bell.

**Bass.** So may the outward show be least themselves;
he world is still deceived with ornament.
aw, what plea so taintt and corrupt it, being seasoned with a gracious voice, aucres the show of evil? In religion, hat damned error, but some sober brow ill bless it and approve it with a text, iding the grossness with fair ornament? 
here is no vice so simple but assumes me mark of virtue on his outward parts: ow many cowards, whose hearts are all as false stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins brs of Hercules and Florence Mars, ho, inward search'd, have livers white as milk; d these assume but valour's excrement render them redivent! Look on beauty, shou you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight; hich therein works a miracle in nature, aking them lightest that wear most of it: o are those crisp'd snaky golden locks hich make such wanton gambols with the wind,

**Bass.** Upon supposed fairness, often known To be the dowry of a second head, The skull that bred them in the sepulchre. Thus ornament is but the guiled shore To a most dangerous sea; the beauceous 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 'Twee man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead, Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught, Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence; And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

**Port.** [Aside] How all the other passions fleet to air.

As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair, And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy! O love, Be moderate; allay thy ecstasy; In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess. I feel too much thy blessing: make it less, For fear I surfeit.

**Bass.** What find I here? [Opening the leaden casket.]

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes? Or whether, riding on the balls of mine, Seem they in motion? Here are seven'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 entrapp the hearts of men Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes,— How could he see to do them? having made one, Methinks it should have power to steal both his And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow In underprizing it, so far this shadow Doth limb behind the substance. Here's the scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune. [Reads] You that choose not by the view, Chance as fair and choose as true! Since this fortune falls to you, Be content and seek no new. If you be well pleased with this And hold your fortune for your bliss, Turn you where your lady is And claim her with a loving kiss. A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave; I come by note, to give and to receive. Like one of two contending in a prize, That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes, Hearing applause and universal shout, Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt Whether those peals of praise be his or no; So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so; As doubtful whether what I see be true, Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you. **Port.** You see me, Lord Bassano, where I stand, Such as I am: though for myself alone I would not be ambitious in my wish, To wish myself much better; yet, for you I would be trebled twenty times myself; A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
† Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised; 161
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, 170
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Amongst the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!
Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid; 200
You loved me, I loved you;
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooring here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa? 210

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?

What, and my old Venetian friend Nerissa?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Nerissa, a Messenger from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Nerissa, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here; 230
But meeting with Nerissa by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signor Antonio
Comends him to you. [Gives Bassanio a letter.

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind,
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer you stranger; bid her
Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that
The hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in your same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself. 250
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Raking myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing: for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit:
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England, 270
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?
And not one vessel's cape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Scene III. Venice. A street.

Enter Shylock, Salariino, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
his is the fool that lent out money gratis:
aoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'st me dog before thou hastad a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not 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.

[Exit.]

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. 10
He seeks my life: his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures.
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

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's house.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthasar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of your lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Scene V. The same. A garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Lau. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter; therefore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Lau. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited to me.

Lau. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother; well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Lau. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians now before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lau. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lau. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Lau. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Jes. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendeable in none but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Lau. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lau. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Lau. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lau. Will you cover then, sir?

Lau. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.
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 loose 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,
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy 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.

Sky. 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 citie's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I wouldst not be loath 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 pleased 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 'tis 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 render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
'Tis he, a woolen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hare 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.

Sky. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Sky. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Sky. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee 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 hath made the ewe bleed for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you, 80
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering
nothing?
Shy. What judgement shall I dread, doing no
wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave, 90
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 burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
'The slaves are ours': so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought: 'tis mine and I will have it. 100
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgement; answer, shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Saler. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.
Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man,
courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted wether 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 epistle.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.
Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
Shy. Presenting a letter. 120
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt
there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh
Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make,
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith 130
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
The souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thycurrish spirit
Gover'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
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How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:

So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?

‘Nearest his heart;’ those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh

The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?

’Twere good you do so much for charity.
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 prepared.

Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio’s end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love,
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
Por. For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I’ll pay it presently with all my heart.

Ant. A little, 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
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Por. ’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?

Aside. We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant’s flesh is thine:

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most 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.’
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh; But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate Unto the state of Venice. Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge! Shy. Is that the law? Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh. Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more Or less than a just pound, be it so much As makes it light or heavy in the substance, Or the division of the twentieth part Of on' which, my lord, I mean. But in the estimation of a hair, Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate. Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew! Now, infidel, I have you on the hip. Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture. Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go. Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is. Por. He hath refused it in the open court: He shall have merely justice and his bond. Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel! I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal? Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture, To be so taken at thy peril. Jew. Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it! I'll stay no longer question. Por. Tarry, Jew: The law hath yet another hold on you. It is enacted in the laws of Venice, If it be proved against an alien That by direct or indirect attempts He seek the life of any citizen, The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive Shall seize one half his goods; the other half Comes to the privy coffer of the state; And the offender's life lies in the mercy Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice. In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st; For it appears, by manifest proceeding, That indirectly and directly too Thou hast contrived against the very life Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd The danger formerly by me rehearsed. Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke. Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself: And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state, Thou hast not left the value of a cord; Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge. Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits, I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it: For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's; The other half comes to the general state, Which humbleness may drive unto a fine. Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio. Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that: You take my house when you do take the prop That doth sustain my house; you take my life When you do take the means whereby I live. Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio? Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake. Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court To quit the fine for one half of his goods, I am content; so he will let me have The other half in use, to render it, Upon his death, unto the gentleman That lately stole his daughter: Two things provided more, that, for this favour, He presently become a Christian: The other, that he do record a gift, Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd, Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter. Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant The pardon that I late pronounced here. Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say? Shy. I am content. Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift. Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence; I am not well: send the deed after me, And I will sign it. Duke. Get thee gone, but do it. Gra. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers: Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more, To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [Exit Shylock. Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner. Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon; I must away this night toward Padua, And it is meet I presently set forth. Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not. Antonio, gratify this gentleman, For, in my mind, you are much bound to him. [Exeunt Duke and his train. Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof, Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew, We freely cope your courteous pains withal, And stand indebted, over and above, In love and service to you evermore. Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied; And I, delivering you, am satisfied And therein do account myself well paid: My mind was never yet more mercenary, I pray you, know me when we meet again: I wish you well, and so I take my leave. Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further: Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute, Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Per. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
To Ant. Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
To Bass. And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Per. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Per. 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.
Per. That 'tis cause serves many men to save
their gifts.
An your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know well how 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.]
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. [Act V.]

Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.

Lawn. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Lawn. 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? 50

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 bank!

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music

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 vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear

And draw her home with music. [Music.

Yes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, belowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;

If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any air of music touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze

By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods:

Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,

But music for the time doth change his nature.

The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;

The motions of his spirit are dull as night

And his affections dark as Erebos;

Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.

How far that little candle throws his beams! 90

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shine, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:

A substitute shines brightly as a king

Until a king be by, and then his state

Empties itself, as doth an inund brook

Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Por. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark

When neither is attended, and I think

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,

When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are

To their right praise and true perfection!

Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion

And would not be awaked. [Music ceases.

Lor. That is the voice, 110

Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows

the cuckoo,

By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been prayer for our husbands' healths,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.

Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;

But there is come a messenger before,

To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa;

Give order to my servants that they take

No vote at all of our being absent hence;

120 Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

[A turret sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the dayLight

sick;

It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,

Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,

If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband, 150

And never be Bassanio so for me:

But God sort all! You are welcome home, my friends.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.

This is the man, this is Antonio,

To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound

to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:

It must appear in other ways than words, 140

Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [To Ner.] By yonder moon I swear

you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,

Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paistry ring

That she did give me, whose posy was

For all the world like cutler's poetry

Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.' 150

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you,
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmirch it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have
begged
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him well, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like
Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him, then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends, 241
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 meaning of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed!
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor, Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here 270
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? 280
Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it, Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and 290
living;
For here I read for certain that my ships are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo! My clerk hath some good comforts too for you. Ner. Ay, and I' ll give them him without a fee. 290
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 300 That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is, Whether till the next night she had rather stay, Or go to bed now, being two hours to day: But were the day come, I should wish it dark, That I were couching with the doctor's clerk. Well, while I live I 'll fear no other thing So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [Exeunt.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke, living in banishment.  
FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.  
AMIENS, lords attending on the banished Duke.  
JAQUES, Le Beau, a courtier attending upon Frederick.  
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.  
OLIVER, sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.  
ORLANDO, ADAM, DENNIS, servants to Oliver.  
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.  
CORIN, shepherds.  
SILVIIUS.  
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.  
A person representing Hymen.  
ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.  
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.  
PHEBE, a shepherdess.  
AUDREY, a country wench.  
Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE: Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Orchard of Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ass? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taugh their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something: that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go, apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver.

Orl. Now, sir! what make you here?  
Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.  
Orl. What mar you then, sir?
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 my 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.

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.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship. 100

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father? 133

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradle bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a 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 withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stiffestborn young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he ha' thine life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak it without charity of him; but should I ana-

tomize him to thee as he is, thou wouldst have seen a man and weep and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him my payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so God keep your worship!

Oli. Well, good Charles. [Exit Charles.] Now will I stir this gamester; I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who but a few know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [Exit.]

Scene II. Lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Rosa. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were mer-

ier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me was so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Rosa. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I; nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn mon-

ster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.
Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, 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; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithiee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Ros. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

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 trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Than 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, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, 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 this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dothes 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 now stay and see it.
Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man? 160
Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler? 179

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of his 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 judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one advantage 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, have that so mightily persuaded him from a first. 210

Orl. An you mean to mock me after, you shou'd 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 the strong fellow by the leg. (They wrestle.)

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunder-bolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Shout. Charles is thrown.

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 espy'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.

Cel. O my young father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties, 250
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. [Giving him a chain from her neck.

Gentleman.

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quittance, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Orl. Have with you. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon
my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
AS YOU LIKE IT.

High commendation, true applause and love,
That such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is indeed,
Dore suits you to conceive than I to speak of.
Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?
Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge
By manners;
But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Faith ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Round'd upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Vill suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
Shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
[Exit Le Beau.]
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother; 300
But heavenly Rosalind!
[Exit.]

SCENE III. A room in the palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid
Ave mercy! not a word?
Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.
Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be
Cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me;
Ome, lame me with reasons.
Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up;
Then the one should be lamed with reasons
And he other mad without any.
Cel. But is all this for your father? 10
Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. (58)
, how full of briers is this working-day world!
Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon
Me in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the
Ridden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.
Ros. I should shake them off my coat: these
Urs are in my heart.
Cel. Hem them away.
Ros. I would try, if I could cry 'hem' and
Have him.
Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.
Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler
Than myself!
Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try
A time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these
Easts out of service, let us talk in good earnest: it
Is possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into
A strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest
Son?
Ros. The duke my father loved his father
Learily. 31
Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should
Ove his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I
Would hate him, for my father hated his father
Learily: yet I hate not Orlando.

Res. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.
Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve
Well?
Res. Let me love him for that, and do you
Love him because I do. Look, here comes the
duke.
Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch with you your
Saftest haste
And get you from our court.
Res. Me, uncle?
Duke F. You, cousin: Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.
Res. 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, 50
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought 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.
Res. 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.
Res. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.
Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along. 70
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 wheresoe'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;
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.

[Exit Duke Frederick and Lords.]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine. I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Rosalind. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin; my charge Rosalind.

Ros. Prithie, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd shall we part, sweet girl?

No: let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly, Whither to go and what to bear with us; And do not seek to take your change upon you, To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out; For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale, Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. 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.

Cel. 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 assultants.

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 curtale-axe upon my thigh, A boar-spear in my hand; and— in my heart Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will— We'll have a swashing and a martial outside, As many other mannish cowards have That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page; And therefore look you, call me Ganymede. But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state.

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal The clownish fool out of your father's court? Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o' the wide world with me; Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away, And get our jewels and our wealth together, Devise the fittest time and safest way To hide us from pursuit that will be made After my flight. Now go we in content To liberty and not to banishment. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet

Than that of painted pomps? Are not these woods More free from peril than the envious court? Here feel we but the penalty of Adam, The man's 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 flattering: 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 like me the poor dappled foals, Being the breeders of this desert city, Should in their own confines with forked heads Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord, The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And in that kind, swears you do more usurp Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you. To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself Did steal behind him as he lay along

Under an oak whose antique root peeps out Upon the brook that-brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag, That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt, Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord, The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat Almost to bursting, and the big round tears Cours'd one another down his innocent nose In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,

Much marked of the melancholy Jaques, Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook, Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques? Did he not moralize this spectable?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes, First, for his weeping into the needless stream; Poor deer,' quoth he 'thou makest a testament As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more To that which had too much': then, being there 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; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques, 'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens; 'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?' Thus most inventively he pierced 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?
Scene I.  

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and 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.
First Lord. I’ll bring you to him straight.
[Exeunt.]

Scene II.  

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.
Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her,
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.
Sec. Lord. My lord, the roysth, clant, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess’ gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o’her heard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler.
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.
Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I will make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaway. [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!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And therefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you hurt food to overcome
The bonny prizer of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sandaled and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!
Orl. Why, what’s the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives;
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath 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,
He will have other means to cut you off.
Overheard him and his practices.

This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor 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?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.
Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred
Crowns, The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently 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 unasham’d 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 sweet for duty, not for need!
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 prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we’ll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We’ll light upon some settled low content.
Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master’s debtor.
[Exeunt.]

Scene IV. The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Touchstone.
Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits! Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs
were not weary.
Ros. I 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!
Cor. 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.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou know'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess, Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover As ever sight'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 fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly That ever love did make thee run into, Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now, Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise, Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not broke from company Abruptly, as my passion now makes me, Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [Exit.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And 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 chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cobs and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'I wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers: but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. I love, I love! 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.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend, And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold Can in this desert place buy entertainment, Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed; Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her And wish, for her sake more than for mine own, My fortunes were more able to relieve her; But I am shepherd to another man And do not shear the fleeces that I graze: My master is of churlish disposition And little recks to find the way to heaven By doing deeds of hospitality:

Ros. Besides, his cote, his hocks and bounds of feed Are now on sale, and at our sheeprace now, By reason of his absence, there is nothing That you will feed on: but what is, come see, And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile, 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 this place, And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold: Go with me: if you like upon report The soil, the profit and this kind of life, I will your very faithful feeder be And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.

Scene V. The forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

Song.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree Who loves to lie with me, And turn his merry note Unto the sweet bird's throat, Come hither, come hither, come hither: Here shall he see No enemy But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza; call you 'em stanzos?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?
Scene v.  

**Ami.** More at your request than to please myself.  

**Jaq.** Well then, if ever I thank any man, I’ll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks.  

Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.  

**Ami.** Well, I’ll end the song. Sirs, cover the hole; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.  

**Jaq.** And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.  

**Scene VI. The forest.**  

**Enter Orlando and Adam.**  

**Adam.** Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.  

**Ori.** Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm’s end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerily, and I’ll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bed: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!  

**Scene VII. The forest.**  

**A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and Lords like outlaws.**  

**Duke S.** I think he be transform’d into a beast; For I can no where find him like a man.  

**First Lord.** My lord, he is but even now gone hence.  

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.  

**Duke S.** If he, compact of jars, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.  

Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.  

**Enter Jaques.**  

**First Lord.** He saves my labour by his own approach.  

**Duke S.** Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this, That your poor friends must woo your company? What, you look merrily!  

**Jaq.** A fool, a fool! I met a fool the forest, A motley fool; a miserable wight. As I do live by that fool: Who laid him down and bask ’d him in the sun, And r veil’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 me fortune.’  

And then he drew a dial from his poke,  

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  

Says very wisely, ‘It is ten o’clock:  

Thus we may see,’ quoth he, ‘how the world wags:  

’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 chanticleer,  

That fools should be so deep-contemplative,  

And I did laugh sans intermission  

An hour by his dial. O noble fool!  

A worthy fool! Motley’s the only wear.  

**Duke S.** What, what!  

**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 judgements  

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  

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  

Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,  

The wise man’s folly is anatomized  

Even by the squandering glances of the fool.  

Invest me in my motley: give me leave  

[Exeunt.]
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the soul body of the infected world, 60
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 foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself; 70
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge 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 unboned encumbrances on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her, 80
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 mettle 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 served.

_Jaq._ Of what kind should this cock come of?

_Duke S._ Art thou thus bolden’d, 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 inland 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 must 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 better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll’d to church,
If ever sat at any good man’s feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what ‘tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

_Duke S._ True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll’d to church
And sat at good men’s feasts and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender’d:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister’d.

_Orl._ Then but forbear your food a little while,
While, 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 sufficed,
Oppress’d with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

_Duke S._ Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

_Orl._ I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!

_[Exit._

_Duke S._ Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

_Jaq._ All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players: 140
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewing and puking in the nurse’s arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress’ eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon’s mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and bearded of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And then he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper’d pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side, 159
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

_Re-enter Orlando, with Adam._

_Duke S._ Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
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 you to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing._
Scene VII.

As you like it.

Song.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! into the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly im'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exit.

ACT III.

Scene I. A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be;
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelveth month, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Ol: O that your highness knew my heart
in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him
out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expeditiously and turn him going. [Exit.

Scene II. The forest.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [Exit.

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself,
It is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life,
it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well;
but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect
it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court,
it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well;
but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one
sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that
wants money, means and content is without three
good friends; that the property of rain is to wet
and 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 sawest good manners; if thou never
sawest good manners, then thy manners must
be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is
damnation. Thou art in a parlous 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
sweet? 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 baser
than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend
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 eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; 'tis 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 beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading.

Rosalind. From the east to western Ind, No jewel is like Rosalind. Her worth, being mounted on the wind, Through all the world bears Rosalind. All the pictures fairest lined Are but black to Rosalind. Let no fair be kept in mind But the fair of Rosalind. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Rosalind. Out, fool! For a taste: If a hart do lack a hind, Let him seek out Rosalind. If the cat will after kind, So be sure will Rosalind. Winter garments must be lined, So must slender Rosalind. They that reap must sheaf and bind; Then to cart with Rosalind. Sweetest nut hath sourest rind, Such a nut is Rosalind. He that sweetest rose will find Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Rosalind. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Celia. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Celia. [Reads]

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
She, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;

Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalind write,

Touch. Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd

Celia. Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Rosalind. O most gentle pulpit! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people'!

Celia. 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.

Celia. Didst thou hear these verses?

Rosalind. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Celia. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Rosalind. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Celia. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hangéd and carved upon these trees?

Rosalind. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so bemused since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Celia. Trow you who hath done this?

Rosalind. Is it a man?

Celia. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Rosalind. I prithee, who?

Celia. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Rosalind. Nay, but who is it?

Celia. Is it possible?

Rosalind. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Celia. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hoping.

Rosalind. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am capricious like a man, I have a
Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Re-enter Orlando and Jaques.

[The boy is brought in; he is dressed as a woman.] Orlando: O, holla, and note him. I said, 'tis no means fair. Time travels in divers places with divers persons. I'll tell you what. Where thou dost find a woman, when thou dost find her, I pray you, ask what time o' day. If she ask you what time o' day, go ask her what time o' day. If she say, 'Tis a fault I will not change for a foot of Time; if she say, 'Tis a fault I will not change for a foot o' Time, you may say, 'Tis a fault I will not change for a foot o' Time, and she shall see him.

Re-enter Orlando and Jaques.

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the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury; these Time ambles withal.

Ori. 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.

Ori. 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.

Ori. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Ori. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Ori. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love.

I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Ori. 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.

Ori. 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 quotation of love upon him.

Ori. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Ori. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungarnted, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing else that you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Ori. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her 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,
And. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it nest 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, what they swear in poetry may be said as they do feast.

And. Do you wish then that the gods had de me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me in art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I shght have some hope thou didst feign.

And. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hardened; for honesty coupled to beauty is to see honey a sauce to sugar.

And. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods in foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy faults; sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of next village, who hath promised to meet me this place of the forest and to couple us.

And. I would see this meeting.

Touch. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a lawful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here have no temple but the wood, no assembly of horn-beasts. But what thought? Courage! horns are odious, they are necessary. It is d, 'many a man knows no end of his goods: Iht; many a man has good horns, and knows end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his fe;' 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer tham as huge as the rascal. Is the single in therefore blessed? No: as a walled town more worthier than the village, is so the forehead a married man more honourable than the bare ow of a bachelor; and by how much defence better than no skill, by so much is a horn more efficacious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Ol. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Ol. Truly, she must be given, or the arriage is not lawful.

[Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.]

Scene IV. The forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that 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. 'Tis my faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten 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 confirmer 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 pensive 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 inquired
After the shepherd that complain’d of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play’d,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
So hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I’ll prove a busy actor in their play. [Exeunt.

Scene V. Another part of the forest.

Enter Silvius and 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 accustom’d sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humble neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Cecilia, 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 I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
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 he’s been keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come thou not 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 I
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have 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. ’O’d 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 bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow me
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?

You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: ’tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour’d children.
’Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And if you see her, she sees herself more proper Than any of her lineaments can show her.

But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
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 markets:

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:

Yet 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 woo.

Ros. He’s fallen in love with your fowle and she’ll fall in love with my anger. If it be so fast as she answers thee with frowning looks I’ll scarce her with bitter words. Why look yo 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 failer than vows made in wine:

Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house
’Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.

Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.

Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see
None could be so abused in sight as he.

Come, to our flock.

[Exeunt Rosalind, Cecilia and Corin.

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might

’Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?’

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what sayst thou, Silvius?

Sil. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius

Phe. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love your sorrow and my grief

Were both exterminated.
He. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly? 90
iil. I would have you.
He. Why, that were covetousness. vius, the time was that I hated thee, d yet it is not that I bear thee love; t since that thou canst talk of love so well, y company, which erst was irksome to me, ill endure, and I'll employ thee too; i do not look for further recompense an thine own gladness that thou art employ'd. 100 silt. So holy and so perfect is my love, d I in such a poverty of grace,
that I shall think it a most plenteous crop - glean the broken ears after the man at the main harvest reaps: loose now and then scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.
He. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft; d he hath bought the cottage and the bounds at the old carlot once was master of.
Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him; is but a peevish boy; yet he talks well; 110 at what care I for words? yet words do well hen he that speaks them pleases those that hear. is a pretty youth: not very pretty: it, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes he'll make a proper man: the best thing in him his complexion; and faster than his tongue id make offence his eye did heal it up. e is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall: is leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well; were a pretty redness in his lip, little riper and more lusty red ran that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the differ- ence stwixt the constant red and mingled damask, here be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him? i pleased as I did, would have gone near a fall in love with him; but, for my part, love him not nor hate him not; and yet have more cause to hate him than to love him: or what had he to do to chide at me? e said mine eyes were black and my hair black; nd, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me: 120 marvel why I answer'd not again: that's all one; omittance is no quittance. 'I'll write to him a very taunting letter, nd thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius? Silt. Phebe, with all my heart. Phe. I'll write it straight; he matter's in my head and in my heart: will be bitter with him and passing short. to me, Silvius. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The forest.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.
Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.
Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.
Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.
Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes. I have gained my experience.
Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind! Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi' you, as you talk in blank verse. [Exit.

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lies and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him 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 wood 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 jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better hearer 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.

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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 cleanliest shift is to kiss. 

Orl. 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 my 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, videlicit, in a love-case. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned 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 cramp was drowned: and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love. 

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this 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.
In love! But it cannot be sounded: my
Edition hath an unknown bottom, like the bay
Portugual.
Ced. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you
affection in, it runs out.
Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus
it was begot of thought, conceived of spleen
horm of madness, that blind rascally boy that uses
every one's eyes because his own are out,
im be judge how deep I am in love. I'll
thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of
lando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he
me.
Ced. And I'll sleep. [Exit.

SCENE II. The forest.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.
Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?
A Lord. Sir, it was I.
Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a
man conqueror; and it would do well to set
a deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of
story. Have you no song, forester, for this
pose?
For. Yes, sir.
Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune,
it make noise enough.

Song.
For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home;
[The rest shall bear this burden.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it: The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The forest.
Enter Rosalind and Celia.
Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two
o'clock? and here much Orlando!
Ced. I warrant you, with pure love and troubl
brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and
gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.
Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
y gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
know not the contents: but, as I guess
the stern brow and waspish action
hich she did use as she was writing of it,
bears an angry tenour: pardon me:
am but as a guiltless messenger.
Ros. Patience herself would startle at this
letter
nd 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,
'ere man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!
'er love is not the hare that I do hunt:
'hy writes she to me? Well, shepherd, well,
his is a letter of your own device.
Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:

Phèbe did write it.
Ros. Come, come, you are a fool
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.
Sil. Sure, it is hers.
Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the
letter?
Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phèbe's cruelty.
Ros. She Phèbes me: mark how the tyrant
writes. [Reads.
Art thou god to shepherd turn'd;
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus?
Sil. Call you this railing?
Ros. [Reads]
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear such railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.
If the scorn of your bright eye
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by 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?
Ced. 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. [Exit Silvius.

Enter Oliver.
Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you
know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?
Ced. 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 sister; the woman low And browner than her brother.' Are not you The owner of the house I did inquire for? 

**Cel.** It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are. **Oli.** Orlando doth commend him to you both, And to that youth he calls his Rosalind

He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

**Ros.** I am: what must we understand by this?

**Oli.** Some of my shame; if you will know of me What man I am, and how, and why, and where This handkercher was stain'd.

**Cel.** I pray you, tell it. **Oli.** When last the young Orlando parted from you He left a promise to return again Within an hour, and pacing through the forest, Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy, Lo, what befel! 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 braid with dry antiquity, A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair, Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself, Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd The opening of his mouth; but suddenly, 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 coughing, head on ground, with catlike watch, When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis The royal disposition of that beast To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead: This seen, Orlando did approach the man And found it was his brother, his elder brother. 

**Cel.** O, I have heard him speak of that same brother; And he did render him the most unnatural That lived amongst men. **Oli.** And well he might so do, For well I know he was unnatural. **Ros.** But, to Orlando: did he leave him there, Food to the suck’d and hungry lioness? **Oli.** Twice did he turn his back and purposed so: But kindness, nobler ever than revenge, And nature, stronger than his just occasion, Made him give battle to the lioness, Who quickly fell before him: in which hurting From miserable slumber I awaked. **Cel.** Are you his brother?

**Ros.** Was’t 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 Tears our recantments had most kindly bathed, As how I came into that desert place:— In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,

Who gave me fresh array and entertainment, Committing me unto my brother’s love; Who led me instantly unto his cave, There stripp’d himself, and here upon his arm The lioness had torn some flesh away, Which all this while he had bled; and now he fainted And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind. 

Brief, I recover’d him, bound up his wound; And, after some small space, being strong at heart, He sent me hither, stranger as I am, To tell this story, that you might excuse His broken promise, and to give this napkin Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. 

**Ros.** Swoons.

**Cel.** Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede! **Oli.** Many will swoon when they do look on blood. 

**Cel.** There is more in it. **Oli.** Cousin Ganymede. 

**Cel.** Look, he recovers. 

**Ros.** 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 counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. 

**Oli.** This was not counterfeited: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest. **Ros.** Counterfeit, I assure you. **Oli.** Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man. **Ros.** So I do: but, ‘tis faith, I should have been a woman by right.

**Cel.** Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. **Oli.** Good sir, go with us. 

**Cel.** That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind. 

**Ros.** I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

[**Exeunt.**]

**ACT V.**

**Scene I. The forest.**

**Enter Touchstone and Audrey.**

**Touch.** We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey. 

**Aud.** Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman’s saying.

**Touch.** A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, as vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

**Aud.** Ay, I know who ‘tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

**Touch.** It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting we cannot hold.

**Enter William.**

**Will.** Good even, Audrey. 

**Aud.** God ye good even, William.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

SCENE I.

Will. And good even to you, sir.
Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy bed, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend? 29

Will. Five and twenty, sir.
Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?
Will. William, sir.
Touch. A fair name. Worn bast in'the forest ere?
Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.
Touch. 'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich?
Will. Faith, sir, so so.
Touch. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?
Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.
Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying: 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that raps were made to eat and lips to open. You to love this maid?
Will. No, sir.
Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling he one doth empty the other; for all your writers do confess that: Isee; now you are not pse, for I am he.
Will. Which he, sir?
Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish company,—of this female,—which in the common woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; r, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal a poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run the paths; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.
Aud. Do, good William.
Will. God rest you merry, sir. [Exit.

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you: one, away, away!
Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The forest.

Enter ORLANDO AND OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her and loving you, and, wo'ing, he should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy er?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wo'ing, nor her sudden consenting: but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: then will I invite the duke and all his contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Rosal. God save you, brother.
Orl. And you, fair sister. [Exit.
Rosal. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!
Orl. It is my arm.
Rosal. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.
Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.
Rosal. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.
Rosal. O, I know where you are merry, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Caesar's thronal brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame:' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: 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.

Rosal. Why then, tomorrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.
Rosal. 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, in somuch 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?
Rosal. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly,
though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phoebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Ph. Youth, you have done me much un- gentleness.

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 followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Ph. 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.

Ph. 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.

Ph. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
† All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phoebe.

Ph. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Ph. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [To Sil.] I will help you, if I can: [To Phoebe.] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [To Phoebe.] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [To Orl.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [To Sil.] I will content you, if what pleases you content you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [To Orl.] As you love Rosalind, meet: [To Sil.] as you love Phoebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands. 131

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Ph. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [Exeunt.

Scene III. The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

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, and a song.

Sec. 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 horse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding: 21
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV. The forest.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;† As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phoebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whilsts our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?
Phè. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phè. So is the bargain.
Ros. You say, that you'll have Phèbe, if she will?
Sil. Though to have her life and death were both one thing.
Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: so
Keep your word, Phèbe, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvia, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.
Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is sure, another flood toward,
And these couples are coming to the ark. Here
Comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this
Is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so
Often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier,
He swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me
to my purgation. I have trod a measure;
I have flattered a lady: 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?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel
Was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord,
Like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'lud you, sir; I desire you of the like.
I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear;
According as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but
Mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take
That that no man else will: rich honesty dwells
Like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl
In your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and
Such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find
The quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—
Hear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's

Scene iv.]

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Phè. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Phè. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phèbe, if she will?

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If she refuse me: and from hence I go,

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Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician,

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The quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—

Hear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's

beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was

not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this

is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word

again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me

word, he cut it to please himself: this is called

the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,'

he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply

Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he

would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Re-

proof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,'

he would say, I lied: this is called the Countercheck

Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial

and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was

not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie

Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie

Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the de-

grees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book:

as you have books for good manners: I

will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort

Courteous; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the

Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quar-

relsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance;

the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may

avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid

that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices

could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties

were met themselves, one of them thought but

of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so:' and

they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If

is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's

as good at any thing and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-

horse and under the presentation of that he shoves

his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,

When earthly things made even

Atone together.

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 his bosom is.

Ros. [To duke] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Orl.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are

my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my

Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

15—2
You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to fall weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we meet, and these things finish.

SONG.
Wedding is great Juno’s crown:
’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, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day 160
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 restored to them again 170
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer’st fairly to thy brothers’ wedding:
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune, 180
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 bridegrooms 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 thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Jaq de B. He hath.
Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learnt. 191
[To duke] You to your former honour I beseech;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[To Orl.] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:
[To Oli.] You to your land and love and great pleasures:
[To Sil.] You to a long and well-deserved bed:
[To Touch.] And you to wrangling; for 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. 200
Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I’ll stay to know at your abandon’d cave. [Exit.
Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they’ll end, in true delights,

EPilogue.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, ’tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I’ll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men—to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexionions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many, as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtey, bid me farewell.

[Exeunt.]
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

A Lord.  
Christopher Sly, a tinker.  
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants.

Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.  
Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.  
Luciento, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.  
Petrouchio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.  
Gandroco.  
Hortensio.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'll be thee, y' faith.  
Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!  
Sly. Ye are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues;  
look in the chronicles: we came in with Richard Conqueror.  
Therefore paucas pallabras; let the world slide: sessa!  
Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?  
Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimo: go  
to thy cold bed, and warm thee. [Exeunt.  
Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch  
the third-borough.  
Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll  
answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy:  
let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.  

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting,  
with his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well  
your hounds:  
†Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd:  
And couple Clowered with the deep-mouth'd brach.  
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good  
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?  
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.  

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he,  
my lord;  
He cried upon it at the merest loss  
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:  
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.  
Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,  
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.  
But sup them well and look unto them all:  
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord.  

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,  
doth he breathe?  

Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he  
not warm'd with ale,  
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

TRanio,  
Biondello,  
Servants to Lucentio.  
Grumio,  
Servants to Petruchio.  
Curtis.  
A Pedant.  
Katharina, the shrew,  
Daughters to Baptista.  
Bianca.  
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on  
Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE: Padua, and Petruchio's country house.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine  
he lies!  
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!  
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.  
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,  
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his  
fingers,  
A most delicious banquet by his bed,  
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,  
Would not the beggar then forget himself?  

First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he can't  
choose.

Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him  
when he waked.  

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless  
fancy.  

Then take him up and manage well the jest:  
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber  
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:  
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters  
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:  
Procure me music ready when he wakes,  
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;  
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight  
And with a low submissive reverence  
Say 'What is it your honour will command?'  
Let one attend him with a silver basin  
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;  
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,  
And say 'Will't please your lordship cool your  
hands?'  

Some one be ready with a costly suit  
And ask him what apparel he will wear;  
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,  
And that his lady mourns at his disease:  
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;  
†And when he says he is, say that he dreams,  
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.  
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs:  
It will be pastime passing excellent,  
If 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. [Some bear out Sly. A Trumpet sounds. Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds: [Exit Serving-man.
Belike, some noble gentleman that means, Travelling some journey, to repose him here. 

Re-enter Serving-man.

How now! who is it?
Serv. An't please your honour, players That offer service to your lordship.
Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome. Players. We thank your honour. Lord. If you intend to stay with me to-night? A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.
Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember, Since once he 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 Soto that your honour means.
Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent. Well, you are come to me in happy time: 90 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 antic in the world. Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery, And give them friendly welcome every one: Let them want nothing that your house affords. [Exit one with the Players.
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page, And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady: That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber: And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance, Tell him from me, as he will win my love, He bear himself with honourable action, Such as he hath observed in noble ladies Unto their lords, by them accomplished: Such duty to the drunkard let him do With soft low tongue and 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 embraces, tempting kisses, And with declining head into his bosom, Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd To see her noble lord restored to health, Who for this seven years hath 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 canst: Anon I'll give thee more instructions. 130 [Exit a Serving-man.
I know the boy will well usurp the grace, Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman: I long to hear him call the drunkard husband, And how my men 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, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin and ever and other appurtenances; and Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.
First Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?
Sec. Serv. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?
Third Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to day?
Sly. I am Christopher Sly; call not me 'honour' 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'll wear; for I have no more doublets but backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.
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 was it, that would you make me mad? Am I not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincet, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheet ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: here's—
Third Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!
Sec. Serv. O, this is it that makes your servants droop!
Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house, As beaten hence by your strange lunacy. O noble lord, behinth thee of thy birth, Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst: And banish hence these abject lowly dreams. Look how thy servants do attend on thee, Each in his office ready at thy beck. Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays [Music. And twenty caged nightingales do sing: Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
In purpose trim’d up for Semiramis,
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Will thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp’d,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the walkin answer them
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight.
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cynthia all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
Lord. We’ll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall say Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.
First Serv. And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o’er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.
Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady? Or do I dream? or have I dream’d till now?
Do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
Smell sweet savours and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed.
And not a tinker nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight:
And once again, a pot o’ the smallest ale.
Sec. Serv. Will’t please your mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
That once no world but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.
Sly. These fifteen years! by my say, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?
First Serv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say you would present her at the foot,
Because she brought stone jars and no seal’d quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
Sly. Ay, the woman’s maid of the house.
Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house
Nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon’d up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph 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 good-man.
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 years 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 charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
Sly. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.
Mess. Your honour’s players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy:
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal’d your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.
Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonity 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 comedy.
Sly. Well, we’ll see it. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip: we shall ne’er be younger.

Flourish.
ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. A public place.

Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.

Lu. Tranio, since for the great desire I had To see fair Padua, nursery of arts, I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy, The pleasant garden of great Italy; And by my father’s love and leave am arm’d With his good will and thy good company, My trusty servant, well approved in all, Here let us breathe and haply institute A course of learning and ingenious studies. Pisa renown’d for grave citizens Gave me my being and my father first, A merchant of great traffic through the world, Vincentio, come of the Bentovill. Vincentio’s son brought up in Florence It shall become to serve all hopes conceived, To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds: And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study, Virtue and that part of philosophy Will I apply that treats of happiness By virtue specially to be achieved. Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left And Padua come, as he that leaves A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonato, gentle master mine, I am in all affected as yourself; Glad that you thus continue your resolve To suck 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 abjured: 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 do I thank you and, If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore, We could at once put us in readiness, And take a lodging fit to entertain Such friends as time in Padua shall beget. But stay a while: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther, For how I firmly am resolved you know: That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter Before I have a husband for the elder: If either of you both love Katharina, Because I know you well and love you well, Leave shall you have to court her at your 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, said I how mean you that? no 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 noodle with a three-legg’d stool And paint your face and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us Gre. And me too, good Lord! Tra. Hush, master! here’s 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 fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good What I have said, Bianca, get you in: And let it not displease thee, good Bianca, For I will love thee ne’er the less, my girl. Kath. A pretty peat! it is best Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent. So Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe: My books and instruments shall be my company, On them to look and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may’st hear Minerva 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 penance of her tongue? Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved: Go in, Bianca: [Exit Bianca. And for I know she taketh most delightful In music, instruments and poetry, Schoolmasters will I keep within my house, Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio, Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such, Prefer them hither; for to cunning men I will be very kind, and liberal To mine own children in good bringing up: And so farewell, Katharina, you may stay; too For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha? [Exit Gre. You may go to the devil’s dam: your gifts are so good, here’s none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake’s dough on both sides. Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray, Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca’s love, to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What’s that, I pray?
Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hor-nesio, though his father be very rich, any man so very a fool to be married to hell? 199

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure your loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her owry with this condition, to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice a rotten apples. But come; since this bar in arrises makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest see for a husband, and then have we't not afresh. Whoa! Happy man be his done! He has run fastest gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! Come on.

Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible that love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, never thought it possible or likely; but see, while idly I stood looking on, found the effect of love in idleness; and now in plainness do confess to thee, that art to me as secret and as dear as Anna to the queen of Carthage was, Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, 150 I achieve not this young modest girl. Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst; assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now: affection is not rated from the heart: I love have touch'd you, nought remains but so, Redime te captum quam queas minimô.

Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents: he rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, 'erhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, such as the daughter of Agenor had, that made great Jove to humble him to her hand, when with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister began to scold and raise up such a storm that mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move and with her breath she did perfume the air: 180 sacred 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, lend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands: her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd that till the father rid his hands of her,

Master, your love must live a maid at home; And therefore has he closely mew'd her up, Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors. Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he! But art thou not advised, he took some care 191 To get 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.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster And undertake the teaching of the maid: That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part, And be in Padua here Vincentio's son, 200 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 distinguish'd by our faces For man or master; then it follows thus; Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead, Keep house and port and servants, as I should: I will some other be, some Florentine, Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa. 210 '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, sir, with it your pleasure is, And I am tied to be obedient; For so your father charged me at our parting, 'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he, Although I think 'twas in another sense; 220 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 thrill'd my wounded eye. Here comes the rogue.

Enter Biondello.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest, And therefore from 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 hence to save my life: You understand me?

Bion. I, sir! ne'er a whit. 240

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth: Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

[Act II, Scene II]

**Trav.** So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucienio 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 woorers:
if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[Exeunt.]

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. Padua. Before Hortensio's house.

**Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio.**

**Petr.** Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.

Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

**Grum.** Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

**Petr.** 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?

**Petr.** Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

**Grum.** My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

**Petr.** 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 sings him by the ears.]

**Grum.** Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

**Petr.** 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?

**Petr.** Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

'Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato,' may I say.

**Hort.** 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato 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.

**Petr.** 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! Spak
you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?' And come you now with, 'knockin at the gate'?

**Petr.** Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise ye.

**Hort.** Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

**Petr.** Such wind as scatters young men through the world
To seek their fortunes farther than at home
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased.
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wife and thrive as best I may:
Crows in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

**Hort.** Petruchio, shall I then come round to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? 6

Thou'vest thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

**Petr.** Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friend as we
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my woowing dance,
Be she as foul as Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least;
And I will not edge in me, were I as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wife it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

**Grum.** Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or a old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes with it.

**Hort.** Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure
That, were my state far worse than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

**Petr.** Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's 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,
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

affable and courteous gentleman: name is Katharina Minola, own'd in Padua for her scolding tongue. I know her father, though I know not her; he knew my deceased father well. I'll not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her; therefore let me be thus bold with you give you over at this first encounter, you will accompany me thither.

I pray you, sir, let him go while the last stands. O my word, an she knew him as I do, she would think scolding could do good upon him: she may perhaps call him a score knaves or so; why, that's nothing; he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure with it that she shall have no more eyes to withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee, in Baptista's keep my treasure is: hath the jewel of my life in hold, youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca, withholds from me and other more, to her and rivals in my love, posing it a thing impossible, those defects I have before rehearsed, ever Katharina will be wood; before this order hath Baptista ta'en, none shall have access unto Bianca Katherine the curt; not a husband.

Katherine the curt! tle for a maid of all titles the worst.

Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace, I offer me disguised in sober robes old Baptista as a schoolmaster seen in music, to instruct Bianca; so may, by this device, at least leave and leisure to make love to her unsuspected court her by herself.

Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the folks, how the young folks lay their heads therewith!

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguised.

A proper stripping and an amorous! I mend it with a largess. Take your paper too, let me have them very well perfumed: she is sweeter than perfume itself whom they go to. What will you read to her?

\textit{Peace, Grumio!} It is the rival of my love.\textit{Ruchio, stand by a while.}

A proper stripping and an amorous! I\textit{O, very well! I have perused the note.}\textit{You, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound: books of love, see that at any hand; I see you read no other lectures to her: I understand me: over and beside Baptist's liberality.} I\textit{mend it with a largess. Take your paper too, let me have them very well perfumed: she is sweeter than perfume itself whom they go to. What will you read to her?}

\textit{Whate'er I read to her, I'll plend for you for my patron, stand you so assured, firmly you yourself were in place: and perhaps with more successful words in you, unless you were a scholar, sir.}\textit{This learning, what a thing it is!}\textit{O this woodcock, what an ass it is!}\textit{Peace, sirrah!}

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola. I promised to inquire carefully About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca: And by good fortune I have lighted well On this young man, for learning and behaviour For her turn, well read in poetry And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman Hath promised me to help me to another, A fine musician to instruct our mistress; So shall I no whit be behind in duty To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

Gre. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time tovaunt 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 curt Katherine, Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please. Gre. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults? Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold: If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. Gre. 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.

Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange! But if you have a stomach, to't! God's name: You shall have me assisting you in all. But will you woo this wild-cat?


Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent? Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? Have I not in my time heard lions roar? Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat? Have I not heard great ordinance in the field, And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies? Have I not in a pitched battle heard Lou'd '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. Hortensio, hark: This gentleman is happily arrived, My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er. Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gre. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Trn. 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?
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Padua. A room in Baptista's house.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong 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 petticcoat; 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 to tell Whom thou lovest best; see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men al 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 him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so? Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive You have but jested with me all this while: I priethee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence gro this insolence? Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps. Go ply thy needle: meddle not with her. For shame, thou hinding 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 venged.


Kath. What, will you not suffer me? No now I see She is your treasure, she must have a husband I must dance bare-foot 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. [Ex Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gremio. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. Can save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you a daughter
THE TAMING OF THE SHERW.

I'll have Katharina, fair and virtuous.

**Bap.** I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

**Gre.** You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

**Pet.** You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.

In a gentleman of Verona, sir, at hearing of her beauty and her wit;
Affability and bashful modesty,
Wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
So bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
That report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entertainment, to present you with a man of mine,
In music and the mathematics,
I instruct her fully in those sciences,
Hereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
She is Lidio, born in Mantua.

**Bap.** You’re welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.

It is for my daughter Katharine this I know,
Is not for your turn, the more my grief.

**Pet.** I see you do not mean to part with her,
Else you like not of my company.

**Bap.** Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Hence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

**Pet.** Petruchio is my name; Antonio’s son,
Man well known throughout all Italy.

**Bap.** I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

**Gre.** Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Us, that are poor petitioners, speak too;
Care! you are marvellous forward.

**Pet.** O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

**Gre.** I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.

Nigh, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure it.
To express the like kindness, myself, that
I have been more kindly beholding to you than any,
That you turn you this wise scholar [preting Lucentio],
That hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and
Other languages, as the other in music and
Mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his vice.

**Bap.** A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.

Come, good Cambio. [To Tranio] But, gentlemen,
Methinks you walk like a stranger: may
Be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

**Tran.** Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
Unt, being a stranger in this city here,
Make myself a suitor to your daughter,
To Bianca, fair and virtuous,
The preferment of the eldest sister.

**Gre.** Liberty is all that I request,
Upon knowledge of my parentage,
May have welcome amongst the rest that who
Have free access and favour as the rest:
Toward the education of your daughters,
Restow a simple instrument,
This small packet of Greek and Latin books:
You accept them, then their worth is great.

**Bap.** Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

**Tran.** Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

**Bap.** A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you the lute, and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.

**Gre.** Holia, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentleman
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio,
Biondello following.]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you to think yourselves.

**Pet.** Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better’d rather than decreased:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter’s love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

**Bap.** After my 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 well obtained,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

**Pet.** Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet, too hacer
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury;
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So to her and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

**Bap.** Well mayst 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.

Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than ever I did;
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She is apt to learn and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

I pray you do. [Exeunt all but Petruchio.]

Enter Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

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 Kates, and therefore, Kate,
Take of this of me, Kate of my consolation:
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moveable,

Why, what's a moveable?

A join'd-stool.

Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

Too light for such a swain as you to catch;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Should be! should—buzz!

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Come, come, you wasp; 'tis faith, you are too angry.

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Who knows not where a wasp does weave his sting? In his tail.

In his tongue.

Whose tongue?

Yours, if you talk of tails: and so far well.

What, with my tongue in your tail? me never again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

That I'll try. [She strikes him.]

I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!

What is your crest? a cockcomb?

A combless cock, so Kate will be then.

No cock of mine; you crow too like a crane.

Nay, come, Kate, come; you must look so sour.

It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

There is, there is.

Then show it me.

Had I a glass, I would.

What, you mean my face?

Well aim'd of such a young one.

Now, by Saint George, I am too you for you.

Let you are wither'd.

'Tis with cares.

I care not.

Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you seem not so.

I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

No, not a whit: I find you passing gent
'Twas told me you were rough and coy a while.

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing comely,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-tu flowers.

Thou must not frown, thou canst not look askan
Nor bite the lip, as angry wench's will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,

But thou with mildness entertain's thy wooers

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth lim
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twigs
Is straight and slender and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st so main.

Did ever Dian so become a grove 2

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 sportful

Where did you study all this good speech?

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

A witty mother! wiles else her son

Am I not wise?

Yes: keep you warm.
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in
thy bed;
id therefore, setting all this chat aside, 270
us in plain terms: your father hath consented
at you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed
on;
id, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
sw, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
r, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
my beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
you must be married to no man but me;
r I am he am born to tame you Kate,
id bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
unformed as other household Kate. 280
are 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 sped 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
u have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
i wish me wed to one half lunatic;
mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack, 290
iath thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the
world,
talk'd of, have talk'd amiss of her:
she be curst, it is for policy;
she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
e is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
patience she will prove a second Grissel,
d Roman Lucrece for her chastity;
ist to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
at upon Sunday is the wedding-day, 300
Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see
thee hang'd first.
Trn. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good
ight our part!
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for
myself:
she and I be pleased, what's that to you?
is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
at she shall still be curst in company.
e you, 'tis incredible to believe
ow much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
e hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss 310
ved so fast, protesting oath on oath,
it in a twink she won me to her love.
you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
ow tame, when men and women are alone,
meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
ve me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
iwe the feast, father, and bid the guests;
is my Katharine shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say; but give me
your hands; 320
send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
G. Trn. Amen, say we; we will be wit-
nesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings and things and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.
[Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine severally.

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a mer-
chant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
Trn. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas. 331
Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Trn. 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.
Trn. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry. 340
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.
Trn. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen: I will com-
clude 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 lave her dainty hands; 350
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestrie;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls, 360
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself I am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is here,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.
Trn. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am your 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; 370
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 choked you with an argosy?
Trn. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more;
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
ACT III.


Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir: Have you so soon forgotten the entertainment Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal? Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is the patroness of heavenly harmony: Then give me leave to have prerogative; And when in music we have spent an hour, Your lecture shall have leisure for as much. Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far To know the cause why music was ordain'd! Was it not to refresh the mind of man After his studies or his usual pain? Then give me leave to read philosophy, And while I pause, serve in your harmony. Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine. 

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong, To strive for that which resteth in my choice: I am no breaching scholar in the schools; I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times, But learn my lessons as I please myself. And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down: Take you your instrument, play you the whiles; His lecture will be done ere you have tuned. Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune? Luc. That will be never: tune your instrument. Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam: 'Hic ibat Simois: hie est Sigeia tellus; Hic steterat Priami regia celsa sensis.'

Bian. Constructure them.

Luc. 'Hic ibat,' as I told you before, 'Simois is Lucentio, 'hie est,' son unto Vincentio Pisa, 'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get you love; 'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio the Comes a-wooing, 'Priami,' is my man Tranio regia,' bearing my port, 'celsa sensis,' that we might beguile the old pantalone.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. 

Bian. 'Let's hear. 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 Simois,' I know you not, 'hie est Sigeia tellus,' I trust you not; 'Hic steterat Priami,' take heed he hear us not, 'regia,' presume not, 'celsa sensis,' despairs not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. But all the base. 

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knew that jars.

[Aside] 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 Lucentio. Mistrust it not; for, sure, 'Eacides 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? well, I must wait.

[Aside] And watch withal; for, but I be deceived, 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 briefer 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. [Reads] "Gamut! I am the ground all accord, 'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion; 'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord, 'C 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? tut, I like it not: Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice, To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave 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. 

[Exit Bianca and Servant]
Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
ethinks he looks as though he were in love:
if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
last thy wondering eyes on every stale,
90
tizze thee that list: if once I thee ranging,
ortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit.]

ENE II. Padua. Before Baptista’s house.

Bap. [To Tranio] Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day:
at Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
Yest me we hear not of our son-in-law.
hat will be said? what mockery will it be,
want the bridegroom when the priest attends
speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
hat says Lucentio to this shame of ours!
Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth,
give my hand opposed against my heart
into a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen;
10
ho woo’d in haste and means to wed at leisure.
old you, I, he was a frantic fool,
ring his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
fd, to be noted for a merry man,
’ll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
kneekates, invite friends, and proclaim the buns;
t never means to wed where he hath woo’d.
w must the world point at poor Katharine,
d say, ‘Lo, there is Petruchio’s wife,
it would please him come and marry her!’
20
Tran. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
on my life, Petruchio means but well,
ately fortune stays him from his word:
ough he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
ough he be merry, yet withal he’s honest.
Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him
though!

Exit Tranio, followed by Bianca and others.

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
such an injury would vex a very saint,
ich more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Bondello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and
news as you never heard of! 31

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petru-
chio’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
there. 41

Tran. But say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat
an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice
ned, a pair of boots that have been candle-
es, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty
rld ta’en out of the town-armoury, with a
ken hilt, and shapese; with two broken

points: his horse hipped with an old mothsaddle
and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed
with the gilders and like to mose in the chine;
troubled with the lampass, infected with the
fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins,
rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives,
stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with
the bors, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten;
ner-legged before and with a half-checked bit
and a head-stall of sheep’s leather which, being
restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been
often burst and now repaired with knots; one
six times pieced and a woman’s crupper of
vulture, which hath two letters for her name fairly
set down in studs, and here and there pieced with
packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world
caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on
one leg and a kersey 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
aparel, and not like a Christian footboy or
a gentleman’s lackey.

Tran. ’Tis some odd humour pricks him to
this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparel’ld.

Bap. I am glad he’s come, howso’er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came. 80

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with
him on his back.

Bap. Why, that’s all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who’s at
home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well. 90

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tran. Not so well apparell’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 wherfore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wed-
ing-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come:
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided. 101
Pie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tran. 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. Tediums 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 all 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. 

\textit{Tra.} See not your bride in these uneventful \textit{Plots}: 
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine. 

\textit{Pet.} Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her. 

\textit{Bap.} But thus, I trust, you will not marry her. 

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words: 
To me she's married, not unto my clothes: 
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 mornow to my bride, 
And seal the title with a lovely kiss! 

\textit{[Exeunt Petrucchio and Grumio.]} 

\textit{Tra.} He hath some meaning in his mad attire: 
We will persuade him, be it possible, 
To put on better ere he go to church. 

\textit{Bap.} I'll after him, and see the event of this. 

\textit{[Exeunt Baptista, Grumio, and attendants.]} 

\textit{Tra.} But to her love concerneth us to add 
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass, 
As I before imparted to your worship, 
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be, 
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,— 
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa: 
And make assurance here in Padua 
Of greater sums than I have promised. 
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope, 
And marry sweet Bianca with consent. 

\textit{Luc.} Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster 
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly, 
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage; 
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no, 
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world. 

\textit{Tra.} That by degrees we mean to look into, 
And watch our vantage in this business: 
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio, 
The narrow-prying father, Mine, 
The quaint musician, amorous Licio; 
All for my master's sake, Lucentio. 

\textit{Re-enter Grumio.} 

Signior Gremio, came you from the church? 

\textit{Gre.} As willingly as e'er I came from school. 

\textit{Tra.} And is the bride and bridegroom coming home? 

\textit{Gre.} A bridgroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed, 
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find. 

\textit{Tra.} Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible. 

\textit{Gre.} Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend, 

\textit{Tra.} Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam. 

\textit{Gre.} Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him! I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest 

\textit{160} Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife, 

"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud, 
That, all-amazed, the priest let fall the book; 
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up, 
The mad-brain'd bridgroom took him such a cuff 
That down fell priest and book and book and priest: 

Now take them up, quoth he, 'if any list.' 

\textit{Tra.} What said the wench when he rose again 

\textit{Gre.} Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd 

And swore. 

As if the vicar meant to cozen him. 
But after many ceremonies done, 
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he, as if 
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates 
After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel 
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face; 
Having no other reason 
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly 
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking. 
This done, he took the bride about the neck 
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack 
That at the parting all the church did echo: 
And I seeing this came thence for very shame; 
And after me, I know, the rout is coming. 
Such a mad marriage never was before: 
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. 

\textit{[Music]} 

\textit{Re-enter Petrucchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, and Train.} 

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains: 

I know you think to dine with me to-day, 
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer 
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence; 
And therefore here I meant to take my leave. 

\textit{Bap.} Is't possible you will away to-night? 

Pet. I must away thence, 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. 

\textit{Tra.} Let us entreat you stay till after dinner 

Pet. It may not be. 

\textit{Gre.} Let me entreat you. 

Pet. It cannot be. 

\textit{Kath.} Let me entreat you. 

Pet. I am content. 

\textit{Kath.} Are you content to stay? 

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay 
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can. 

\textit{Kath.} Now, if you love me, stay. 

Pet. Grumio, my horse 

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses. 

\textit{Kath.} Nay, then, 
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day; 

No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself. 
The door is open, sir; there lies your way: 
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green 
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself; "Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom, 
That take it on you at the first so roundly. 

\textit{Pet.} O Kate, content thee; prithee, be no angry. 

\textit{Kath.} I will be angry; what hast thou to do 

Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure. 

\textit{Gre.} Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work. 

\textit{Kath.} Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner 

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 command.
THE TAMING OF THE SHEEW.

Scene II.

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 house, My household stuff, my field, my barn, My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing; And here she stands, touch her whoever dare; I'll bring mine action on the proudest he That stops my way in Padua. Grumio, Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves; Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man. Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate: I'll buckler thee against a million. [Exeunt Petrucho, Katharina, and Grumio.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones. Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing. Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like. Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister? Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated. Gre. I warrant him, Petrucho is Kated. [Exeunt Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants For to supply the places at the table, you know there wants no junkets at the feast. Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place; And let Bianca take her sister's room. Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it? Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go. [Exeunt. ACT IV.

Scene I. Petrucho's country house.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so wrote on? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might object to my heart; my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing fire he, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Fools, ho! Curtis. Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou art a fool; slant from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis. Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio? Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, re; cast on no water. Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis. Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast. Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office? Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world? Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death. 40 Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news. Gru. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as will aw. Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching! Gru. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewn, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order? Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news. Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out. Curt. How? Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale. 60 Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio. Curt. Lend thine ear. Curt. Here. Gru. There. [Strikes him. Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale. Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.— 70 Curt. Both of one horse? Gru. What's that to thee? Curt. Why, a horse. Gru. Tell thou the tale; but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoled, 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 bride was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave. Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she. Gru. 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, 10—2
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 curtsey with their left legs and not 
presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-
tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

_Curt._ They are.

_Gru._ Call them forth.

_Curt._ Do you hear, ho? you must meet my 
master to countenance my mistress.

_Gru._ Why, she hath a face of her own.

_Curt._ Who knows not that?

_Gru._ Thou, it seems, that calls for company 
to countenance her.

_Curt._ I call them forth to credit her.

_Gru._ Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

_Enter four or five Serving-men.

_Nath._ Welcome home, Grumio! 

_Phil._ How now, Grumio!

_Tos._ 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 horse!
Where is Nathanial, Gregory, Philip?

_All Serv._ Here, here, sir; here, sir.

_Pet._ Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! 
you logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

_Gru._ Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

_Pet._ You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-
horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, 
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

_Gru._ Nathanial's coat, sir, was not fully made, 
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the 
heel; 

There was no link to colour Peter's hat, 
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheath-
ing:

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.

_Singing_ Where is the life that late I led— 
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.— 
Soul, 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, then?

[ Singe_ 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.

[Strikes him.

_Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho! 
Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence, 
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither: 
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some 
water?

_Enter one with water._

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily. 
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[Strikes him._

_Kath._ Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault 
unwilling.

_Pet._ A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-eard 
knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stoma-
ach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I? 
What's this? mutton?

_First Serv._ Ay.

_Pet._ Who brought it? I.

_Pet._ 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What does are these? Where is the rascal cook? 
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser, 
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all: 

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.

You heedless jolthead and unmanner'd slaves! 
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

_Kath._ I pray you, husband, be not so dis-
quiet:

The meat was well, if you were so contented._

_Pet._ I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried 
away; 
And I expressly am forbid to touch it, 
For it engenders choler, planteth anger; 
And better 'were that both of us did fast, 
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric, 
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 'shall be mended, 
And, for this night, we'll fast for company: 

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exeunt._

_Re-enter Servants severally._

_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 of 
continency to her; 
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor 
soul, 

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak, 
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

_Away, away! for he is coming hither._

[Exeunt._
Re-enter Petruelio.

Petr. Thus have I politly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For 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; 210
Last night she slept not, nor to-night shall she not.

As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed:
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in 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. [Exit.

Scene II. Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

Her. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me 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!

Hor. Quick procedes, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant woman-kind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Not a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion!

Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca:
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:

Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruelio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied an ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatante, 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?

Tra. If he be crenulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. [Act IV.

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard. 80

Tra. '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 proclam'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclam'd about.
Ped. Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence and must here deliver them. 90

Tra. 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 I have often been,
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you. 100

Bion. [Aside] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tra. 'Tis 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 lodged:
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: 110
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.
This by the way, I let you understand:
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. 120

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. A room in Petruchio's house.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to flamm me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed: 10
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast,
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too cholerick a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis cholerick.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all am'rt?

Kath. Mistress, what cheer?

Pet. Faith, as cold as can be.

Kath. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
to dress thy meat myself and bring it thee: 40
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest 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 thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, 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 fardingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

[Exeunt.

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 bepeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knock, a tock, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
THE TAMING OF THE SHERW.

Pet. Read it.
Gr. The note lies in th' throat, if he say I said so.
Tal. [Reads] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown.'
Gr. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.
Tal. [Reads] 'With a small compassed cape.'
Gr. I confess the cape.
Tal. [Reads] 'With a trunk sleeve;' Gr. I confess two sleeves.
Tal. [Reads] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'
Pet. Ay, there's the villain.
Gr. Error 'tis the bill, sir; error 'tis the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.
Tal. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it. 151
Gr. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.
Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.
Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.
Gr. You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.
Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.
Gr. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use! 161
Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?
Gr. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use! O, fie, fie, fie!
Pet. [Aside] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.
Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master. 170
[Exit Tailor.
Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peareth in the meanest habit.
What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye? 180
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will henceforth, To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time. 190
Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
Hor. [Aside] Why, so this gallant will command the sun.

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV. Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?
Ped. Ay, what else? and but I be deceived
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Ped. I warrant you.

Enter Biondello.

But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you: 11
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista; set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[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
May have displeasure 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 to her, 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 Baptista, of whom I fear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
You match'd and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,
Or both ensemble deeply their affection:
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 affied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand? 90

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 scrivenner-presently.

The worst is this, that, at so slender warning, 100
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance

Bap. It likes me well. Biondello, hie you home
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Bion. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

[Exit Bion.]

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way? Welcome, one mess is like to be your cheer: 120
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.]

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. Cambio!

Luc. What sayest thou, Biondello?
Bion. You saw my master wink and laug
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, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking
with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you
to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest of Saint Luke's church
is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are business
about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance
of her, 'Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:
the church; take the priest, clerk, and some
sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more
to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearkest thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench mar
ried in an afternoon as she went to the garden
for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir
and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed
me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be
ready to come against you come with your ap-
pendix. 135

[Exit Luc.]

Bion. I may, and will, if she be so contented
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. 140

[Exit]
Scene V. A public road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Servants.

Petr. Come on, i' God's name; once more to-ward our father's, good Lord, how bright and Goodly shines the moon! Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now. Petr. I say it is the moon that shines so bright. Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright. Petr. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself, shall be moon, or star, or what I list, ere I journey to your father's house. o on, and fetch our horses back again. Vermon cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd! Her. Say as he says, or we shall never go. Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far, but be it moon, or sun, or what you please: n if you please to call it a rush-candle, henceforth I vow it shall be so for me. Petr. I say it is the moon. Kath. I know it is the moon. Petr. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun. Kath. Then, God be blessed, it is the blessed sun: if sun it is not, when you say it is not; nd the moon changes even as your mind; ut that you will have it named, even that it is; nd so it shall be so for Katharine. Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won. Petr. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run, nd not unluckily against the bias. ut, soft! company is coming here. Enter Vincentio.

'o Vincentio! Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away? ell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too, ast thou beheld a fresher gentlemewoman? uch war of white and red within her cheeks! 30 thars do spangle heaven with such beauty, s those two eyes become that heavenly face? air 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 oman of him. Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet, hither away, or where is thy abode? nppy the parents of so fair a child: npper the man, whom favourable stars fit thee for his lovely bed-fellow! Petr. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad: his is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd, nd not a maiden, as thou say'st he is. Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes, hat have been so bedazzled with the sun ha out everything I look on seemeth green: ow I perceive thou art a reverend father; ardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking. Petr. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known Which way thou travellest: 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 amazed me, My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa; And bound I am to Padua; there to visit A son of mine, which long I have not seen. Petr. What is his name? Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir. Petr. Happily met: the happier for thy son. And now by law, as well as reverend age, 60 I may entitle thee my loving father: The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not, Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem, Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; Beside, so qualified as may beseech The spouse of any noble gentleman. Let me embrace with old Vincentio, And wander we to see thy honest son, Who will of thy arrival be full joyous. 70 Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure, Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest Upon the company you overtake? Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is. Petr. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof; For our first merriment hath made thee jealous. Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart. Have to my widow! and if she be froward, Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [Exit.

ACT V.


Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us. Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master's as soon as I can. [Exit Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello. Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, Grumio, with Attendants.

Pet. Sir. here's the door, this is Lucentio's house: My father's bears more toward the market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir. Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go: I think I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [Knocks. Gre. They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?
Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [To Vincentio] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. 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.


Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

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? [Beats Biondello.

Ped. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

[Exit 61

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

[Exit from above.

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.

Re-enter Pedant below; Tranio, Baptista, 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 but 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 him! 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. Tell 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 that 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 Bianca.

Bion. O! we are spoiled and—yonder he is deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. [Kneeling] Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son.

Bion. [Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant: as fast as may be]

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

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 suppos'd blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio, That faced and braved me in this matter so?

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 arrived at the last Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforced him to; Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.
THE TAMING OF THE SREWW.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.
Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks 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. 30
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.
Baph. 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 awaken'd
you?
Bian. Ay, but not frightened; 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. 51
Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slip'd me like his grey-
hound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something cur-
riish.
Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for your-
self:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Baph. 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; 60
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it main'd you two outright.
Baph. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assur-
ance
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. 70
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,  
But twice ten times so much upon my wife.  
Luc.  A hundred then.  
Hor.  That will I.  
Post.  A match! 'tis done.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.  
Bion.  I go.  
[Exit.

Bap.  Sir, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc.  I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?  
Bion.  Sir, my mistress sends you word 80  
That she is busy and she cannot come.  
Post.  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.  
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 endured!  
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress:  
Say, I command her come to me.  
[Exit Grumio.
Hor.  I know her answer.
Pet.  What?  
Hor.  She will not.  
Pet.  The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.  
Bap.  Now, by my hollidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter Katharina.

Kath.  What is your will, sir, that you send 100  
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,  
And awful rule and right supremacy;  
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?  
Bap.  Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!  
The wager thou hast won; and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;  
Another dowry to another daughter,  
For she is changed, as she had never been.  
Pet.  Nay, I will win my wager better yet  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.  
See where she comes and brings your froward wife  
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.  
Wid.  Lord, let me never have a cause to see  
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!  
Bian.  Fie! what a foolish duty call you that!  
Luc.  I would your duty were as foolish to  
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,  
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since s-  
per-time.  
Bian.  The more fool you, for laying  
my duty.  
Pet.  Katharine, I charge thee, tell  
the strong women  
What duty they do owe their lords and husband  
Wid.  Come, come, you're mocking: we  
have no telling.  
Pet.  Come on, I say; and first begin with  
Kath.  Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unk  
brow,  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;  
It bloats thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads  
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake finds  
And in no sense is meet or amiable.  
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeing, 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 th  
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 a  
safe;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands  
But love, fair looks and true obedience;  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes the prince  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;  
And when she is froward, peevish, 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 yet 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,
heart as great, my reason haply more, 
yandy word for word and frown for frown; 
now I see our lances are but straws, 
strength as weak, our weakness past compare, 
seeing to be most which we indeed least are, 

n'vail your stomachs, for it is no boot, 
place your hands below your husband's foot: 
ken of which duty, if he please, 
hand is ready; may it do him ease. 

't. Why, there's a wencl! Come on, and 
kiss me, Kate. 

uc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't. 

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 Luc.] '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 tamed a 
curst shrew. 
Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will 
be tamed so. 

[Exeunt.}
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, Count of Rousillon.
Lafeu, an old lord.
Parolles, a follower of Bertram.
Steward, servants to the Countess of Clown.
A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by Parolles.
An old Widow of Florence.
Diana, daughter to the Widow.
VIOLENTA, neighbours and friends to
MARIANA, Widow.

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE: Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rousillon. The Count’s palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o’er my father’s death anew: but I must attend his majesty’s command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father: he 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, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skillful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Would this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord, and I questioned to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair greater; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with it; they are virtues and traits too: in her they are the better for their simplicity: she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. ’Tis the best brine a maiden can sow on her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheer No more of this, Helena; go to, no more; let 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 thine 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 plac down,

Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord; ‘Tis an unseason’d courtier; good my lord, Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best

That shall attend his love.
Hec. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin; virginity murders itself; and should be burned 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 ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goody increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with 't!

Hec. How might one dó, 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 tooth-pick, which wear not: Your grace 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 drily; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear: will you any thing with it?

Hec. 'Tis not my virginity yet....

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother and a mistress and a friend, 181
A phoenix, captain and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulce,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptive christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The court's a learning place, and he is one— 191

Par. What one, I faith?

Hec. That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hec. 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. 200

\begin{center}{Enter Parolles.}\end{center}

g'd One that goes with him: I love him for his sake; 110
d yet I know him a notorious liar,
ink him a great way fool, solely a coward;
these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
at they take place, when virtue's steely bones
ok bleak! the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
'd wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

\textbf{Par.} Save you, fair queen?

Hec. And you, monarch?

\textbf{Par.} No.

Hec. And no.

\textbf{Par.} Are you meditating on virginity?

Hec. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in;
I let me ask you a question. Man is enemy
virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

\textbf{Par.} Keep him out.

Hec. But he assails; and our virginity, though
in, the defence yet is weak: unfool to us
as warlike resistance.

\textbf{Par.} There is none: man, sitting down before
, will undermine you and blow you up. 130

Hec. Bless our poor virginity from underminers
blowers up! Is there no military policy, how
gins might blow up men?

\textbf{Par.} Virginity being blown down, man will
clicker be blown up: marry, in blowing him
in again, with the breach yourselves made,
lose your city. It is not politic in the com-
nwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss
virginity is rational increase and there was
ever virgin got till virginity was first lost. That
a were made of is metal to make virgins.
virginity by being once lost may be ten times
and by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too
d a companion; away with 't!

\begin{center}{Enter Page.}\end{center}

\textbf{Page.} Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. 181

\textbf{Par.} Little Helen, farewell: if I can remem-
ber thee, I will think of thee at court.

\textbf{Hec.} Monsieur Parolles, you were born under
a charitable star.

\textbf{Par.} Under Mars.

\textbf{Hec.} I especially think, under Mars.

\textbf{Par.} Why under Mars?

\textbf{Hec.} The wars have so kept you under that
you must needs be born under Mars.
Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and like the wear well. 219

Par. I am so full of business, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast not, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [Exit. 230

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye? 
† The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those.
That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose
† What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.
[Exit. 239

SCENE II. Paris. The King's palace.

FLOURISH of cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the
Have fought with equal fortune and continue
A braving war.

First Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business and would seem
To have us make denial.

First Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
F or ampest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

Sec. Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,

Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face,
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's noble parts
Mayst 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
Discipled of the bravest; he lasted long;
But on us both did haggis age steal on
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnod
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
† So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Would nor his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awakened them, and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him;
He used as creatures of another 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 no
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approv'd lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would
always say—
Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them, To grow there and to bear,—'Let me not live,'
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses (All but new things disdain; whose judgements are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions. This he wish'd:
I after him do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

Sec. Lord. You are loved, sir
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't count,
Since the physician at your father's died? 7
He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord

King. If he were living, I would try him yet
Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out
With several applications: nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[Exeunt. Flourish]
SCENE III. Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even our 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 servants, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you one, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit and, have ability enough to make such bawries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isabel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isabel's case and nine own. Service is a heritage; and I think I shall never have the easing of God till I have issue o' my body; for I say barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it; I am even on the flesh; and he must needs go to the devil driven.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, and you all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're shallow, madam, in great friends; the knaves come to do that for me which I awerry of. He that earns my land spares my am and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be a cuckold, he's my drudge: he that comforts my life is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he adds my flesh my blood and lover my flesh at blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. Men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charon the puritan and old Poyssam the papist, how-me'er their hearts are severed in religion, their beds are both one; they may jowl horns together, like any deer 't the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and duminous knife?

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 you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

Fend 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 corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! An we might have a good woman born but one every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the survice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Enter the Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that 'ere I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself; many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[Exit Steward.
Enter Helena.

**Count.**

*Even so it was with me when I was young:*

If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this torn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,

Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:

By our remembrances of days foregone,

Such were our faults, or then we thought them

none.

Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.

**Hel.** What is your pleasure, madam?

**Count.** You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

**Hel.** Mine honourable mistress.

**Count.** Nay, a mother:

Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother,'

Methought you saw a serpent: what's in 'mother,'

That you start at? I say, I am your mother;

And put you in the catalogue of those

That were enomwed mine: 'tis often seen 150

Adoption strives with nature and choice breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds;

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,

Yet I express to you a mother's care:

God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood?

To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,

That this distemper'd messenger of wet,

The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?

Why not that you are my daughter?

**Hel.** That I am not.

**Count.** I say, I am your mother.

**Hel.** Pardon, madam: 160

The Count Rouillon cannot be my brother:

I am from humble, he from honour'd name;

No note upon my parents, his all noble:

My master, my dear lord he is; and I

His servant live, and will his vassal die:

He must not be my brother.

**Count.** Nor I your mother?

**Hel.** You are my mother, madam; would you were,

So that my lord your son were not my brother,—

Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven, 170

So I were not his sister. Can't no other,

But, your daughter, he must be my brother?

**Count.** Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;

God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother

So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see

The mystery of your loneliness, and find

Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross

You love my son; invention is ashamed,

Against the proclamation of thy passion. 180

To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;

But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy cheeks

Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes

See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours

That in their kind they speak it: only sin

And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,

That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly crew;

If it be not, forswear't: hove'er, I charge thee,

As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, 190

To tell me truly.

**Hel.** Good madam, pardon me!

**Count.** Do you love my son?
ACT II.

SCENE I. Paris. The King's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King, attended with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; Bertram, and Parolles. 

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles 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 received, 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 monarchy,—see that you come Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when The bravest quenched shrinks, find what you seek, That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty! 

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them: They say, our French lack language to deny, If they demand: beware of being captives, Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings. 

King. Farewell. Come hither to me. [Exit attended.

First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us! 

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark. 

Sec. Lord. O, 'tis brave wars! 

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars. 

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with 'Too young' and 'the next year' and '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 steal away.

First Lord. There's honour in the theft. 

Par. Commit it, count. 

Sec. Lord. I am your accessory; and so, farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

First Lord. Farewell, captain. 

Sec. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles! 

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurius, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me. 

First Lord. We shall, noble captain. 

[Exit Lords. 

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do? 

Ber. Stay: the king. 

Re-enter King. Bertram and Parolles retire. 

Par. [To Ber.] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, cat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell. 

Ber. And I will do so. 

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

[Exeunt Bertram and Parolles. 

Enter LAFEU. 

Laf. [Kneeling] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings. 

King. I'll fee thee to stand up. 

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon. I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy, And that at my bidding you could so stand up. 

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for't. 

Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus: 

Will you be cured of your infernality? 

King. No. 

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox? 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 simple touch Is powerful to arouse 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 one arrived, 

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If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour, If seriously I may convey my thoughts In this my light deliverance, I have spoke With one that, in her sex, her years, profession, Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her For that is her demand, and know her business? That done, laugh well at me, my Lafeu. 

King. Now, good Lafeu, 90 Bring in the admiration; that with we three May spend our wonder too, or take off thine By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you, [Exit. 

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafeu, with Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways; This is his majesty; say your mind to him: A traitor you do look like; but such traitors His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle, That dare leave two together; fare you well. 190

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father; In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him; Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one, Which, as the deadliest issue of his practice, And of his old experience the only darling, He bade me store up, as a triple eye, Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have: And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd With what malignant cause wherein the honour Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power, I come to tender it and my appliance With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden; But may not be so credulous of cure, When our most learned doctors leave us and The congregated college have concluded That labouring art can never ransom nature From her inestible estate: I say we must not So stain our judgement, or corrupt our hope, To prostitute our past-cure malady To empirics, or to disperse so Our great self and our credit to esteem A senseless help when help past sense we deem. 

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains: I will no more enforce mine office on you; Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd so grateful: Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give As one near death to those that wish him live: But what at full I know, thou know'st no part, I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try, Since you set up your rest against remedy. He that of greatest works is finisher Oft does them by the weakest minister: So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown, When judges have been babes; great floods have flown From simple sources, and great seas have dried When miracles have by the greatest been denied. O 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 used must by thyself be paid: Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward. 

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is hard: 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 endevours give consent; Or if not, 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 Hopes 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 mark 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 darest thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence, A spoiler's boldness, a divulged shame Traded by odious ballads: my maiden's name Sear'd otherwise; nay, worse—if 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 intimidate 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 falch in propriety Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die, And well deserved: not helping, death's my fee; But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly Conscience all power to the will I command:
SCENE I.

ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate.
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises ob-

seved,
Thy will by my performance shall be served:
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust,
From whence thou camest, how tended on:
but rest

Unquestion’d welcome and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy meed.
[Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE II. Ronsillon. The Count’s palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to
the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and 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’s cap, kiss his
hand and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip,
no, nor; and indeed such a fellow, to say pre-
cisely, 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
but-tocks, the pin-buttock, the quach-buttock, the
brown buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all ques-
tions?

Clo. As fit as ten goats is for the hand of an
attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta
punt, 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 cuckold to his
horn, as a scolding queen to a wrangling knave,
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.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to’t, I warrant
you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir! spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, ‘O Lord, sir!’ at your
whipping, and ‘spare not me?’ Indeed your ‘O
Lord, sir!’ is very sequent to your whipping: you
would answer very well to a whipping, if you
were but bound to’t.

Clo. I ne’er had worse luck in my life in my
‘O Lord, sir!’ I see things may serve long, but
not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the
time,

To entertain’t so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir! why, there’s serves well
again.

Count. An end, sir; to your business. Give
Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: you
understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE III. Paris. The King’s palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have
our philosophical persons, to make modern and fa-
miliar, things supernatural and causless. Hence
is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing
ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we
should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, ‘tis the rarest argument of won-
der that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so ‘tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say.

Laf. Both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Par. So I say.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there ‘tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as ‘twere, a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the
world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in
showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call
there?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an
earthly actor.

Par. That’s it; I would have said the very
same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not luster: ‘fore
me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, ’tis strange, ’tis very strange, that
is the brief and the tedious of it; and he’s of a
most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—
Laf. Very hand of heaven.
Par. Ay, so I say.
Laf. In a most weak—[pausing] and debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—[pausing] generally thankful.
Par. I would have said it; you say well.
Here comes the king.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.
Lafeu and Paroles retire.
Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a coranto.
Par. Mort du vinagre! is not this Helen? so
Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.
King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side; And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive The confirmation of my promised gift, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.
Fair maid, send forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to for-sake.
Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one!
Laf. I'll give bay Curtal and his furniture,
My heart no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard:
King. Peruse them well;
Not one of those but had a noble father.
Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restored the king to health.
All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.
Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.
Please it your majesty. I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
'Ve blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again,'
King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. 'Sir, will you hear my suit?
First Lord. And grant it.
Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.
Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!
Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.
Hel. My wish receive, 90
With great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.
Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make emusuchs of.
Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English;
The French ne'er got'em. 101
Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.
First Lord. Fair one, I think not so.
Laf. There's one grape yet: I am sure thy father drunk 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 at my service, ever whilst I live, 110
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 raised me from thy 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. 121
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!
King. 'Tis only title thou disdains't in her,
which I can build up. Strange it is that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest 130
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
It is a dropped honour. Good alone
Is good 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 141
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
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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 tolerable rent of thy travel; it might pass; yet the scarfs and the banners about thee did mannishly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a turth. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith; very dram of it; and I will not hate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou'lt be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Laf. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal; for doing I am past: as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[Exit.]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double-bred. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of— I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garner up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.
Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit. 281]

Par. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter BERTRAM.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!

Par. To the Tuscan wars, and never bed her. 290

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen, That hius his kicky-wicky here at home, Spending his manly marrow in her arms, Which should sustain the bound and high curvet Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions 300 France is a stable; we that dwell in't fades; Therefore, to the wars!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house, Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, And wherefore I am fled; write to the king That which I durst not speak: his present gift Shall furnish me to those Italian fields, Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee? art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

I'll send her straight away: to-morrow I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard: A young man married is a man that's marr'd: Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go: The king has done you wrong: but, hush, 'tis so.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. Paris. The King's palace.

Enter HELENA and CLOWN.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly; the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many A man's tongue shakes out his master's undying; 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.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or was it you that taught me 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. Madam, my lord will go away to-night; A very serious business calls on him. The great prerogative and rite of love, Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge; But puts it off to a compell'd restraint: Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets, Which they distil now in the curbed time, To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king, And make this haste as your own good purpose. 50 Strengthen'd with what apology you think May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. [Exit Parolles.]

Come, sirrah. [Exeunt.

Scene V. Paris. The King's palace.

Enter LA斐U and BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approbation. You have it from his own deliverance. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I
not yet find in my heart to repent. Here he
me: I pray you, make us friends; I will
rise the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. [To Bertram] These things shall be
he, sir.
Laf. Pray you, sir, who’s his tailor?
Par. Sir?
Laf. O, I know him well, I; sir; he, sir, ’s a
old workman, a very good tailor.
Ber. [Aside to Par.] Is she gone to the king?
Par. She is.
Ber. Will she away to-night?
Par. As you ’ll have her.
Ber. I have writ my letters, casked my
pleasure,
ven order for our horses; and to-night,
hen I should take possession of the bride,
der ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the
Ter end of a dinner; but one that lies three
rds and uses a known truth to pass a thousand
ving, should be once heard and thrice
ien. God save you, captain.
Ber. Is there any unkindness between my
and you, monsieur?
Par. I know not how I have deserved to run
my lord’s displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into t, boots
spurs and all, like him that leaped into the
ard; and out of it you ’ll run again, rather
in suffer question for your residence.
Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my
d.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took
at’s prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and
ve of me, there can be no kernel in this
ut; the soul of this man is his clothes.
ast him not in matter of heavy consequence; I
ve kept of them tame, and know their natures.
well, monsieur: I have spoken better of you
an you have or will to deserve at my hand;
e 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
es him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
ke with the king and have procured his leave
c present parting; only he desires
he private speech with you.
Par. I shall obey his will.
Hel. You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
hich holds not colour with the time, nor does
mination and required office
my particular. Prepared I was not
uch a business; therefore am I found
much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you
t present you take your way for home;
ther need than ask why I entreat you; for
my respects are better than they seem
d my appointments have in them a need
ater than shows itself at the first view

To you that know them not. This to my mother:

’Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so
leave you to your wisdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail’d
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go: 81
My haste is very great: farewell; he home.
Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say ’tis mine, and yet it is:
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something; and scarce so much: nothing,
indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord:
Faith; yes;
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to
horses.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my
lord.
Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?
Farewell. [Exit Helena.
Go thou toward home; where I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio! [Exeunt.

ACT III.


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended;
two Frenchmen, with a troop of soldiers.
Duke. So that from point to point now have
you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.
First Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace’s part; black and fearful
On the oppressor.
Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin
France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.
Sec. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
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 fail
As often as I guess’d.
Duke. Be it his pleasure.
First Lord. But I am sure the younger of our
nature,
That surfeit on their case, will day by day
Come here for physic.
Duke. Welcome shall they be:
Scene II. Rouillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her. Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you? Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing; mend the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [Opening a letter. Clo. I have no time to read; since I was at court, our old king and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here? Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit. 20

Count. [Reads] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.
Your unfortunate son,

Bertram.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king:
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [Exit.

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

Sec. Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentle-

men, I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't: where is my son, I pray
you?

Sec. Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve a
duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came.
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's no passport.

[Reads] When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and show it to a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband; but in such a 'then' write a 'never.'

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

First Gent. Ay, madam.

And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pair.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer.
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence
he's.

Sec. Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier.

Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and, be-
lieve 'tis,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither;

First Gent. Ay, madam, with the swift wing of speed.

Hel. [Reads] Till I have no wife, I have noth-
ing in France.

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

First Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his heart;
Happily, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have a wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twain such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with
him?

First Gent. A servant only, and a genteel
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Paroles, was it not?

First Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of
wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

First Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You're welcome, gentlemen.

I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

Sec. Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our coun-
ties.

Will you draw near?

[Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
France.']
ing in France, until he has no wife! shall have none, Rouillon, none in France: hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I drive thee from thy country and expose t e tender limbs of thine to the event e none-sparing war? and is it I drive thee from the sportive court, where thou shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark 110isky muskets? O you leaden messengers, ride upon the violent speed of fire, with false aim; move the still-peering air, sings with piercing; do not touch my lord. ever shoots at him, I set him there; ever charges on his forward breast, the caftiff that do hold him to; though I kill him not, I am the cause leath was so effect'd: better 'twere the ravin lion when he roar'd 120 sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere all the miseries which nature owes mine at once. No, come thou home, Rouillon, the honour but of danger wins a scar, it loses all: I will be gone; eing here it is that holds thee hence: I stay here to do 't? no, no, although air of paradise did fan the house angels offic'd all: I will be gone, pitiful rumour may report my flight, 130 isolate thin ear. Come, night; end, day! with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.


The general of our horse thou art; and we, in our hope, lay our best love and credency thy promising fortune.

Sir, it is rge too heavy for my strength, but yet strive to bear it for your worthy sake e extreme edge of hazard. he. Then go thou forth; fortune play upon thy prosperous helm, auspicious mistress! This very day, Mars, I put myself into thy file: me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove of thy drum, hater of love. [Exeunt. 11

IV. Rouillon. The Count's palace. Enter Countess and Steward.

Alas! and would you take the letter of her? you not know she would do as she has done, adding me a letter? Read it again.

[Screed]

Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone: bittious love hath so in me offended, barefoot plod I the cold ground upon, haunt vow my faults to have amended. write, that from the bloody course of war dearest master, your dear son, may he:

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far 10 His name with zealous favour sanctify: His taken labours bid him me forgive; I, his despightful 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 mild- est words! Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much, As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her, 20 I could have well diverted her intents, Which thus she hath prevented. Pardon me, madam: If I had given you this at over-night, She might have been o'erta'n; and yet she writes, Pursuit would be but vain. [Exeunt. Count. What angel shall Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive, Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear, And loves to grant, remove him from the wrath Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo, To this unworthy husband of his wife; Let every word weigh heavy of her 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 me speak. [Exeunt.

Scene V. Florence. Without the walls. A bucket after off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIO- LENTA, and MARIANA, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight. Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service. Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. [Bucket.] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets. 9 Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion. Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so ter- rible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot
for all that dissuade succession, but that they are lied with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dio. You shall not need to fear me. Wid. I hope so.

Enter Helena, disguised like a Pilgrim.

Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her. God save you, pilgrim! whether you are bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand. Where do the palmer's lodge, I do beseech you? Wid. At the Saint Frances here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way? Wid. Ay, marry, 'tis. [A March afar.] Hark! you come this way. If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but till the troops come by, you will conduct you where you shall be lodged; the rather, for I think I know your hostess as ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself? Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim. Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours that has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dio. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him: his face I know not.

Dio. What'some'er he is, he's bravely taken here. He stole from France, as '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.

Dio. There is a gentleman that serves the count reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name? 60

Dio. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him, in argument of praise, or to the worth of the great count himself, she is too mean to have her name repeated; all her deserving is a reserved honesty, and that I have not heard examined.

Dio. Alas, poor lady! 'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife of a detesting lord.

Wid. I warrant, good creature, wheresoe'er she is, her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her 70 a shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean? May be the amorous count solicits her in the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed; and breaks with all that can in such a suit corrupt the tender honour of a maid; but she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard in honestest defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:

Drum and Colours.

Enter Bertram, Parolles, and the whole army.

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son; That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dio. He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow I would he loved his wife: if he were honest he were much goodlier: is't not a handsomely gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dio. 'Tis pity he is not honest: yond's the same knave that leads him to these places: were I his lady I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dio. That jacks-anapes with scarfs: which melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt it the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier.

[Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army. Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, will bring you Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques but Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you: Please it this matron and this gentle maid to that with us to-night, the charge and thou shalt be for me; and, to require you further, I will bestow some precepts of this virgin Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[Exeunt.]

Scene VI. Camp before Florence.

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.

Sec. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to let him have his way.

First Lord. If your lordship find him hindling, hold me no more in your respect.

Sec. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived him?

Sec. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine direct knowledge, without any malice, but speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most noted coward, an infinite and endless liar, an honest villain-breaker, the owner of no one good grace worthy your lordship's entertainment.

First Lord. It were fit you knew him; I reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath he might at some great and trusty business main danger fall you.
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 possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.
Par. I love not many words. [Exit. 
Sec. Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done;damns himself to do and dares better be damned than to do't?
First Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.
Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?
Sec. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him: you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.
First Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.
Sec. Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.
Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.
Sec. Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [Exit.
Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you the last I spoke of.
First Lord. But you say she's honest.
Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once.
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have the wind, Tokens and letters which she did re-send; And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature: Will you go see her?
First Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.
Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these businesses; And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband, And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken Is so from word to word: and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, [Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you; For you have show'd me that which well approves
You're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold, and let me buy your friendly help thus far, which I will over-pay and pay again when I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter, lays down his wanton siege before her beauty, resolved to carry her: let her in fine consent, as we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. Now his important blood will nought deny that she'll demand: a ring the county wears, that downward hath succeeded in his house from son to son, some four or five descents since the first father wore it: this ring he holds in most rich choice; yet in his idle fire, to buy his will, it would not seem too dear, how' 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; in fine, delivers me to fill the time, herself most chastely absent: after this, to marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns to what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded: instruct my daughter how she shall persevere, that time and place with this deceit so lawful may prove coherent. Every night he comes with musics of all sorts and songs composed to her unworthiness: it nothing steads us to chide him from our eaves; for he persists as if his life lay on 't.

Hel. I see it lawful, then: it is no more, but that your daughter, ere she seems as won, desires this ring; appoints him an encounter; in fine, delivers me to fill the time, herself most chastely absent: after this, to marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns to what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded: instruct my daughter how she shall persevere, that time and place with this deceit so lawful may prove coherent. Every night he comes with musics of all sorts and songs composed to her unworthiness: it nothing steads us to chide him from our eaves; for he persists as if his life lay on 't.

Sec. Lord. Is it possible he should know he is, and be that he is? Par. I would the cutting of my garm would serve the turn, or the breaking of Spanish sword.

Sec. Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to it was in stratagem.

Sec. Lord. Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I stripped.

Sec. Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the dow of the citadel—

Sec. Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Sec. Lord. Three great oaths would so make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enem I would swear I recovered it.

Sec. Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's—

[Alarum exit Sec. Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, ca cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par co cargo.

Par. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine

[They seize and Blindfold First Sold. Boskos thronuldos boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regime: And I shall lose my life for want of language if there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me: I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentin.

First Sold. Boskos vauvado: I unders thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kereblybe, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen points are at thy bosom.

Sec. Lord. Oscorbidulches volivorc.  

First Sold. The general is content to spare
id, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on go
, gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
methinks to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live!

id all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
'irst, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that
igh you will wonder at.

First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

First Sold. Acorio linta.

[Exit, with Paroles guarded. A short
alarum within.

Sec. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rouillon, and
my brother,

c have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
ruffid 100
I do we hear from them.

Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.

Sec. Lord. A' will betray us all unto ourselves:
form on that.

Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.

Sec. Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and
safely lock'd.

[Exit.}

SCENE II. Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Font-
tibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess; d worth it, with addition! But, far soul,
your fine frame hath love no quality?
he quick fire of youth light not your mind,
a are no maiden, but a monument:
ien you are dead, you should be such a one
you are now, for you are cold and stern;
'ow you should be as your mother was
ien your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No: mother did but duty; such, my lord,
you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more I' that;
rifthee, do not strive against my vows:
as compell'd to her; but I love thee,
love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
all rights of religion.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us
we serve; but when you have our roses,
are but once, and to prick ourselves
d mock us with our bareness

Ber. How have I sworn! 20
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the
truth, 
the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
not is not holy, that we swear not by,
take the High'st to witness: then, pray you, 
tell me,
should swear by God's great attributes,
vest dearly, would you believe my oaths,
en I did love you ill? This has no holding, 
swear by whom I protest to love,
at 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 persevere.

Dia. I'll see that men make ropes in such a
scare
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no
power 40
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, ye, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
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 bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall
know them.

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd: 60
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.

Dia. It, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing
thee.

[Exit.]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven
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 70
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
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.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. The Florentine camp.

Enter the two French Lords and some two or

three Soldiers.

First Lord. You have not given him his
mother's letter?

Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since:
there is something in't that stings his nature; for
on the reading it he changed almost into another
man.
First Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.
Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.
First Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.
Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentleman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.
First Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!
Sec. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'flows himself.
First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?
Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.
First Lord. That approaches apace; I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.
Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.
First Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?
Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.
First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.
Sec. Lord. What will Count Roussillon do then? will he be higher, or return again into France?
First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.
Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.
First Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.
Sec. Lord. How is this justified?
First Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.
Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?
First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.
Sec. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes make comforts of our losses!
Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The grand dignity that his valour hath here acquired for us shall at home be encountered with a shame ample.
First Lord. The web of our life is of a ming yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would proud, if our faults whipped them not; and crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! where's your master? Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir; whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lords will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.
Sec. Lord. They shall be more than need there, if they were more than they can. First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for king's tartsness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight? Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen busses, a month's length a-piece, by an abasement of success: I have congiuded with the duke, do my adieu with his nearest; buried a woman mourning for her; wrote to my lady mother I returning; entertained my convoy; and betwixt these main parcels of dispatch effected many nice needs; the last was the greatest, but this have not ended yet.
Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.
Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall have this dialogue between the fool and soldier? Come, bring forth this counter module, has received me, like a double-mean prophet.
Sec. Lord. Bring him forth: has sat i' stocks all night, poor gallant knave.
Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved in usurping his spurs so long. How does carry himself?
Sec. Lord. I have told your lordship alrea the stocks carry him. But to answer you as would be understood; he weeps like a woman that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friend and soldier: Come, bring forth this counter module, has received me, like a double-mean prophet.
Sec. Lord. Bring him forth: has sat i' stocks all night, poor gallant knave.
Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved in usurping his spurs so long. How does carry himself?
Sec. Lord. I have told your lordship already the stocks carry him. But to answer you as would be understood; he weeps like a woman that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friend and soldier: Come, bring forth this counter module, has received me, like a double-mean prophet.
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Sec. Lord. Bring him forth: has sat i' stocks all night, poor gallant knave.
Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved in usurping his spurs so long. How does carry himself?
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

First Sold. He calls for the tortures; what if you say without 'em?
Par. I will confess what I know without con-

First Lord. Bobolindo chichumurco.
First Sold. You are a most generous. Our na-

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.
First Sold. [Reads] 'First demand of him how

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?
Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how
d which way you will.
Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving

First Lord. He's very near the truth in this.
Par. But I con him no thanks for't, in the
ure he delivers it.
Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say:
First Sold. Well, that's set down.
Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I
say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I'll
ask truth.
First Sold. When that's set down.
First Lord. He's very near the truth in this.
Par. But I con him no thanks for't, in the
ure 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
th, the rogues are marvellous poor.
First Sold. [Reads] 'Demand of him, of what
length they are a-foot.' What say you to that?
Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this
sent hour, I will tell true. Let me see:
ario, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many;
rumbus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guil
tian, smo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and

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 botcher's 'prentice
in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting
the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent,
that could not say him nay.
Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands;
though I know his brains are forfeit to the next
tile that falls.
First Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke
of Florence's camp?
Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.
First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we
shall hear of your lordship anon.
First Sold. What is his reputation with the
duke?
Par. The duke knows him for no other but
a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other
day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have
his letter in my pocket.
First Sold. Why then, we'll search.
Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either
it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's
other letters in my tent.
First Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall 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. [Reads] 'Dian, the count's a fool,
and full of gold,'—
Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that
is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence,
one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one
Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all
that very ruttsih: I pray you, sir, put it up again.
First Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your
favour.
Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very
honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the
young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy,
who is a whole to virginity and devours up all the
fry it finds.
Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!
First Sold. [Reads] 'When he swears oaths, bid
him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well
make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this;
Men are to mell 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 vowed to thee in thine ear, 260
Parolles.'
Ber. He shall be whipped through the army
with this rhyme in's forehead.
Sec. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir,
the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.
Ber. A I could endure any thing before but a
cat, and now he's a cat to me.
First Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's
looks, we shall be fain to hang you.
Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am
afraid to die; but that, my offences being many,
I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, 't the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parleys Nelson: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty?

Par. A pox upon him for, he's more and more a cat.

First Sold. What say you to his expediency in war?

Par. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians; to belle him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the working of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

First Lord. He hath out-villain'd villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a quart d'eau he will sell the fee-simpel of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

First Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

First Sold. What's he?

Par. Even a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is; in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Roussonil.

First Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [Aside] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use therefore you must die. Come, headman, with his head:

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me save my death!

First Sold. That shall you, and take you leave of all your friends. [Unblinding him]

So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain. 3

Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolle.

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafet? I am for France.

First Lord. Good captain, will you give me copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? and I were not a very coward I'd compel it of you: but fare you well.

[Exeunt Bertram and Lord] 3

First Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot.

First Sold. If you could find out a count where but women were that had received so much Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we sh. speak of you there.

[Exit, with Soldier]

Par. Yetam I thankfull: if my heart were great 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no mor: 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 bard, Let him fear this, for it will come to pass That every bragget shall be found an ass. Rust! sword! cool! clothes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by fooleery throw There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them.

SCENE IV. Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA. 7

Hel. That you may well perceive I have no wrong'd you.

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety; 'tis whore 's time need 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 for 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 hies him home; where, heaven aind 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 laboured To recompense your love; doubt not but here He brought me up to be your daughter's dow From 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 have When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play

[Act 3, Scene 3]
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 his 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.

Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature.

A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under 't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

But it is your carbonadoed face.

Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man.

Scene V. Roussillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess, LAFEC, and CLO. CLO. No, no, no, your son was misled with a dupp-caffets fellow there, whom his villainous saffron could have made all the unbaked and doughy oath of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here: home, more advanced by the king than by that d-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

CLO. I would I had not known him; it was a death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had writhed my flesh, and cost me the dearest oans of a mother, I could not have owed her a core rooted love.

CLO. Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: a may pick a thousand salads ere we light on another herb.

CLO. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram, the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

CLO. They are not herbs, you knave; they are sea-herbs. CLO. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I not much skill in grass.

CLO. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a save or a fool?

CLO. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a save at a man's.

CLO. Your distinction?

CLO. I would cozen the man of his wife and do service.

CLO. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

CLO. And I would give his wife my bubble, to do her service.

CLO. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both save and fool.

CLO. At your service.

CLO. No, no, no.

CLO. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can as great a prince as you are.

CLO. Who's that? a Frenchman? 40

CLO. Faith, sir, 'tis an English name; but fisher is more hotter in France than there.

CLO. What prince is that?

CLO. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince darkness; alias, the devil.

CLO. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.
ACT V.

SCENE I. Marseilles. A street.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it: But since you have made the days and nights as one, To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Be bold you do so grow in my requital As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear, If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen From the report that goes upon your goodness; And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The use of your own virtues, for the which I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you To give this poor petition to the king, And aid me with that store of power you have To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir!

Gent. Not, indeed: He hence removed last night and with more haste Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well yet, Though time seem so adverse and means unfit. I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Roussillon; Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir, Since you are like to see the king before me, Command the paper to his gracious hand, Which I presume shall render you no blame But rather make you thank your pains for it. I will come after you with what good speed Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd, Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again. Go, go, provide. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Roussillon. Before the Count's palace.

Enter Clown, and Parolles, following.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafue this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Parolles, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.
But first I beg my pardon, the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady
Great offence of note: but to himself
Which greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him
hither;
We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform us
'so 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [Exit.]

King. What says he to your daughter? have
you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have
letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
in me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented, dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is well;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege, at first
stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue
Where the impression of mine eye infixed,
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
Of most hideous object: thence it came
That she whom all men praised and whom my-
self,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
from the great compt: but love that comes too
late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
rying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rash
faults
Take trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:

[Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shame full late sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see 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 dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine
eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessity to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to
reave her
Of what should she keep her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'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 reck'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord; she never
saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapped in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune and informed her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceased
In heavy satisfaction and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas
Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforce-
ment
You got it from her: she cal'd the saints to
surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
honour;
And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman, 'twill not prove so—
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead: which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away. 120

[Guards seize Bertram.]

My forepast proofs, howe'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 easily
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit, guarded.

King. I am wrap'd in dismal thoughts.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine, 130
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tend it herself. I undertook it,
Vainquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads] Upon his many protestations to
marry me when his wife was dead, I blushed to say it,
he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my
honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence,
taking no leave, and I follow him to his country
for justice: grant it me, O king! in you it best
lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor
maid is undone.

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and
toll for this: I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
Laf., 150
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors:
Go speedily and bring again the count.
I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,
Was fouldly snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter Bertram, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters
to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.

Enter Widow and Diana.

What woman's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know, 160
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But 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,
You give away this hand, and that is mine; 170
You give away heaven's vows, and those are
mine:
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so emboldened yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my
daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your
highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour 180
Than for 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,
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 owed 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. 200
Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am I to produce
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if 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 de-
bosh'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 liked her,
And boarded her in the wanton way of youth: 211
She knew her distance and did angle for me,
Maddening my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient: 220
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

Par. You boggle shrewdly; every feather starts you.

Ber. The man you speak of?

Par. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you, not fearing the displeasure of your master, hich on your just proceeding I’ll keep off, if him and by this woman here what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath done 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 knave, and no knave, hat 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 weighty 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, I red her: for indeed he was mad for her, and ked of Satan and of Limbo and of Furies and know not what: yet I was in that credit with am at that time that I knew of their going to d, and of other motions, as promising her marri, and things which would derive me ill will speak of; therefore I will not speak what I ow.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless u canst say they are married: but thou art too c in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. 270 and for your ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

Dia. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife. 280

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hast this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common cus-
tomer.

Dia. By love, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty: He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't; I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir: [Exit Widow.

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord, Who hath abused me, as he knows himself, Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him: He knows himself my bed he hath defiled: 301 And at that time he got his wife with child: Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick: So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick: And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both. O, pardon!

Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid, 310
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:
'When from my finger you can get this ring
And are by me with child,' &c. This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this 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? 320

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:

[To Parolles] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so,
I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones. *King.* Let us from point to point this story know, To make the even truth in pleasure flow. [*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower; For I can guess that by thy honest aid Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid. Of that and all the progress, more or less, Resolvedly more leisure shall express:

All yet seems well; and if it end so meet, The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Flourish.*]

**EPILOGUE.**

*King.* The king's a beggar, now the play 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 part Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts

[Exeunt.]*
TWELFTH NIGHT;
OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.
Sebastian, brother to Viola.
Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
Valentine, gentleman attending on the Curio.
Duke.
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.
Malvolio, steward to Olivia.

Fabian, Feste, a Clown, servants to Olivia.
Olivia.
Viola.
Maria, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

Scene: A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I. The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Curio, and other Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on; let me excess of it, that, surfeiting, e appetite may sicken, and so die, at strain again! it had a dying fall: it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound, at breathes upon a bank of violets, aling and giving odour! Enough; no more: is not so sweet now as it was before. spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou, at, notwithstanding thy capacity coveth as the sea, nought enters there, what validity and pitch soever, falls into abatement and low price, en in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy at it alone is high fantastical.

Curio. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Curio. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have: when mine eyes did see Olivia first, thought she purged the air of pestilence! at instant was I turn'd into a hart; d my desires, like fell and cruel hounds, since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now! what news from her?

Valentine. So please my lord, I might not be admitted; t from her handmaid do return this answer: c element itself, till seven years' heat, all not behold her face at ample view; t, like a cloissness, she will veiled walk d water once a day her chamber round th eye-offending brine: all this to season brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh d lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother, How will she love, when the rich golden shaft Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else That live in her; when liver, brain and heart, These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd Her sweet perfections with one self king! Away before me to sweet beds of flowers: Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The sea-coast.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

Viola. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Viola. 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 saved.

Viola. 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, the 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.

Viola. For saying so, there's gold: Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope, Whereto thy speech serves for authority, The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born.

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Viola. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Viola. 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; 30
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
her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company 40
And sight of men.
Vio. O that I served that lady
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!
Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward charactar.
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. 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. 9
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 wooster.
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? 21
Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels a subscribing to the corruptors that say so of him. Who are they?
Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.
Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coyness that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. Who wench! Castilian vulgo! For here comes Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir To 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 better acquaintance.
Mar. My name is Mary, sir.
Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—
Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is from her, board her, woo her, assail her.
Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning 'accost'?
Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.
Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir And would thou mightest never draw sword again.
Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?
Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.
Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Sir To. Why, I think so: I am not such a ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?
Mar. A dry jest, sir.
Sir And. Are you full of them?
Sir To. Sir, I have them at my fingers' end, marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit.
Sir And. Never in your life, I think: unless you see canary put me down. Methinks some times I have no more wit than a Christian or a
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Marry man has: but I am a great eater of beef
I believe that does harm to my wit. 91
To. No question.
ir And. An I thought that, 'I'd forswear it.
ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.
ir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?
ir And. What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do?
uld I had bestowed that time in the tongues
I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting:
ul I but followed the arts!
ir To. Then hadst thou an excellent head
air.
ir And. Why, would that have mended my
ir To. Past question; for thou seest it will
curl by nature.
ir And. But it becomes me well enough,
't not?
ir To. Excellent; it hangs like flux on a
iff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee
her legs and spin it off. 110
ir And. Faith, 'I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby
ir To. Wherefore are these things hid?
ir To. Wherefore are these things a gift?
ir To. And I think I have the back-trick
ly strong as any man in Illyria.
ir To. What shall we do else? were we not
under Taurus?
ir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.
ir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let
see thee caper: ha! higher; ha, ha! excel-
l!  

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?
Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all: I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.
Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what
then?
Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.
Vio. I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Dianas lip
Is like no more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: [Aside] yet, a barful strife!
Who'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S HOUSE.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been,
or I will not open my lips so wide as a
bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady
will hang thee for thy absence.
Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged
in this world needs to fear no colours.
Mar. Make that good.
Clo. He shall see none to fear.
Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee
where that saying was born; of 'I fear no colours.'
Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?
Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold
to say in your foolery.
Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have
it; and those that are fools, let them use their
talents.
Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so
long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you? 19
Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.
Mar. You are resolute, then?
Clo. 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.
Clo. Apro, in good faith; very apro, 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.
Clo. 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 Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio.

God bless thee, lady! 60
Oli. Take the fool away.
Clo. 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.
Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the bother 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 calami ty, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.
Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you. 65
Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus 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?
Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.
Oli. Make your proof.
Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.
Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.
Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou? 70
Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.
Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.
Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, 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.
Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass word for twopence that you are no fool.
Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?
Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes deligh such a barren rascal: I saw him put down other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out his guard already; unless you laugh and mini occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I t these wise men, that crow so at these set kind fools, no better than the fools' zanies.
Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, taste with a distempered appetite. To be gross, guilless and of free disposition, is to those things for bird-bolts that you deem cann bullets: there is no slander in an allowed f though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing a known discreet man, though he do nothing reprove.
Clo. Now Mercury endure thee with least for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a gentleman much desires to speak with you. 120
Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?
Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair yo man, and well attended.
Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?
Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.
Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks thing but madman: fie on him! [Exit Mar Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the co I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to miss it. [Exit Malvolio.] Now you see, how your fooling grows old, and people dishkr Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull j cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—on thy kin has a most weak pie maker.

Enter Sir Toby.

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!
Clo. Good Sir Toby!
Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come early by this lurchary?
Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. Then at the gate.
Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?
Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all of [Exit.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?
Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a man: one draught above heat makes him a for the second mads him; and a third drowns him.
Oli. Go thou and seek the coward, and him sit o' my cox; for he's in the third degree drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.
Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman.
Re-enter MALVOLIO.
a. Madam, yond young fellow swears he speak with you. I told him you were sick; akes on him to understand so much, and there comes to speak with you. I told him you aslees; he seems to have a foreknowledge that too, and therefore comes to speak with.
What is to be said to him, lady? he's furti
against any denial.
i. Tell him he shall not speak with me.
a. Has been told so; and he says, he'll d at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the sorcerer to a bench, but he'll speak with you.
What kind o' man is he?
ai. Why, of mankind. 160
ai. What manner of man?
ai. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with will or no.
i. Of what personage and years is he?
a. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a cod, or a coiling when 'tis almost an apple: with him in standing between, between boy and
. He is very well-favoured and he speaks shrewdly; one would think his mother's were scarce out of him.
72. Let him approach: call in my gentle-
ai. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.
Re-enter MARIA.
i. Give me your veil: come, throw it o'er
my face.
I once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA, and Attendants.
i. The honourable lady of the house, which e?
i. Speak to me; I shall answer for her.
r will?
280 i. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatched-
beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the
the house, for I never saw her: I would
ath to cast away my speech, for besides that excellently well penned, I have taken great
so con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no
I am very compitable, even to the least
ner usage.
i. Whence came you, sir? 289
i. I can say litter more than I have studied,
that question's out of my part. Good gentle
give me modest assurance if you be the lady
house, that I may proceed in my speech.
i. Are you a comedian?
i. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the
fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play.
you the lady of the house?
i. If I do not usurp myself, I am.
i. Most certain, if you are she, you do
p yourself; for what is yours to bestow is
yers to reserve. But this is from my com-
ion: I will on with my speech in your praise,
then show you the heart of my message.
i. Come to what is important in't: I forgive
the praise.
i. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and
poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to won-
der 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. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no o
verture 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 master's entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-
head; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, pro-
fanation.

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: 'tis not well done? [Unveiling.

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and uten-
sil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too
proud:
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were
crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty!
Oli. How does he love me?  
Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,  
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.  
Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:  
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
In voices well divulged, free, learned and valiant;  
And in dimension and the shape of nature 280  
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;  
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills  
And make the babbling gossip of the air 291  
Cry out 'Olivia'! O, you should not rest  
Between the elements of air and earth,  
But you should pity me!  
Oli. You might do much.

What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord:  
I cannot love him: let him send no more;  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,  
300  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:  
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fool'd post, lady; keep your purse:  
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;  
And let your fervour, like my master's, be  
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.  
[Exit.

Oli. 'What is your parentage?'  
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman,' I'll be sworn thou art;  
310  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!  
Unless the master were the man. How now!  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?  
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections  
With an invisible and subtle stealth  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.  
What ho, Malvolio!  

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,  
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,  
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it. 321

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: he is he, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.  

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.  
[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shadily over me: the malignity of my fate might perhaps distress you; therefore I shall cry of you your leave that I may bear my evils aloof: it were a bad recompense for your love, to any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voya is mere extravagancy. 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 rather express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodrigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messalina whom I know you have heard of. He left behi himself and a sister, both born in an hour: the heavens had been pleased, would we had ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she was resembled me, was yet of many accounted beful: but, though I could not with such eudial wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I would boldly publish her; she bore a mind that en could not but call fair. She is drowned alread sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertaiment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done that is, kill him whom you have recovered, des it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is ft of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners my mother, that upon the least occasion my mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell.  
[Exe.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go wi the!  
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.  
[Exe.

SCENE II. A street.

Enter Viola, Malvolio following.

Mal. Were you not even now with the Counte Olivia?  
Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you 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, the
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song. Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life. Clo. [Sings]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming? O, stay and hear; your true love's coming;

That can sing both high and low;

Trip no 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. [Sings]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulce in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'lordy, 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.

[Catch sung.]

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here?

If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Catalian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [Sings]

'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

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. [Sings] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—

Mar. 'For the love o' God, peace!'
Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your cozzers' 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.

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinman, 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.'

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. 'I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.'

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him; if I do not pull him into a wayword, 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 afflicted ass, that cons state without book and utters in great swaths: the best persuaded of himself crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, this is his grounds of faith that all that look on love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obstinate epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, complexion, he shall find himself most feebly personated. I can write very like my lady's niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly mistake in 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 thou wilt drop, that they come from my nieces and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of a 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 you there and let the fool make a third, where he shall the letter: observe his construction of it this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

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 hast need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a fool way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sad tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight, come, knight.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Volia, 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 recollected 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 that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune to whiles.


Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
the sweet pangs of it remember me; 

r such as I am all true lovers are, 

A and skittish in all motions else, 

[When the constant image of the creature 

at is beloved. How dost thou like this tune? Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat] 

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly: 

[life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye 

sh stay'd under some favour it loves: 

th it not, boy? Vio. A little, by your favour. ] 

Duke. What kind of woman is't? 

Vio. Of your complexion. 

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What 

years, I faith? Vio. About your years, my lord. 

Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman 

take elder than herself: so wears she to him, 

sway she level in her husband's heart: 

'boy, however we do praise ourselves, 

fancies are more giddy and unform, 

re longing, wavering, sooner lost and won, 

an women's are. 

Vio. I think it well, my lord. 

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself, 

thy affection cannot hold the bent; 

women are as roses, whose fair flower 

once display'd, doth fall that very hour. 

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so; 

die, even when they to perfection grow! 

[Re-enter Curio and Clown. ] 

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night, 

ek it, Cesario, it is old and plain; 

spinsters and the knitters in the sun 

the free maids that weave their thread with bones 

use to chant it; it is silly sooth, 

dailies with the innocence of love, 

the old age. 


[Music. ] 

Song. 

Come away, come away, death, 

And in sad cypress let me be laid; 

Fly away, fly away, breath; 

I am slain by a fair cruel maid. 

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, 

O, prepare it! 

My part of death, no one so true 

Did share it. 

Not a flower, not a flower sweet, 

On my black coffin let there be strown; 

Not a friend, not a friend greet 

My poor corpse, where my bones shall 

be thrown: 

A thousand thousand sighs to save, 

Lay me, O, where 

Sad true lover never find my grave, 

To weep there! 

Vio. There’s for thy pains. 

No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, 

Duke. I’ll pay thy pleasure then. 

Vio. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one 

time or another. 

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee. 

Vio. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; 

and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that’s it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. 

Vio. Let all the rest give place. 

[Curio and Attendants retire. ] 

Once more, Cesario, Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty: Tell her, my love, more noble than the world, Prizes not quantity of dirty lands; The parts that fortune hath bestowed on 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 answered. 

Vio. Sooth, but you must. 

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is, 

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart 

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her; 

You tell her so; must she not then be answer’d? 

Duke. There is no woman's sides 

Can 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 sufeit, 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 loved a man, 

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, 

I should your lordship. 

Duke. And what's her history? 

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love, 

But let concealment, like a worm i’ the bud, 

Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought, 

And with a green and yellow melancholy 

She sat like patience on a monument, 

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed? 

We men may say more, swear more: but in- 

deed 

Our shows are more than will; for still we prove 

Much in our vows, but little in our love. 

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy? 

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's 

house. 

And all the brothers too; and yet I know not. 

Sir, shall I to this lady? 

Duke. Ay, that's the theme. 

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say, 

My love can give no place, bide no denny.
SCENE V. OLIVIA'S GARDEN.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

SIR TOBY. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FAB. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scrape of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TOBY. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FAB. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o'avour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TOBY. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

SIR TOBY. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARGARET.

How now, my metal of India?

MARIA. 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.

MALVOLIO. '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 TOBY. Here's an overweening rogue!

FAB. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR ANDREW. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY. Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO. To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY. Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY. Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO. There is example for't: the lady of the Strachys married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR ANDREW. Fie on him, Jezebel!

FAB. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

SIR TOBY. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a daybed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

SIR TOBY. Fire and brimstone!

FAB. O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO. 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 TOBY. Bolts and shackles!

FAB. O peace, peace, peace I now, now.

MALVOLIO. Seven of my people, with an obedient sort, make out for him: I frown the while; an perchance wind up my watch, or play with my some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesy there to me,—

SIR TOBY. Shall this fellow live?

FAB. Though our silence be drawn from cars, yet peace.

MALVOLIO. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard,

SIR TOBY. And does not Toby take you a blo o' the lips then?

MALVOLIO. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortune having cast me on your niece give me this pro
genre of speech—'

SIR TOBY. What, what?

MALVOLIO. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

SIR TOBY. Out, scab!

FAB. Nay, patience, or we break the sine

MALVOLIO. I. Besides, you waste the treasure of you time with a foolish knight—'

SIR ANDREW. That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO. 'One Sir Andrew—'

SIR ANDREW. I knew 'twas I; for many doo me fool.

MALVOLIO. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.

FAB. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TOBY. O, peace! and the spirit of human

MALVOLIO. By my life, this is my lady's hand these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR ANDREW. Her C's, her U's and her T's; what mean that?

MALVOLIO. [Reads] 'To the unknown beloved, thou and my good wishes:'—her very phrases!—in your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure by Lucifer, with which she uses to seal: 'to my lady. To whom should this be?

FAB. This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO. [Reads] 'Jove knows I love:

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know.'

No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know:' if the numbers altered! 'No man must know:' if the

SIR ANDREW. Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO. [Reads] I may command where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

FAB. A fustian riddle!

MALVOLIO. [Reads] Excellent wench, say I.

MALVOLIO. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' No but, take out me see, let me see, let me see.

FAB. What dish o' poison has she dressed him?

SIR ANDREW. To and with what wing the star checks at it!

MALVOLIO. 'I may command where I adore.' Where she may command me: I serve her; she is
Scene V.

Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.

A pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter Maria.

Sir To. Will thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either.

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either.

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitea with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady; he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt.

If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[Exeunt.

Act III.

Scene I. Olivia's garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. N' sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheverel glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.
Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

Cle. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Cle. 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 pitchards are to herring; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corruptor of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Cle. 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.

Cle. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [Aside] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Cle. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Cle. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Cle. 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 be out of my wellkin, I might say 'element, but the word is over-worn.

[Exit.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fools:
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, and SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my 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.
SCENE I. OLIVIA'S HOUSE.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy son.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more ours to the count's serving-man than ever she did upon me; I saw 't in the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? I mean that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her yard you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me? Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sit upon the heads of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in his sight only to exasperate you, to awake your mouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and mestone in your liver. You should then have costed her; and with some excellent jests, fire from the mint, you should have bANGED the uth into dumness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt this opportunity you let time wash off; and you now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; were you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some dable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; 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 youth 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 And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lines as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee in the cubiculo: go.

[Exeunt Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. And 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 gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegade; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered.

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does oblige every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. 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 skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Untouched, and unadvised, often prove
10 Rough and unperspectable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuance.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
† And thanks; and ever . . . oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncourtly 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 ye taken here it would scarce be
answered.

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,
While 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.
Seb. I do remember. [Exeunt.

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 his wits.
Oli. Go call him hither. [Exit Maria.]
I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!
Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.
Oli. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.
Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does
make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-
gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye
of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is,
* 'Please one, and please all.'
Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the
matter with thee?
Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow
in my legs. It did come to his hands, and com-
mands shall be executed: I think we do know
the sweet Roman hand.
Mal. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?
Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come
to thee.
Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile
so and kiss thy hand so oft?
Mar. How do you, Malvolio?
Mal. At your request! yes; nightingale
answer daws.
Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculou
boldness before my lady?
Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness': 'twas well
writ.
Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
Mal. 'Some are born great,'—
Oli. Ha! Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—
Oli. What sayest thou?
Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon
them.'
Oli. Remember who commended thy yellow
stockings,—
Oli. Thy yellow stockings!
Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.
Oli. Cross-gartered!
Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desires
be so;—
Oli. Am I made?
Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the
Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly
get him back: he attends your ladyship's
pleasure.
Oli. I'll come to him. [Exit SERVANT.
Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to
Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my
people have a special care of him: I would no
have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.
[Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no room man than Sir Toby to look to me! This scurs directly with the letter: she sends him purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast humble slouch,' says she; 'be opposite with chimney, surly with servants; let thy tongue go with arguments of state; put thyself into trick of singularity;' and consequently sets on the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend rig, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is 's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And she went away now. 'Let this fellow be ked to; ' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my pee, but fellow. Why, every thing adhers ether, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe stance—What can be said? Nothing that be can come between me and the full prospect my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of it, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Maria with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of heaven? If all the devils of hell be drawn in, and Legjon himself possessed him, yet I'll ak to him.

Mar. Here he is, here he is. How isn't with t, sir? how isn't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my vate; go off. 

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within! I did not? I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady ys you have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must 4 gently with him: let me alone. How do i, Malvolio? how isn't with you? What, man! the devil: consider, he's an enemy to man-

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. Go, you, an you speak ill of the devil, 

Mal. He takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not pitch'd!

Mal. Carry his water to the wise women.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow

Mal. How now, mistress?

O Lord!

Sir To. Frightee, hold thy peace; this is not way: do you not see you move him? let me as with him.

Mal. No way but gentleness; gently: fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my buckawoc! how 
t thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, 

Mal. I'lis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit 

Mal. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir ry, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mal. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of 

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.

[Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I 4 could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the in-fec of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take 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 and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read it.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [Reads] 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for.'

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [Reads] 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense-

Sir To. [Reads] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,'—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [Reads] 'Thou killst me like a rogue and a villain.'

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law; good.

Sir To. [Reads] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEER.'

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for thee: 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 manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

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 em-
ployment between his lord and my niece confirms
no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently
ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he
will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I
will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set
upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and
drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will
aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of
his rage, skill, fury and impetuousity. This will
so fright them both that they will kill one another
by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give
them way till he take leave, and presently after
him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some
horrid message for a challenge. 220

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of
stone
And laid mine honour too uncharily out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion
bears

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. 230

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?
Vio. Nothing but this; your true love for my
master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him
that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee
well: 240

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[Exit.

Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir. 239

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee
to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast
done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, 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 To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you:
therefore, if you hold your life at any price, be-
take you to your guard; for your opposite hath
in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can
furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, 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 mo-
ment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be
none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hot
nob, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house an
desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter:
I have heard of some kind of men that put quire
rels purposely on others, to taste their value
belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives ite
out of a very competent injury: therefore, go
you on and give him his desire. Back you sha
not to the house, unless you undertake that wit
me which with as much safety you might assure
him: therefore, on, or strip your sword star
naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, of
forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech
you, do me this courteous office, as to know
the knight what my offence to him is: it is some
thing of negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay
by you this gentleman till my return. 235

[Exeunt.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this
matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against
you, even to a mortal arbitration; but nothing
of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man
he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to
read him by his form, as you are like to find him
in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the
most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you
could possibly have found in any part of Illyria.
Will you walk towards him? I will make you
peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't:
am one that had rather go with sir priest than
knight: I care not who knows so much of
mettle. 250

[Exeunt. 251

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have
not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him
rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuf
in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable
and on the answer, he pays you as surely as you
feel hit the ground they step on. They say he
has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had
been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have
seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him.
Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my
horse, grey Caplet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here
and make a good show on't: this shall end with
the perdition of souls. [Aside] Marry, I'll ride
your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

[To Fab.] I have his horse to take up the qua
rel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; an
Enter Antonio.

Ant. Will you deny me now? Is't possible that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery, Least that it make me so unsound a man As to upbraid you with those kindnesse That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none; Nor know I you by voice or any feature: I hate ingratitude more in a man Than lying, vanity, babbling, drunkenness, Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death, Relieved him with such sanctity of love, And to his image, which me thought did promise Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Off. What's that to us? The time goes by: away! Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god! Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. In nature there's no blemish but the mind: None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind: Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil Are empty trunks o'erfliourish'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit with Officers. Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly, That he believes himself: so do not I. Prove true, imagination, O, prove true, That I, dear brother, 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 named Sebastian: I my brother know Yet living in my glass; even such and so In favour was my brother, and he went Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, For him I imitate: O, if it prove, Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love. [Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian. Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not.— [Exit. 430

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before Olivia's house.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?
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 you tarry longer, 20  
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.

Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [Exit.  
Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand. 40  
Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go.  
Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well shaffed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.  
Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Oliva.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, 50  
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!  
[Exit 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 my peace. Go with me to my house,  
And hear how there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby 60  
Mayst 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.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream
Or fain mad, or else this is a dream?

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;  
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee; would thou 'd be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [Exit.

Scene II. Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown an' this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Toby; the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby 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 less enough to be thought a good student; but to say an honest man and a good housekeeper god as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink very wittily said to a niece of King Gorbus; 'That that is is;' so I, being master Parson, as master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that' and 'is' but 'is'?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [Within] Who calls there?

Sir To. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but ladies!  
Sir To. Sir Toby, well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: the have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of the gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent,  
As barricades, and the clearstores toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to thee this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou earnest; I say, there is darkness but ignorance; in which thou art most puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and say, there was never man thus abused. I am more mad than you are: make the trial of it any constant question.
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel’t and see’t; And though ’tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet ’tis not madness. Where’s Antonio, then? I could not find him at the Elephant: Yet there he was; and there I found this credit, That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service; For though my soul 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 Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well, Now go with me and with this holy man Into the chantry by: there, before him, And underneath that consecrated roof, Plight me the full assurance of your faith; That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace. He shall conceal it Whiles you are willing it shall come to note, What time we will our celebration keep According to my birth. What do you say? Seb. I’ll follow this good man, and go with you; And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine, That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[Exeunt.]
ACT V.

SCENE I. Before Olivia's house.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou loveth 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 recom pense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings. 10

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my fœs 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 fœs tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my fœs, 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 fœs.

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. 31

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her 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.

Via. 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 besmeard As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war: A bawbling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught and bulk unprizably; 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 Shame and honour on him. What's this matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio That took the Phenix and her fraught from Candy;

And this is he that did the Tiger board. When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: Here in the streets, desperate of shame and sta In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Via. He did me kindness, sir, drew my side;

But in conclusion put strange speech upon me: I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water this What foolish boldness brought thee to the mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, Be pleased that I shake off these names y give me: Antonio never yet was thief or pirate, Though I confess, on base and ground enough Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither That most ingrateful boy there by your side, From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was: His head 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; Drove 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 own purse, Which I had recommended to his use Not half an hour before.

Via. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three mon before, No interm, not a minute's vacancy, Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now her foot walks on earth.

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are me Zestless: Three months this youth hath tended upon me, But more of that anon. Take him aside. Oli. What would my lord, but that he me not have, Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Via. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—

Via. My lord would speak; my duty hushes it.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord, It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. Will 'tis by peradventure? you uncivil lady, whose ingrate and unauspicious altar soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out at e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
To the Egyptian thief at point of death, If I love what—a savage jealous
At sometime savours nobly. But hear me this: Ece to non-regardance cast my faith, and that I partly know the instrument At screws me from my true place in your favour, Ve you the marble-breasted tyrant still; If this your minion, whom I know you love; And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly, Will I tear out of that cruel eye, Here he sits crowned in his master's spite, Me, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief: I sacrifice the lamb that I do love, Spirit a raven's heart within a dove. Vio. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly, Do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I loveore than I love these eyes, more than my life, ore, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife. I do feign, you witnesses above Nish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled! Vio. Who does beguile you? who does you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long? Il forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away!


Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny? Vio. Her husband, sirrah!

Oli. No, my lord, not I.

Vio. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear At makes thee strange thy propriety: ar not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up; That thou know'st thou art, and then thou art great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father! ther, I charge thee, by thy reverence, Are to unfold, though lately we intended keep in darkness what occasion now: Veals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know oth newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love, as'mid by mutual joinder of your hands, tested by the holy close of lips, strengthened by interchanging of your rings; all the ceremony of this compact al'd in my function, by my testimony: I, when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be?

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow, That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow? Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet Where thou and I henceforth may never meet. Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear! Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario:

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:

You drew your sword upon me without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting: you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you 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 agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures panyn: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull! Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. [Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood, 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!
Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Cló. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at his staves' end as well as a man in his case may do; he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistle are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open 't, and read it.

Cló. Look then to be well edified when a fool delivers the madman. [Reads] 'By the Lord madam,'—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Cló. No, madam, I do but read madness: your ladyship will have it as it ought to be; you must allow Vox.

Oli. Frithee, read 't thy right wits.

Cló. So do I, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my process, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [To Fabian]

Fab. [Reads] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunk cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on with the which I doubt not but to do myself right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of a speak out of my injury.

The madly-used Malvolio

Oli. Did he write this?

Cló. 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 furth thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrance your 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 she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this sam How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong.

Notorious wrong.

Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
I must not deny that it is your hand;
it is from it, if you can, in hand or phrase:
say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
I can say none of this: well, grant it then
I tell me, in the modesty of honour,
you have given me such clear lights of
favour,
I come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
on yellow stockings and to frown
Sir Toby and the lighter people;
I, acting this in an obedient hope,
you have suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
p't in a dark house, visited by the priest,
I made the most notorious geck and gull
at your invention play'd on? tell me why.
Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
hugh, I confess, much like the character:
out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
I now do bethink me, it was she
stold me thou wast mad; then camest in
smiling,
in such forms which here were presupposed
on thee in the letter. Prithhee, be content:
practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon
thee;
when we know the grounds and authors of it,
shall be both the plaintiff and the judge
thine own cause.

Good madam, hear me speak,
let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
nt the condition of this present hour,
ich I wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
st freely I confess, myself and Toby
this device against Malvolio here,
in some stubborn and un courteous parts
had conceived against him: Maria writ
letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
recompense whereof he hath married her.
w with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
y rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
hat the injuries be justly weigh'd
it have on both sides pass'd.'d.
Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve
greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon
them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir
Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord,
fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember?
'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal?
an you smile not, he's gagged:' and thus the
whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of
you.

[Exit.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.
Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time converts,
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. [Sings]
When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their
gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wife,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[Exit.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, king of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, young prince of Sicilia.
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION,
POLIXENES, king of Bohemia.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.
Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.
A Mariner.
A Gaoler.
HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a lady attending on Hermione.
MOPSA,
DORCAS,
Shepherdesses.
Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, a
Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.
Time, as Chorus.

SCENE: Sicilia, and Bohemia.

ACT I.

Scene I. Antechamber in Leontes' palace.

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

ARCH. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit
Bohemia, on the like occasion wherein our
services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have
said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and
your Sicilia.

CAM. I think, this coming summer, the King
of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation
which he justly owes him.

ARCH. Wherein our entertainment shall shame
us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed—
CAM. Beseech you,—

ARCH. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of
my knowledge: we cannot with such magnifi-
cence—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 under-
standing 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 attended with interchange
of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have
seemed to be together, though absent, shoon
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
un

plain text
THE WINTER'S TALE.

Leoni. We'll part the time between's then; and in that
From gaining say.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so;
here is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
so soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
Here there necessity in your request, although
I were needful I denied it. My affairs
to even drag me homeward: which to hinder
were in your love a whip to me; my stay
'ou a charge and trouble: to save both,
arewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my
peace until
'ou had drawn oaths from him not to stay.

You, sir,
charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure 30
ill in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
by-gone day proclaimed: say this to him,
it's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione. Her.
To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
but let him say so then, and let him go;
but let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
'lell thwack him hence with disgusts.

Let of your royal presence I'll adventure
the borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
'ou take my lord, I'll give him my com-
'ou let him there a month behind the gest
'rex'd for's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
love thee not a jar 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!
'ou put me off with limber vows; but I,
how though you would seek to unsphere the stars
with oaths,
'ould yet say 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
'ou shall not go: a lady's 'Verily' s
potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
'me you to keep me as a prisoner,
lot 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 deed
'Verily,'
me of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
'ou be your prisoner should import offending;
which is for me less easy to commit
than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,
your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
if my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
'ou were pretty lوردings then?

Pol. We were, fair queen,
wo lads that thought there was no more behind
such a day to-norrow as to-day,
and to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
he verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twin'd lambs that did frisk
'the sun,
THE WINTER'S TALE. [Act IV.]

Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. I' fecks! So why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf
Are all call'd neat—Still virgining.
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leon. Thou want'st a rough push and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
My dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may't be?
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre;
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicast with dreams;—how can this be?
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing; then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How, my lord!
Her. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?
Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you moved, my lord?
Leon. No, in good earnest. How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
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'st 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 thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
Officed 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 if the garden: shall'st attend y' there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you be found,
Be you beneath the sky. [Aside] I am angry 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!
[Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.]
Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork one!
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamo
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. The have been,
Or I am much deceived, 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 sluiced in absence
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in
Whiles other men have gates and gat open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for'there 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 conclude:
No barricado for a belly: know't;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel not. How now, boy?
Mam. I am like you, they say.
Leon. Why, that's some comfort
What, Camillo there?
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
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Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Leon. At the queen's be't: 'good' should be pertinent; but, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
by any understanding plate but thine? Yet, thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
more than the common blocks: not noted, is't, but of the finer natures? by some severals
head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
'rechance are to this business purblind? say.
Cam. Business, my lord! I think most un-
derstand
holemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha!
Cam. Stays here longer. 230
Leon. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness and the high-
treaties
of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy! the entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!
at that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo, v ith all the nearest things to my heart, as well
ly chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
last cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed
by patent reform'd; but we have been
ceived in thy integrity, deceived
that which seems so.
Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon't, thou art not honest, or,
thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
ich boxes honesty behind, restraining
om court's required; or else thou must be
ounted
servant grated in my serious trust
and therein negligent; or else a fool
hat seest a game played home, the rich stake
drawn, nd take it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord, may be negligent, foolish and fearful; every one of these no man is free, but that his negligence, his folly, fear, mong the infinite doings of the world, sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord, ever I were willful-negligent, was my folly; if industriously play'd the fool, it was my negligence, ot weighing well the end; if ever fearful o do a thing, where I the issue doubted, hereof the execution did cry out
260 against the non-performance, 'twas a fear hich oft infects the wisest: these, my lord, re such allow'd infirmities that honesty never free of. But, beseech your grace, e plainer with me; let me know my trespass y its own visage: if I then deny it, is none of mine.
Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,— at that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-
glass thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,— or to a vision so apparent rumour
270 not be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation is out in this man that does not think,— y wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess, e else be impudently negative,
have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say y wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name r rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't and justify't.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear My sovereign mistress clouded so, without 280 My present vengeance taken: 'twere my heart, 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 laughing 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 only, That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing? Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing: Bohemia nothing; My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings, If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my lord, be cured Of this diseased opinion, and betimes; For 'tis most dangerous.
Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie: I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee, 300 Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave, Or else a hovering temporizer, that Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil, Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver Infested as her life, she would not live The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I Had servants true about me, that bare eyes To see alike mine honour as their profits, Their own particular thrifts, they would do that Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou, His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven, How I am galled,—mightst bespicce a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial. 320 Cam. Sir, my lord, I could do this, and that with no rash potion, But with a lingering dram that should not work Maliciously like poison: but I cannot Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress, So sovereignly being honourable. I have loved thee,
Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot! Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled, To appoint myself in this vexation, sully The purity and whiteness of my sheets, Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps, Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son, Who I do think is mine and love as mine, Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this? Could man so brench?
Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't; 
Provided that, when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down: 340
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast ad-
vised me. 

[Exit. 350

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who in rebellion with himself will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since
No brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear't. I must 361
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter Polixenes.

Pol. This strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news I the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he, 371
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 changeth 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, 380
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me!
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 experienced, 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 know-
ledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What 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.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged 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!

Pol. 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't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best;
Turn then my freshest reputation to
Your furthest may strike the dullest nostril,
Where I arrive, and my approach be shun'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 piled 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.

Pot. I do believe thee; I saw his heart in his 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'er shades me: Good execution be my friend, and comfort The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing Of his ill-tale suspicion! Come, Camillo; I will respect thee as a father if thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid. Cam. It is in mine authority to command The keys of all the posterns: please your highness To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A room in LEONTES' palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies. Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me, Tis past enduring.

First Lady. Come, my gracious lord, Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if I were a baby still. I love you better.

Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say, Become some women best, so that there be not Too much hair there, but in a semicircle, Or a half-moon made with a pen.

Sec. Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learnt it out of women's faces.

Pray now What colour are your eyebrows?

First Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

First Lady. Hark ye; The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall Present our services to a fine new prince One of these days; and then you'll wanton with us.

If we would have you.

Sec. Lady. She is spread of late Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her! So Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now I am for you again: pray you, sit by us, And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter: I have one Of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
When you have said 'she's goodly,' come betwixt your eyes.
If you can say 'she's honest,' but be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

**Her.** Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord, 80
Do but mistake.

**Leon.** You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing! Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees
And mannerly distinguished leave out Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor and Camillo is A federary with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she's a bed-swerver, even as bad as those That vulgar give bold'st titles, ay, and privy To this their late escape.

**Her.** No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say You did mistake.

**Leon.** No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear A school-boy's top. Away with her! to prison! He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty But that he speaks.

**Her.** There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are: the want of which vain dew Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodged 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 performed!

**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 deserved prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

**Leon.** Go, do our bidding; hence!

_[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 the which three great one suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

**First Lord.** For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do't, sir, 13
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless,
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 farther trust her For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false, If she be.

**Leon.** Hold your peace.

**First Lord.** Good my lord,—

**Ant.** It is for you we speak, not for ourselves You are abused and by some putter-on 14
That will be'dam'd for't; I would know the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd, I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine, and some five; If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs; And 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 it 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 dungi earth.

**Leon.** What! lack I credit?

**First Lord.** I had rather you did lack than I,
My lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me To have her honour true than your suspicion, 16
Be blamed for't how you might.

**Leon.** Why, what need we Commune with you of this, but rather follow Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness Imparts this; which if you, or stupidified Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves We need no more of your advice: the matter, The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all Properly ours.

**Ant.** And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

**Leon.** How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wilt bear 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
For I am satisfied and need no more

Ant. [Aside] To laughter, as I take it, the good truth were known. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A prison.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him; I him have knowledge who I am. [Exit Gent. Good lady, court in Europe is too good for thee; hast thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman with the Gaoler.

Paul. Now, good sir, you know me, do you not?

Gaol. For a worthy lady id one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then, conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam: the contrary I have express commandment. Paul. Here's ado, lock up honesty and honour from access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you, see her women? any of them? Emilia? Gaol. So please you, madam, put apart these your attendants, I shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her. [Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants. Gaol. And, madam, must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be't so, prithee. [Exit Gaoler. ere's such ado to make no stain a stain passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,

ow fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn ay hold together: on her griefs and griefs, which never tender lady hath borne greater, is something before her time deliver'd. Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,usty and like to live: the queen receives such comfort in't; says 'My poor prisoner, am innocent as you.'

Paul. I dare be sworn:

These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, be-shrew them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office

Becomes a woman best: I'll take' upon me:

If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister

And never to my red-look'd anger be

The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia, Commend my best obedience to the queen: If she darest 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 o' the child: The silence often of pure innocence

Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam, Your honour and your goodness is so evident That your free undertaking cannot miss A thriving issue: there is no lady living So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer; Who but to-day hammer'd of this design, But durst not tempt a minister of honour, Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia, I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from't As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!

I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe, I know not what I shall incur to pass it, Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir: This child was prisoner to the womb and is By law and process of great nature thence Freed and enfranchised, not a party to The anger of the king nor guilty of, If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness

To bear the matter thus: mere weakness. If The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause, She the adulteress; for the harlot king Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she I can hook to me: say that she were gone, Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest Might come to me again. Who's there?

First Serv. My lord?

Leon. How does the boy?

First Serv. He took good rest to-night; 'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see his nobleness! Conceiving the dishonour of his mother, He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply, Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself, Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go, See how he fares. [Exit Serv.] Fie, fie! no thought of him:
The very thought of my revenges that way Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty, 20 And in his parties, his alliance; let him be Until a time may serve: for present vengeance, Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow: They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor Shall she within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a child.

First Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas, Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul, More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough. 30 Sec. Serv. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir: I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you, That creep like shadows by him and do sigh At each his needless heaving, such as you Nourish the cause of his awaking: I Do come with words as medicinal as true, Honest as either, to purge him of that humour That presses him from sleep.

Leon. How! Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus, I charged thee that she should not come at me: I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord, On your displeasure's peril and on mine, She should not visit you.
Paul. What, canst not rule her? 50 Leon. 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.
Leon. Good my liege, I come; And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess Myself your loyal servant, your physician, Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dare Less appear so in comforting your evils, Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen! 60 Paul. Good queen, my lord, Good queen; I say good queen; And would by combat make her good, so were I A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence. 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.

[Leaving down the child.

Leon. Out! A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' doc
And all my intellegencing bawd!
Paul. Not so: 10 I am as ignorant in that as you In no entitling me, and no less honest Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Traitors Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard Thou dost! thou art woman-tired, unroosted By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever Unverifiable be thy hands, if thou Takest up the princess by that forced baseless Which he has put upon't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 't were pa all doubt You 'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitor. 20 Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I, nor an 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.
Leon. A callat Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat his 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; 40 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 had made it So like to him that got it, if thou hast The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colour No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does, Her children not her husband's!
Paul. A gross bag! 50 And, lovel, thou art worthy to be hang'd, That wilt 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. 60 Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord Can do no more.
Leon. I'll ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not: It is an heretic that makes the fire, Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant But this most cruel usage of your queen,
THE WINTER'S TALE.

Scene I. A sea-port in Sicilia.

Enter Cleomnes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly
It was? the offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o'clock the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense, so
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'clock the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,

This female bastard hence and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
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 up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[Exeunt with the child.

Leon. Another issue,

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding.

[Exeunt.
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.

Scene II. A court of Justice.

Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. 'This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even purs'd 'gainst our heart: the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.
Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence! 10

Enter Hermione guarded; Paulina and Ladies attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.
Off. [Reads] Hermione, queen to the worthy
Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused
And arraigned of high treason, in committing
Adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and
Conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of
Our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband:
The pretence whereof being by circumstances
Partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the
Faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel
And aid them, for their better safety, to fly
Away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty': mine integrity
Being counter'd falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus: if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy: which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing 30
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay 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. [Sings] More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honour he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose love

Even since it could speak, from an infant, free
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
Wringing no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his 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 dread;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past shame,
Those of your fact are so—so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for
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.

Her. Sir, spare your threats.
The bug which you would fright me with I so
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third e
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaimed a trumpet: with immodest hate
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, 't the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore process
But yet hear this; mistake me not: no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Ch. I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
as surmises, all proofs sleeping else
what your jealousies awake, I tell you
rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I refer me to the oracle:
lo be my judge!

Lord. This your request
together just: therefore bring forth,
in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[Exeunt certain Officers.

The Emperor of Russia was my father;
at he were alive, and here beholding
daughter's trial! that he did but see
flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
ity, not revenge!

Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.

You here shall swear upon this sword of
justice,
you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
both at Delphos, and from thence
brought
seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
eat Apollo's priest and that since then
have not dared to break the holy seal
read the secrets in't.

Dion. All this we swear.

Break up the seals and read.

[Reads] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes
is innocent; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a
is tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten;
he king shall live without an heir, if that
is lost be not found.

Now bless be the great Apollo!

Praised!

Hast thou read truth?

Ay, my lord; even so
is here set down.

There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
ssions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

My lord the king, the king!

What is the business?

O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
ince your son, with mere conceit and fear
queen's speed, is gone.

How! gone!

Is dead.

Apollo's angry; and the heavens them-
elves like at my injustice. [Hermione swoons.]
now there!

This news is mortal to the queen: look
own
what death is doing.

Take her hence: 150
art is but o'ercharged; she will recover:
too much believed mine own suspicion:
you, tenderly apply to her
edies for life.

Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.

Apollo, pardon
unprofaneness against thine oracle!
ce me to Polixenes,
oo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
ing transported by my jealousies
ky thoughts and to revenge, I chose 160

Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing 't and being done: he, most humane
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Uncleasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker?

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!

O, cut my face, lest my heart, cranking it,
Break too!

First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast
for me?

In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies.

Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it,
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crow's thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't:
Nor is't direfully 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, 200
When I have said, cry 'woe'—the queen, the
queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and ven-
cence for't

Not drop'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If
word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Thin'st or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Laid-to thy answer: but the last,—O lords, 200
When I have said, cry 'woe'—the queen, the
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queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and ven-
cence for't

Not drop'd down yet.
I the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't: All faults I make, when I shall come to know them, I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much 221 The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd To the noble heart. What's gone and what's past help Should be past grief: do not receive affliction At my petition; I beseech you, rather Let me be punish'd, that have have missed you Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege, Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman: The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!— I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children; I'll not remember you of my own lord, 231 Who is lost too: take your patience to you, And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well When most the truth; which I receive much better Than to be pitied of thee. Prithie, bring me To the dead bodies of my queen and son: One grave shall be for both: upon them shall The causes of their death appear, untill Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there Shall be my recreation: so long as nature 241 Will bear up with this exercise, so long I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me Unto these sorrows. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly And threaten present blusters. In my conscience, The heavens with that we have in hand are angry And frown upon's.

Ant. 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 10 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 believed, the spirits o' the dead May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother Appeard to me last night, for ne'er was dream So like a waking. To me comes a creature, Sometimes her head on one side, some another; I never saw a vessel of like sorrow, 21 So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes, Like very sanctity, she did approach My window 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 thy poor babe, according to thine oath, Places remote enough are in Bohemia.

There weep and leave it crying; and, for the Is counted 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 shri The melted into air. Affrighted much, I did in time collect myself and thought This was so and no slumber. Dreams are Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, I will be squared by this. I do believe Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that Apollo would, this being 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! There lie, and there thy character: there! Which may, if fortune please, both breed pretty, And will rest thine. The storm begins: wretch, That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed To loss and what may follow! Weep I can But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell! The day frowns more and more: thou'rt li

A lullaby too rough: I never saw The heavens so dim by day. A savage clans Well may I get aboard! This is the chase I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a

Enter a Shepherd.

Skep. I would there were no age be sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth sleep out the rest; for there is nothing between but getting wenches with child, wailing the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Harr! now! Would any but these boiled be nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this well They have scared away two of my best sheep which I fear the wolf will sooner find the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't will! what have we here? Mercy on's, a boy or a very pretty barn! A boy or a very pretty one, sure, 'scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape. Thine have been some stare-work, some trunk-work, behind-door-work: they were warmer the this than the poor thing is here. I'll take for pity: yet I'll dally till my son come; he loosed but even now. Whos, ho, ho! Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Skep. What, art so nerf? If thou't thing to talk on when thou art dead and a come lither. What ailest thou, man? Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for now the sky: betwixt the firmament and cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Skep. Why, boy, how is it? Clo. I would you did but see how it doth how it rages, how it takes up the shore that's not to the point. O, the most pit
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Enter the Chorus.

ne. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror, od and bad, that makes and unfolds error, take upon me, in the name of Time, e my wings. Impute it not a crime to my swift passage, that I slide sixteen years and leave the growth untried it wide gap, since it is in my power throw law and in one self-born hour ant and orwhelm custom. Let me pass name I am, erc ancient's order was 10 at is now received: I witness to

The times that brought them in; so shall I do To the freshest things now reigning and make stale

The glistening of this present, as my tale Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing, I turn my glass and give my scene such growing As you had slept between: Leontes leaving, The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving That he shuts up himself, imagine me, Gentle spectators, that I now may be In fair Bohemia; and remember well, I mentioned a son 't 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 shepherd's daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after, Is the argument of Time. Of this allow, If ever you have spent time worse ere now; 30 If never, yet that Time himself doth say He wishes earnestly you never may.

SCENE II. Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pel. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some ally, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pel. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missing noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pel. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removements; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is
seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage. 50

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithhee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A road near the Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale,
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
The lark, that tirra-lira chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize I a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every 'lven wether tods;
every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [Aside] If the springie 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 rants, rice,—what will this sister of mine do for rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made four and twenty nosegays for the shearsers, the man-song-men all, and very good ones; but are most of them means and bases; but one pair amongst them, and he sings psalms to his pipes. I must have saffron to colour the wares; mace; dates,—none, that's out of my nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but I may beg: four pound of prunes, and as much as raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O that ever I was born!

[Groveling on the ground.

Clo. I the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off the rage; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of rags to lay on thee, rather than have these of tears.

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 beans may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten: my coat and apparel tal'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 garments he has left with thee: if this be a honest man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. I do my hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me hand.

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!


Aut. How now! canst stand?

Aut. [Picking his pocket] Softly, dear good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Do'st lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarte a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I have there money, or any thing I want: offer no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known about with troll-my-dames: I knew him on servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir; which of his virtues it was, but he was certified whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish to make it stay there; and yet it will no more abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; the process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed moon; the Prodigal Son, and married a lady's wife within a mile where my land lies; and, having flown over many knavish fissions, he settled only in rogue: some call Autolycus,
THE WINTER'S TALE.

Scene IV. The Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

These your unusual weeds to each part of you: live a life; no shepherdess, but Flora in April's front. This your sheep-shearing a meeting of the petty gods,

You the queen on.

Sir, my gracious lord, side at your extremities it not becomes me:ardon, that I name them! Your high self, gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid, goddess-like prank'd up: but that our beasts every mess have folly and the feeders it with a custom, I should blush you so attired, sworn, I think,

Myself a glass.

I bless the time my good falcon made her flight across another's ground.

Now Jove afford you cause! the difference forges dread: your greatness not been used to fear. Even now I tremble ink your father, by some accident, pass this way as you did: O, the Fates! 20 would he look, to see his work so noble bound up? What would he say? Or how I, in these my borrow'd flauts, behold sternness of his presence?

Apprehend but jollity. The gods themselves, linging their deities to love, have taken lovers of beasts upon them: Jupiter a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune, and bleated; and the fire-robed god, Apollo, a poor humble swain, seen now. Their transformations never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean; so, over that art go
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them; 100
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well and only
therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To mark of middle age. You're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas! You'll be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now,
my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that
might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let's fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violet's 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 strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried, 131
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pasturals: 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 alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish
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 do
That all your acts are queenly.

O Dories, Your praises are too large: but that you your
And the true blood which peepeth fairly through
Do plainly give you out an unstein'd shepherd
With wisdom I might fear, Dories,
You woot me the false way.

I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come; our dance, I pr'y
Your hand, my Perdita; we turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for'em.

Flo. This is the prettiest low-born lass
I ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she doe
seems
But smacks of something greater than herself
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her someth
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, s
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress; ma
garlic,
To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good tim
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon
manners.

Come, strike up!

[Music. Here a dance of Shepherds

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair saw
this
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Dories; and b
himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be pl
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does any thing; though
port it,
That should be silent: if young Dories
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the
lar at the door, you would never dance
after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could
move you: he sings several tunes faster
you'll tell money: he utters them as he had
ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.
201

He hath songs for man or woman, or for anything indeed and sung lamentably. 390

He has the prettiest love-songs for maids; though bawdy, which is strange; with such are burthen of dildos and fadings, 'jump and thump her,' and where some stretched rascal would, as it were, mean mischief break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the answer 'Whoo, do me no harm, good sir; put him off, slights him, with 'Whoo, o no harm, good man.' 391

This is a brave fellow.

Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

He hath ribbons of all the colours rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in man can learnedly handle, though they come a by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, why, he sing's them over as they were gods addresses; you would think a smack were a angel, he so chant's to the sleeve-hand and 'ork about the square on't.

Prithie bring him in; and let him ap- sing-

Enter Autolycus, singing.

as white as driven snow;

prus black as e'er was crow; ves as sweet as damask roses; sks for faces and for noses; ge bracelet, necklace amber, lume for a lady's chamber; den quiffs and stomachers, my ladies to give their dears; and poking-sticks of steel, at maids lack from head to heel: be buy of me, come; come buy, come buy; lads, or else your lasses cry; be buy.

If I were not in love with Mopses, thou art no take money of me; but being end as I am, it will also be the bondage of ribbons and gloves.

I was promised them against the feast; sy come not too late now.

He hath promised you more than that, be liars.

He hath paid you all he promised you; he has paid you more, which will shame give him again.

Is there no manners left among maids? ey wear their placquets where they should their faces? Is there not milking-time, you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to of these secrets, but you must be tittle: before all our guests! 'tis well they are: clamour your tongues, and not a lore.

I have done. Come, you promised me my 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?

Ant. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thon, man, thou shalt lose no- thing here.

Ant. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge. 361

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Ant. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a user's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoced.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Ant. Very true, and but a month old. 270

Dor. Bless me from marrying a user! 363

Ant. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that 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 moe ballads: we'll buy the other things anon.

Ant. Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourthscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Ant. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another. 290

Ant. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Ant. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man': there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago. 390

Ant. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? M. O, whither? D. Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill.

D. If to either, thou dost ill. 190


D. Thou hast sworn my love to be.

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by our- selves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [Exit with Dorcas and Mopsea.
**THE WINTER'S TALE.**

_Aut._ And you shall pay well for 'em.

Foll. singing.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money 's a medlar,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [Exit.]

Re-enter Servant.

**Serv.** Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

_Shep._ Away! we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

_Pol._ You weary those that refresh us: pray, let 's see these four threes of herdsmen.

_Serv._ One of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king: and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squir.

_Shep._ Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

_Serv._ Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.]

**Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.**

_Pol._ O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

[To Cam.] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.

_He's simple and tells much._ [To Flor._] How now, fair shepherd! Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young And handed love as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransom'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 lass Interpretation should abuse and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited For a reply, at least if you make a care Of happy holding her.

_Flo._ Old sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd Up in my heart; which I have given already; But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand, As soft as dove's down and as white as't.

_Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fam'd snow that's bolted By the northern blasts twice o'er._

_Pol._ What follows this?

_How pretty the young swain seems to wash The hand was fair before! I have put you off to your profession; let me hear What you profess._

_Flo._ Do, and be witness to it._

_Pol._ And this my neighbour too?

_Flo._ And he, and Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and That, were I crown'd! the most imperial mon Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest you That ever made eye swerve, had force and k

ledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize Without her love; for her employ them all; Command them and condemn them to her service, Or to their own perdition.

_Pol._ Fairly offer'd.

_Cam._ 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. The pattern of mine own thoughts I cut o' the purity of his.

_Shep._ Take hands, a bargain! And, friends unknown, you shall bear wi' to:

_I give my daughter to him, and will make Her portion equal his._

_Flo._ O, that must be The virtue of your daughter: one being do I shall have more than you can dream of ye Enough then for your wonder. But, come, we Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

_Shep._ Come, your And, daughter, yours.

_Pol._ Soft, swain, awhile, beseech Have you a father?

_Flo._ I have: but what of him?

_Pol._ Knows he of this?

_Flo._ He neither does nor. _Methinks a father Is at the capital of his son a guest That best becomes the table. Pray you once Is not your father grown incapable Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid With age and altering rheums? can he 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 unfilial: reason my son Should choose himself a wife, but as good 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 dear sir, To which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint My father of this business.

_Pol._ Let him know't.

_Flo._ He shall not.

_Pol._ Prithee, let him.

_Flo._ No, he must
THE WINTER'S TALE.

Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
Of thy choosing. Come, come, he must not.

Mark your divorce, young sir,
[Discovering himself,]
A son I dare not call; thou art too base
Acknowledged: thou a scelepe's heir, this
This affects my sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
sorry that by hanging thee I cannot
I do not purpose it; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

I think, Camillo?

Even he, my lord.
How often have I told you 'twould be
Thus! How oft have, my dignity would last
But till were known
It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.

Be advised.
I am, and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

This is desperate, sir.
So call it: if it does fulfil my vow;
I must needs think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be there gleen'd, for all the sun sees or
The close earth worms or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathom, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
O my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Hark, Perdita [Drawing her aside.
I'll hear you by and by.

He's irremovable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia;
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, 'tis the love
That I have borne your father?

Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction:
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by— 540
As heavens forefend!—your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place wheroeto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet;
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
550
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 'twere I the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.
Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
570 Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you
down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.
Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this:
Cam. A cause more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most cer-
tain
To miseries enough; no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another; 580
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be: besides you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
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
45° 5°
The rear our birth.
Cam. I cannot say 'tis
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.
Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
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 fort
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,
That you may know you shall not want, one w

[They talk as

Re-enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is!
Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gen-
man! I have sold all my trumpery; not a o
terfeited stone, not a ribbon, glass, poman
brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, gi
shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my
feasting: they throng who should buy
as if my tinkrets had been hallowed and bro
benediction to the buyer: by which mea
saw whose purse was best in picture; and wh
saw, to my good use I remembered. My clo
who wants but something to be a reasonable
grow so in love with the wenches' song, th
would not stir his pettievos till he had both
and words; which so drew the rest of the he
me that all their other senses stuck in ears:
might have pinched a placket, it was sensel
'twas nothing to geld a copiece of a purs
could have filed keys off that hung in chain
hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and
ming the nothing of it. So that in this tim
lethargy I picked and cut most of their fe
purses; and had not the old man come in w
whoob-bub against his daughter and the k
son and scared my coughs from the chaff, I
not left a purse alive in the whole army.
[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forw
Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this m
being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.
Flo. And those that you'll procure from
Leontes—
Cam. Shall satisfy your father.
Per. Happy be
All that you speak shows fair.
Cam. Who have we?
[Seeing Autolyc
We'll make an instrument of this, omit
Nothing may give us aid.
Aut. If they have overheard me now, v
hanging
Cam. How now, good fellow! why shou
so? Fear not, man; here's no har
 tended to thee.
Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.
Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody
that from thee: yet for the outside of thy
erty we must make an exchange; therefore use
these things, thou must think there's
cessity in't,—and change garments with this
leman: though the pennyworth on his side
the worst, yet hold thee, there's some stock.
ute. I am a poor fellow, sir. [Aside] I know
ell enough.
ute. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman
if flayed already.
ute. Are you in earnest, sir? [Aside] I
the trick on't.
ute. Dispatch, I prithee.
ute. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I can-
with conscience take it.
ute. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.
ute. mistress,—let my prophecy
e home to ye:—you must retire yourself
some covert: take your sweethearth's hat
pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
ante you, and, as you can, dislik
truth of your own seeming; that you may—
do fear eyes over—to shipboard
undiscovered.
ute. I see the play so lies
must bear a part.
ute. No remedy. You
done there?
ute. Should I now meet my father,
could not call me son.
ute. Nay, you shall have no hat. [Giving it
to Perdita.
lady, come. Farewell, my friend.
tu. Adieu, sir.
tu. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
you, a word.
tu. [Aside] What I do next, shall be to
tell the king
his escape and whither they are bound;
cin my hope is I shall so prevail
'me him after: in whose company
review Sicilia, for whose sight
a woman's longings.
ute. Fortune speed us!
we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.
ute. The swifter speed the better.
Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.
ute. I understand the business, I hear it: to
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble
is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose
ite also, to smell out work for the other
I see this is the time that the unjust
 lost their
. What an exchange had this
without boot! What a boot is here with
's exchange! Sure the gods do this year
'e at us, and we may do any thing ex-
're the prince himself is about a piece
julity, stealing away from his father with
his heels; if I thought it were a piece
esty to acquaint the king withal, I would
't: I hold it the more knavery to con-
; and therein am I constant to my pro-

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd,
side; here is more matter for a hot
every lane's end, every shop, church,
hanging, yields a careful man work. 707

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now!
There is no other way but to tell the king
she's a 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,
vea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say,
is no honest man, neither to his father nor to
me, to go about to make me the king's brother-
in-law. 711
Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest
off you could have been to him and then your
blood had been the dearer by I know how much
an ounce.
Aut. [Aside] Very wisely, puppies!
Shep. Well, let us to the king; there is that
in this fardel 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 palace.
Aut. [Aside] Though I am not naturally
honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me
rocket up my pedlar's excrement. [Takes off
his false beard.] How now, rustics! whither are
you bound?
Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.
Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom,
the condition of that fardel, the place of your
dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,
breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be
known, discover.
Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.
Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let
me have no lying: it becomes none but trades-
men, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but
we pay them for it with stamped coin, not
stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us
the lie.
Clo. Your worship had like to have given
us one, if you had not taken yourself with
the manner.
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 of the court? receives not thy nose
court-odour from me? reflect: I not on thy base-
ness court-contempt? Thinkkest thou, for that I
insinuate, or f to thee from thee thy business, I am
therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe;
and one that will either push on or pluck back
thy business there: whereupon I command thee
to open thy affair.
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 plea-
sant: say you have none.
Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock
nor hen. 771
Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are, therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's 't the fardel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself; for, if thou best cap 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 him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whirling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?
He's has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then '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-vitae or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, 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 ye party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to king and show our strange sights: he must keep 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as old man does when the business is performed and remain, as he says, your pawn till I brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before to the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may even blest myself.

Shep. Let's before as he bids us: he was vided to do us good.

[Exeunt Shepherd and Clo.]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see a tune would not suffer me: she drops bottle to my mouth. I am courted now with a dainty, good and a means to do the prince master good; which who knows how that turn back to my advancement? I will bring two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: think it fit to shore them again and that the plain they have to the king concerns him not; let him call me rogue for being so far off for I am proof against that title and what she else belongs to. 'T om him I will present if there may be matter in it.

ACT V.

SCENE I. A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paul and Servants.

Clo. Sir, you have done enough, and perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid off.
More penitence than done trespass: at the last
Do as the heavens have done, forget your ev'
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 heas it hath made my kingdom and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er
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 unparalleled.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd I
She kill'd! I did so: but thou strikst me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now,
Say so but seldom.

Clo. Not at all, good lady:
THE WINTER’S TALE.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,

As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk’d your first queen’s ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid’st us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen’s again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father’s greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
’Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That 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 yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, ’She had not been, too
Nor was not to be equal’d’;—thus your verse
Flow’d with her beauty once: ’tis shrewdly ebb’d,
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain’d your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How! not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour’d friends,
Bring them to our embracement. Still, ’tis strange
[Exeunt Cleomenes and others.
He thus should seal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair’d
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prifthee, no more; cease; thou know’st
He dies to me again when talk’d of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter Clotenemes and others, with
Florizel and Perdita.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty one,
Your father’s image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform’d before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess—godliness!—O, alas! 131
I lost a couple, that ’twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
You, gracious cousin, do: and then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
On more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch’d Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend, 140
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
Which waits upon worn times hath something
seized
His wish’d ability, he had himself
The lands and waters ’twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves—
He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee
stir
A fresh within me, and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least, as gentle, 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 warlike Smalus,
That noble honour’d lord, is fear’d and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
whose daughter
His tears proclaim’d his, parting with her: thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have
cross’d,
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss’d;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife’s in safety
Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father, 170
A graceful gentleman: against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father’s blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness: What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look’d on
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd’s daughter.


Lord. Here in your city; I now came from
him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvell and my message. To your court
While he was hastening, in the chase, it seem’d
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitte
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray’d me
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay’s so to his charge:
He’s with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo,
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; whom
Has these poor men in question. Never saw
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.

Flo. Of 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 ’tis true, I see by your good fathe’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.

Leon. 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 owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affection,
Stop forth mine advocate: at your request
My father will grant precious things as trilles.

Leon. Would he do so, I’d beg your precise
mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in’t: not a more
For your queen died, she was more worth all
gazes
Than what you look on now.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

[Scene I.]

I thought of her, m in these looks I made. [To Florizel.] But your petition is unanswered. I will to your father: 

[Exit.]

[Scene II. Before Leonatus' palace.]

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

ut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at relation?

[First Gent. I was by at the opening of the el, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner he found it: whereupon, after a little amazed-

it, we were all commanded out of the chamber; 

th this methought I heard the shepherd say, he d the child.

ut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

[First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the 

ess: but the changes I perceived in the king 

Camillo were very notes of admiration: they 

ed almost, with staring on one another, to 

the cases of their eyes; there was speech in 

dumbness, language in their very gesture; 

looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, 

destroyed: a notable passion of wonder 

ed in them; but the wisest beholder, that 

o more but seeing, could not say if the 

rance were joy or sorrow; but in the ex-

ity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

is comes a gentleman that haply knows more. 

ews, Rogero?

ent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is 

ed; the king's daughter is found: such a 
of wonder is broken out within this hour that 
d-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can 
er you more. How goes it now, sir? this 
ich is called truth, so like an old tale, 

ery of it is in strong suspicion: has 

ng found his heir?

[Second Gent. Most true, if ever truth were 

nt by circumstance: that which you hear 

swear you see, there is such unity in the 

. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her 

about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus 

th it which they know to be his character, 
ajectory of the creature in resemblance of the 

er, the affection of nobleness which nature 

s above her breeding, and many other evi- 

s proclaim her with all certainty to be the 

daughter. Did you see the meeting of the 

ings?

[Second Gent. No.

[Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which 

be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might 

ave beheld one joy crown another, so 

nd seeing her; but it seemed they went to 

m of them, for their joy waxed in tears. There 

ing up of eyes, holding up of hands, with 

ances of such distraction that they were to 

own by garment, not by favour. Our king, 

being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his 

ound daughter, as if that joy were now become a 

oss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks 

Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-

law; then again worries his daughter with 

ging her; now he thanks the old shepherd, 

hich stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of 

any kings' reigns. I never heard of such another 

ounter, which laments report to follow it and 

deo description to do it.

[Sec. Gent.] What, pray, you became of Antigo- 

us, that carried hence the child?

[Third Gent.] Like an old tale still, which will 

ave matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep 

nd not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with 

bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who 

has not only his innocence, which seems much, to 

fify him, but a handkerchief and rings of 

that Paulina knows.

[First Gent.] What became of his bark and his 

ollowers?

[Third Gent.] Wrecked the same instant of 

their master's death and in the view of the 

pherd: so that all the instruments which aided 

to expose the child were even then lost when 

was found. But in the noble combat that twixt 

oy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had 

e one eye declined for the loss of her husband, 

other elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she 

ifted the princess from the earth, and so locks 

er in embracing, as if she would pin her to her 

art that she might no more be in danger of losing.

[First Gent.] The dignity of this act was worth 

audience of kings and princes; for by such 

as it acted.

[Third Gent.] One of the prettiest touches of 

all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught 

water though not the fish, was when, at the 

lation of the queen's death, with the manner 

how she came to 't bravely confessed and lamented 

king, how attentiveness was wounded his 

taur; till, from one sign of doleful to another, 

id, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed 
ears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who 

ost marble there changed colour; some 

 swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could 

have seen 't, the groan had been universal.

[First Gent.] Are they returned to the court?

[Third Gent.] No: the princess hearing of her 

ther's statue, which is in the keeping of 

ulina,—a piece many years in doing and now 

ly performed by that rare Italian master, 

ulo Romano, who, had he himself eternity and 

uld put breath into his work, would beguile 

ature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: 

o near to Hermione hath done Hermione that 

y one would speak to her and stand in hope of 

wer: thither with all greediness of affection 

ere gone, and there they intend to sup.

[Sec. Gent.] I thought she had some great matter 

ere in hand; for she hath privately twice or 

tice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, 

ited that removed house. Shall we thither 

with our company piece the rejoicing?

[First Gent.] Who would be thence that has 

the benefit of action? every wink of an eye some 

ew grace will be born: our absence makes us 

unthrift to our knowledge. Let's along.

[Exeunt Gentlemen.]
Act I

Scene III. A chapel in Paulina's how.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, P. Dita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the greatest 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 saved,
With your crown'd brother and these your attendants
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visage,
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 Have we pass'd through, not without much tent
In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The house of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Exceivd whatever yet you look'd upon Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mock'd as ever Still mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis my own
Paulina draws a curtain, and discloses
Hermione standing like a statue
I like your silence, it the more shows off Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege Comes it not something near?

Paul. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence:
Which lets go by some sixteen years and mother As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done So much to your 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 woud he saw, She was as ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me For being more stone than it? O royal piece There's magic in thy majesty, which has My evils conjured to remembrance and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave And do not say 'tis superstition, that I kneel and then imprese her blessing. Lady Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give that hand of yours to kiss.


The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on, 'tis time; descend: be stone no more; approach: Let all that look upon with marvel. Come, 100 I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away, Strike at all the look upon with marvel. Come, 100 I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away, Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs: Proceed: She comes down.

Start not; her actions shall be holy as You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her Until you see her die again; for then You kill her double. Nay, present your hand: When she was young you 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't manifest where she has lived,

Or how stolen from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,

Went 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 preserved? where lived? how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,

Knowing by Paulina that the oracle

Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved

Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;

Lest they desire upon this push to trouble

Your joys with like relation. Go together, 

You precious winners all; your exultation

Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,

Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there

My mate, that's never to be found again,

Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina! Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,

As I by thine a wife: this is a match, And made between's by vows. Thou hast found

mine:

But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her, As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many 140 A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far— For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,

And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty

Is richly noted and here justified

By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place. What! look upon my brother: both your pardons, That I put between your holy looks

My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law

And son unto the king, who, heavens-directing, 150 Is truth-pleight 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 disser've'd: hastily lead 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 Brot.
Hubert de Burgh.
Robert Faulconbridge, son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
Philip the Bastard, his half-brother.
James Gurney, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
Peter of Pomfret, a prophet.

Philip, King of France.

ACT I.

Scene I. King John’s palace.
Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France and us? Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France. In my behaviour to the majesty, The borrow’d majesty, of England here. Eli. 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, Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim To this fair island and the territories, To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine, Desiring thee to lay aside the sword Which sways usurpingly these several titles, And put the same into young Arthur’s hand, Thy nephew and right royal sovereign. K. John. What follows if we disallow of this? Chat. The proud 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 farthest limit of my embassy. K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.

Lewis, the Dauphin.
Lymoges, Duke of Austria.
Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope’s legate.
Melun, a French Lord.
Chatillon, ambassador from France to King John.
Queen Elinor, mother to King John.
Constance, mother to Arthur.
Blanche of Spain, niece to King John.
Lady Faulconbridge.
Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriffs, Herald:
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene: Partly in England, and partly in France.

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 Andullen presage of your own decay. An honourable conduct let him have: Pembroke, look to’t. Farewell, Chatillon. [Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke]

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said How that ambitious Constance would not cease Till she had kindled France and all the world, Upon the right and party of her son? This might have been prevented and made whole With very easy arguments of love, Which now the manage of two kingdoms must With fearful bloody issue arbitrater. K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us. Eli. 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.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy Come from the country to be judged by you. That e’er I heard: shall I produce the men? K. John. Let them approach. Our abbey’s and our priories shall pay This expedition’s charge.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip Bastard brother.

What men are you? Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman Born in Northamptonshire and eldest son,
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 husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son, 121
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's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes;
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.
Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?
Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulcon-
bridge
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Coeur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?
Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140
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 three-farthings
goes!' And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Rob in any case.
Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France. 150
Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take
my 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 thither.
Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name
whose form thou bear'st: 160
Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,
Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.
Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me
your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away!
Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.
Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth;
what though?
KING JOHN.

ACT II.

Scene I. France. Before Angiers.

Enter Austria and forces, drums, etc. on one side; on the other King Philip of France and his power; Lewis, Arthur, Constance at attendants.

 Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austri Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
ichard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
and fought the holy wars in Palestine,
looked this brave duke came early to his grave:
and, for amends to his posterity,
cour importuness hitherto is come,
spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
nd to rebuke the usurpation
thy unnatural uncle, English John:
brace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cour-de-lion's death
if that you give your offspring life,
showing their right under your wing of war:
give you with a powerless hand,
at with a heart full of unstained love:
ecome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Leu. A noble boy! Who would not do thee well?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
seal to this indenture of my love,
hat to my home I will no more return,
ill Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
gether with that pale, that white-faced shore,
ose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
nd coops from other lands her islanders,
ven till that England, hedged in with the main,
hat water-walled bulwark, still secure
nd confident from foreign purposes,
ven till that utmost corner of the west
ute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
ill I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
ll your strong hand shall help to give him strength
make a more requital to your love!

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift
their swords
such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
against the brows of this resisting town.
all for our chiefest men of discipline,
cull the plots of best advantages:
'll lay before this town our royal bones,
ade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
at we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy;
not unadvised you stain your swords with blood:
y Lord Chatillon may from England bring
right in peace which here we urge in war,
nd then shall we repent each drop of blood
hat hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,
ur messenger Chatillon is arrived! 51
hat England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
nd stir them up against a mightier task.
ugand, impatient of your just demands,
th put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
ose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
and his legions all as soon as I;
ere his council, or his town, 60
is forces strong, his soldiers confident.
th him along is come the mother-queen,

An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased;
And all the unsettled humours 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 backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here: 71
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.

[Drum beats.

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 prepared.

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,
While we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's sake 91
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
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 as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right
And this is Geoffrey's: in the name of God
How 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'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France, 110
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to best usurping down.

Eliz. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.
Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Likest in feature to his father Geoffrey
Than thou and John in manners: being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Const. There's a good mother, boy, that blots
thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that
would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. The devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't; I faith, I will, I faith.
Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:
But, ass, I'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs
our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do
straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.

King John, this is the very sum of all;
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?


Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy!

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child: 160
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he
weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whether she
does or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's
shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor
eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; 170
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be
bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and
earth!
Teach us some fence! [To Aust.] Sirrah, were
I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's head,
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'll 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!

[Exeunt.

Hereafter excursions, enter the Herald of France, with trumpets, to the gates.

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 made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
COLDLY embracing the discoller'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French.

Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, with trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoice, ye men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day:
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all girt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes;
Open your gates and give the victors way.

First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the herald and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power;
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two Kings, with their powers, severally.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell
KING JOHN.

With course disturb’d even thy confining shores,
Unthou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean. 340
K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one
drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We’ll put thee down, ’gainst whom these arms
we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war’s loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire! 351
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mowing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, ‘havoc!’ kings; back to the stained field,
You equal potens, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The 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
your 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,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
First Cit. A greater power than we denies
all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our foremoor in our strong-barr’d gates;
King’d of our fears, until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.
Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers
flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presence be ruled by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town; 380
By east and west let France and England
mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clammers have braw’d down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city;
I’d play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, disserve your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point; 390
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 lies thy this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?
K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs ab our
heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our pow’r
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then after fight who shall be king of it?
Bast. An 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 saucy walls;
And when that we have dash’d them to the groun
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell!
K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will
assault?
K. John. We from the west will send
struction
Into this city’s bosom.
Anat. I from the north.
K. Phi. Our thunder from the so
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
Bast. O prudent discipline! From north
south:
Austria and France shoot in each other’s mov
I’ll stand to them. Come, away, away!
First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouch
awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced leag
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 b
hear.
First Cit. That daughter there of Spain,
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 L
Blanch?
Such 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 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 in
one.
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kiss
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 ma
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himsel
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.
Here's a stay at shakes the rotten carcass of old Death of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed, at spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas, ks as familiarly of roaring lions maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs! 460 at cannoner begot this lusty blood? speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bumble; gives the bastinado with his tongue: ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his buffets better than a fist of France: nds! I was never so bethump'd with words e I first call'd my brother's father dad. if. Son, sit to this conjunction, make this match: w with our niece a dowry large enough: by this knot thou shalt so surely tie now unsured assurance to the crown, t venon boy shall have no sun to ripe bloom that promiss a mighty fruit, in yielding in the looks of France: k, how they whisper: urge them while their souls capable of this ambition, zeal, now melted by the windy breath of petitions, pity and remorse, and conceal again to what it was. ref. Cit. Why answer not the double majesties friendly treaty of our threaten'd town? Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first speak unto this city: what say you? John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son, a this book of beauty read 'I love,' lowry shall weigh equal with a queen; injou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers, all that we upon this side the sea, at this city now by us besieged, liable to our crown and dignity, gild her bridal bed and make her rich es, honours and promotions, e in beauty, education, blood, hand with any princess of the world. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face. u. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find ider, or a wondrous miracle, shadow of myself form'd in her eye; 1, being but the shadow of your son, ies a sun and makes your son a shadow: 500 rotest I never loved myself awixed I beheld myself in the flattering table of her eye. [Whispers with Blanche, Drawn in the flattering table of her eye! gd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow! arter'd in her heart! he doth espy self love's traitor: this is pity now, flagg'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be a love so vile a lust as he. oh. My uncle's will in this respect is ine: 510 owe aught in you that makes him like, thy thing he sees, which moves his liking, I can with case translate it to my will; Or if you will, to speak more properly, I will enforce it easily to my love. Further I will not flatter you, my lord, That all I see in you is worthy love, Than this; that nothing do I see in you, Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge, That I can find should merit any hate. 520 K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece? Blanche. That she is bound in honour still to do What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say. K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady? Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love; For I do love her most unfeignedly. K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Tou- raine, Maine, Poitiers and Anjou, these five provinces, With her to thee; and this addition more, Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. 530 Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal, Command thy son and daughter to join hands. K. Phi. It like this well; young princes, close your hands. Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assured That I did so when I was first assured. K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates, Let in that amity which you have made; For at Saint Mary's chapel presently The rites of marriage shall be solemnized, Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? 540 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 knows. Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent. K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league that we 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 advantage. K. John. We will heal up all: 550 For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance; Some speedy messenger bid her repair To our solemnity: I trust we shall, If not fill up the measure of her will, Yet in some measure satisfy her so That we shall stop her exclamation. Go we, as well as haste will suffer us, To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp. 560 [Exeunt all but the Bastard. Best. Mad world! mad kings! mad composi- tion! John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole, Hath willingly departed with a part, And France, whose armour conscience buckled on, Whom zeal and charity brought to the field As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil, That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith, That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids, who, having no external thing to lose
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that, which smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commod-ity,
Commodity, the bias of the world, which the world, who of itself is pleased well,
Made to run even upon even ground, till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity, makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent: and this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word, clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid, from a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace. and why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm; but for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raieth on the rich. well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail and say there is no sin but to be rich; and be'd on rich, my virtue then shall be to say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity, gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. The French King's pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoken, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so;
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man,
I have a king's oath to the contrary,
Shall thou be punish'd for thus frightening me, for I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears, a widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest, with my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce, but they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds? be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale, but this one word, whether thy tale be true.
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 sor-
t

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
KING JOHN.

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 earthy name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall sithe 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. John. Though you and all the kings of
Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddlesing priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,
Though you and all the rest so grossly led
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call’d,
Canonized and worship’d as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile! 180
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
My curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do
no 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? 190

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 go
thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil; lest that France
repent,
And by disjointing hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf’s-skin on his recreant limbs!

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these
wrongs,
Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
KING JOHN.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Benthink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need.
O then, tread down my need, and faith
mounts up; keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be removed 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 canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls,
Married in league, doubled and linked together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amen, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clasp this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmeared and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly joint'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unwear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith
And like a civil war setst oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy word
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou sworest is sworn against thy
And may not be performed by thyself,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done,
And being done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct.
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire,
And scorched veins of one new-born'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And makest an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth thou art sure,
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn:
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then knelt
The peril of our curses light on thee.
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will it not
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine
Leu. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?

K. John. Against the blood that thou hast married
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd dam?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drum
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! ay, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth! even for that name
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Porethought by heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that
upholds,
honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!  

Eliz. I muse thy majesty doth seem so cold,  
on such profound respects do pull you on.  

Ban. I will denounce a curse upon his head.  

Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I  
will fall from thee.  

Anst. O fair return of banish'd majesty!  

Iliz. O foul revolt of French constancy!  

John. France, thou shalt rue this hour  
within this hour.  

ast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton  
Time,  
as he will? well then, France shall rue.  

lanch. The sun's o'ercast, fair day,.adieu!  

ich is the side that I must go within?  
with both: each army hath a hand;  
in their rage, I having hold of both,  
y whirl asunder and dismember me.  

brd. I cannot pray thou mayst win;  
le, I need must pray thou mayst lose;  
nt, I may not wish the fortune thine;  
adam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:  
ever wins, on that side shall I lose;  
red loss before the match be play'd.  

Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.  
lanch. There where my fortune lives, there  
my life dies.  

John. Cousin, go draw our puissance to-  
gether.  

Exit Bastard.  
nce, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;  
gge what heat hath this condition,  
nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.  
Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and  
and thou shalt turn  
shes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:  
: to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.  

John. No more than he that threats. To  
runs let's hie!  

Exeunt.  

II. The same. Plains near Angiers.  

runs. excursions. Enter the BASTARD,  
with Austria's head.  

st. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;  
sairy devil hovers in the sky  
Dut's down mischief. Austria's head lie there,  
e Philip breathes.  

er King John, Arthur, and Hubert.  

John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:  
other is assailed in our tent,  
a'en, I fear.  

ft. My lord, I rescued her;  
happiness is in safety, fear you not:  
n, my liege; for very little pains  
ring this labour to an happy end. [Exeunt.  

Scene III. The same.  

runs. excursions, retreat. Enter King  
ON, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hu-  
t, and Lords.  

John. [To Elinor] So shall it be; your  
peace shall stay behind  

So strongly guarded. [To Arthur] Cousin, look  
ot so sad:  
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.  

Arth. O, this will make my liege die with  
grief!  

K. John. [To the Bastard] Cousin, away for  
England! haste before:  
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels  
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace  
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:  

Use our commission in his utmost force.  

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive  
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 word.  

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle  

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 fit 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 your majesty.  

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to  
say so yet,  

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,  
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.  
I had a thing to say, but let it go:  
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds  
To give me audience: if the midnight bell  
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
\ó Sound on it with the drowsey race of night;  
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,  
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,  
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,  
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes  
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
A passion hateful to my purposes,  
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,  
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  

Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;  
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,  
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:  
But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;  
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.  

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
Though that my death were adjunct to my act  
By heaven, I would do it.  

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?  
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
On you young boy: I'll tell thee what, my  
friend,  

Of  

He is a very serpent in my way:
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
Hub. My lord?
Hub. He shall not live.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember. Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty. 70
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The same. The French King's tent.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandolph, and
Attendants.
K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd and disjoint'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go
well,
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lew. What he hath won, that hath he for-
tified:
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had
this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
I prithee, lady, go away with me. 20
Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your
peace.
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle
Constance!
Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones
And put my eyeballs in thy vauley 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 breas-
tcry:
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 scorns a modern invocation.
Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and
sorrow.
Const. Thou art not holy to believe me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife.
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost;
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself;
If I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, 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 bate of clowns 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 I
note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen
Even to that drop ten thousand wry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Const. To England, if you will.
K. Phi. Bind up your hair.
Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore do I 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 friend
heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male ch
To him that did but yesterday suspende,
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 ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, neve
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pand. You hold too heinous a respe-
grief.
Const. He talks to me that never had a
K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of
child.
Const. Grief fills the room up of my a
child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
electricity his gracious parts, at his vacant garments with his form; en, have I reason to be fond of grief? are you well? had you such a loss as I, 100 will not keep this form upon my head, hen there is such disorder in my wit. Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son! y life, my joy, my food, all my world! y widowhood, and my sorrows' cure! K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy; ce is as tedious as a twice-told tale xing the dull ear of a drowsy man; id bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste. 110 at ye yields not but shame and bitterness. Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease, in the instant of repair and health, et fit is strongest; evils that take leave, e departure of all show evil: hat 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; when Fortune means to men most good, e looks upon them with a threatening eye, 120 is strange to think how much King John hath lost this which he accounts so clearly won; e 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. ow learn me speak with a prophetic spirit; et the breadth of what I mean to speak all blow each dust, each straw, each little rub, et of the path which shall directly lead ye to England's throne; and therefore mark, in hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be 131 at, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins. e misplaced John should entertain an hour, e minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest. sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand st be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd; d he that stands upon a slippery place ies nice of no vile hold to stay him up: at John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall; be it, for it cannot be but so. 140 Lew. But what shall I gain by young Ar- thur's fall? Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife, y 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! en lays you plots; the times conspire with you; e that steeps his safety in true blood all find but bloody safety and untrue. is add so evilly born shall cool the hearts all his people and freeze up their zeal, 150 at none so small advantage shall step forth check his reign, but they will cherish it; natural exhalation in the sky, scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
Hub. [Aside] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate,
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you: I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [Aside] His words do take possession of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [Aside] How now, foolish rheum!

Turning dispituous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop.
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I never did ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time.
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lien still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.


Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c.]

Do as I bid you.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out!
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
KING JOHN.

Scene II. King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd, I looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased, once superfluous: you were crown'd before, that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off, faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt; in expectation troubled not the land, any long'd-for change or better state. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp, guard a title that was rich before, cold refined gold, to paint the lily, row a perfume on the violet, smooth the ice, or add another hue a rainbow, or make tapers-light, seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish, asteful and ridiculous excess. But that your royal pleasure must be done, act is as an ancient tale new told, in the last repeating troublesome, urged at a time unseasonable.

In this the antique and well noted face lail old form is much disfigured; like a shifted wind unto a sail, akes the course of thoughts to fetch about, ties and frights consideration, as sound opinion sick and truth suspected, putting on so new a fashion'd robe. When workmen strive to do better than well, do confound their skill in covetousness; oftentimes excusing of a fault make the fault the worse by the excuse, satch set upon a little breach redit more in hiding of the fault, I did the fault before it was so patch'd.

This effect, before you were new crown'd, breathed our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness, verbe it, and we are all well pleased, all and every part of what we would make a stand at what your highness will.

John. Some reasons of this double coronation possess'd you with and think them strong; more, more strong, then lesser is my fear, I lndue you with: meantime but ask you would have reform'd that is not well, well shall you perceive how willingly I both hear and grant you your requests.

Then I, as one that am the tongue of these, send the purposes of all their hearts, for myself and them, but, chief of all, safety, for the which myself and them their best studies, heartily request enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint move the murmuring lips of discontent

To break into this dangerous argument,—

If what in rest you have in right you hold, Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend The steps of wrong, should I so move you to mew up Your tender kinsman and to choke his days With barbarous ignorance and deny his youth The rich advantage of good exercise? That the time's enemies may not have this To grace occasions, let it be our suit 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 youth To your direction. Hubert, what news with you? (Taking him apart.)

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:

He shrow'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his Does show the most of a much troubled breast; And I do fearfully believe 'tis done, What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go Between his purpose and his conscience, Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set: His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence The foul corruption of a sweet child's death. K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:

Good lords, although my will to give is living, The suit which you demand is gone and dead: He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he 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 brows 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 shame That greatness should so grossly offer it: So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee, And find the inheritance of this poor child, His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle, Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while! This must not be thus borne: this will break out To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:  
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?  

MESS. From France to England. Never such a power  
For any foreign preparation  
Was levied in the body of a land.  
The copy of your speed is learnt by them;  
For when you should be told they do prepare,  
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.  

K. JOHN. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?  
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,  
That such an army could be drawn in France,  
And she not hear of it?  

MESS. My liege, her ear  
Is stopp'd with dust: the first of April died  
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,  
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died  
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue  
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.  

K. JOHN. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!  
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased  
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!  
How wildly then walks my estate in France!  
Under whose conduct came those powers of France  
That thou for truth givest out are landed here?  

MESS. Under the Dauphin.  

K. JOHN. Thou hast made me giddy:  
With these ill tidings.  

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.  
Now, what says the world  
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.  

BAST. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,  
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.  

K. JOHN. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed  
Under the tide: but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood, and can give audience  
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.  

BAST. How I have sped among the clergy-men,  
The sums I have collected shall express.  
But as I travell'd hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantastied;  
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,  
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:  
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me  
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
With many hundreds treading on his heels;  
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,  
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
Your highness should deliver up your crown.  

K. JOHN. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore dist thou so?  

PETER. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.  

K. JOHN. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;  
And on that day at noon, whenon he says  
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.  
Deliver him to safety; and return,  
For I must use thee.  

BAST. The French, my lord; men's mouths  
are full of it:  

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury.  
With eyes as red as new-ekindled fire,  
And others more, going to seek the grave  
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night  
On your suggestion.  

K. JOHN. Gentile kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies:  
I have a way to win their loves again;  
Bring them before me.  

BAST. I will seek them out.  

K. JOHN. Nay, but make haste; the bell 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 speed.  

K. JOHN. Spoke like a sprightly noble man.  
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  
To-night;  
Four first, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four in wondrous motion.  

K. JOHN. Five moons!  

HUB. Old men and beldams in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously;  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths.  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear;  
And he that speaks doth grip the hearer's throat.  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes,  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus:  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste  
Had falsly thrust upon contrary feet,  
Told of a many thousand warlike French  
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:  
Another lean unwash'd artisan  
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.  

K. JOHN. Why seek'st thou to possess me  
these fears?  
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a miscause  
To work him dead, but thou hadst not done it.  

HUB. No had, my lord! why, did you provoke me?  

K. JOHN. It is the curse of kings to be angry  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life,  
And do the winking of authority  
To understand a law, to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it fris  
More upon humour than advised respect.
KING JOHN.

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Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not! There's few or none do know me: if they did, This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me 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.  

[Leaps down.]

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[Dies.]

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury: It is our safety, and we must embrace

This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. 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 be

Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.  

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemp'er'd lords! The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us: We will not line his thin bestained cloak

With our pure honours, nor attend the foot

That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.

Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. What'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;

Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?

[Seeing Arthur.

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty! The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,

Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doomed this beauty to a grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,

Or have you read or heard? or could you think? Or do you almost think, although you see, That you do see? could thought, without this object,

Form such another? This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest, Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,

That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

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Scene III. Before the castle.

Enter Arthur, on the walls.

r.h. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:

[Exeunt.
Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arth. doth live; the king hath sent for you.
Sat. O, he is bold and blithe not at death.
Av. It thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sat. Must I rob the law? [Drawing his sword.
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sat. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say:
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sat. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so: yet I am none;
Whose tongue sot'er speaks false, not truly speaks;
Who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sat. Stand by, or I shall gall 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,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so mauy you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd thisprit
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I loved him, and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.
Sat. Trust not those cunning waters of 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 stifi'd with this smell of sin.
Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There tell the king he may inquir
us out. [Exeunt[Hub.
Big. Do but hear me, sir
Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou'rt damn'd as black—nothing is more black;
Thou art more dead damn'd than Prince Luci;
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 cons
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twist'd from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
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 stuff 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 embound in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.
Big. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the 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 unwor of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarl in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home and disorders home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloack and cincture 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.

[Exit]
ACT V.

Scene I. King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand circle of my glory. [Giving the crown, and.

Take again this my hand, as holding of the pope sovereign greatness and authority.

John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French, from his holiness use all your power to their marches 'fore we are inflamed. discontented counties do revolt; people quarrel with obedience, prayer; allegiance and the love of soul to danger blood, to foreign royalty, imitation of mistemper'd humour s by you only to be qualified: pause not; for the present time's so sick, present medicine must be minister'd, verthrow incurable ensues.

And. It was my breath that blew this tempest up, your stubborn usage of the pope; since you are a gentle convert, tongue shall hush again this storm of war 20 make fair weather in your blustering land. his Ascension-day, remember well, your oath of service to the pope, to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.

John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet that before Ascension-day at noon sworn I should give o'ot? Even so I have: suppose it should be on constraint; heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

St. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out.

Dover castle: London hath received, a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers: nobles will not hear you, but are gone fier service to your enemy, wild amazement hurries up and down little number of your doubtful friends.

John. Would not my lords return to me again, as they heard young Arthur was alive?

St. They found him dead and cast into the streets, mpty casket, where the jewel of life me damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

St. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew, wherefore do you droop? why look you sad? eat in act, as you have been in thought; or the world see fear and sad distrust in the motion of a kingly eye: stirring as the time; be fire with fire; stem the threateners and surface the brow agging horror: so shall inferior eyes, borrow their behaviours from the great, great by your example and put on faultless spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of war, When he intendeth 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 farther from the doors, 60 And grapple with him ere he comes 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 promised 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, Insatiation, parley and base truce. To arms invasive shall a healess boy, A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields, And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil, Mocking the air with colours idly spread, And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms: Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace; Or if he do, let it at least be said They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know, Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.

Scene II. The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmundsbury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lewis. My Lord Meun, 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 oaths we never shall be broken. And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear A voluntary zeal and an unjured faith To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince, I am not glad that such a sore of time Should seek a plaster by contem'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 is 't not pity, O my grieved friends, That we, the sons and children of this isle, Were born to see so sad an hour as this; Wherein we step after a stranger march Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep Upon the spot of this enforced cause,— To grace the gentry of a land remote, And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune’s arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
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
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady’s tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o’er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away the storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enrag’d;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity.
As Lewish himself: so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:

*Enter Pandulph.*

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

*Pand.*

Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this, King John hath reconciled Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colors now wind up;
And there the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster’d up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

*lew.*

Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back
I am too high-born to be propounded,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now tis far too huge to be blown out.
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conqu’red, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?

Am I Rome’s slave? What penny hath R
borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is’t not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
‘Vive le roi!’ as I have bank’d their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play’d for a crown?
And shall I now give o’er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this

*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 cull’d these fiery spirits from the world,
To overlook contest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[Trumpet sound]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter the Bastard, attended.*

*Bas.* According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And must not be limited unto my toot set.

*Pand.*

The Dauphin is too willful-opposite
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he’ll not lay down his arms.

*Bas.*

By all the blood that ever fury brent.
The youth says well. Now hear our English.
For thus his royalty doth speak in me:
He is prepared, and reason too he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness’d masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair’d sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy armies
From out the circle of his territorial
That hard which had the strength, even at y

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 trun
To hug with swine, to seek safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrall and shake
Even at the crying of your nation’s crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chasteisement
No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o’er his airy towers,
To sour 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-visaged maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hear
To fierce and bloody inclination.

*lew.*

There end thy brave, and turn thy head
in peace;
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 discanted 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 moe with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmunds bury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolved out from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if 'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east;
But even this night theseascoff uncontrollable breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
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 thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd
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! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[Exeunt, leading off Melun.

SCENE V. The French camp.

Enter Lewis and his train.

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath
to set,
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
When English measure backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,

[Exeunt.]
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here: what news?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion are again fall’n off,
And your supply, which you have wish’d so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is, true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [Exeunt.]

Scene VI. An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who’s there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What’s that to thee? why may not I demand
Of thee affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Hub. Bast. Hubert, I think?
Bast. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know’st my tongue so well.
What art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should escape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow
Of night, to find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what’s the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night.
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.
Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I’ll not swoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poison’d by a monk:
I left him almost speechless: and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved vill
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.
Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his jesty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company
At whose request the king hath pardon’d them
And they are all about his majesty.
Bast. Withhold thine indignation, my heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I’ll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide:
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [Exeunt.]

Scene VII. The orchard in Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Buck.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all 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 he belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assail’d him.
P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard.
Doth he still rage?

[Exit Buck.
Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.
P. Hen. ‘O vanity of sickness! fierce treme’s
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 a house.
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last
Confound themselves. ’Tis strange that de should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frivolity sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Enter Attendants, and Bigot, carrying King John in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elb 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:
Enter the Bastard.

ast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion, I spleen of speed to see your majesty! 50

. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:

'tack of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
a ll the shrouds wherewith my life should sail

urned to one thread, one little hair;

hart hath one poor string to stay it by,

ch holds but till thy news be uttered;

en all this thou seest is but a cloud

odule of confounded royalty.

ast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
ere heaven He knows how we shall answer

im; in a night the best part of my power,

n advantage did remove,

the Washes all unwarily

ured by the unexpected flood.

[The king dies.

st. You breathe these dead news in as dead

an ear, liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.

. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.

at surety of the world, what hope, what stay,

in this was now a king, and now is clay?

st. Art thou gone so? I do but stay be-

ind to the office 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

pheres,

Where be your powers? show now your mended

ths,

And instantly return with me again,

To push destruction and perpetual shame

ut of the weak door of our fainting land.

raightlet us seek, or straight we shall be sought:
The Dauphin rages at our very heels. 80

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much

as we:

The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,

With purpose presently to leave this war.

ast. He will the rather do it when he sees

sselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;

For many carriages he hath dispatch'd

o the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel

o the disposing of the cardinal:

ith whom yourself, myself and other lords,

If you think meet, this afternoon will post

o consummate this business happily.

ast. Let it be so; and you, my noble prince,

ith other princes that may best be spared,

ll wait upon your father's funeral.

. Hen. At Worcester must his body be in-

err'd;

For so he will it.

ast. Thither shall it then:

And happily may your sweet self put on

lineal state and glory of the land!

To whom, with all submission, on my knee

o bequeath my faithful services

nd true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,

o rest without a spot for evermore.

. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give

you thanks

And knows not how to do it but with tears.

ast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,

ince it hath been beforehand with our griefs.

his England never did, nor never shall,

e at the proud foot of a conqueror,

ut when it first did help to wound itself.

ow these her princes are come home again,

me the three corners of the world in arms,

nd we shall shock them. Nought shall make

us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt.
THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING RICHARD the Second.

John of Gaunt, Duke
of Lancaster,

Eustace of Langley,  uncles to the King.

Duke of York,

Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.


Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Salisbury.

Lord Berkeley.

Bushy,

Bagot, servants to King Richard.

Green,

Earl of Northumberland.

Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.

Lord Ross.

Lord Willoughby.

Lord Fitzwater.

Bishop of Carlisle.

Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal.

Sir Stephen Scroop.

Sir Pierce of Exton.

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

Queen to King Richard.

Duchess of York.

Duchess of Gloucester.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Garden Keepers, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

Scene: England and Wales.

ACT I.


Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,

Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,

Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,

Which then our leisure would not let us hear,

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,

If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;

Or worthily, as a good subject should, 10

On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,

On some apparent danger seen in him

Aim'd at your highness, no inveeterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear

The accuser and the accused freely speak;

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. Many years of happy days befal 20

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 Mowbr

Bolingbroke. First, heaven be the record to 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 me:

'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

From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,

Which else would post until it had return'd

These terms of treason doubled 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;
all him a slanderous coward and a villain; high to maintain I would allow him odds, ad meet him, were I tied to run afoot ven to the frozen ridges of the Alps, ac any other ground inhabitable, here ever Englishman durst set his foot. can time let this defend my loyalty, ll my hopes, most fearfully doth he lie. Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage, claiming here the kindred of the king, ad lay aside my high blood's royalty, high fear, not reverence, makes thee to except. guilty dread have left thee so much strength to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop: that and all the rites of knighthood else, ill I make good against thee, arm to arm, hat I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise. Mov. I take it up; and by that sword I swear, hest gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder, I answer thee in any fair degree, chivalrous design of knightly trial: when I mount, alive may I not light, I be traitor or unjustly fight! K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge? must be great that can inherit us much as of a thought of ill in him. Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true; at Mowbray hath received eight noble names of lendings for your highness' soldiers, to which he hath detain'd for low employments, like a false traitor and injurious villain. sides I say and will in battle prove, here or elsewhere to the furthest verge ever was survey'd by English eye, at all the treasons for these eighteen years unplotted and contrived in this land fell from false Mowbray their first head and spring. rather I say and further will maintain son his bad life to make all this good, at he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death, geest his soon-believing adversaries, consequently, like a traitor coward, did out his innocent soul through streams of blood: rich blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries, en from the tongueless caverns of the earth, me for justice and rough chastisement; d, by the glorious worth of my descent, is arm shall do it, or this life be spent. K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars! omas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this? Mov. O, let my sovereign turn away his face bid his cars a little while be deaf, I have told this slander of his blood, God and good men hate so foul a liar. K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears: are he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir, he is but my father's brother's son, by, my sceptre's awe, I make a vow, all neighbour nearness to our sacred blood nothing privilege him, nor partaize unstooping firmness of my upright soul: is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou: Free speak and fearless I to thee allow. Mov. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart, Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest. Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers; The other part reserved I by consent, For that my sovereign liege was in my debt Upon remainder of a dear account, Since last I went to France to fetch his queen: Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death, I slew him not; but to my own disgrace Neglected my sworn duty in that case. For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster, The honourable father to my foe, Once did I lay an ambush for your life, A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul; But ere I last received the sacrament I did confess it, and exactly begg'd Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it. This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd, It issues from the 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 bosom. In haste whereof, most heartily I pray Your highness to assign our trial day. K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled 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 son. Gault. To be a make-piece shall become my age: Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage. K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his. Gault. When, Harry, when? Obedience bids I should not bid again. K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot. Mov. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot. My life thou shalt command, but not my shame: The one my duty owes; but my fair name, Despite of death that lives upon my grave, To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have. I am disgraced, impeach'd and baffled here, Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear, The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood Which breathed this poison. K. Rich. Rage must be withstood: Give me his gage: lions make leopards tame. Mov. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame, And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord, The purest treasure mortal times afford Is spotless reputation: that away, Men are but gilded loam or painted clay. A jewel in a ten-times-bared-up chest Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;  
Take honour from me, and my life is done:  
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;  
In that I live and for that will I die.  

K. Rich. Cousin, throw up your gage; do  
you begin.  

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such  
deep sin!  

Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?  
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height 198  
Before this out-dared dastard? Ere my tongue  
Shall wound my honour with such feebly wrong,  
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
The slavish motive of recanting fear,  
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's  
face.  

[Exit Gaunt.  

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to  
command;  
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it.  
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day:  
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate 200  
The swelling difference of your settled hate:  
Since we can not atone you, we shall see  
Justice design the victor's chivalry.  
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms  
Be ready to direct these home alarms.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE II. The Duke of Lancaster's palace.  

Enter John of Gaunt with the Duchess  
of Gloucester.  

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's  
blood  
Doth more solicit me than your exclamations,  
To stir against the butchers of his life!  
But since correction lieth in those hands  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;  
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offender's heads.  

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper  
spur?  
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,  
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:  
Some of those seven are dried by nature's  
course,  
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;  
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Glou-  
chester,  
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,  
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,  
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,  
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.  

Ah, Gaunt, his blood—was thine! that bed, that  
womb,  
That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee  
Made him a man; and though thou livest and  
breathest,  
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent  
In some large measure to thy father's death,  
In that thou seest thou wretched brother die,  
Who was the model of thy father's life.  
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:  

In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered,  
Thou shewest the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:  
That which in mean men we intitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.  
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,  
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death  
Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's suit  

His deputy anointed in His sight,  
Hath caused his death: the which if wrongfull  
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift  
An angry arm against His minister.  

Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain in  
self?  
Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and  
defence.  

Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, cousin  
Gaunt.  

Thou goest 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 caftit recreant to my cousin Hereford!  
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother  
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 bounds  
where it falls,  
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:  
I take my leave before I have begun,  
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.  
Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.  
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;  
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,  
I shall remember more. Bid him—Ah, what?—  
With all good speed at Phasy visit me,  
Alack, and what shall good York there see  
But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,  
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?  
And what hear there for welcome but  

Therefore commend me; let him not come thither  
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.  
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die:  
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.  

[Exit.  

SCENE III. The lists at Coventry.  

Enter the Lord Marshal and the Duke of  
Aumerle.  

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford  
arm'd?  
Ann. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter  
Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and  
bold,  
But stays but the summons of the appellant's trump  
Ann. Why, then, the champions are prepare  
and stay  
For nothing but his majesty's approach.
trumpets sound, and the King enters with his nobles, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, and others. When they are set, enter Mowbray in armor, defendant, with a Herald.

Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion cause of his arrival here in arms: him his name and orderly proceed wear him in the justice of his cause. 10

In God’s name and the king’s, say who you art
why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms, inst what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel: ak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath; to defend thee heaven and thy valour! 20

My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk; why hither come engaged by my oath— ch God defend a knight should violate! to defend my loyalty and truth God, my king and my succeeding issue, inst the Duke of Hereford that appeals me; by the grace of God and this mine arm, move him, in defending of myself, ait to my God, my king, and me: as truly fight, defend me heaven! 30

trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant, in armor, with a Herald.

Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms, who he is and why he cometh hither placed in habitments of war, formally, according to our law, use him in the justice of his cause. 40

ar. What is thy name? and wherefore comest thou hither, to King Richard in his royal lists? what comest thou? and what’s thy quarrel? like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

ling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby I, who ready here do stand in arms, by God’s grace and my body’s valour, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, he is a traitor, foul and dangerous, god of heaven, King Richard and to me; as truly fight, defend me heaven! 50

ar. On pain of death, no person be so bold ring-hardy as to touch the lists, the marshal and such officers intended to direct these fair designs.

ling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign’s hand, bow my knee before his majesty: Mowbray and myself are like two men vow a long and weary pilgrimage; let us take a ceremonious leave loving farewell of our several friends.

ar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness, craves to kiss your hand and take his leave. We will descend and fold him in our arms. in of Hereford, as thy cause is right, thy fortune in this royal fight! well, my blood; which if to-day thou shed, Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear For me, if I be gored with Mowbray’s spear: 60 As confident as is the falcon’s flight Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight. My loving lord, I take my leave of you; Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle; Not sick, although I have to do with death, But lusty, young, and cheerily drawing breath. Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet: O thou, the earthly author of my blood, Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, 70 With a twofold vigour lift me up To reach at victory above my head, Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers; And with thy blessings steel my lance’s point, That it may enter Mowbray’s waxen coat, And furnish now 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, 80 Fall like amazing thunder on the casque Of thy adverse pernicious enemy: Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocence and Saint George to thrive!

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 uncontrol’d enfranchisement. More than my dancing soul doth celebrate This feast of battle with mine adversary. Most mighty liege, and my companion peers, Take from my mouth the wish of happy years: As gentle and as jocund as to jest Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord; securely I espay 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, amen.

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.

Sec. Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, On pain to be found false and recreant, Both to defend himself and to approve Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal; Couragiously and with a free desire Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. [A charge sounded.
Stay, the king hath thrown his warden down.  
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears, And both return back to their chairs again: [230]  
Withdraw with us: and let the trumpets sound While we return these dukes what we decree.  
[A long flourish.  

Draw near, 
And list what with our council we have done. 
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd 
With that dear blood which it hath fostered; 
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect 
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' sword; 
And for we think the eagle-winged pride 
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
With rival-hating envy, set on you 
To make our peace, which in our country's cradle 
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep; 
Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums, 
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray, 
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms, 
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace 
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood; 
Therefore, we banish you our territories: 
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life, 
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields 
Shall not regret our fair dominions, 
But tread the stranger paths of banishment. 
Boling. Your will be done: this must my comfort be, 
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me; 
And those his golden beams to you here lent Shall point on me and gild my banishment. 
K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom, 
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce: 
The sly slow hours shall not determinate 
The dateless limit of thy dear life; 
The hoarse word of 'never to return' 
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life. 
Mow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege, 
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth: 
A dearer merit, not so deep a main 
As to be cast forth in the common air, 
Have I deserved at your highness' hands. 
The language I have learn'd these forty years, 
My native English, now I must forego: 
And now my tongue's use is to me no more 
Than an unstring'd violin or a harp, 
Or like a cunning instrument case'd up, 
Or, being open, put into his hands 
That knows no touch to tune the harmony: 
Within my mouth you have engag'd my tongue, 
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips; 
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance 
Is made my gader to attend on me. 
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse, 
Too far in years to be a pupil now: 
What is thy sentence then but speechless death, 
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath? 
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionat e: 
After our sentence pleading comes too late.
\[ \text{KING RICHARD II.} \]

**Scene IV. The court.**

**Enter the King, with Bagot and Green at one door; and the Duke of Aumerle at another.**

**K. Rich.** We did observe. Cousin Aumerle, how far brought you high Hereford on his way? 

**Ann.** I brought high Hereford, if you call him so, but to the next highway, and there I left him. 

**K. Rich.** And say, what store of parting tears were shed? 

**Ann.** Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind, which then blew bitterly against our faces, awaked the sleeping rheum, and so by chance did grace our hollow parting with a tear. 

**K. Rich.** What said our cousin when you parted with him? 

**Ann.** 'Farewell!' 

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue should so profane the word, that taught me craft to counterfeit oppression of such grief, that words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave. 

Marry, would the word 'farewell!' have lengthen'd hours, 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 'tis doubt, when time shall call him home from banishment, whether our kinsman come to see his friends. Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green observed his courtship to the common people; how he did seem to dive into their hearts with humble and familiar courtesy, what reverence he did throw away on slaves, wowing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles and patient under-bearing 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 'thank thee, my countrymen, my loving friends,' as were our England in reversion his, and he our subjects' next degree in hope. 

**Green.** Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts. Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland, expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means—
For their advantage and your highness' loss.
K. Rich. We will ourselves in person to this war:
And, for our coffer, with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforcing to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: if that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereeto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold
And send them after to supply our wants; §
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what news? Bushy, Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick,
my lord,
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.
K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately! 60
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late!
All. Amen. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Ely House.

Enter John of Gaunt sick, with the Duke of York, &c.

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth? York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to close; 10
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manner still our tardy apish nation
Limp's 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 thee 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
Shalt.
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder.
Light vanity, insatiate corruptor,
Consuming means, soon prey's upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their bin
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land.
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm;
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious sile
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shar.
With inky bloots and rotten parchament bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer othe,
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, Aumer, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, and Loughby.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts being trag'd do rage tempe:
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancast,
K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is't w aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. O, how that name befits my com sion!
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 watched
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gau.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks:
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt,
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.
K. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford's
love, 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 be bankrupt
so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so
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 kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,
Whereof our Uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.
York. How long shall I be patient? ah, how
long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private
wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he crown'd, it was against the French
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend and spent not that 180
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, pleased
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God—God forbid I be true!—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patent that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into
our hands
His plate, his goods, his money and his lands.
York. I'll not be by the while: my liege,
farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good. [Exit. K. Rich.]
Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire
straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and this time, I trave:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England; 220
For he is just and always loved us well.
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.
[Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, and Bagot.]

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break
with silence,
Ere't be disbur'ded with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him
ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the
Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quickly mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Beretf and gelled of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such
wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many mee
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute.
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous
taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he
fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devised,
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what: 250
But what, 0' God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he
hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achieved
blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in war.
Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the re-
farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like
broken man.
North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth
him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
North. His noble kinsmen: most degene
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 suffer,
And unavailed is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.
North. Not so; even through the hollow
of death
I spy life peering: but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as
dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland
We three are but thyself: and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be
North. Then thus: I have from Port le B
a bay
In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold
Cobham,
† That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramson,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton
Francis Quoint.
All those well furnish'd by the Duke of Bret
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of
Are making hither with all due expediency
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.
Perhaps they had ere this, that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp our drooping country's broken wing
Redeem from breaking pawn the blemish'd
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's g
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
that fear.
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will fin
there. [Exeunt]

SCENE II. The palace.

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Busky. Madam, your majesty is too much
You promised, when you parted with the
To lay aside life-harming heaviness
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
KING RICHARD II.

Queen. To please the king I did; to please myself I could; but to do it; yet I know no cause. I should welcome such a guest as grief, bidding farewell to so sweet a guest my sweet Richard: yet again, methinks, as unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, bending towards me, and my inward soul nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves, than with parting from my lord the king. As each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows, ch shows like grief itself, but is not so; sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears, doth one thing entire to many objects; perspectives, which rightly gazed upon nothing but confusion, ey'd awry inguished form: so your sweet majesty, going awry upon your lord's departure, shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail; ch, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows that it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen, is this lord's departure weep not: more's not seen: it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye, ch for things true weeps things imaginary. It may be so; but yet my inward soul unades me it is otherwise: lowe're it be, not but be said; so heavy sad hough on thinking on no thought I think, es me with heavy nothing faint and shrink. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still derived; someone forefather grief; mine is not so, nothing hath begot my something grief; mething hath the nothing that I grieve: a revision that I do possess; what it is, that is not yet known; what not name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Queen. God save your majesty! and well met, gentlemen: the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland. Why hoist thou so? 'tis better hope he is; his designs crave haste, his haste good hope: wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd? That he, our hope, may have retired his power, driven into despair an enemy's hope, strongly hath set footing in this land: amind'd Bolingbroke repeals himself, with uplifted arms is safe arrived 50. Sprung. Now God in heaven forbid! Ah, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse, Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy, lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby, all their powerful friends, are fled to him. Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland all the rest revolted faction traitors? We have: whereupon the Earl of Westmoreland 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.

Buck. 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.

Queen. Here comes the Duke of York. Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck: O, full of careful business are his looks! Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words. York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts: Comfort's in heaven: and we are on the earth, where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief. Your husband, he is gone to save 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 way it will! The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold, and will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side. Sirrah, get thee to Flashy, to my sister Gloucester; Bid her send me presently a thousand pound: hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship, to-day, as I came by, I called there; but I shall grieve you to report the rest. York. What is't, knave? Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes comes rushing on this woeful land at once! I know not what to do: I would to God, so my untruth had not provoked him to it, the king had cut off my head with my brother's. What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland? how shall we do for money for these wars? come, sister—cousin, I would say—pray, pardon me. Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts 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 right.  
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I’ll  
Dispose of you.  
Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,  
And meet me presently at Berkeley.  
I should to Plashy too;  
But time will not permit: all is uneven,  
And every thing is left at six and seven.  
[Exeunt York and Queen.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,  
But none returns. For us to levy power  
Proportional to the enemy  
Is all unpossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love  
Is 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 condemned.

Bagot. If judgement lie in them, then so do we,  
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I will 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 thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes  
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry:  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Wilds 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  
Draws out our miles, and makes 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 Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found  
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,  
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled me  
The tediousness and process of my travel:  
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have  
The present benefit which I possess;  
And hope to joy is little less in joy.
Enter Berkeley.

Wilt. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

Ervk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Wilt. My Lord, my answer is—to Lancaster; I am come to seek that name in England; I must find that title in your tongue, or I make reply to aught you say.

Ervk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning are one title of your honour out:

Wilt. My lord, I come, what lord you will, the most gracious regent of this land, Duke of York, to know what pricks you on the advantage of the absent time fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York attended.

Wilt. I shall not need transport my words by you;

My noble uncle! [Kneels.

Ervk. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee, if duty be deceivable and false.

Wilt. My gracious uncle—

Ervk. Tut, tut! me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle: no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace' ungracious mouth is but profane, have those banish'd and forbidden legs go'd once to touch a dust of England's ground? hen more 'why?' why have they dared to march

my miles upon her peaceful bosom, ting her pale-faced villages with war

entation of despised arms?

but thou because the anointed king is hence? foolish boy, the king is left behind, n my loyal bosom lies his power.

I but now the lord of such hot youth

hen brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself trod the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,

forth the ranks of many thousand French, in how quickly should this arm of mine, prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee ministration to thy fault!

Wilt. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;

and what condition stands it and wherein?

A. Even in condition of the worst degree, rebellion and detested treason: art a banish'd man, and here art come: the expiration of thy time, vying arms against thy sovereign.

Wilt. If I was banish'd, I was banish'd herefore;

I come, I come for Lancaster.

noble uncle, I beseech your grace

Look on my wrongs with an indiff'erent 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 condemnda

A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties

Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away

To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?

If that my cousin king be King of England,

It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.

You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin;

Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,

To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.

I am denied to sue my livery here,

And yet my letters-patents give me leave:

My father's goods are all distraint'd and sold,

And these and all are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do? I am a subject,

And I challenge 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.

Wilt. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs

And laboured all I could to do him right;

But in this kind to come, in braving arms,

Be his own carver and cut out his way,

To find out right with wrong, it may not be;

And you that do abet him in this kind

Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is

But for his own; and for the right of that

We all have 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 we will accept:

But we must win your grace to go with us

To Bristol castle, which they say is held

By Bushy, Bagot and their complices,

The caterpillars of the commonwealth,

Which I have sworn to 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 Welsh 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.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty

Wesham. The king repaseth all his confidence in thee.

Caf. '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;
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war;
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.

Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their king is dead.

(Exit.

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.

Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest;
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. (Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bristol. Before the castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy, Willoughby, with Bushy and Green, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean:
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul

wrong.

Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoo'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispar'd my parks and fell'd my forest woods,
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Razed out my imprese, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over

To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me

Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is that heaven will take our souls
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see if you dispatch'd.

[Exeunt Northumberland and others with the prison.

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 commends;
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, let's away,

To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The coast of Wales. A castle.

Drums: flourish and colours. Enter K. Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumer, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barklowingly castle call they this head?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your good

the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I live for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Though rebels wound thee with their hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meet;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth
And do thee favours with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earl;
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous soul
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 what will they from thy bosom pluck a flower
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
Whose double tongue may with a mortal tooth
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjunction, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord: that Power

made you king

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embraced
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The expect'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance an

other.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st not
Enter Salisbury.

Come, my lord: how far off lies your power? How near nor farther off, my gracious lord.

This weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue. Bids me speak of nothing but despair.

Day too late, I fear me, noble lord. Clouded all thy happy days on earth:

All back yesterday, bid time return,

Thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!

Day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,

Threw thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state:

All the Welshmen, hearing thouwert dead,

Gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled;

Comfort, my liege: why looks your eye so pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twenty thou-

sand men

Triumph in my face, and they are fled;

Till so much blood there, that even now I am not king:

I not reason to look pale and dead?

Outs that will be safe fly from my side,

Time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not king?

Ke, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.

At the king's name twenty thousand names?

Arm, my name! a puny subject strikes

My greatness. Look not to the ground,

Vourites of a king: are we not high?

Our thoughts: I know my uncle York

Power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,
Let our 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 deposed; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits,
Scorning his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd and kill'd with looks,
Insulting with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
 Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
† I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?
Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wait
their woes,
But presently present the ways to walk.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain: no worse can come to fight:
And light and die is death destroying death;
While lingering dying pays servile breath.
Ann. My father hath a power; inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.
K. Rich. Thou chidest me well: proud Bolingbroke,
I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This age fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yield'd up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.
K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
[To Aumerle.
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingl
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, who's slave, shall kingly woo obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none: let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Ann. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue
Discharge my followers: let them hence away
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day
[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Wakes. Before Flint castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE,
YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, Attendants, and Forces.

Bolingb. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispersed, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
York. The news is very fair and good,
But Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
North. It would besee the Lord Northumberland
To say 'King Richard: alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
York. Your grace mistakes; only to be here,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you; to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Bolingb. 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 head.
Bolingb. I know it, uncle, and oppose not self
Against their will. But who comes here?
Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord;
Against thy entrance.
Bolingb. Royally! Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord, it doth contain a king; King Richard lies
Within the limits of your line and stone:
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
The Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learn.
North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
Bolingb. Noble lords, Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of past
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
Shall ill become the flower of England's face, 
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace 
To scarlet indignation and bedew, 
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood. 

North. The king of heaven forbid our lord the king 
Should so with civil and uncivil arms 
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin 
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand; 
And by the honourable tomb he swears, 
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones, 
And by the royalties of both your bloods, 
Currents that spring from one most gracious head, 
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt, 
And by the worth and honour of himself, 
Comprising all that may be sworn or said, 
His coming 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 commend to rust, 
His barred steeds to stables, and his heart 
To faithful service of your majesty. 
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just; 
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him. 

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the king 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. 
We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not, 

[To Northumberland.] 
To look so poorly and to speak so fair? 
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send 
Defiance to the traitor, and so die? 

Aun. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words 
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords. 

K. Rich. O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine, 
That laid the sentence of dreadful banishment 
On you proud man, should take it off again 
With words of sooth! O that I were as great 
As is my grief, or lesser than my name! 
Or that I could forget what I have been, 
Or not remember what I must be now! 
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat, 

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me. 

Aun. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke. 

K. Rich. What must the king do now? must he submit? 
The king shall do it: must he be deposed? 
The king shall be contented: must he lose 
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go: 
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads, 
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage, 
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown, 
My figured 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 grave, an obscure grave; 
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway, 
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;  
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;  
And buried once, why not upon my head?  
Aumerle, thou wast't, my tender-hearted cousin!  
We'll make foul weather with despised tears; 161  
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 lies  
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.  
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see 170  
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  
To speak with you; may it please you to come  
down.  
K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glistering  
Phaethon,  
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.  
In the base court? Base court, where kings  
grow base,  
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.  
In the base court? Come down? Down, court!  
down, king!  
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks  
should sing.  
Boling. What says his majesty?  
North. Sorrow and grief of heart  
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:  
Yet he is come.

Enter King Richard and his attendants below.  
Boling. Stand all apart,  
And show fair duty to his majesty.  
[He kneels down.  
K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee  
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:  
Me rather had my heart might feel your love  
Than my unpleasant eye see your courtesy.  
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.  
Boling. My gracious lord, I come for  
mine own.  
K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours,  
and all.  
Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,  
As my true service shall deserve your love.  
K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,  
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.  
Uncle, give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;  
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.  
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
Though you are old enough to be my heir,  
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;  
For do we must what force will have us do.  
Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?  
Boling. Yea, my good lord.  
K. Rich. Then I must not say n  
[Flourish. Exeunt  

SCENE IV. Langley. The DUKE OF YorK's garden.  

Enter the Queen and two Ladies.  
Queen. What sport shall we devise here  
this garden,  
To drive away the heavy thought of care?  
Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.  
Queen. *Twill make me think the world is fit  
of rubs,  
And that my fortune runs against the bias.  
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.  
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight  
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief  
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport—  
Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.  
Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?  
Lady. Of either, madam.  
Queen. Of neither, girl:  
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:  
For what I have I need not to repeat;  
And what I want it boots not to complain.  
Lady. Madam, I'll sing.  
Queen. 'Tis well that you hast cans  
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst the  
wield.  
Lady. I could wield, madam, would it do  
y good.  
Queen. And I could sing, would weeping  
me good,  
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.  
But stay, here come the gardeners:  
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.  
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,  
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so  
Against a change; woe it forerun with woe.  
[Queen and Ladies reti  
Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricots!  
Which, like unruly children, make their sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.  
Go thou, and like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:  
All must be even in our government.  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.  
Serv. Why should we in the compass of a plot  
Keep law and form and due proportion,  
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,  
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,  
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd  
Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome herb  
Swarming with caterpillars?  
Gard.  
Hold thy peace:
KING RICHARD II.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Westminster Hall.

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and another Lord, Herald, Officers, and Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What 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 court
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?'
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's dear.

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 chasiment?
Either I must, or have mine honour sol'd
With the attainer of his slanderous tongues.
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 take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moved me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakest it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou darest not, coward, live to see
that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou darest.

Aum. An I if I do not, my hands rot off
And never brandish more revengeful steel...
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Another Lord. I task the earth to the like,
Forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw
At all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember
Well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself
Is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull:
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn; 70
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward
horse?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his lands and signories: when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial. 90
Car. That honourable day shall never seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Car. As surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul
to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! Lords apppellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee

From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing
soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand: 100
Ascend his throne, descending now from him;
And long live Henry, fourth of that name!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal
throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.

What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forfend it, Go
That in a Christian climate souls refined
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed
In peace to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stir'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.

My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy:
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act; 110
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound.
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you
"woe,
North. Well have you argued, sir; and,
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 common
suit.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in com-
mon view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [Exit
Boling. Lords, you that here are under 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 Richard, and Officers
bearing the regalia.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a kin
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up folly? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king
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,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bate 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 in-
sulting 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 good,
An if my word 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 looking-
glass.


North. Read o'er this paper while the glass
doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I
come to hell!

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northum-
berland.

North. The commons will not then be satis-
fied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read
enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read,
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face;
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[Dashes the glass against the ground.
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, 290
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath
destroy'd
The shadow of your face.
K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! 'a! let's see:
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, my
king,
For thy great bounty, that not only givest
Me cause to wail but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
Boling. Name it, fair cousin.
K. Rich. 'Fair cousin'? I am greater than
a king:
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects: being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from
your sights.
Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the
Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! convey? conveyers are
you all,
That rise thus nimly by a true king's fall.
[Exeunt King Richard, some Lords,
and a Guard.
Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set
down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves. 320
[Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the
Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Car. The woe's to come; the children yet
unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp as they were thorn.
Ann. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To burry mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise. 330
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; and I 'll lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day.  [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. A street leading to
Tower.
Enter Queen and Ladies.
Queen. This way the king will come; that
the way
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flat bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke;
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.
Enter Richard and Lords.
But soft, but see, or rather do see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tear.
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's son!
And not King Richard; thou most beautiful!
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in the
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?
K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman,
not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good so-
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awakened, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to Fra
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken do
Queen. What, is my Richard both in sh
and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingb-
deposèd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with r
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility.
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?
K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if au
but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence
France:
Think I am dead and that even here thou tak
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 tal
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their gri
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me
And send the hearers weeping to their beds;
For why, the senseless brands will sympathiz
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-bla
For the deposing of a rightful king.
Enter Northumberl and others.
North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke
changed;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great
Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course, to
Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee, Boling-
break!'

You would have thought the very windows spoke,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesus preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud 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-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.

Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried 'God
save him!'

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home: 
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new made king.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Welcome, my son: who are the violets
now
That strew the green lap of the new come spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care
not:
God knows I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring
of time,

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and
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 without
thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter, then, who see it: 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, 6r Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear,— 70
Duch. What should you fear? 'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself! what doth he with 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 not show it. 70 York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say. (He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.)
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant.


Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth, I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What is the matter? York. Peace, foolish woman. 80 Duch. I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle? Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer! York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do? Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own? Have we more sons? or are we like to have? Is not my teeming date drunk up with time? And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age, And rob me of a happy mother's name? Is he not like thee? is he not thine own? York. Thou fond mad woman, Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy? A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament, And interchangeably set down their hands, To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none; 99 We'll keep him here: then what is that to him? York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son, I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect That I have been disloyal to thy bed, And that he is a bastard, not thy son: Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind He is as like thee as a man may be, Not like to me, or any of my kin, And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman.
Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon horse; Spur post, and get before him to the king, And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee. I'll not be long behind; though I be old, I doubt not but to ride as fast as York: And never will I rise up from the ground Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away! gone! [Exit.

Scene III. A royal palace.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.
Boling. Can no man tell me of my unhonourable son? 'Tis full three months since I did see him last. If any plague hang over us, 'tis he: I would to God, my lords, he might be found. Inquire at London, amongst the taverns ther For there, they say, he daily doth frequent, With unrestrained loose companions, Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes And beat our watch, and rob our passengers Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy, Takes on the point of honour to support: Takes on the point of honour to support.
Percy. My lord, some two days since I was in the prince, And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford. Boling. And what said the gallant? Percy. His answer was, he would unto stews, And from the commonest creature pluck a gift. And wear it as a favour; and with that He would unhouse the lustiest challenger. Boling. As dissolve as desperate; yet they both I see some sparks of better hope, which years May happily bring forth. But who comes? Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the king? Boling. What means our cousin, that he so looks So wildly? Aum. God save your grace! I do bear your majesty, To have some conference with your grace at Oxford. Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave me here alone. [Exit Percy and Lords.

What is the matter with our cousin now? Aum. For ever may my knees grow to earth, My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth. Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak. Boling. Intended or committed was this? If on the first, how heinous is it be, To win thy after-love I pardon thee. Aum. Then give me leave that I may the key,
no man enter till my tale be done.

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. [Kneels.

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 seers, 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.

York. Against them both my true joints bended be.

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleadeth he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast.

He prays but faintly and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul and all beside:
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';
Say, 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach, 'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say, 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee 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, 'pardonnez moi.'

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon to destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord;
That set'st the word itself against the word!

Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue there;
Or in thy plebeious heart plant thou thine ear;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear; speak it again;
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law and the abbott,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are;
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell: and, cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. The same.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake,
'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?' Was it not so?
Ser. These were his very words.
Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he; he spake it twice,
And urged it twice together, did he not?
Ser. 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: to I am the king's friend, and will rid his foes.

[Exeunt.

Scene V. Pomfret 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 beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With squabbles and do set the world itself
Against the word:
As thus, 'Come, little ones,' and then again,
'It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.'
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars
Who sitting in the stocks refuse their shame,
That many have and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I in one person many people.
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treatings make me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and by and by
Think that I am unknight'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing: but whate'er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man is

With nothing shall be pleased, till he be ease
Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music!
When time is broke and no proportion kept
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But for the concord of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me
For now hath time made me his numb' clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the out watch,
Whereunto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart.
Which is the bell: so sighs and tears go
Show minutes, times, and hours: but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the green;
This music made me; let it sound no more.
For though it have help madmen to their wits
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter a Groom of the Stable.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither?
Where no man never comes but that sad do
That brings me food to make misfortune live.
When I was a poor groom of thy stable
When thou wert king; who, travelling to York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's
O, how yeart'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Te
gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdained

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke

Groom. That jade hath eat bread from my royal hands.

This hand hath made him proud with cold

K. Rich. Would he be not troublesome? would he not fall
Since pride must have a fall, and break this
Of that proud man that did usurp his back
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse.
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spurr'd, gall'd and tired by jaunting broke.

M. Quick. Unfurled a blood-red standard!
Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Rich. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

oom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [Exit.

Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

oom. My lord, will'lt please you to fall to?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do. 99

oom. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exon who lately came from the king, commands contrary. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee! me is stale, and I am weary of it. [Beats the keeper.

Rich. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton and Servants, armed.

Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault? in thy own hand yields thy death's instrument, natching an axe from a Servant and killing him. rod, and fill another room in hell. He kills another. Then Exton strikes him down. hand shall burn in never-quenching fire. stagers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land. ny, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high; it my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [Dies. ton. As full of valour as of royal blood: have I spill'd O would the deed were good! ow the devil, that told me I did well, that this deed is chronicled in hell. dead king to the living king I'll bear: hence the rest, and give them burial here. [Exeunt.

Scene VI. Windsor Castle.

rich. Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other Lords, and Attendants.

ing. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear the rebels have consumed with fire own of Cicester in Gloucestershire; hether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

th. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is, I have to London sent the heads of Oxford, Salisbury, 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 sorted traitors That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow. Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot; Right noble is thy merit, well I wit.

Enter Percy, and the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of West- minister, 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 livest in peace, die free from strife: For though mine enemy thou hast ever been, High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with persons bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies The mightiest of thy greatest enemies, Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought. Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast 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 I this deed. Boling. They love not poison that do poison need, Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead, I hate the murderer, love him murdered. The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour, But neither my good word nor princely favour: With Cain go wander thorough 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 grow: Come, mourn with me for that I do lament, And put on sullen black incontinent: I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land, To wash this blood off from my guilty hand: March sadly after; grace my 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; sons to the King.
John of Lancaster, 
Earl of Westmoreland, 
Sir Walter Blunt, 
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, 
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, 
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son. 
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. 
Archibald, Earl of Douglas. 
Owen Glendower. 
Sir Richard Vernon. 
Sir John Falstaff. 
Sir Michael, a friend to the Archbishop of York. 

POINS. 
GADSHILL. 
PETO. 
BARDOLPH. 

Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur, and sis. 
Mortimer. 
Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower and wife to Mortimer. 
Mistress Quickly, hostess of a taverne Eastcheap. 

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlains, 
Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and tendants. 

Scene: England. 

ACT I.

Scene I. London. The palace.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, the Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care, 
Find we a time for vouched peace to pant, 
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils 
To be commenced in strands afar remote. 

No more the thirsty entrance of this soil 
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood; 
No more shall trenching war channel her fields, 
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs 
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes, 
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven, 
together 
All of one nature, of one substance bred, 
Did lately meet in the intestine shock 
And furious close of civil butchery.

Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks, 
March all one way and be no more opposed 
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies: 
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife, 
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends, 
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ, 
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross 
We are impressed and engaged to fight, 
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy; 
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb 
To chase these pagans in those holy fields 
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet 
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd 
For our advantage on the bitter cross. 
But this our purpose now is twelve month old, 
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go: 
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear 
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland, 
What yesternight our council did decree 

In forwarding this dear expedition. 

West. My liege, this haste was hot in que 
And many limits of the charge set down 
But yesternight: when all athwart there came 
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news 
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer, 
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight 
Against the irregular and wild Glendower, 
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman ta 
A thousand of his people butchered; 
Upon whose dead corpse there was such mis 
Such beastly shameless transformation, 
As by discharge of their artillery, 
And shape of likelihood, the news was told 
For he that brought them, in the very heat 
And pride of their contention did take horse 
Uncertain of the issue any way. 

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious 
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 
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited: 
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty kn 
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter se
Fal. No, by my truth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most 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 in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallow.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of 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 plague 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 part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic 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 a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest,
sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it. 100

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; 'tis I'll make one: an I do not, call me villain and baffe thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poins.

Pois. Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Pois. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain: for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

Pois. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Pois. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have a bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as ship. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Pois. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?


Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thouarest not stand for shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my days I'll madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, with thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Pois. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prate and me alone: I will lay him down such rea for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of suasion and him the ears of profiting, that thou speakest may move and what he hears be believed, that the true prince may, for reation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor at of the time want countenance. Farewell: shall find me in Eastcheap.

Fal. Farewell, thou latter spring! fare All-hallowsummer! [Exit Fal.

Pois. Now, my good sweet honey lord, with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that have already waylaid; yourself and I will be there; and when they have the booty, if and I do not rob them, cut this head off from shoulders.

Prince. How shall we part with them in ing forth?

Pois. Why, we will set forth before or the, and appoint them a place of mee wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then they adventure upon the exploit themse which they shall have no sooner achieved we'll set upon them.

Prince. Yes, but 'tis like that they will us by our horses, by our habits and by an other appointment, to be ourselves.

Pois. Tut! our horses they shall not I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we change after we leave them: and, sirrah, cases of buckram for the nonce, to intimate noted outward garments.

Prince. Yes, but I doubt they will hard for us.

Pois. Well, for two of them, I know the be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back for the third, if he fight longer than he see son, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of it will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat rogue will tell us when we meet at suf how thirty, at least, he fought with; what what blows, what extremities he endured in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee: provide all things necessary and meet me to-morrow in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Pois. Farewell, my lord.

Prince. I know you all, and will awhil hold

The unyoked humour of your idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious cloud To smoother up his beauty from the world,

Thee when he please again to be himself, Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at
breaking through the soul and ugly mists
vapours that did seem to strangle him,
all the year were playing holidays,
sport would be as tedious as to work;
it when they seldom come, they wish'd for
come,
d nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
when this loose behaviour I throw off
d pay the debt I never promised,
how much better I am, so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
I did like bright metal on a sullen ground,
y reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
all show more goodly and attract more eyes
and that which hath no foil to set it off.
I so offend, to make offence a skill;
deeming time when men think least I will.

(Exit.

Scene III. London. The palace.

Sir the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King: My blood hath been too cold and temperate
apt to stir at these indignities,
d you have found me; for accordingly
I tread upon my patience: but be sure
still from henceforth rather be myself,
shy and to be fear'd, than my condition;
hath hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
d therefore lost that title of respect
the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
e scourge of greatness to be used on it;
d that same greatness too which our own hands
we holp to make so portly.

Vorth. My lord,—

King: Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
anger and disobediency in thine eye:
that presence is too bold and peremptory,
d majesty might never yet endure
e moody frontier of a servant brow.

have good leave to leave us: when we need
ur use and counsel, we shall send for you.

were about to speak.

Vorth. Yes, my good lord.

one prisoners in thy highness name de
manded,
ich Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
ere, as he says, not with such strength denied
is deliver'd to your majesty:
her envy, therefore, or misprision
guilty of this fault and not my son.

Yet. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
I remember, when the fight was done,
then I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
careless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
me there a certain lord, neat, and trimly
sh like a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
would like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
was perfumed like a milliner.

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untutored knaves, unmanners,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold.
To be so pester'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 me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!

And telling me the sovereignst thing on earth
Was parma-ceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for those vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirec'tly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfullly betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home 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 those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition to this band,
He did confound the best part of an hour

In changing hardment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed and three times did they drink, 
Upon agreement, of swift Severn’s flood; 
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks, 
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds, 
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank 
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants. 
Never did base and rotten policy 
Colour her working with such deadly wounds; 
Nor never could the noble Mortimer 
Receive so many, and all willingly: 
Then let not him be slander’d with revolt. 

King. Thou dost believe him, Percy, thou dost believe him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee, 
He durst as well have met the devil alone 
As Owen Glendower for an enemy. 
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth 
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer: 
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means, 
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me 
As will displease you. My Lord Northumber-
land, 
We license your departure with your son. 
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it. 
[Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train. 

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them, 
I will not send them: I will after straight 
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart, 
Albeit I make a hazard of my head. 

North. What, drunk with cholery? stay and 
pause awhile: 
Here comes your uncle. 

Re-enter Worcester. 

Hot. Speak of Mortimer! 
‘Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul 
Want mercy, if I do not join with him: 
Yea, on his part I’ll empty all these veins, 
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust, 
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer 
As high in the air as this unhankful king, 
As this ingrate and canker’d Bolingbrook. 

North. Brother, the king hath made your 

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was 
gone? 

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my priso-
ers; 
And when I urged the ransom once again 
Of my wife’s brother, then his cheek look’d pale, 
And on my face he turn’d an eye of death, 
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer. 

Wor. I cannot blame him: was not he pro-
claim’d 
By Richard that dead is the next of blood? 

North. He was; I heard the proclamation: 
And then it was when the unhappy king,— 
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth 
Upon his Irish expedition; 
From whence he intercepted did return 
To be deposed and shortly murdered. 

Wor. And for whose death we in the world’s 
wide mouth 
Live scandalized and foully spoken of. 

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard 
then 
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer 
Heir to the crown? 

Now. He did; myself did hear it. 

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his con-

king, 

That wish’d him on the barren mountains star 
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown 
Upon the head of this forgetful man 
And for his sake wear the detested blot 
Of murderous subornation, shall it be, 
That you a world of curses undergo, 
Being the agents, or base second means, 
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather. 
O, pardon me that I descend so low, 
To show the line and the predicament 
Wherein you range under this subtle king; 
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, 
Or fill up chronicles in time to come, 
That men of your nobility and power 
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf, 
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done, 
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose, 
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbrook, 
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 
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 discourses 
I’ll read you matter deep and dangerous, 
As full of peril and adventurous spirit 
As to o’er-walk a current roaring loud 
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear. 

Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink 
away, 
Send danger from the cast unto the west, 
So honour cross it from the north to south, 
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stir 
To rouse a lion than to start a hare! 

North. Imagination of some great exploit 
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience. 

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an ex-
leap, 
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced mo 
Or dive into the bottom of the deep, 
Where fathom-line could never touch the grous 
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-faced fellowship! 

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures he 
But not the form of what he should attend. 
Good cousin, give me audience for a while. 

Hot. I cry you mercy. 

Wor. Those same noble Sc 
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.
ose prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat: I said he would not ransom Mortimer; and my tongue to speak of Mortimer: 220 I will find him when he lies asleep, in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'

I have a starling shall be taught to speak thing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him, keep his anger still in motion.

Vor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy, re how to gail and pinch this Bolingbroke: that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales, 230 that I think his father loves him not; would be glad he met with some mischance, could have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Vor. Farewell, kinsman; I'll talk to you when you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool thou to break into this woman's mood, gling thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods, tumbled and stung with pismires, when I hear this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—slague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire; as where the madcap duke his uncle kept, uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee to this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke—look! en you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:

250 y, what a candy deal of courtesy a fawning greyhound then did proffer me! 'O, 'when his infant fortune came to age,' 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin,' he devil take such cozeners! God forgive me! uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

Vor. Nay, if you have not, to it again; will stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, it faith.

Vor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners. Iver them up without their ransom straight, I make the Douglas's son your only mean 260 powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons ich I shall send you written, be assured, easily be granted. You, my lord, [To Northumberland.

ir son in Scotland being thus employ'd, il secretly into the bosom creep a same noble prelate, well beloved, archbishop.

of. Of York, is it not?

True; who bears hard 270 brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop. eak not this in estimation, that I think might be, but what I know unlimited, plotted and set down, only stays but to behold the face hat occasion that shall bring it on.

of. I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game is 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, 280 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. 290

Hot. He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell: no further go in this Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, which will be suddenly, I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer; Where you and Douglas and our powers at once, As I will fashion it, shall happily meet, To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms, Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu! O, let the hours be short Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport! [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rochester. An inn yard.

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

First Car. Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [Within] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; poor jade, is wrong in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

First Car. Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

First Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. 20

Sec. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a Jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a louch.

First Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged! come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two rases of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

First Car. God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A
plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?  

**Enter Gadhill.**

**Gads.** Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?  
**First Car.** I think it be two o'clock.  
**Gads.** I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.  
**First Car.** Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, I faith.  
**Gads.** I pray thee, lend me thine.  
**Sec. Car.** Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? marry, I'll see thee hanged first.  
**Gads.** Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?  
**Sec. Car.** Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.  

*[Excus Carrier.*

**Gads.** What, ho! chamberlain!  
**Cham. [Within.]** At hand, quoth pick-purse.  
**Gads.** That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layst the plot how.  

**Enter Chamberlain.**

**Cham.** Good morrow, Master Gadhill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper: a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.  
**Gads.** Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give them this neck.  
**Gads.** No, so, I'll none of it: I pray thee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.  

**Gads.** What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallowes; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starving. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot-land rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great onyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray; and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.  

**Cham.** What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?  
**Gads.** She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure: we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.  
**Gads.** Give me thy hand: thou shalt have share in our purchase, as I am a true man.  
**Cham.** Nay, rather let me have it, as you a false thing.  
**Gads.** Go to; 'homo' is a common name all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.  

*[Exeunt.*

**Scene II.** The highway, near Gadhill.

**Enter Prince Henry and Poins.**

**Poins.** Come, shelter, shelter: I have remov Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a guzzled vellum.  
**Prince.** Stand close.  

**Enter Falstaff.**

**Fal.** Poins. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins.  
**Prince.** Peace, ye fat-kidnapped rascal! w a brawling dast thou keep!  
**Fal.** Where's Poins, Hal?  
**Prince.** He is walked up to the top of hill: I'll go seek him.  
**Fal.** I am accused to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, tied him I know not where. If I travel but a foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing a rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly, these two and twenty years, and yet I bewitched with the rogue's company. If rascal have not given me medicines to make love, I'll be hanged; it could not be else have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a pla upon you both! Bardolph! Pete! I'll staffe I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as a deed as drink, to turn true man and to be these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of une ground is three-score and ten miles afoot with, and the stoney-hearted villains know it enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot true one to another! [They whistle.] W! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!  
**Prince.** Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down! chine ear close to the ground and list if thou hear the tread of travellers.  
**Fal.** Have you any levers to lift me up again being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own! so far afoot again for all the coin in thy fat exchequer. What a plague mean ye to coll thus?  
**Prince.** Thou liest; thou art not colted, art uncolted.  
**Fal.** I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me my horse, good king's son.  
**Prince.** Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ost?  
**Fal.** Go, hang thyself in thine own heir parent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peech for An I have not ballads made on you all and so to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my point when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I that
Enter Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto with him.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Peto. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Fal. What, Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye: on with your vizards: 'tis money of the king's coming down the road, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's arm.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the row lane: Ned Poins and I will walk lower: they 'scape from your encounter, then they hit 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 father; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrach Jack, thy horse stands behind a hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be aged.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

[Exeunt Prince and Poins.]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his le, I: every man to his business.

Enter the Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour: the boy shall id our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot, and ease our legs.

Thiev: Stand!

Travellers. Jesus bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the vile throats: ah! wherefore cattepillars! backslid knaves! they hate us youth: down with them: see them.

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and rs for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbelled knaves, are ye un-No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store here! On, bacon, on! What, ye knaves! ung men must live. You are grandjurs, are? we'll jure ye, 'faith.

[Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. ow could thou and I rob the thieves and go errily to London, it would be argument for a ek, laughter for a month and a good jest for.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then horse before day. An the Prince and Poins: not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirr: there's no more valour in that Poins than 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 booby behind them.]

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear.

So strongly that they dare not meet each other;

Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,

And lards the lean earth as he walks along:

Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roars!

[Exeunt.

Scene III. Warkworth castle.

Enter Hotspur, solus, reading a letter.

Hot. 'But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous,'—why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so? Say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly bind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been

A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?

Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure and thy golden sleep?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone!
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?
In thy faint slumber I by thee have watch'd, 50
And heard thee murnur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Or Courage! to the field! And thou hast talk'd of
Of sweets and retirements, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basiliks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heathy sight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep, 60
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents
are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

**Enter** Servant.

Is Williams with the packet gone?

**Serv.** He is, my lord, an hour ago.

**Hot.** Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

**Serv.** One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

**Hot.** What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

**Serv.** It is my lord.

**Hot.** That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: o' esperance!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

**Exit** Servant.

**Lady.** But hear you, my lord.

**Hot.** What say'st thou, my lady?

**Lady.** What is it carries you away?

**Hot.** Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

**Lady.** Out, you mad-headed ape! 80
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To tune his enterprise: but if you go,—

**Hot.** So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

**Lady.** Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry, 99
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

**Hot.** Away, Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mamets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have
with me?

**Lady.** Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not, 100
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

**Hot.** Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer: for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

**Lady.** How! so far?

**Hot.** Not an inch further. But hark ye, Kate:

Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

**Lady.** It must of force.  [Exeunt.

### SCENE IV. The Boat's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

**Enter** the Prince, and Poins.

**Prince.** Ned, priethee, come out of that room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

**Poins.** Where hast been, Hal?

**Prince.** With three or four loggeera amongst three or four score hogheads. I ha
sounded the very base-string of humidity. Sir!
I am a sworn brother to a leash of drawers: a
man can call them all by their christen names, Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it all upon
their salvation, that though I be but Prin
of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy:
that I will make you flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falsta
t But a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,
the Lord, so they call me, and when I am kin
of England, I shall command all the good lads Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dye
scarlet; and when you breathe in your watern
they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. I
conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarte
of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker
his own language during my life. I tell the
Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou we
not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—
sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee the
pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into m
hand by an under-sinker, one that never spak
other English in his life than 'Eight shilling
and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,' with the
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,
priethee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I
print my puny drawer to what end he gav
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
precedent.

**Poins.** Francis!

**Prince.** Thou art perfect.

**Poins.** Francis!

**[Exit Poins. 4

**Enter** Francis.

**Pron.** Anon, anon, sir. Look down into th
Pomgarnet, Ralph.

**Prince.** Come hither, Francis.

**Pron.** My lord?

**Prince.** How long hast thou to serve, Francis?
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

**Re-enter Francis.**

**Franc.** What's o'clock, Francis? *Exit.*

**Prince.** That ever the fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and downstairs; 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 'Pie 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 prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawl shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

**Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto; Francis following with wine.**

**Poin.** Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been? 

**Fal.** A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them 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 dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

**Fal.** You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguey to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack: die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I 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 would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

**Prince.** How now, wool-sack! what manner you? 

**Fal.** A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-goose, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales! 

**Prince.** Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter? 

**Fal.** Are not you a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there? 

**Poin.** 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I' ll stab thee. 

**Fal.** I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.
Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunken 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 us here ha' en a thousand pound this day morn-

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hun-

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scapeed by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—ecc signum! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness. 191

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radial; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four. 220

Points. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus—

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Points. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hits, or I am a villain else. 230

Prince. Prithée, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to.

These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Prince. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I follow me close, came in foot and hand; and with thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram me grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, the misbegotten knives in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father the begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knout-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, gressey tallow-catch,—

Prince. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know the men in Kendal green, when it was so dark the couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us you reason: what sayest thou to this?

Points. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, a I were at the strappado, or all the rackets in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge fish of flesh,—

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stoo- fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! yo tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, yo standing-tuck.—

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to again: and when you hast tired thyself in bus comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Points. 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 word, out-faced you from your pride, 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 run and roared, as ever I heard bul calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy swan 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 the open and apparent shame?

Points. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as h that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct, I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad ye have the money. Hostess, clap to the door, wate tonight, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellow
come to you! What, shall we be merry? I have a play extempore; and the argument shall be running away.

at. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!
Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what art thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of court at door would speak with you: he says comes from your father.

Prince. Give me as much as will make him yel man, and send him back again to my her.

at. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

at. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?
Prince. Prithiee, do, Jack.

at. 'Tis faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.
Prince. Now, sirs: by'rlady, you fought fair; did you, Petos? so did you, Bardolph? you are too, you ran away upon instinc, you will touch the true prince; no, fie!

ard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. 'Tis faith, tell me now in earnest, how Falstaff's sword so hacked?

ard. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and he would swear truth out of England but he d make you believe it was done in fight, and passed us to do the like.

ard. Yes, and to tickle: our noses with spears: to make them bleed, and then to beslobber garments with it and swear it was the blood of men. I did that I did not this seven year e, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack ten years ago, and wert taken with the jest, and ever since thou hast blushed extemr. Thou hast fire and sword on thy side, yet thou rannest away: what instinc hast for it?

ard. My lord, do you see these meteoris? behold these exhalations?

ince. I do.

ard. What think you they portend?

ince. Hot livers and cold purses.

ard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

ince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

now, my sweet creature of bastardy! How is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own

I. My own knee! when I was about th' Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the body; I could have crept into any alderman's b'ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it's a man up like a bladder. There's villainous abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your r; you must to the court in the morning, same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and the Wains, that gave Amanon the bastinado made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

Prince. 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 hudge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinc.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinc. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horridly afraid? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whitt, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinc.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown! 430

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;

Host. He doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-
Prince. That villainous abominable miracle
of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Sa-
Fal. My lord, the man I know.
Prince. I know thou dost.
Fal. But to say I know more harm in
than in myself, were to say more than I know
That he is old, the more the pity, his white
I do witness it; but that he is, saving your re-
ence, a whoreson master, that I utterly deny. If
be a fault, God help the wicked I
be old and merry be a sin, then many an old
that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be ha-
then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No
good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, ban-
Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind
Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Fals
and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, of
Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's o
banish not him thy Harry's company,
banish plump Jack; and banish all the world.
Prince. I do, I will. [A knocking heard

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.
Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff
a most monstrous watch is at the door.
Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I
much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.
Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!
Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides
a fiddlestick: what's the matter?
_host. The sheriff and all the watch are
at door; they are come to search the house.
Fal. I set them in?
Fal. Hast thou hear, Hal? never call a
piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essent,
without seeming so.
Prince. And thou a natural coward, wit
instinct.
Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny
sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become
a cast as well as another man, a plague on
bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be stran
with a halter as another.
Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras;
rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a
face and good conscience.
Fal. Both which I have had; but their
is out, and therefore I'll hide me.
Prince. Call in the sheriff.

Exeunt all except the Prince and

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.
Now, master sheriff, what is your will with
Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.
Prince. What men?
Sher. One of them is well known, my good
lord,
A gross fat man.
Car. As fat as butter.
Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not
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,
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 baldem earth and topples down Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth Our grandam earth, having this distemper, In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave To tell you once again that at my birth The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, The herds ran from the mountains, and the herds Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields. These signs have mark'd me extraordinary; And all the courses of my life do show I am not in the roll of common men. Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales, Which calls me 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 me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man; But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil By telling truth: tell truth and shame the devil. If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither;

And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence. 6r

O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name? Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right?

According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it Into three limits very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto, By south and east is to my part assigu'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangelably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring gentle-

**Glen.** A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you,
**Hot.** Methinks my moiety, north from Burton
here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And eats me from the best of all my land.
A huge half-moon, a monstrous candle out.
I'll have the current in this place dam'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

**Glen.** Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it
doth.
**Mort.** Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

**Wot.** Yea, but a little charge will trench him here
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

**Hot.** I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

**Glen.** I'll not have it alter'd.

**Hot.** Will not you?

**Glen.** No, nor you shall not.

**Hot.** Who shall say me nay?

**Glen.** Why, that will I.

**Hot.** Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

**Glen.** I can speak English, lord, as well as you:
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.

**Hot.** Marry,
And I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

**Glen.** Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfort-maker's wife. 'Not you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day,' And givest such sacretnsey for thy oaths, As if thou never walk'st 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, 260 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-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [Exit. Gend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go. By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal, 270 And then to horse immediately. Mort. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. London. The palace.

Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I Must have some private conference: but be near at hand, For we shall presently have need of you. [Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will have it so, For some displeasing service I have done, That, in his secret doom, out of my blood He'll breed revengement and a scourgce for me; But thou dost in thy passages of life Make me believe that thou art only mark'd For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else, Could such inordinate and low desires, Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts, Such barren pleasures, rude society, As thou art match'd withal and grafted to, Accompany the greatness of thy blood And hold their level with thy princely heart? Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could. Quit all offences with as clear excuse As well as I am doubtless I can purge Myself of many I am charged withal: Yet such extenuation let me beg, As, in reproof of many tales devised, Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear, By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers, I may, for some things true, wherein my youth Hath faultily wander'd and irregular, Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry, At thy complaints, which do hold a wing Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors. Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost, Which by thy younger brother is supplied, And art almost an alien to the hearts Of all the court and princes of my blood: The hope and expectation of thy time Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically doth 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 in repugnancy banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children 'This is he,'
Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Se'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast
And won by rereness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profan'd with their scorns
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To laud the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
And in that every line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.
Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious
lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurch,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession;
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high dole
Whose hot incursions and great name in arm
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital.
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge,
Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swat
clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne,
And what say you to this? Percy, Northum-
land,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas,
Timmer,
Capitate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal
Base inclination and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To drench his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Do not think so; you shall no
it so:
And God forgive them that so much have swayed
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
from;
And that shall be the day, where'er it light
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight
And your unthought-of Harry chance to me
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come
Thou shalt make this northern youth exalt
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 pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my temperament.
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow,
King. A hundred thousand rebels die in
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign
herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are for
speed.
lunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.

1 Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
2 Douglas and the English rebels met
3 with him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
4 this advertisement is five days old:
5 Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
6 Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting
7 ridge nord: and, Harry, you shall march
8 on Gloucestershire; by which account,
9 business valued, some twelve days hence
10 general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
11 hands are full of business: let's away;
12 unage feeds him fat, while men delay. 180

End.}

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely
this last action? do I not bate? do I not die? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old
man's loose gown: I am withered like old
John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly,
I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart
ly, and then I shall have no strength to it.
An I have not forgotten what the inside
church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a
fat horse: the inside of a church! Com-

Fal. Sir John, you are so fretful, you can-
not long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come sing me a bawdy
song, make me merry. I was as virtuously
given gentleman need to be; virtuous enough;
little: died not above seven times a week:
and to a bawdy-house not above once in a
year—of an hour: paid money that I bor-
t, three or four times; lived well and in
compass: and now I live out of all order,
all compass.

Fal. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that
must needs be out of all compass, out of all
able compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend
thou art our admiral, thou bearest the
n in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee;
at the Knight of the Burning Lamp. 30
Fal. Why, Sir John, my face does you no

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use
as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a
no mori: I never see thy face but I think
hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple;
there is in his robes, burning, burning. If
Revell any way given to virtue, I would swear
't face; my oath should be 'By this fire,
God's angel!' but thou art altogether given
and wert indeed, but for the light in thy
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 ball of wildfire, there's no pur-
chase in money. O, thou art a perpetual tri-
umph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast
made me a thousand marks in links and torches,
walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern
and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk
me would have bought me lights as good cheap
at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have
maintained that salamander of yours with fire
any time this two and thirty years; God reward
me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your
belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be
heart-burned,

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you
inquired yet who picked my pocket? 61

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think,
Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my
house? I have searched, I have inquired, so
has my husband, man, boy by boy, servant
by servant: the title of a hair was never
lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved
and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my
pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, 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.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me,
Sir John. I know you, Sir John; you owe me
money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel
to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts
to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given
them away to bakers' wives, and they have made
bolters of them. 8

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, hollan-
d of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here
besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drink-
ings, and money lent you, four and twenty
pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: what
call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them
coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What,
will you make a younger of me? shall I not take
mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket
picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grand-
father's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell
him, I know not how oft, that that ring was
copper!

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup:
'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him
like a dog, if he would say so. 101

Enter the Prince and Peto, marching, and
Falstaff meets them playing on his truncheon
like a fifé.

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, I' faith?
must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.
Prince. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithie, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack? If the other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so; and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.

Go, you thing, go. 137

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldest know it: I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Prince. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

Prince. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis cooper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. Why and not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and mud.

Charge an honest woman with picking thy pockets, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed: if there were anything in thy pocket but one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to thee long-winded, if thy pocket were empty with any other injuries but these, I am a woman, and yet ye will stand to it: you will not jump wrong! art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest the state of innocence Adam fell; and what poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of vi.

Thou seest I have more flesh than another and therefore more frailty. You confess you picked my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee; go, make breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me true to any honest reason: thou seest I am still, Nay, prithee, be gone. [Exit II.]

Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the rest, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my lord and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. I shall find one that can steal well! O fo thief, of the age of two and twenty or abouts! I am heinously unprovided. We be thanked for these rebels, they offend me the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord Lancaster, to my brother John; this to m of Westmoreland. [Exit Bardolph.] Go to horse, to horse; for thou and I have miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [Exit Jack, meet me to-morrow in the temple two o'clock in the afternoon. There shalt thou know thy charge; and receive]

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high.

And either we or they must lower our heads.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Host, breakfast, come! O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!

ACT IV.


In this fine age were not thought fatter! Such attribution should the Douglas have As not a soldier of this season's stamp
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

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 the freeman's claim,
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'erylw get toppy-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.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherward; with him Prince John.
Hot. No harm: what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd, the king himself
In person is set forth,
Or hitherward intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?
Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the morn of midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thigh, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And watch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun
In March,
This praise doth nourish agetes. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learnt in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.
Don. That's the worst tidings that I hear
Of your Coventry.
War. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot. Forty let it be.
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily;
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.
Don. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one-half year.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. A public road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry:
fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through;
we'll to Sutton Co'fil to-night.
Bard. Will you give me money, captain?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bard. This bottle makes an angel.
Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and
if it make twenty, take them all: I'll answer the coinage.
Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at
the town's end.
Bard. I will, captain: farewell.
[Exit. Fal.
Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am
a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnable.
I have got, in exchange of a hundred
and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds.
I press me none but good householders, yeoman's sons;
I inquire me out contracted bachelors, such
as had been asked twice on the banns; such a
commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear
the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a
caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck.
I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter,
with hearts in their bellies no bigger than
pits' heads, and they have bought out their services;
and now my whole charge consists of
ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of
companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the
painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores;
and such as indeed were never soldiers,
but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons
to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers
trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a
long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged
than an old faced ancient: and such have I,
to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out
their services, that you would think that I had
a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come
from swine-keeping, from eating draf and husks.
A mad fellow met me on the way and told me
I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the
dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows.
I'll not march through Coventry and thy way,
that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide
between the legs, as if they had gyves on; for
indeed I had the most of them out of prison.
There's but a shirt and a half in all my company;
and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together;
and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's
coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say
the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Albans's
the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But the
all one; they'll find linen enough on every head.

Enter the Prince and Westmoreland.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how a
quit me, I pray you?
Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! w
a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good
Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy,
for I thought your honour had already been at Shrew
bury.
West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than to
that I were there, and you too; but my pow
are there already. The king, I can tell,
looks for us all: we must away all night.
Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant
as a cat to steal cream.
Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for
their静态 already made thee butter. But
me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come at
Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.
Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals
Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food
powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as
better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal me
West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they exceed
poor and bare, too beggarly.
Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know
where they had that; and for their bare 
as am sure they never learned that of me.
Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you
three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, no
haste; Percy is already in the field.
Fal. What, is the king encamped?
West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall
too long.
Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning
feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.
[Exit.

SCENE III. The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.


Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not.
Dou. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a
Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for sup
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubt.
Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir no
ight.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Dou. You do not counsel well.
Wor. You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my
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
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.
Dou. Yea, or to-night.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much, seeing men of such great leading as you are, at you foresee not what impediments we shall meet in our expedition: certain horse men of your cousin Vernon’s are not yet come up: 20 our uncle Worcester’s horse came but to-day; did now their pride and mettle be asleep, our courage with hard labour tame and dull, at not a horse is half the half of himself.

lot. So are the horses of the enemy general, journey-lated and brought low; the better part of ours are full of rest.

Ver. The number of the king exceedeth ours: God’s sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[The trumpet sounds a parley.]

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king, 30 you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

lot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God we were of our determination! We love you well; and even those some of your great deservings and good name, cause you are not of our quality, stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so long as out of limit and true rule I stand against anointed majesty, to my charge. The king hath sent to know nature of your griefs, and whereupon conjure from the breast of civil peace bold hostility, teaching his duteous land acious cruelty. If that the king in any way your good deserts forgot, ch he confesseth to be manifold, aids you name your griefs; and with all speed shall have your desires with interest pardon absolute for yourself and these em misled by your suggestion.

ot. The king is kind; and well we know the king, at what time to promise, when to pay. father and my uncle and myself give him that same royalty he wears; when he was not six and twenty strong, in the world’s regard, wretched and low, or unmindful outlaw sneaking home, either gave him welcome to the shore: when he heard him swear and vow to God 40 so ame but to be Duke of Lancaster, to his livery and beg his peace, tears of innocence and terms of zeal, ather, in kind heart and pity moved, e him assistance and perform’d it too, 50 e lords and barons of the realm gived Northumberland did lean to him, more and less came in with cap and knee; him in boroughs, cities, villages, ed him on bridges, stood in lanes, 70 gifts before him, proffer’d him their oaths, him their heirs, as pages follow’d him at the heels in golden multitudes, recently, as greatness knows itself, a little higher than his vow: 80 to my father, while his blood was poor, Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh; And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform Some certain edicts and some strait decrees That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep Over his country’s wrongs; and by this face, This seeming brow of justice, did he win The hearts of all that 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.

lot. Then to the point. In short time after, he deposed the king; 90 Soon after that, deprived him of his life; And in the neck of that, task’d the whole state; To make that worse, suffer’d his kinsman March, Who is, if every owner were well placed, Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales, There without ransom to lie forfeited; Disgraced me in my happy victories, Sought to entrap me by intelligence; Rated mine uncle from the council-board: In rage dismiss’d my father from the court: 100 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?

lot. Not so, Sir Walter: we’ll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king; and let there be impawnd some surety for a safe return again, And in the morning early shall my uncle 110 Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

lot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. York. The Archbishop’s palace.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and Sir MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief With winged haste to the lord marshal; This to my cousin Scoop, and all the rest To whom they are directed. If you know How much they do import, you would make haste. Sir M. My good lord, I guess their tenour.

Arch. Like enough you do.

To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury, 10 As I am truly given to understand, The king with mighty and quick-raised power Meets with Lord Harry; and, I fear, Sir Michael, What with the sickness of Northumberland, Whose power was in the first proportion, And what with Owen Glendower’s absence thence, Who with them was a rated sinew too And comes not in, o’re-rul’d by prophecies, I fear the power of Percy is too weak.

26—2
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy, And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn The special head of all the land together: The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt; And many more corruvals and dear men Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

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. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The King's camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer Above you busy hill! the day looks pale At his distemperature. The southern wind Doth play the trumpet to his purposes, And by his hollow whistling in the leaves Foretell a tempest and a clustering day.

Prince. Then with the losers let it sympathise, For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well That you and I should meet upon such terms: As now we meet, you have deceived our trust, And made us off our easy robes of peace, To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel: This is not well, my lord, this is not well. What say you to it? will you again unkit This churlish knot of all-abhorred war? And move in that obedient orb again Where you did give a fair and natural light, And be no more an exhaled meteor, A prodigy of fear and a potent Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege: For mine own part, I could be well content To entertain the lag-end of my life With quiet hours; for I do protest, I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prince. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks Of favour from myself and all our house; And yet I must remember you, my lord, We were the first and dearest of your friends. For you my staff of office did I break In Richard's time; and posted day and night To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand, When yet you were in place and in account Nothing so strong and fortunate as I. It was myself, my brother-and his son, That brought you home and boldly did oust The dangers of the time. You swore to, And you did swear that oath at Doncaster, That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n righ The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster: To this we swore our aid. But in short space It rain'd down fortune showering on your head And such a flood of greatness fell on you, What with our help, what with the absent king What with the injuries of a wanton time, The seeming sufferances that you had borne, And the contrarious winds that held the king So long in his unlucky Irish wars That all in England did repulse him dead: And from this swarm of fair advantages You took occasion to be quickly wodd To gripe the general sway into your hand; Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster; And being fed by us you used us so As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest; Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk That even our love durst not come near ye sight For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly Out of your sight and raise this present head; Whereby we stand opposed by such means As no man himself have forg'd against yourself By unkind usage, dangerous countenance, And violation of all faith and troth Sworn to us in your younger enterprise. King. These things indeed you have art late, Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churche 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 impart his cause; Nor poorly beggars, starving for a time Of pellmell havoc and confusion. Prince. In both your armies there is man soul Shall pay full dearly for this encounter, If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew, The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world. In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes, This present enterprise set off his head, I do not think a braver gentleman, More active-valiant or more valiant-young, More daring or more bold, is now alive To grace this latter age with noble deeds. For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
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 misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,
A 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 ta'en 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.

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.

[Exit.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hor. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now foreswearing that he is forsworn:
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 engaged, did
bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth
before the king,

And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hor. O, would the quarrel lay upon our
heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me, so
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man:
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispersing praise valued with you;

And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing citad 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.

Scene II. The rebel camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir
Hitchard, he liberal and kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
In no possible, it cannot be,
He king should keep his word in loving us;
A will suspect us still and find a time
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outline the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured 79
On 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, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you. 80

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 treat on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on an pace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
Sound 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 exeunt.

Scene III. Plain between the camps.

The King enters with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dare to-day hath brought
The likeness of a king instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge


Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holston thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.
Doug. All's done, all's won; here breath lies the king.
Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no: I know this is full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Sensibly furnish'd like the king himself.
Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear;
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marching in coats.
Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all coats:
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Falstaff, solus.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at L. don, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir W. Blunt: there's honour for you! here's no vanity; I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy; God keep lead out of me! I need no more well than mine own bowels. I have led my muffins where they are peppered: there's three of my hundred and fifty left alive; they are for the town's end, to beg during! But who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? let thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee, I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's will sack a city. [The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of a

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and do now? [He throws the bottle at him. Exeunt.

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, it come in his willingly, let him make a carbuncle of me. I like not such grinning honour as Walter hath: give me life; which if I can sa; so, if not, honour comes unlooked for, and then an end.

[Exit.
[SCENE IV.]  

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Adieu, my lord! I'll lose no more of my time;  
for the rest of it I'll leave you to your own thoughts.

[Exeunt]

Enact: Excursions. Enter the King, the
Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and
Earl of Westmoreland.

King. I prithee, old friend, let us withdraw ourselves; thou hast been too much with me; and God forbid a shallow scratch should drive me from my grave and that of my ancestors.

Prince. I beseech you, my lord, to keep an eye on your retirement; my Lady of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

Westmoreland. 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 me from my grave and that of my ancestors.

Enter Douglas.

Douglas. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
and yet, I love thee, as a brother.

King. Him, and his fellow, sir.

Enter Falstaff.

Falstaff. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter Douglas; he fighteth 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 me 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: 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 death.

Dies. Prince. For worms, brave Percy! fare thee well, great heart! Ill-weaned ambition, how much art thou shrunk! When that this body did contain a spirit, A kingdom for it was too small a bound; But now two paces of the vilest earth Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. If thou wert sensible of courtesy, I should not make so dear a show of zeal: But let my favours hide thy mangled face; And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself For doing thee these forms of tenderness, Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven! Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave.

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God! they did me too much injury That ever said I hearken'd for thy 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 saved the treacherous labour of your son.

King. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prune. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see A very valiant rebel of the same 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 were now as great as mine!

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 fighteth with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit.

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But not remember'd is thy epitaph!

\[ A speith Falkstaff on the ground. \]

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowed'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.]

Fal. [Rising up] Embowed'd! if thou embowled me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit: for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; alive, I which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not hot rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [stabbing him], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [Take up Hotspur on his back.

Re-enter the Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! whom have we here?
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
acknowledged?

Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes. Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [throwing the body down]: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

A retreat is sound.

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field.
To see what friends are living, who are dead.
[Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lan caster.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. I that rewards me, God reward him! If I do great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and let sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

Scene V. Another part of the field.

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace, Pardon and terms of love to all of you? And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary? Misuse the tenour of thy kinman's trust? Three knights upon our party slain to-day, A noble earl and many a creature else Had been alive this hour, If like a Christian thou hast'd truly borne Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What have I done my safety urged me And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too.

Other offenders we will pursue upon.
[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.

How goes the field?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, who saw The form of the day quite turn'd from him, The noble Percy slain, and all his men Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest; And falling from a hill, he was so bruised That the pursuers took him. At my tent, The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to This honourable bounty shall belong: Go to the Douglas, and deliver him Up to his pleasure, rashmous and free: His valour shown upon our crests to-day Hath taught us how to cherish such high deed Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your grace for this high court Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland Towards York shall bend you with your deep speed, To meet Northumberland and the prelate Ser Who, as we hear, are busily in arms: Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wall To fight with Glendower and the Earl of M. 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. [Exit.
THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RUMOUR, the Presenter.

Sir John Falstaff.
His Page.
Bardolph.
Pistol.
Peto.
Shallow, country justices.
Silence, country justices.
Davy, Servant to Shallow.
Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Freele, and Bullcalf, recruits.
Fang and Snare, sheriff's officers.

Lord Northumberland.

Lady Percy.
Mistress Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.

Scene: England.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
the vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
From the orient to the drooping west,
When the wind in my post-horse, still unfold
acts commenced on this ball of earth;
My tongues continual slanders ride,
in every language I pronounce,
Mingling the ears of men with false reports.

peak of peace, while covert enmity
In the smile of safety wounds the world:
And, who but Rumour, who but only I,
Like fearful musters and prepared defence,
Being the big year, sworn with some other grief,
Thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
Did no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Well known by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
So easy and so plain a stop
At the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
As still-discordant wavering multitude;
I play upon it. But what need I thus
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
Wrong.

To be continued. [Exit. 40

ACT I.

Scene I. The same.

Enter Lord Bardolph.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

The Porter opens the gate.

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Fort. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.
Enter Northumberland.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl. [Exit Porter.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every
minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,

\[\text{...}\]

North. How is this derived?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that
came from thence,
A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers,
whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter Travers.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings
comes with you?

Trav. My lord, Sir John Umfrrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better h horsed,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his blooded horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had bad luck
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And heding forward struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur Coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll 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 stolen
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 ti
leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strand whereon the impious fl
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbur

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 broth
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy che
Is afer than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Pram's cabinet in the dark of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was bur
But Pram found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, 'Your son did thus:
Thy brother thus: so fought the noble Dougla
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deec
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.'

Morton. Douglas is living, and your brother, yo
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 what he feard is chambered. Yet spe
Morton;
Tell thou an 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 gain'd
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Per
dead.
I see a strange confusion in thine eye:
Thou shakest thy head and hold'st it fear or si
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 tolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your s
is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to beli
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and o
breathed,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath b
down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more spung
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Of wounds and scars and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger ranged:
Yet did you say 'Go forth!' and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
That if we brought our life 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.

Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most

 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 followers.
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 queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's followed both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Casing for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak
truth,
This present grief had wiped 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 with speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. London. A street.

Enter Falstaff, with his Page bearing his
sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor
to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good
healthy water; but, for the party that owed
it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at
me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay,
man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to
laughter, more than I invent or is invented on
me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause
that wit is in other men: I do hence walk before
thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter
but one. If the prince put thee into my
service for any other reason than to set me off,
why then I have no judgement. Thou whoreson
mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap
than to wait at my heels. I was never manned
with an agate till now: but I will inset you
neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel,
and send you back again to your master, for a
jewel,—the Juvenal, the prince your master,
whose chin is not yet fletched. I will sooner
have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than
he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will
not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God
may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss
yet: he may keep it still at a face-royal, for a
barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and
yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever
since his father was a bachelor. He may keep
his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I
can assure him. What said Master Dombledon
about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?
Page. He said, sir, you should procure him
better assurance than Bardolph: he would not
take his band and yours; he liked not the
security.
Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton!
pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson
Achitophel!—a rascally yea-forssoth knave! to
bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon
security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now
wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of
keys at their girdles; and if a man is through
with them in honest taking up, then they must
stand upon security. I had as lief they would
put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with
security. I looked a' should have sent me two
and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight,
and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep
in security: for he hath the horn of abundance,
and the lightness of his wife shines through it:
and yet cannot he see, though he have his own
lantern to light him. Where's Bardolph?
Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your
worship a horse.
Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy
me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but
a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsey, and
wived.

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice and Servant.
Page. Sir, here comes the noblemen that
committed the prince for striking him about
Bardolph.
Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.
Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?
Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.
Ch. Just. He that was in question for the
robbery?'
Serv. He, my lord: but he hath since done
good service at Shrewsbury: and, as I hear, is
now going with some charge to the Lord John of
Lancaster.
Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back
again.
Serv. Sir John Falstaff!
Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.
Page. You must speak louder; my master is
deaf.
Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of
any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow
must speak with him.
Serv. Sir John!
Fal. What a young knave, and beggin'
Is there not wars? is there not employe,
doth not the king lack subjects? doth not the
need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be
any side but one, it is worse shame to beg to
be on the worst side, were it worse than
name of rebellion can tell how to make it.
Serv. You mistake me, sir.
Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an hor
man? setting my knighthood and my soldiers
aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said
Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your kni
hood and your soldiers aside, and give
leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if
say I a any other than an honest man.
Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I
aside that which grows to me! If thou get
any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest le
thou west better be hanged. You hunt cont
hence! avant!
Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.
Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with a
Fal. My good lord! God give your lord
the right time of day. I am glad to see your l
ship abroad: I heard say your lordship was
hope your lordship goes abroad by ad
Your lordship, though not clean past your ye,
hath yet some smack of age in you; some ro
sameness of time; and I most humbly
seek your lordship to have a reverent car
your health.
Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you be
expedition to Shrewsbury.
Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear
majesty is returned with some discomfort
Wales.
Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty: I
not come when I sent for you.
Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highne
fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.
Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray
him to speak with you.
Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a ki
ladythe, an't please your lordship; a ki
sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.
Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be
it is.
Fal. It hath its original from much gri
from study and perturbation of the brain: I
read the cause of his effects in Galen: it
kind of deafness.
Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into
disease; for you hear not what I say to you.
Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: an't
please you, it is the disease of not listen
the malady of not marking, that I am tro
withal.
Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels w
amend the attention of your ears; and I car
if I do become your physician.
Fal. I ant as poor as Job, my lord, but
so patient: your lordship may minister the p
of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty
how I should be your patient to follow your
scriptions, the wise may make some dram
scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

1. Just. I sent for you, when there were terrors against you for your life, to come speak a me.
2. Just. As I was then advised by my learned nzel in the laws of this land-service, I did not go.
4. Just. He that buckles him in my belt cannot in less.
5. Just. Your means are very slender, and r waste is great.
6. Just. I would it were otherwise; I would my acres were greater, and my waist slenderer.
7. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.
8. Just. The young prince hath misled me: I am fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.
9. Just. Well. I am loath to gall a new-wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury a little gilded over your night's exploit on it's-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for a quiet o'er-posting that action.
10. Just. My lord?
11. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: ce not a sleeping wolf.
12. Just. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a.
13. Just. What! you are as a candle, the ter part burnt out.
16. Just. You follow the young prince up, down, like his ill angel.
17. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light: I hope he that looks upon me will make me out weighing: and yet, in some respects, I m, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of little regard in these costermonger times that valour isurnted bear-herd: pregnancy is mar stier, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving lenses; the other gifts appertinent to man, and in the minute capacity of this age shapes them, are not with a gooseberry. You that are old consider the capacities of us that are young; you do make the sure of our lives with the bitterness your galls: and we that are in the vaward of youth, I must confess, are wags too.
18. Just. Do you set down your name in the of youth, that are written down old with all characters of age? Have you not a moist ? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white rd? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is your voice broken? your wind short? your a double? your wit single? and every part you blasted with antiquity? and will you call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!
19. My lord, I was born about three of the ick in the afternoon, with a white head and nothing a round belly. For my voice, I have it with halloing and singing of anthems. To be insensible of you further, I will not: the truth I am old in judgement and understanding: he that will coper me for a thousandicks, let him lend me the money, and have at it! For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

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 and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scourd 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 are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[Exeunt Chief-Justice and Servant.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

Page. Sir?

Page. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven galls and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go hear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [Exit Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity.

[Exit.

SCENE III. York. The Archbishop's palace.

Enter the Archbishop, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray, and Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known our 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?

_Mob._ I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

_Hast._ Our present musters grow upon the file
to five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

_L. Bard._ The question then, Lord Hastings,
standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

_Hast._ With him, we may.

_L. Bard._ Yes, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

_Arch._ 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

_L. Bard._ It was, my lord; who lined himself
with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death
And winking leapt into destruction.

_Hast._ But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likenesses and forms of hope.

_L. Bard._ Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot
Lives so in hope as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frost will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate on the roof of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at last desist,
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

_Hast._ Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair
birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

_L. Bard._ What is the king but five and two
thousand?

_Hast._ To us no more; nay, not so much, L.
Bardolph.

For your divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take us up; so is the unfair king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

_Arch._ That he should draw his several streng

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

_Hast._ If he should so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and We	
Buy ing him at the heels: never fear that.

_L. Bard._ Who is it like should lead his for
hither?

_Hast._ The Duke of Lancaster and Westm:.land;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth,
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

_Arch._ Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own crotch
Their over-greedily 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 wouldest have him be
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disguise
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldest eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these tins
They that, when Richard lived, would have died,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that brewest dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Crest now 'O earth, yield us that king again
And take thou this!' O thoughts of men accrue
Past and to come seems best; things pres worst.

_Mob._ Shall we go draw our numbers:
set on!

_Hast._ We are time's subjects, and time 
be gone. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. A street.

_Enter Hostess, Fang and his Boy with her and Snare following._

_Host._ Master Fang, have you entered
action?

_Fang._ It is entered.

_Host._ Where's your yeoman? Is't a true
yeoman? will a' stand to't?

_Fang._ Sirrah, where's Snare?

_Host._ O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

_Snare._ Here, here.
NG. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

NG. Yea, good Master Snare; I have end
him and all.

NG. It may chance cost some of us our
for he will stab.

NG. Alas the day! take heed of him; he
me in mine own house, and that most
good faith, he cares not what mischief
, if his weapon be out: he will foin like
devil; he will spare neither man, woman,
child.

NG. If I can close with him, I care not for
knight.

NG. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

NG. An I but list him once; an a' come but
in my vice.

NG. I am undone by his going; I warrant
he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good
Fang, hold him sure; good Master Snare,
not escape. A' comes continually to Pier-
saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle;
he is indited to dinner to the Lubber-head
street, to Master Smooth's the silk-
prayer, ye, since my exion is entered
so openly known to the world, let him
ought in to his answer. A hundred mark is
one for a poor lone woman to bear: and
borne, and borne, and borne, and have
fabb'd off, and fabb'd off, and fabb'd off,
to day to that day, that it is a shame to
ought on. There is no honesty in such
; unless a woman should be made an ass
beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder
men; and that arrant malmsye-nose knave,
with him. Do your offices, do your
Master Fang and Master Snare, do me,
e, do me your offices.

Enter Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

NG. How now! whose mare's dead? what's
matter?

NG. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of
Quickly.

NG. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut
the villain's head: throw the queen in the
channel.

NG. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw
in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thon
rgle rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou
-nickle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers
he king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou
honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-

NG. Keep them off, Bardolph.

NG. A rescue! a rescue!

NG. Good people, bring a rescue or two.
wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't a? do, do,
rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

NG. Away, ye scullion! ye rampallion! you
rier! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

'TH E LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE, AND HIS MEN.

JUST. What is the matter? keep the peace
here!

JUST. Good my lord, be good to me. I be-
you, stand to me.

JUST. How now, Sir John! what are you
brawling here?
these officers, being upon hasty employment in
the king's affairs. 140
Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do
wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation,
and satisfy the poor woman.
Fal. Come hither, hostess.

Enter Gower.
Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?
Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of
Wales Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.
Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more
words of it.
Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I
must be fain to pawn both my plate and the
tapestry of my dining-chambers.
Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking:
and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollerie, or the
story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in
water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-
hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it
be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an twere not
for thy humours, there's not a better wench in
England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action.
Come, thou must not be in this humour with me;
dost not know me? come, come, I know thou
wast set on to this.
Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty
nobles: 't faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so
God save me, la!
Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll
be a fool still.
Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn
my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll
pay me all together?
Ch. Just. I have heard better news.
Fal. What's the news, my lord?
Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?
Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.
Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the
news, my lord?
Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?
Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred
horse.

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.
Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my
noble lord?
Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me pre-
rently:
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.
Fal. My lord!
Ch. Just. What's the matter?
Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with
me to dinner?
Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I
thank you, good Sir John.
Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long,
being you are to take soldiers up in counties as
you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?
Ch. Just. What foolish master taught
these manners, Sir John?
Fal. Master Gower, if they become me
he was a fool that taught them me. This is
right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, a
part fair.
Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! art a great fool.

SCENE II. London. Another street.
Enter Prince Henry and Pains.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding we.
Pains. Is't come to that? I had the
weariness durst not have attached one of so
blood.
Prince. Faith, it does me; though it disc
the complexion of my greatness to acknow-
le. Doth it not show viley in me to desire
beer?
Pains. Why, a prince should not be so log
studied as to remember so weak a compositi
Prince. Belike then my appetite was
principly got; for, by my truth, I do now re
ber the poor creature, small beer. But, in
these humble considerations make me out of
with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to
remember thy name? or to know thy face?
now? or to take note how many pair o
stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those
were thy peach-coloured ones! or to be
inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity
another for use! But that the tennis-court
knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of
with thee when thou keepest not racket the
thou hast not done a great while, because
rest of thy low countries have made a shift
up thy holland; and God knows, whether
that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall in
his kingdom: but the midwives say the child
are not in the fault: whereupon the wor
creases, and kindreds are mightily stretch
Pains. How ill it follows, after you
laboured so hard, you should talk so idly!
me, how many good young princes would
their fathers being so sick as yours at this ti
Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poin
Pains. Yes, faith; and let it be an ex
good thing.
Prince. It shall serve among wits of no
breeding than thine.
Pains. Go to; I stand the push of you
thing that you will tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not me
I should be sad, now my father is sick: all
could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me
fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be
sad and indeed too.
Pains. Very highly upon such a subjec
Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest to
far in the devil's book as thou and Falst
obdurate, and persistency: let the end to
me. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds in
that my father is so sick: and keeping such
company as thou art hath in reason taken
me all ostentation of sorrow.
Pains. The reason?
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

"Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:

Poins. [Reads] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.' Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace!

Poins. [Reads] 'I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:' he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. 'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins: for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.

'Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him. Jack Falstaff with my familiars, John with my brothers and sisters, and Sir John with all Europe.'

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it. 

Prince. Fare you well; go. [Exit Bardolph and Page.] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

'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. From a God to a bull? a heavy
descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince
to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall
be mine; for in every thing the purpose must
weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.  

[Exit.

SCENE III. Warkworth. Before the 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 troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no
more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at
pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to
these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear
Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your
son's.

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves;
He had no legs that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his
blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;
For noise that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humour of blood,

He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous
him!

O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconced by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible; so you left him.

Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone:
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place

And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our love
First let them try themselves. So did your
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me,
with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop.
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. London. The Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

First Draw. What the devil hast thou bro-
there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John
not endure an apple-john.

Sec. Draw. Mass, thou sayest true,
prince once set a dish of apple-johns before
and told him there were five more Sir J
and, putting off his hat, said 'I will now take
leave of these six dry, round, old, wit
knights.' It angered him to the heart; but
hath forgot that.

First Draw. Why, then, cover, and set down:
and see if thou canst find out Sir

Mistress Tearing-tield would fain hear
music. Dispatch: the room where they sit
is too hot; they'll come in straight.

Sec. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the
Master Pains anon; and they will
two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir
must not know of it: Bardolph hath a
word.

First Draw. By the mass, here will

Uts: it will be an excellent stratagem.

Sec. Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sir

Enter Hostess and Doll Tearing tide.

Host. I'faith, sweetheart, methinks no
are in an excellent good temperality; you
sidges beats as extraordinarily as heart
desire; and your colour, I warrant you,
red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, if
you have drunk too much canaries; and
a marvellous searching wine, and it per
the blood ere one can say 'What's this?'
do you now?

Doll. Better than I was: hem!

Host. Why, that's well said; a good
worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. [Singing] 'When Arthur first in
imply the Jordan. [Exit First Drawer.]

{[Segue]} 'And was a worthy king.' How now, 
tress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good faith. 

doll. So is all her sect: an they be once in a 

ol. You muddier rascal, is that all the com- 
you give me?

ol. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll. 

ol. I make them! glutony and diseases 

y them; I make them not.

ol. If the cook help to make the glutony, 

help to make the diseases, Doll! we catch 

Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my 

virtue, grant that.

ol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

ol. Your brooches, pearls, and ooches: 

serve bravely is to come halting off, you 

: to come off the breach with his pike bent 

ely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon 

charged chambers bravely,—

ol. Hang yourself, you muddier conger, hang 

self: by my troth, this is the old fashion, 

two never meet but you fall to some discord: 

are both, i' good faith, as rheumatic as two 

asts; you cannot one bear with another's 

milies. What the good-year! one must 

and that must be you: you are the weaker 

, as they say, the emptier vessel.

ol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a 

full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's 

re of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not 

a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, 

e friends with thee, Jack; thou art going 

ars; and whether I shall ever see thee 

o no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter First Drawer.

Host. Hang Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and 
speak with you.

4. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him 
one other: it is the fowl-mouth'd rogue in 

and.

It. If he swagger, let him not come here: 
y my faith; I must live among my neigh- 

I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name 
name with the very best: shut the door; 
comes no swaggerers here: I have not 
all this while, to have swaggering now: 
the door, I pray you.

l. Dost thou hear, hostess?

s. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John: 
comes no swaggerers here.

2. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient. 89

s. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: 

age, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago 

day was he; 'I good faith, neighbour 

y,' says he; Master Dunbe, our minister, 

then; 'neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'I 

those that are civil; for,' said he, 'you 

an ill name!' now I said so, I can tell 

'for,' says he, 'you are an honest man, 

and well thought on; therefore take 
what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 

aggering companions.' There comes none 

here: you would bless you to hear what he said: 

no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame 

ner, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently 
as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a 

barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any 

show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

[Exit First Drawer.

Host. 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.

ol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 
twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swag- 

gers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John! 179

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, 

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.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bul- 

ets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, 

for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will 

charge you.

Fal. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy com-

panion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cha-

ting, lack-linen mate! Away, you muddly rogue, 

away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Fal. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy 
bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in 
your muddly chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle 
with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you 

basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, 

pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on 
your shoulder? much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder 

ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you 
go off here: discharge yourself of our company, 
Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, 

sweet captain. 150

Fal. Captain! thou abominable damned 

cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called 
captain? An captains were of my mind, they 

would truncheon you out, for taking their names 

upon you before you have earned them. You a 
captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor 

who's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! 

hang him, rogue! he lives upon muddly stewed 

prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, 

these villains will make the word as odious as 

the word 'occupy,' which was an excellent good 


word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains 

had need look to't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Dorothy.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bar-

dolph, I could tear her: I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.
**SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.**

**Pist.** I'll see her damned first: to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, dogs! Have we not Hiren here?  
**Host.** Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i' faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.  
**Pist.** These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses  
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,  
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day,  
Compare with Cesar's, and with Cannibals,  
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with  
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.  
Shall we fall foul for toys?  
**Host.** By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.  
**Bard.** Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.  
**Pist.** Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?  
**Host.** O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.  
**Pist.** Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.  
Come, give's some sack.  
'Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.  
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:  
Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou there.  
**[Laying down his sword.]**  
Come, we'll to full points here; and are eceteras nothing?  
**Fal.** Pistol, I would be quiet.  
**Pist.** Sweet knight, I kiss thy neck: what! we have seen the seven stars.  
**Dol.** For God's sake, thrust him down stairs:  
I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.  
**Pist.** Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?  
**Fal.** Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.  
**Bard.** Come, get you down stairs.  
**Pist.** What! shall we have incision? shall we emburse?  
**[Snatching up his sword.]**  
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!  
Why, then, let grievous, gashly, gaping wounds  
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!  
**Host.** Here's goodly stuff toward!  
**Fal.** Give me my rapier, boy.  
**Dol.** I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.  
**Fal.** Get you down stairs.  
**[Drawing, and driving Pistol out.]**  
**Host.** Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrils and frights.  
So, murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! I put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.  
**[Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.]**  
**Dol.** I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!  
**Host.** Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.  
**Re-enter BARDOLPH.**  
**Fal.** Have you turned him out o' doors?
I am old, I am old.
I love thee better than I love e'er a

young boy of them all.

What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall
live money o' Thursday: shall have a cap-
tow. And may the hand of God be with
me. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, you
sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself
some till thy return; well, hearken at the

Some sack, Francis.

Anon, anon, sir. [Coming forward.

Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And
now Poins his brother?

Why, thou globe of sinful continents,
a life dost thou lead! to
A better than thou: I am a gentleman;
art a drawer.

Very true, sir; and I come to draw
out by the ears.

O, the Lord preserve thy good grace!
y troth, welcome to London. Now, the
I bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are
come from Wales?

Thou whoreson mad compound of man,
by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou
welcome.

How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

My lord, he will drive you out of your
place and turn all to a merriment, if you take
be heat.

You whoreson candle-mine, you, how
did you speak of me even now before this
st, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

God's blessing of your good heart! and
eis, by my troth.

Didst thou hear me?

Yea, and you knew me, as you did
run away by Gad's-hill: you knew I
your back, and spoke it on purpose to try
attent.

No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou
within hearing.

I shall drive you then to confess the
abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

Not to dispraise me, and call me
er and breed-chipper and I know not what?

No abuse, Hal.

No abuse?

No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest
none. I dispair'd him before the wicked,
the wicked might not fall in love with him;
ich doing, I have done part of a careful
and a true subject, and thy father is to
me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal: none,
none: no, faith, boys, none.

See now, whether pure fear and entire
ridic doth not make them worse this virtuous
woman to close with us? is she of the
1? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or
boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph,
soil burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Answer, thou dead elm. answer.

The fiend hath picked down Bardolph
wearable; and his face is Lucifer's prvyn-
where he doth nothing but roast malt-
worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about
him; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women:

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.

Host. No, I warrant you.

No, I think thou art not; I think thou
art quit for that. Marry, there is another indict-
ment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in
thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I
think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuals do so: what's a joint of
mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman,—

Dot. What says your grace?

His grace says that which his flesh rebels
against.

[Knocking within.]

Host. 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 wearyed 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, Poin, 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 unarm'd heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

[Exeunt Prince Henry, Poin, Peto,

and Bardolph.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of
the night, and we must hence and leave it un-
picked. [Knocking within.] 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, sirrah.

Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my
good wenches, how men of merit are sought after:
the underserver may sleep, when the man of action
is called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I benot
sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready
to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [Exeunt Falstaff

and Bardolph.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee
these twenty nine years, come peascod-time; but
an honest and true-hearted man,—well, fare
thee well.

Bard. [Within] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [Within] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come
to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll; run; run, good Doll: come.

[She comes blubbered.] Yea, will you come, Doll?

[Exeunt.]
ACT III.

SCENE I. Westminster. The palace.

Enter the King in his nightcap, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick.

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters, and well consider of them: make good speed.

[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 frightened thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down And steep my senses in forgetfulness? Why rather, sleep, lest thou in smoky cribs, Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee 10 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber, Than in the perfumed chambers of the great, Under the canopies of costly state, And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody? O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingliest couch A watch-case with a common 'larmum-bell'? Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains In cradle of the rude imperious surge 20 And in the visitation of the winds, Who take the ruffian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them With denfing clamour in the slippery clouds, That, with the hurly, death itself awakes? Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude, And in the calmest and most stilllest night, With all appliances and means to boot, Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down! 30 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty! King. Is it good morrow, lords? War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past. King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you? War. We have, my liege. King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom How foul it is; what rank diseases grow, And with what danger, near the heart of it. 40 War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd; Which to his former strength may be restored With good advice and little medicine: My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd. King. O'God! that one might read the book of fate, And see the revolution of the times, Make mountains level, and the continent, Weary of solid firmness, melt itself Into the sea! and, other times, to see The beathy girdle of the ocean Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock, And changes fill the cup of alteration With divers liquors! O, if this were seen, The happiest youth, viewing his progress through, What perils past, what crosses to ensue, Would shut the book, and sit him down and die. 'Tis not ten years gone Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends, Did feast together, and in two years after Were they at wars: it is but eight years since This Percy was the man nearest my soul, Who like a brother 'laid in my affairs And laid his love and life under my foot, Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard Gave him defiance. But which of you was by You, cousin Neville, as I may remember—

[To Warwick.

When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears, Then check'd and rated by Northumberland, Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy: 'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne,' Though then, God knows, I had no such intent But that necessity so bow'd the state That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss: 'The time shall come, thus did he follow it, 'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head, Shall break into corruption,' so went on, Foretelling this same time's condition And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives Figuring the nature of the times deceased; The which observed, a man may prophesy, With a near aim, of the main chance of thing As yet not come to life, which in their seeds May weak beginnings lie treasured. Such things become the hatch and brood of time, And by the necessary form of this King Richard might create a perfect guess That great Northumberland, then false to him, Would of that seed grow to a greater falsehood Which should not find a ground to root upon, Unless on you. King. Are these things then necessitie Then let us meet them like necessitie: And that same word even now cries out on us! They say the bishop and Northumberland Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord; Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord, The powers that you already have sent forth Shall bring this prize in very easily. To comfort you the more, I have received A certain instance that Glendower is dead. Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill, And these unseason'd hours performe must ad Unto your sickness.

King. I will take your counsel: And were these inward wars once out of hand We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[Exit.

SCENE II. Gloucestershire. Before just Shallow's house.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting: MERVYN, Shadow, Wart, Fleeble, Bullcal Servant or two with them.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth good cousin Silence? Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.
And let this be the answer to our question: what is good pleasure with me? My captain, sir, commends him to you; captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, a most gallant leader.

He greets you, sir. I knew him as a backsword man. How doth the good knight? I ask how my lady his wife doth?
Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy
father's shadow: so the son of the female is the
shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but
much of the father's substance.
Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?
Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; prick
him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up
the muster-book.
Shal. Thomas Wart!
Fal. Where's he?
Wart. Here, sir.
Fal. Is thy name Wart?
Wart. Yeas, sir.
Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.
Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?
Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is
built upon his back and the whole frame stands
upon pins: prick him no more.
Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can
do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!
Fee. Here, sir.
Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?
Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.
Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?
Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's
tailor, he'd ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as
many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done
in a woman's petticoat?
Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have
no more.
Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said.
courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the
wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick
the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep,
Master Shallow.
Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.
Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that
thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go.
I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the
leader of so many thousands: let that suffice,
most forcible Feeble.
Fee. It shall suffice, sir.
Fal. I am bound to thee, reverence Feeble.
Who is next?
Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!
Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.
Bull. Here, sir. Sir.
Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick
me Bullcalf till he roar again.
Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—
Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art
pricked?
Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man,
Fal. What disease hast thou?
Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which
I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon
his coronation-day, sir.
Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a
gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will
take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.
Is here all?
Shal. Here is two more called than your
number; you must have but four here, sir: and
so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.
Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I
cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by
my truth, Master Shallow.
Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we
lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?
Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallo
no more of that.
Shal. Ha! 'twas a merry night. And is Ja
Nightwork alive?
Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.
Shal. She never could away with me.
Fal. Never, never; she would always say a
could not abide Master Shallow.
Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to
core. She was then a bona-roba. Doh s
hold her own well?
Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.
Shal. Nay, she must be old; she can't
choose but be old; certain she's old; and h
Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before
came to Clement's Inn.
Sir. That's fifty five year ago.
Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst se
that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, J
John, said I well?
Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight
Master Shallow.
Shal. That, have we that, that we have, that
have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our water
would be boys! Come, let's to dinner. Jesus, the days that
have seen! Come, come.
Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices.
Bull. Good Master Corporate Baldolph, sta
friend; and here's four Harry ten shillin
French crowns for you. In very truth, sir
had ye lie be hanged, sir, as go: and yet,
mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rath
because I am unwilling, and, for mine own pa
have a desire to stay with my friends: else, s
I did not care, for mine own part, so much.
Bar. Go to; stand aside.
Moul. And, good master corporal captain,
my old dame's sack, stand my friend: she
nobody to do any thing about her when I g
and she is old, and cannot help herse
you shall have forty, sir.
Bar. Go to; stand aside.
Fee. By my truth, I care not: a man can
but what I owe God a death: I'll ne'er be
base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be n
so: no man is too good to serve's prince; a
let it go which way it will, he that dies this ye
is quit for the next.
Bar. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.
Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.
Re-enter Falstaff and the Justices.
Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?
Shal. Four of which you please.
Bar. Sir, a word with you: I have the
bound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.
Fal. Go to; well.
Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will y
have?
Fal. Do you choose for me.
Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Fee
and Shadow.
Fal. I will send Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy
stay at home till you are past service: and
your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto
I will none of you.
Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not your
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Scene I. Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't 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 received

New-dated letters from Northumberland;

Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:

Here doth he wish his person, with such powers

As might hold sortance with his quality,

The which he could not levy; whereupon

He is retired, to rife his growing fortunes,

To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers

That your attempts may overlie the hazard

And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowbh. Thus do the hopes we have in him

Touch ground

And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West. This forest, scarcely off a mile,

In goodly form comes on the enemy:

And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number

Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowbh. The just proportion that we gave them out.

Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Enter Westmoreland.

Mowbh. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,

The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in 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 rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routes,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanced by boys and beggary,
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native and most proper shape,
Your reverend father, and these noble lords
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insolence
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed 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 diseased,
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 thongs of military men;
But rather show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.
West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherin have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?
Arch. † My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born a household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowbr. Why not to him in part, and to us,
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?
West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me
Either from the king or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: were you not restored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signatories,
Your noble and right well remembered father?
Mowbr. What thing, in honour, had my father
past,
That must be revived and breathed in me
The king that loved him, as the state stood
Was force perforce compel'd to banish him:
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,
Being mounted and both roused in their seats
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beaver'd
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together
Then, then, when there was nothing could I stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself and all their lives.
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.
West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now know not what.
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom fortune would then smiled?
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
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd and grazed indeed, more than the place:
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 where
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.
Mowbr. But he hath forced us to compel offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
West. Mowbray, you overween to take it
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 arm is 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.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ROSS. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

EST. That argues but the shame of your offence. Then case abides no handling.

Ast. Hath the Prince John a full commission, every ample virtue of his father, near and absolutely to determine what conditions we shall stand upon?

Est. That is intended in the general's name: use you make so slight a question.

RCH. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule, this contains our general grievances: a several article herein redress'd, members of our cause, both here and hence, as insinu'd to this action, asch'd by a true substantial form present execution of our wills is and to our purposes confined, come within our awful wings again knit our powers to the arm of peace.

Est. This will I show the general. Please you, lords, light of both our battles we may meet; either end in peace, which God so frame! the place of difference call the swords chokd must decide it.

RCH. My lord, we will do so. [Exit West. 

ROSS. There is a thing within my bosom tells me no conditions of our peace can stand.

Ast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace n such large terms and so absolute ur conditions shall consist upon, peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

ROSS. Yes, but our valuation shall be such: every slight and false-derived cause, every idle, nice and wanton reason to the king taste of this action: were our royal faiths martyrs in love, shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind even our corn shall seem as light as chaff good from bad find no partition.

RCH. No, no, my lord. Note this: the king is weary anity and such picking grievances: he hath found to end one doubt by death yes two greater in the heirs of life, therefore will he wipe his tables clean, keep no tell-tale to his memory may repeat and history his loss ew remembrance; for full well he knows what so precisely weed this land is misdoubt's present occasion: foes are so enrooted with his friends, plucking to unfix an enemy, both unfasten so and shake a friend: at this land, like an offensive wife hath enraged him on to offer strokes, i.e. striking, holds his infant up hangs resolved correction in the arm was unprepared to execution.

Est. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods into offenders, that he now doth lack very instruments of chastisement: at his power, like to a fangless lion, may offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true: And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal, If we do now make our atonement well, Our peace will, like a broken limb united, Grow stronger for the breaking.

Ross. Be it so. Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

R-Enter Westmoreland. 

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies. 

Ross. Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace: my lord, we come. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another part of the forest.

Enter, from one side, Mowbray, attended; afterwards the Archbishop, Hastings, and others; from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland; Officers, and others with them.

LAN. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you When that your flock, assembled by the bell, 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. That man that sits within a monarch's heart, And ripens in the sunshine of his favour, Would be abuse the countenance of the king, Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken How deep you were written in the books of God? To us the speaker in his parliament;
To us the imagined voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven And our dull workings. O, who shall believe But you misuse the reverence of your place, Employ the countenance and grace of heaven, As a false favourite doth his prince's name, In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up, Under the counterfeited zeal of God, The subjects of his substitute, my father, And both against the peace of heaven and him Have here up-swarm'd 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 forth, To hold our safety up. I sent your grace To see parcels and particulars of our grief, The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court, Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep With grant of our most just and right desires,
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

[ACT IV.]

And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Westmor. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
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 up
While England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleadeth your grace to answer them directly
How far forth you do like their articles.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well,
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook,
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army 60
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

[Exit Officer.

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew
what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill. 80
Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz: since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, 'some good thing comes to-morrow.'

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [Shouts within.

Lan. The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.

[Exit Westmoreland.

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may persevere the men

We should have coped withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings.

Lan. And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[Exit Hastings.

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

[Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties.

[Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed abroad;
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses.

East, west, north, south; or, like a schism broke up,
Each hurrying toward his home and sporting-places.

West. Good tiding, my Lord Hastings; the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord archbishop, and you, lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd thee now.

I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by my
honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd strays
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death
Treason's true bed and yeilder up of breath.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Another part of the forest.

Alarum. 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, knight is your degree, and your place the dale.

Cole. You shall be still my name, a traitor yet to-day, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile the dale.

Fal. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Cole. As good a man as he, sir, whose' er I am.

Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse fear and trembling, and do observance to mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Blunt, and others.

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now: I, in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

[Exit Westmoreland.

w. Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

vill. I was sorry, my lord, but it should thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check the reward of valour. Do you think me a allow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my old and motion, the expedition of thought? I sped the hither with the very extremest h of possibility: I have foundered nine score odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken John Colevile of the dale, a most furious ght and valorous enemy. But what of that? I saw me, and yielded: that I may justly say, I the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, y, and overcame.'

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than of your serving.

vill. I know not: here he is, and here I yield; and I beseech your grace, let it be booked h the rest of this day’s deeds; or, by the Lord, will have it in a particular ballad else, with ane own picture on the top on’t, Colevile singing my foot: to the which course if I be forced, if you do not all show like gilt two-ces to me, and I in the clear sky of fame, shine you as much as the full moon doth the ders of the element, which show like pins to her, believe not the word of the noble: before let me have right, and let desert unt.

Lan. Thine’s too heavy to mount.

vill. Let it shine, then.

vill. Thine’s too thick to shine.

vill. Let it do something, my good lord, t may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

vill. It is, my lord.

vill. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

vill. And a famous true subject took him. 70

vill. I am, my lord, but as my betters are at led me hither: had they been ruled by me, u should have won them dearer than you have.

vill. I know not how they sold themselves: thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away dis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made and execution stay’d.

Lan. Send Colevile with his confederates York, to present execution:

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[Exit Blunt and others with Colevile.

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords: I hear the king my father is sore sick; Our news shall go before us to his majesty, Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him, And 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.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition, Shall better speak of you than you deserve. 

[Exit 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 never one of the boys of that age’s 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 crudy 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, that all our vital commoners and inland petty spirits must ever all their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere board of gold kept by a devil, till sack com- mences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded and filled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I’ll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shal low, esquire: I have him already tempering
between my finger and my thumb, and shortly
will I seal with him. Come away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Westminster. The Jerusalem
Chamber.
Enter the King, the Princes Thomas of
Clarence and Humphrey of Gloucester,
Warwick, and others.

King. Now, lords, if God doth give success-
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. 10

War. Both which we doubt not but your
majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at
Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence,
with him?

Glou. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of
Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy
brother? 20
He loveth thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas:
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayest effect
Of instruction, 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 observed:
He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's fiant,
As humorous as winter and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observed:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, 30
Confound themselves with working. Learn this,
Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion—
As, force perfere, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
Thomas? 50

Clar. He is not there to-day; he dines
London.

King. And how accompanied? canst thou
that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual
lowers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to we,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
The blood weeps from my heart when I do
In forms imaginary the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet togeth-
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond

The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the
guage,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attai
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like grosser
The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of oth
Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth le
her comb
In the dead carrion.

Enter Westmoreland.

Who's here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new h
iness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John your son dotth kiss your grace's ha
Mowbray, the Bishop Scoop, Hastings and a
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unshashe'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a sum
bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news

Har. From enemies keep heaven your maje
And, when they stand against you, may they
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardol
With a great power of English and of Scots, a
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrow'n:
The manner and true order of the fight
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good m
make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full?
But write her fair words still in foulest letters
e either gives a stomach and no food; 
ch are the poor, in health; or else a feast 
d takes away the stomach; such are the rich, 
that have abundance and enjoy it not. 
War. Would you have now this happy news; 
I now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy: 
me! come near me; now I am much ill. 
Glo. Comfort, your majesty! 
Clar. O my royal father! 
War. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, 
look up. 
War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these 
fits 
e with his highness very ordinary. 
Wind. 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 
withdrew the mule that should confuse it in 
thin that life looks through and will break out. 
Glo. The people fear me; for they do observe 
father's heirs and lostly births of nature: 
the seasons change their manners, as the year 
did some months asleep and leap'd them 
over. 
Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb 
between; 
the old folk, time's doting chronicles, 
y it did so a little time before 
our great-grand sire, Edward, sick'd and died. 
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king 
revolves. 
Glo. This apoplexy will certain be his end. 

**Scene V. Another chamber.**

*King lying on a bed: Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, and others in attendance.*

*King.* Let there be no noise made, my gentle 
friends; 
less some dull and favourable hand 
will whisper music to my weary spirit. 
*War.* Call for the music in the other room. 
*King.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here. 
*War.* His eye is hollow, and he changes much. 
*War.* Less noise, less noise! 
*Enter Prince Henry.*

*Prince.* Who saw the Duke of Clarence? 
*War.* I am here, brother, full of heaviness. 
*Prince.* How now! rain within doors, and 
none abroad! 
*War.* Doth the king? 
*Glo.* Exceeding ill. 
*Prince.* Heard he the good news yet? 
*War.* It him. 
*Glo.* He alter'd much upon the hearing it. 
*War.* If he be sick with joy, he'll recover 
out physic. 
*War.* Not so much noise, my lords: sweet 
prince, speak low; 
knight your father is disposed to sleep. 
*War.* 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 
knight. 
*War.* Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow, 
Being so troublesome a bedfellow? 
O polish'd perturbation! golden care! 
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide 
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now! 
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet 
As he whose brow with homely bigger bound 
Snore 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 stir's 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 divorced 
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, 
Which God 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.* 

*King.* Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence! 

*Re-enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence, 
and the rest.*

*Clar.* Doth the king call? 
*War.* What would your majesty? How fares 
your grace? 
*King.* 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. 
*King.* The Prince of Wales! Where is he? 
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. 
*King.* Where is the crown? who took it from 
my pillow? 
*War.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left 
it here. 
*King.* 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 rejoins with my disease, 
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things 
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; 70
For this they have engrossed and piled up
The cank’rd 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 pack’d with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father. 80

Re-enter Warwick.
Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me?
War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow
That tyranny, which never quaff’d but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash’d his knife
With gentle dye-drops. He is coming hither.
King. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.
Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. 97
[Exeunt Warwick and the rest.
Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.
King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that 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 overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Wore thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal’d up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life. 109
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 heart
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Harry the Fifth is crown’d: up, vanity! 120
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your
scum:

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dar
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb’d license pluck.
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog,
Shall pluck his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy rage,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopleed with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! but for tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall’d this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your nesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wilderness die
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: ‘The care on thee
pending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;
But thou, most fine, most honour’d, most
noun’d,
Hast eat thy bearer up.’ Thus, my most re
liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try it with, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder’d my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
King. O my son,
God put It in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy faith
over
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
By what by-paths and indirect crook’d ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
A scene of action with the king and his nobles, and the people of the country.

Enter Falstaff, BARDOLPH, and Page.

FA. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-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 kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend; the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy: about thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knife, 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, come, off with

Enter Lord John of Lancaster.

L.J. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

L.J. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

L.J. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John; health, alack, with youthful wings is flown this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight worldly business makes a period.

L.J. Is my Lord of Warwick?

My Lord of Warwick!

Enter Warwick, and others.

W. Doth any name particular belong the lodging where I first did swoon?

W. Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

W. Laud be to God! even there my life must end. I been prophesied to me many, did not die but in Jerusalem; and I supposed the Holy Land; nor me to that chamber; there I'll lie: Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.
your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow [to the Page]. Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [Exit Shallow.] Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exeunt Bardolph and Page.] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughters, the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laugh without intervals. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shal. [Within] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. [Exit.]

Scene II. Westminster. The palace.

Enter Warwick and the Lord Chief-Justice, meeting.

War. How now, my lord chief-justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lancaster, Clarence, Gloucester, Westmoreland, and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!

How many nobles then should hold their place
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be o'turn'd!

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

Glow. Good morrow, cousin.

Ch. Just. We meet like men that had forgot
To speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glow. O, good my lord, you have lost a fri
Indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Though no man be assured what good to find,
You stand in coldest expectation: I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.

Ch. Just. We must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY THE FIFTH, attended
Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment,
jesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brother,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on
And wear it in my heart: why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your care
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears
By number into hours of happiness.

Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me: and most;
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forgo
So great indignities you laid upon me?
at! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison: immediate heir of England! Was this easy? y this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten? h. Just. I then did use the person of your father; image of his power lay then in me: in the administration of his law, I was busy for the commonwealth, his highness pleased to forget my place, majesty and power of law and justice, image of the king whom I presented, struck me in my very seat of judgement; so, as an offender to your father, ve bold way to my authority did commit you. If the deed were ill, you contented, wearing now the garland, have a son set your decrees at nought, drunk down justice from your awful bench, zip the course of law and blunt the sword; guards the peace and safety of your person; more, to spurn at your most royal image mock your workings in a second body. go stion your royal thoughts, make the case yours; ow the father and propose a son, your own dignity so much profaned, your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted, did yourself so by a son disdain'd; then imagine me taking your part in your power soft silencing your son: this cold consideration, sentence me; as you are a king, speak in your state I have done that misbecame my place, 100 person, or my liege's sovereignty. ng. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well; fore still bear the balance and the sword: I do wish your honours may increase, on do live to see a son of mine d you and obey me, as I did, all I live to speak my father's words: py am I, that have a man so bold, dares do justice on my proper son; 110 not less happy, having such a son, would deliver up his greatness so he hands of justice. You did commit me:— and I do commit into your hand instated sword that you have used to bear; this remembrance, that you use the same the like bold, just and impartial spirit u have done: gainst me. There is my hand. all be as a father to my youth: ice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear, will stoop and humble my intents ur well-practised wise directions. princes all, believe me, I beseech you; ther is gone wild into his grave, his tomb lie my affections; ith his spirit sadly I survive, ck the expectation of the world, strate prophecies and to raze out opinion, who hath writ me down my seeming. The tide of blood in me proudly flow'd in vanity till now; it turn and ebb back to the sea, it shall mingle with the state of floods ow henceforth in formal majesty. all we our high court of parliament; us choose such limbs of noble counsel, That the great body of our state may go in equal rank with the best govern'd nation; That war, or peace, or both at once, may be As things acquainted and familiar to us; In which you, father, shall have foremost hand. Our coronation done, we will accite, 141 As I before remember'd, all our state: And, God consigning to my good intents, No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say, God shorten Harry's happy life one day! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Gloucestershire. Shallow's orchard.


Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth: come, cousin Silence; and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John; marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,

[Singing.

And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there.
So merrily,
And ever among so 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.

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;

[Singing.

For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats for you.

[To Bardolph.

Shal. Davy!
Davy, Your worship! I'll be with you straight [to Bardolph]. A cup of wine, sir? Sil. A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, 

And drink unto the leman mine; 
And a merry heart lives long-a. 50

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come; [Singing.

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, besthrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [to the Page], and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaliers about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

By the mass, you'll crack a quart togeth, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph? Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee: the knife will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out: he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [Knocking within.] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks?

[Exit Davy.

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[To Silence, seeing him take off a bumber.

Sil. Do me right, [Singing.

And dub me knight: Samingo.

Is't not so? 80

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol? 89

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman

Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base! Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend, 

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee, 

And tidings do I bring and lucky joys 

And golden times and happy news of price. 100

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foure for the world and worldlings base! I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [Singing.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the English?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Sil. Honest gentleman, I know not what breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's two ways, either to utter them, or to confine them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Sil. Under which king, Besonjan? sp or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or F.

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foure for thine office!

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king; Hast the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse, 

Master Robert Shallow, choose what office wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will do charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. M Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou art fortune's steward—get on thy boots: ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bard. [Exit Bard.] Come, Pistol, utter more to 

and withal devise something to do thyself; 

Boot, boot, Master Shallow; I know the world is sick for me. Let us take any horses; the laws of England are at my command. Blessed are they that have beer and wine; and woe to my lord chief-justice;

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his also!

'Where is the life that late I led?' say they Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days.

[Singing.

Scene IV. London. A street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in HOSTESS QUI and DOLL TEARSEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to that I might die, that I might have thee hang thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

First Bead. The constables have deli her over to me; and she shall have whip and cheer enough, I warrant her; there hath be man or two lately killed about her. Do is Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-vi rascal, an the child I now go with do mis thou wert better thou hadst struck thy thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were o
would make this a bloody day to somebody. 
I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

First Head. If it do, you shall have a dozen 
children (again); you have but eleven now.
I charge you both go with me; for the 
boast is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

I'll tell you what, you thin man in a 
ser, I will have you as soundly swung for 
— you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famished 
reatcher, if you be not swung out, I'll forswear 
flirtles.

First Head. Come, come, you she knight-
tant, come.

First. O God, that right should thus overcome 
hit! Well, of suffrance comes ease.

Com. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a 
lice.

First. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.

Com. Goodman death, goodman bones!

First. Thou atomy, thou!

Com. You, come you thin thing; come, you rascal.

First Head. Very well.

[Exeunt.

[Scene V. A public place near Westminster 
Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

Com. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

First Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they 
rise from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch.

[Exeunt.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bar-
dolph, and Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shal-
; I will make the king do you grace: I will 
upon him as a comes by; and do but mark 
countenance that he will give me.

Shal. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Com. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, 
had I had time to have made new liveryes, 
for I have rowed you to bed. But 'tis no matter; this poor 
woth better: this doth infer the zeal I had 
ever him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fallo. It shows my earnestness of affection.—

Shal. It doth so.

Com. My devotion.—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Com. As it were, to ride day and night; and 
to deliberate, not to remember, not to have 
fence to shift me,—

Shal. It is best, certain.

Com. But to stand stained with travel, and 
reposing with desire to see him; thinking of no 
thing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as 
here were nothing else to be done but to see h.

Fallo. 'Tis semper idem, for 'obsque hoc 
est.' 'tis all in every part.

Com. 'Tis so, indeed.

Shal. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, 
d do make thee rage.

Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, 
laurel durance and contagious prison;

laid thither 
most mechanical and dirty hand:

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alec'to's 
snake,
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.

Pistol. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor 
sounds.

Enter the King and his train, the Lord Chief-
Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal 
Hal!

Pistol. The heavens thee guard and keep, most 
royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. 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!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy 
prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dreamd of such a kind of man, 
So surfeit-swell'd, so old and so profane;

But, being awakened, 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 strengths and qualities,

Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenour of our word.

Set on.

[Exeunt King, &c.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand 
pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech 
you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow.

Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in 
private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the 
world: fear not your advancements; I will be 
the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you 
should give me your doublet and stuff me out 
with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let 
me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this 
that you heard was but a colour.

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 Prince John, the Lord Chief Justice; Officers with them.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet; take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.

Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.

[Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's; he hath intent his wonted followers shall all be very well provided for; but all are banish'd till their conversations appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire, we bear our civil swords and native fire as far as France: I heard a bird so sing, whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king. Come, will you hence?

[Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

First my fear; then my courtesy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my courtesy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you as it is well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would and here I commit my body to your mercies; but me some and I will pay you some and, as my debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit will you command me to use my legs? and if that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentle women here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, a make you merry with fair Katharine of France, where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so know down before you; but, indeed, to pray for a queen.
PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend e brightest heaven of invention, 
dom for a stage, princes to act
en should the warlike Harry, like himself, 
me the port of Mars; and at his heels, 
h'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and 
fire
for employment. But pardon, gentles all, 
flat unraised spirits that have dared 
this unworthy scaffold to bring forth 
great an object: can this cockpit hold 
asty fields of France? or may we cram
thin this wooden O the very cockpits
at did affright the air at Agincourt? 
pardon! since a crooked figure may
est in little place a million;
d let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
your imaginary forces work,
pose within the girdle of these walls
ow confined two mighty monarchies,
ose high upreared and abutting fronts
 perilous narrow ocean parts asunder;
out our imperfections with your thoughts;
 a thousand parts divide one man,
d make imaginary puissance;
ink, when we talk of horses, that you see them 
ting their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
'tis your thoughts that now must deck our 
kings,
ry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
ing the accomplishment of many years

THE LIFE OF

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Fifth.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, his brothers to the King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD,
DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.
DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and 
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
SIR THOMAS GREY.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUEL-
MORRIS, JAMY, officers in King 
Henry's army.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers in the 
same.
PISTOL, NVM, 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 GRANDPÆ, French Lords.
GOVERNOR of Harfleur.
MONTJOY, a French Herald.
Ambassadors to the King of England.
ISABEL, Queen of France.
KATHERINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel.
ALICE, a lady attending on her.
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly 
Mistress Quickly, and now married to 
Pistol.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, 
Messengers, and Attendants.
Chorus.

SCENE: England; afterwards France.

Into an hour-glass: for the which supply, 
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Gently-like your humble patience pray, 
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [Exit.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. An ante-chamber in the 
King's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the 
Bishop of Ely.

CANT. My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is 
urged,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
ELY. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
CANT. It must be thought on. If it pass
against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the church
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.
ELY. This would drink deep.
CANT. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
As I perceived his grace would fain have done
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms
And generally to the crown and seat of Fran
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

**Ely.** What was the impediment that was
this off?

**Cant.** The French ambassador upon
instant
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is
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
[Exe.

---

**Scene II. The same. The Presence chamber.**

**Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, Attendants.**

**K. Hen.** Where is my gracious Lord of Canberbury?

**Exe.** Not here in presence.

**K. Hen.** Send for him, good Sir West. Shall we call in the ambassador, liege?

**K. Hen.** Not yet, my cousin: we would resolve,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and Fra
reading.

**Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Ely.**

**Cant.** God and his angels guard your sat
throne
And make you long become it!

**K. Hen.** Sure, we thank
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, war, or bow your
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles missreate, 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 per
How you awake our sleeping sword of war;
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed.
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltles do
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto
swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjunction speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience was
As pure as sin with baptism.

**Cant.** Then hear me, gracious sovereign,
you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives and services.

---

**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 promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
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 theoric:
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 obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unprun'd, yet creasive in his faculty.

**Cant.** It must be so; for miracles are ceased;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

**Ely.** But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged 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 invocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

**Ely.** How did this offer seem received, my
lord?

**Cant.** With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag; Look back into your mighty ancestors: Go, my dread lord, to your great-grand sire's tomb, From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit, And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince, Who 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 should reuse 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 sovereign, Shall be a wall sufficient to defend Our inland from the piffering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only, But fear the main intent 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 unfurnished kingdom Came pouring, like the tide into a breach, With ample and brim fulness of his force, Galling the gleaned land with hot assays, Girding with grievous siege castles and towns; That England, being empty of defence, Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood. Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege: For hear her but examined 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.

Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
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 pillage 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-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o' er to execution male
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariwise:
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 withal 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.

[Exeunt some Attendants.

Now are we well resolved; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces; or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
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 mouth.
Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepared 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 give us leisure,
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 Christ king:
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretchesetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed pleasance
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb. Thus, then, in few words:
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advised 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 tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speak.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is pleasant 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 chaces. 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 valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourselves
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 me 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 son
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
KING HENRY V.

ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

or. Now all the youth of England are on fire, silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies; thrive the armourers, and honour's thought is solely in the breast of every man: we are the pasture now to buy the horse, wing the mirror of all Christian kings, winged heels, as English Mercury, now sits Expectation in the air, hides a sword from hilts unto the point; crowns imperial, crowns and coronets, to Harry and his followers.

French, advised by good intelligence is most dreadful preparation, e in their fear and with pale policy to divert the English purposes.

Ireland! model to thy inward greatness, little body with a mighty heart, mightist thou do, that honour would thee do, all thy children kind and natural! see thy fault! France hath in thee found out of hollow bosoms, which he fills treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second, Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third, Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland, for the gift of France,—O guilt indeed!—rind's conspiracy with fearful France; by their hands this grace of kings must die, if and treason hold their promises, to take ship for France, and in Southampton.

Linger your patience on; tand we'll digest The abuse of distance; force a play:
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene Is now transported, gentle, to Southampton;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
to give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Upto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.

SCENE I. London. A street.

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; yet shall I do, what I dare not speak; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the 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 throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tickle, 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 gentlemen who 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 willful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Fish!

Pist. Fish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd 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 mervalous face;
The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat.
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy, and heart, 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 Barbazon; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you differently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may: and that's the humour of it.
Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and 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 hilts, as I am a soldier. [Draws.]
Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abide.
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. 'Couple a gorge!' That is the word. I thee defy again. O bound of Crecid, think'st thou my spouse to get? No; to the spinal go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind, 
Doll Tarseesh 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 you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.
Bard. Away, you rogue! 90 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'erwell, and friends for food howl on!
Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?
Pist. Base is the slave that pays. 100
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. Prithie, put up.
Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting? [Exeunt.
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinent
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use,
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, yet my eye will verily 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 bottch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety.
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion's gait walk through 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 affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious? 130
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 complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indue'd
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; 140
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 acquit them of their practices!
E.xe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland. 150
Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath disco-
very'd;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.
Cam. For me, the gold of France did not
seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive:
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 155
Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.
K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear
your sentence.
You have conspired against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd and from his
coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death:
Wherein you would have sold your king to
slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
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.
[Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, guarded.
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings, We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III. London. Before a tavern.

Enter Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.

Host. Prithée, 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 Falstaffe is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.
Bard. Would I were with him, wondrous'er
he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he
Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Art's
bosome. He made a finer end and went away;
it had been any christom child; a parted
just between twelve and one, even at the turn
of the tide: for after I saw him humble with
sheets and play with flowers and smile upon
fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way:
his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a babbie
green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth
'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a cried
'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now
to comfort him, bid him a' should not thin
God; I hoped there was no need to trouble
self with any such thoughts yet. So a bade
lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand
the bed and felt them, and they were as cold
any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they
as cold as any stone, and so upward and up
and all was as cold as any stone.
Nym. They say he cried out of sack.
Host. Ay, that a did.
Bard. And of women.
Host. Nay, that a did not.
Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they w
devils incarnate.
Host. A' could never abide carnation; 't
a colour he never liked.
Boy. A' said once, the devil would have
about women.
Host. A' did in some sort, indeed, har
women; but then he was rachmatic, and tall
of the whore of Babylon.
Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a
stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was
black 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 g
from Southampton.
Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give
thy lips.
Look on my chattels and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word is 'Pitch and Pay:
Trust none;
For oaths are straw, men's faiths are wat
cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leechees, my boy
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!
Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, th
say.
Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.
Bard. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her
Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of
but, adieu.
Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close
thee command.
Host. Farewell; adieu. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Duke
of Alençon, the Dukes of Berri and Bretag
the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with
power upon us;
KING HENRY V.

Of that victorious stock; and let us fear The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.

Go, and bring them.

(Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.

You see this chaste is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop 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 Exeunt and train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty, That you divest yourself, and lay apart The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven, By law of nature and of nations, 'long To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown And all wide-stretched honours that pertain By custom and the ordinance of times Unto the crown of France. That you may know 'Tis no sinister nor any awkward claim, Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days, Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked, He sends you this most memorable line, In every branch truly demonstrative; Willing you overlook this pedigree: And when you find him evenly derived From his most famed of famous ancestors, Edward the Third, he bids you then resign Your crown and kingdom, indirectly 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 fall, 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?
ACT III.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagined 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 pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
Either past or not arrived to birth and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Enter Fluellen.

u. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, villains! [Driving them forward.

st. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.

e thy rage, abate thy manly rage;

e thy rage, great duke! [Bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!]

m. These be good humours! your honour bad humours. [Exit all but Boy.

v. As young as I am, I have observed these swashers. I am boy to them all three: but eye three, though they would serve me, could not man to me; for indeed there is nothing at amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is

livered and red-faced; by the means whereby

faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he is

a killing tongue and a quiet sword: by the

is whereof a breaks words, and keeps whole

ons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of

words are the best men; and therefore he

to say his prayers, lest a should be thought

vard: but his few bad words are matched

as few good deeds; for a never broke any

head but his own, and that was against a

when he was drunk. They will steal any

, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute

here it twelve leagues, and sold it for three

ence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn bro-

in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-

I knew by that piece of service the men

I carry coals. They would have me as

far with men's pockets as their gloves or

kerchers: which makes much against

anhood, if I should take from another's

put into mine: for it is plain pocketing

wounds. I must leave them, and seek some

service: their villany goes against my weak

k, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit.

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

u. Captain Fluellen, you must come pre-

ty to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester

speak with you.

v. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not

to come to the mines; for, look you, the

is not according to the disciplines of the

the concavities of it is not sufficient; for,

you, th' athirversary, you may discuss unto

ike, look you, is digt himself four yard

under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think a'

will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the

order of the siege is given, is altogether directed

by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, I faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world:

I will verify as much in his beard: he has no

more directions in the true disciplines of the wars,

look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a

puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy.

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain,

Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous

gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition

and knowledge in th' auncient wars, upon my

particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu,

he will maintain his argument as well as any

military man in the world, in the disciplines of

the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain

James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have

you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work

ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat.

By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the

work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blew

up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour:

O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish

illo done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech 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 com-

munication; 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.

Jamy. It shall be vary gud, gud feith, gud

captains bath: and I shall quit you with gud love,

as I may pick occasion; that saill I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish

save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the

wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no

time to discourse. The town is beseeched, 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 throats to be cut, and

works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so

Chrish sa'me, la!

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine

take themselves to slother, ay'll de gud service,

or ay'll lig i' the grund for it: ay, or go to death;

and ay'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that saill

I suerly do, that is the breff and the long.

Marry, I wad full fain hear some question twen

you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you,

under your correction, there is not many of your

nation—

Mac. Of your nation! What ish my nation?

Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a
rascal. What is my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affection as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will out off your head.

Gov. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that's a foul fault.

Gov. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

SCENE III. The same. Before the gates.

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as bell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil and villany.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
While's the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jevry 40
At Herod's bloody-hunting slautermen.

What say you? will you yield, and this avow
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise to great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft merc
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, use
Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur: there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

Flourish. The King and his train enter the to.

SCENE IV. The French King's palace.

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut
J'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous
main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les dois
mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense
que l'sont appelés de fngres; out, de fngres

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, fngres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier;
gagné deux mots d'Anglois vitément. Comment
appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de

Kath. De eiles. Ecoutez; dites-moi; parle bien: de hand, de fngres, et de eiles.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort
Anglois.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répét.
de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris d
présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, conn
pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez; de hand de fngres, de eiles, de arma, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie-
ebew. Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sn. Le col, de nick; de mer de sn.

Alice. Oui. San votre honneur, en ve
vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les
Anglois.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, p
grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.
Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?

Cath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement:
hand, de fingres, de maills,—
Alice. De nails, madame.
Cath. De nails, de arm, de libow. 50
Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.
Cath. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de
 commentator appelez-vous le pied et la robe? Alice. De foot, madame; et de cown.
Cath. De foot et de cown! O Seigneur Dieu! Je vous prie de prononcer ces mots devant un seigneur de France pour tout le monde. Le foot et le cown! Néanmoins, je reciterai autrefois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de res, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de de foot, de cown.

SCENE V. The same.

er the Koin of France, the Dauphin, the Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others. Vert. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

m. And if he be not fought withal, my lord, 10
us not live in France; let us quit all
give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
am. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays
emptying of our fathers' luxury, scions, put in wild and savage stock,
t up so suddenly into the clouds, overlook their graffiers?
ur. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
10 de ma vie! if they march along
sight withal, but I will sell my dukedom, uyy a slobbery and a dirty farm
at nook-shotten isle of Albion.

v. Dieu de batailles! where have they this
mettle?
at their climate foggy, raw and dull,
hom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
g their fruit with frowns? Can sodden
water,
tich for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
et their cold blood to the highest heat? 20
shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
frosty? O, for honour of our land,
is not hang like roping icicles
our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people

t drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!

u. By faith and honour, 30
قاد mamds mock at us, and plainly say
nette is bred out and they will give
bodies to the lust of English youth
the nails, dearm France with bastard warriors.

w. They bid us to the English dancing-
schools, each lavolts high and swift coronts; g our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence:

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance. Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged More sharper than your swords, hie to the field: Charles Delabreth, high constable of France; 40 You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri, Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy; Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont, Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussii, and Fauconberg, Fox, Lestrange, Bouciqualt, and Charolais; High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and
knights, For your great seats now quit you of great

shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land With pennons painted in the blood of Harleure: Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow 50

Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon: Go down upon him, you have power enough, And in a captive chariot into Rouen Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great. Sorry am I his numbers are so few, His soldiers 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. 60

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 Rouen. Dau. 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, meeting.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as 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 blessed!—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 Auncient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not. 20

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.
KING HENRY V.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well. Flu. Ay, I praiseth Lord; 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 fickle wheel, That goddess blind, That stands upon the rolling restless stone— Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffer afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind: 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 stolen a pax, and hanged must a' be: A damned death! Let all shall grape 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: go Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee require. 

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is no 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 cutpurse. Flu. I'll assure you, 'tis uttered as brave words at the bridge 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 goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a heard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among mingling bottles and ale-washed women, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such sanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower, I perceive he is not the man that he would make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [Drum here. Hark you, the king is coming, and I must up with him from the bridge. 

Drum and colours. Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Soldiers. 

God please your majesty! 

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge? 

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained his pride: the French is gone off, look you; there is gallant and most brave passages: many anath'versary was have possession of the place, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pride: I can tell you, majesty, the duke is a brave man. 

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen? 

Flu. The perfidious of them' anath'versary hath been very great, reasonable great marry, formy; I think the duke hath lost never a man, but that is like to be executed for robbing a cruel one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man his face is all bunionkes, and whirls, and kn and flames o'fire: and his lips blows at his nose; and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plute sometimes rest; but his nose is executed, and fire's out. 

K. Hen. We would have all such offended cut off: and we give express charge, that in marches through the country, there be not compelled from the villages, nothing taken paid for, none of the French upbrained or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity cruelly play for a kingdom, the gentler game is the soonest winner. 

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what know of thee? 

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it. 

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Hol of England: Though we seemed dead, we do sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rash Tell him we could have rebuked him at Har but that we thought not good to bruise an till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our and our voice is imperial: England shall re his folly, see his weakness, and admire our st. Bid him therefore consider of his rant which must proportion the losses we have be the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we digested; which in weight to re-answer, his p ness would bow under. For our losses, his ei quar is too poor; for the effusion of our bl murder of his kingdom too faint a number; for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling a feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction this add defiance, and tell him, for conclusion hath betrayed his followers, whose condem pronounced. So far my king and master much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know quality.
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NE VI.] 453

font. Montjoy.

2. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, I'll tell thy king I do not seek him now; nor do I mean to be willing to march on to Calais.  

Rough imprisonment: for, to say the sooth, thou'st no wisdom to confess so much to an enemy of craft and vantage, people are with sickness much enfeebled; numbers lessened, and those few I have got no better than so many French;  

so when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, caught upon one pair of English legs  

march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,  

it I do brag thus! This your air of France is blown that vice in me; I must repent. therefore, tell thy master here I am;  

ransom is this frail and worthless trunk, army but a weak and sickly guard;  

God before, tell him we will come on,  

thou art hence, and such another neighbour  

and in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.  

bid thy master well advise himself:  

may we pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,  

shall your tawny ground with your red blood colour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.  

sum of all our answer is but this: would not seek a battle, as we are;  

as we are, we say we will not shun it:  

all your master.  

fonf. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. 

[Exit.  

fon. I hope they will not come upon us now.  

- Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.  

rch to the bridge; it now draws toward night: and the river we'll encamp ourselves, till on to-morrow bid them march away. 

[Exeunt.  

NE VII. The French camp, near Agincourt.  

"I. The Constable of France, the Lord Ralambre, Orleans, Dauphin, with others.  

on. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!  

rl. You have an excellent armour; but let horse have his due.  

on. It is the best horse of Europe.  

rl. Will it never be morning?  

"au. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high-stable, you talk of horse and armour!  

rl. You are as well provided of both as any in the world.  

"au. What a long night is this! I will not use my horse with any that tire but on four  

ears. Ca, ha! he bounds from the earth, as its entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the  

asus, chez les naines de feu! When I bestride him, what say all the world: the  

signs when he touches it; the basest horn  

hoof is more musical than the pipe of  

mes.  

rl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.  

au. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a  

beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other  

jades you may call beasts.  

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.  

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage.  

Orl. No more, cousin.  

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on: and for the world, familiar to us and unknown to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'—  

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.  

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed 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 mistress 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 strait slasses.  

Con. You have good judgement 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 vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:' thou makest use of any thing.  

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.  

Rarn. 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 superfluousness, and 'tware 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 morn-
KING HENRY V.

ACT IV.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time When creeping murmur and the poring dark Fills the wide vessel of the universe. From camp to camp through the foul wond night The hum of either army stilly sounds, That the fixed sentinels almost receive The secret whispers of each other's watch: Fire answers fire, and through their paly flame Each battle sees the other's ember'd face; Steed threatens steed, 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 cocks do crow, the clocks do toll, And the third hour of drowsy morning name. Proud of their numbers and secure in soul, The confidant and over-lusty French Do the low-rated English play at dice; And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night Who like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp So tediously away. The poor condemned English Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires Sit patiently and inly ruminate The morning's danger, and their gesture sad Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coat Presenteth them unto the gazing sun So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold The royal captain of this ruin'd band Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!' For forth he goes and visits all his host, Bids them good morning with a modest smile, And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen. Upon his royal face there is no note How dread an army hath enrounded him; Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour Unto the weary and all-watch'd night, But freely looks and over-bears 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, f that mean and gentle all, Behold, as may unworthiness define, A little touch of Harry in the night And so our scene must to the battle fly;
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?


Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. My liege, I am.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate

Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee, then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. {Exit.

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and anachronous prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will. {Exit Gower and Fluellen.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,

There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks 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 condi-
tions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness
he appears but a man; and though his affections
are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they
stoope, they stoope 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 be, by showing it,
should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage
he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he
could wish himself in Thames up to the neck;
and so I would he were, and I by him, at all ad-
ventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my con-
science of the king: I think he would not wish
himself anywhere but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so
should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many
poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to
wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this
to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not
die any where so contented as in the king's com-
pany; his cause being just and his quarrel
honorable.

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 obedi-
ence to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

K. Hen. But if the cause be not good, the king
himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when
all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in
a battle, shall join together at the latter day and
cry all 'We died at such a place; some swearing,
some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives
left poor behind them, 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 anything,
when blood is their argument? Now, if these
men do not die well, it will be a black matter for
the king that led them to it; whom to disobey
were against all proportion of subjection.

Will. 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 com-
mand transporting a sum of money, be assaulted
by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniqui-
ties, 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 arbitrement of swords,
can try it out with all unsighted soldiers: some
peradventure have on them the guilt of premedit-
ated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling
virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some,
making the war their livelihood, that have before
gotten 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 at
God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance.

That here men are punished for before-breache
of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: when
they feared the death, they have borne life and
and where they would be safe, they perish: if
they die unprovided, no more is the king gu-
ished of their damnation than he was before guilt-
less the king of their damnation before he was guilt-
less. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do
as every sick man in bed, wash every mote out of his conscience:
dying so, death is to him advantage; or
dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein
preparation was gained: and in him that escaped
it were not sin to think that, making God so an offer. He let him outlive that day to see
greatness and to teach others how they shouId
prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies
the ill upon his own head, the king is not to
swear it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer 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 chal-
legen: but when our throats are cut, he may
ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never
to his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That's a per
egot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and pri-
disorder can do against a monarch! you
as well go about to turn the sun to ice with
ning in his face with a peacock's feather. I
never trust his word after! come, 'tis a fo
saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too ro
I should be angry with you, if the time con
venient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if
live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, an
will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever
carest acknowledge it, I will make it my qua

Will. Here's my glove: give me another
thing.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if
 thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'I
is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee
on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will
cense it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I
see in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools: if
friend the death, they have borne life and
ought to know how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay tw
French crowns to one, they will beat us: they
bear them on their shoulders: but it i
fish treason to cut French crowns, and to
-row the king himself be a clipper.
[Exeunt Soldiers.

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O
Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their withers'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have
built
Two chapels, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. My liege!
K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends and all things stay for me.
[Exeunt.

Scene II. The French camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures,
and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my
lords!
Dan. Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet!
Jaquises! ha!
Orl. O brave spirit!
Dan. Via! les eaux et la terre.
Orl. Rien puis? 'Air et le feu.

Enter Constable.

New, my lord constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!
Dan. Mount them, and make incision in their
hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doute them with superfluous courage, ha!
Rom. What, will you have them weep our
horses' blood?
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French
peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight
to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair shew 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
To give each naked curtle-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 hindling foe,  
Though we upon this mountain’s basis by  
Took stand for idle speculation:  
But that our honours must not. What’s to say?  
A very little 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 couch down in fear and yield.

Enter Grandpre.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of  
France?  
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,  
Ill-favouredly become the morning field:  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:  
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar’d host  
And faints through a rusty beaver peoples:  
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 gimmal bit  
Lies foul with chew’d grass, still and motionless;  
And their executors, the knavish crews,  
Fly o’er them, all impatient for their hour.  
Description cannot suit itself in words  
To demonstrate the life of such a battle  
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they  
stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and  
fresh suits  
And give their fasting horses provended;  
And after fight with them?  

Con. I stay but for my guidon: to the field!  
I will the banner from a trumpet take,  
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!  
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.  

[Exeunt.

Scene III. The English camp.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Ear- 
pingham, with all his host: 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  
ods.  
God be wi’ you, princes all; ’tll 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 go  
luck go with thee!  
Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly  
day:  
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,  
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour  
[Exeunt Salisbury  
Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness.  
Princely in both.  

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to-day!  

K. Hen. What’s he that wishes  
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cous  
If we are mark’d to die, we are enow  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewest men, the greater share of honour.  
God’s will! I pray thee, wish not one man me  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yeans 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 Engla  
God’s peace! I would not lose so great an hon  
As one man more, methinks, would share wi’  
 me  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish  
more!  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through  
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 hon  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say ‘To-norrow is Saint Crispian!’  
Then will he strike his sleeve and show his scar  
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 feasts he did that day: then shall our nati  
Familiar in his mouth as household words;  
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glouce  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember’d.  
This story shall the good man teach his son  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne’er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remember’d;  
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 accursed they were  
here,  
And hold their hands cheap whiles any spe  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin’s day.
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Whate'er they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.
Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.
K. Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come again
for ransom.

Enter York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee
I beg
The leading of the vaward. 130
K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers,
march away:
And how thou pleastest, God, dispose the day!
[Exeunt.

Scene IV. The field of battle.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French
Soldier, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur!
Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme
de bonne qualité.
Pist. Qualitative calme, custuere me! Art thou
a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.
Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!
Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signeur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.
Pist. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié
de moi!
Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty
moys:
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.
Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force
de ton bras?
Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?
Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!
Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of
moys?
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.
Boy. Écoutez; comment êtes-vous appelé?
Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.
Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.
Pist. Master Fer! I 'll fer him, and 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. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?
KING HENRY V.

Scene V. Another part of the field.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Repaeoch and everlasting shame:

Sits mocking in our plumes. O most happy 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 pander, 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, frie now!

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

But we are now yet living in the field To smother up the English in our throats, If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll throng;

Let life be short; else shame will be too late.

Scene VI. Another part of the field

Enter King Henry and fo. Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice worthymen:

But all's not done; yet keep the French the Duke of York commends h your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice this hour I saw him down; thrice up again, and fight From the spur to all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth Larding the plain; and by his bloody side, Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds, The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled on Comes to him, where, in gore he lay instead And takes him by the beard; kisses the gant That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk My soul shall thine keep company to heavy Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abroad As in this glorious and well-foughten field We kept together in our chivalry.'

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up He smiled me in the face, caught me his And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my Commend my service to my sovereign.'

So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his hand And so espoused to death, with blood he so A testament of noble-enduring love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forced Those waters from me which I would have st 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 mistit eyes, or they will issue too.

But, hark! what new alarm is this same? The French have reinforced their scattered. Then every soldier kill his prisoners:

Give the word through.

Scene VII. Another part of the field

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! pressly against the law of arms: 'tis as a
of knavery, mark you now, as can be;
In your conscience, now, is it not?
"Tis certain there's not a boy left alive;
He cowardly rascals that ran from the battle
One this slaughter: besides, they have burned
Their way all that was in the king's tent;
Ere the king, most worthy, hath caused
Soldier to cut his prisoner's throat.
"Tis a king!

Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain
What call you the town's name where
Under the Pig was born?

Alexander the Great.

Why, why you pray, is not pig great?
The great, or the mighty, or the huge, or
Magnanimous, are all one reckoning, save
Horse is a little variations.

I think Alexander the Great was born
Acedon; his father was called Philip of
As, take it.

I think it is in Macedonia where Alexander
Tell you, captain, if you look in the
Of the 'ord, I warrant you shall find, in
The argosies between Macedonia and Monmouth,
His situations, look you, is both alike.
There is no
In Macedonia; and there is also moreover
At Monmouth: it is called Wyke at Mon-
It is out of my prams what is the
Of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike
Fingers is to my fingers, and there is none
In both. If you mark Alexander's life well,
Of Monmouth's life is come after it indif-
Well; for there is figure in all things.

Fingers, and his furies, and his wrathes, and his
And his moods, and his displeasures, and
dignations, and also being a little intoxicates
Prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look
All his best friend, Cletus.

Our king is not like him in that:
He killed any of his friends.

It is not well done, mark you now, to
The tales out of my mouth, ere it is made
Mish'd. I speak but in the figures and
Scenes of it: as Alexander killed his friend
Being in his ales and his cups; so also
Monmouth, being in his right wits and his
Judgements, turned away the fat knight
He great belly-doublet; he was full of jests,
Pipe, and knavery, and mocks; I have
Such a man.

Sir John Falstaff.

That is he: I'll tell you there is good
Born at Monmouth.

Here comes his majesty.

Enter King Henry, and forces;
Nick, Gloucester, Exeter, and others.

Hen. I was not angry since I came to
France this instant.
Take a trumpet, herald; thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
'll fight with us, bid them come down,
Of the field: they do offend our sight
'll do neither, we will come to them,
Take them skirry away, as swift as stoves
ced from the old Assyrian slings:
es, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
Not a man of them that we shall take

Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French,
my liege.

Glou. His eyes are humbler than they used
to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald?
Know'st thou not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?
Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To look our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
Do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs:
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.
K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength,
For it!

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.
K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory,
An't please your majesty, and your great-uncle
Edward the Black Prince of Wales, as I have
read in the chronicles, fought a most brave battle
Here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your
Majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen
did good service in a garden where leeks did grow,
Wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which,
your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable
Badge of the service; and I do believe your
Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint
Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your
Majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can
tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long
As it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's country-
man, I care not who know it; I will confess it to
All the 'ord: I need not to be ashamed of your
Majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty
Is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go
With him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.]
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? [129]

Will. An’t please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o’ th’ ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an’t please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as ardent a villain as any in the kingdom, as ever his black shoe trod upon God’s ground and his earth, in my conscience, ha! [150]

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 literated 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, and thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace doo’s me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I will not fail to see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove; that is all; but I would fail see it once, an’ please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an’ please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [Exit.

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchase him a box o’ th’ ear; [181
It is the soldier’s; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant
And touched with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury; [189
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exit.

SCENE VIII. Before Henry’s pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, capt.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God’s will and his pleasure, capta, beseech you now, come apace to the king: it is more good toward you perchance to return your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge [Strikes.

Flu. ’Sblood! an arrant traitor as any in universal world, 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 treasur his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That’s a lie in thy throat. I charge in his majesty’s name, apprehend him: be friendly 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—pray be God for it—a most contagious treason to light, look you, as you shall desire in a sum 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 that your majesty is take out of the helmet of Aler.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; he the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in chalice promised to wear it in his cap; I promise strike him, if he did: I met this man with glove in his cap, and I have been as good as word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving majesty’s manhood, what an arrant, rascal, garly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty may find him and witness, and will appear, that this is the glove of Alençon, that majesty is give me; in your conscience, now?

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, is the fellow of it.

Twas I, indeed, thou promised’st to strike; And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his answer for it, if there is any martial law in world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfy?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from heart: never came any from mine that offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was myself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like you appeared to me but as a common man: taste the night, your garments, your lowliness and what your highness suffered under that shelter: I beseech you take it for your own fault and mine: for had you been as I took you for, I
KING HENRY V.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or that, or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty,
to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain: but with this acknowledg-
ment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum;'
The dead with charity enclosed in clay:
And then to Calais; and to England then:

Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Awhart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-
mouth'd sea,
Which like a mighty whistler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemly see him set on to London.

So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vAILNESS and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Caesar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever changed,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play’d.
The interim, by remembering you ‘tis past.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [Exit.

**Scene I. France. The English camp.**

**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, beg-
garly, lousy, praggling knave, Pistol, which you
and yourself and all the world know to be no better
than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is
to 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 bred no contention
with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my
cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell
him a little piece of my desires.

**Enter Pistol.**

**Gow.** Why, here he comes, swelling like a
turkey-cock.

**Flu.** ’Tis no matter for his swellings nor his
turkey-cocks. God pess you, Aunchient Pistol!
your scurvy, lousy knave, God pess you!

**Pist.** Ha! art thou beddam? dost thou thirst,
base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca’s fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

**Flu.** I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy
knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my
petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because,
look you, you do not love it, nor your affections
and your appetites and your disgustions doo’s not
agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

**Pist.** Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

**Flu.** There is one goat for you. [Strikes him.]
Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it? 31

**Pist.** Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

**Flu.** You say very true, scauld knave, when
God’s will is: I will desire you to live in the
mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is
sauce for it. [Strikes him.] You called me yester-
day 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; 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 toxcomb.

**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 re-
venge: 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 swell it by.

**Pist.** Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

**Flu.** Much good do you, scauld knave, heart.
Nay, pray you, throw none away, the skin
is good for your broken coxcomb. When you are
occasional to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, no
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.** Ye, yes: verily and in truth, you shall,
for I have another leek in my pocket, with
you shall eat.

**Pist.** I take thy groat in earnest of revenge
Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay
in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and
nothing of me but cudgels. God b’w’th you,
you keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.

**Pist.** All hell shall stir for this.

**Gow.** Go, go; you are a counterfeit coward
knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition
begun upon an honourable respect, and worn
a memorable trophe of predeceased valour and,
not avouch in your deeds? May of your words
have some you gleaning and galing at this
time? twice or thrice. You thought, be
not could not speak English in the native garb
could not therefore handle an English cudgel,
you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a W.
correction teach you a good English condition.

**Flu.** Fare ye well.

**Pist.** Doth Fortune play the huswif with
now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead: I the spic
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax: and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgel’d. Well, bawd I’ll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick han.
To England will I steal, and there I’ll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgel’d so.
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [E

**Scene II. France. A royal palace.**

**Enter, at one door, King Henry, Duke
Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, W
Moreland, and other Lords; at another,
French King, Queen Isabel, the Prince
Katharine, Alice and other Ladies;
Duke of Burgundy, and his train.**

**K. Hen.** Peace to this meeting, wherefor
are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wi
To our most fair and princeful cousin Kathar
And, as a branch and member of this royalty
By whom this great assembly is contrived, 80
And, as branches of French, and peers, health to you.

**Fr. King.** Right joyous are we to be
your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
So are you, princes English, every one.

**Q. Is.** So happy be the issue, brother con
land,
Of this good day and of this gracious meet
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in the
KING HENRY V.

To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
And take with you fresh power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageous for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us? 91
Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here
With us:
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot
speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love
me soundly with your French heart, I will be
glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your
English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is
like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you
are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les
angels?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi
dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I
must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes
sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What say you, the fair one? that the
tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues de de mans is be
full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-
woman. 'T faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy
understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no
better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst
find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think
I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know
no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say
'I love you:' then if you urge me farther than to
say 'do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give
me your answer; I faith, do: and so clap hands
and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand
veill.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses
or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid
me: for the one, I have neither words nor mea-
sure, and for the other, I have no strength in
measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength.
If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my elocution, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of 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 thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perform may do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of in- finite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I could love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate, but, in loving me, you would 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 quand sur le possess de France, et quand vous avez le possess de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. 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 votre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, it's not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much En- glish, 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 loveth me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentleman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to dispose those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully: the rather, gentle princess, because I love it cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, and I a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I thee with simpering, and thou must thereof needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not, and I, between Saint Denis and Saint God pig a compound a boy, half French, half English, I shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk the beard! shall we not? what sayest thou, fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you endear your French part of such a b and for my English moiety take the word king, a bachelor. How answer you, la belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et vin déesse?

Kath. Your majestee ave fausse Fre enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false Fren By mine honour, in true English, I love th King: by which honour I dare not swear t lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor untempering effect of my visage. Now, shrew my father's ambition! he was thinking take me, thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shal me, if thou wear me, better and better: therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will have me? Put off your maiden brushes; avo the thoughts of your heart with the looks of thence; if thou wast to see me, as I am thine: what think'st thou, if I should no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is th France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is th who, though I speak it before his face, if he not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find best king of good fellows. Come, your air in broken music; for thy voice is music and English broken; therefore, queen of all, Kata, break thy mind to me in broken Eng different thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it sail please de roi mon p

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kat it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sail also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vo grandeur en faisant la main d'une de vos neuve indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vi sur vous en très-puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour
KING HENRY V.

Many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them prospectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; so the maid that stood in the way of my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter first, and then in sequel all, According to their firm proposed nations.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, Notre trés-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France; and thus in Latin, Praeclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliae, et Hæres Franciae.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest;

And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up

Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms

Of France and England, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,

May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction

480

Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord

In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance;

His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[Flourish.

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one! As man and wife, being two, are one in love, So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal, That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage, Thrust in between the pation of these kingdoms, To make divorce of their incorporate league; That English may as French, French Englishmen,

Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on which day, My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath, And all the peers, for surety of our leagues. Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me; And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[Exeunt.
EPILOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant 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 the sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

[Ex.
THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Sixth.
Duke of Gloucester, uncle to the King, and Protector.
Duke of Bedford, uncle to the King, and Regent of France.
Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.
Henry Beaufort, great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.
John Beaufort, Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
John Talbot, his son.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Sir John Fastolfe.
Sir William Lucy.
Sir William Glansdale.
Sir Thomas Gargrave.
Mayor of London.
Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Vernon, of the White-Rose or York faction.

Bassw., of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.
A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.
Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alençon.
Bastard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.
Countess of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

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 Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night! / Comets, importune 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. / Glow. 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, / Fore dazzled and drove back his enemies; / He, mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces; / What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech: / He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in 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 contrived his end? / Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings / Unto the French the dreadful judgement-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. / Glow. The church! where is it? / Had not churchmen pray'd, / His thread of life had not so soon decay'd: / None do you like but an effeminate prince, / Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe. / Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art / His protector / And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may. 40

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the
flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your
minds in peace:

Let's to the altar; heralds, wait on us:
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babies shall
suck,
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.

Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke:
Prosper this realm. keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Caesar or bright —

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter and descomititure:
Guinée, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Gisors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead
Henry's corpse?

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield
the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery
was used?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and
money.

Among the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-lyuces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of
France.

Give me my steel'd coat. I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad
mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite; 99
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon fleeth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly
him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?
Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemie
themselves.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my
prowardness?

An army have I musted in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your lament
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hear's
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? I'ts a
Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o' the

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 hedg;
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 every where, enraged he flew
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood aghast on him;
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain.
And rush'd into the bowls of the battle.
Here had the contest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward;
He, being in the vaward, placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assemble
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 foemen is betray'd.

Mess. O no, he lives; but is 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 hate 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;
I bold in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal;
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Of bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake. 

Less. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged; 

England army is grown weak and faint; 

Earl of Salisbury craveth supply, 

hardly keeps his men from mutiny, 

they, so few, watch such a multitude. 

See. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry 

sworn, 

her to quell the Dauphin utterly, 

bring him in obedience to your yoke. 

I. I remember it; and here take my 

leave, 

go about my preparation. 

[Exit. 

stay. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can, 

view the artillery and munition; 

then I will proclaim young Henry king. 

[Exeunt. 

To Eltham will I, where the young king is, 

ordain'd his special governor, 

for his safety there I'll best devise. 

[Exit. 

Each hath his place and function to 

attend: 

left out; for me nothing remains. 

long I will not be Jack out of office: 

king from Eltham I intend to steal 

sit at chiefest stern of public weal. 

[Exeunt. 

SCENE II. France. Before Orleans. 

and a flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, 

and REIGNIER, marching with drum and 

drums. 

Mar's his true moving, even as in the 

heavens 

the earth, to this day is not known: 

did he shine upon the English side; 

are victors; upon us he smiles. 

towns of any moment but we have? 

measure here we lie near Orleans; 

enemies he islikelie English, pale ghosts, 

bly besiege us one hour in a month. 

They want their porridge and their fat 

bull-bees: 

they must be dieted like mules 

have their provender tied to their mouths 

means they will look, like drowned mice. 

Let's raise the siege: why live we idly 

here? 

is taken, whom we wont to fear: 

ninth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury; 

he may well in fretting spend his gall, 

men nor money hath he to make war. 

Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on 

them. 

for the honour of the forlorn French! 

I forgive my death that killeth me 

see me go back one foot or fly. 

alarum; they are beaten back by the 

English with great loss. 

[Re-enter CHARLES, 

ALENCON, and REIGNIER. 

Who ever saw the like? what men 

have I! 

cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have 

that they left me 'midst my enemies. 

ti. Salisbury is a desperate homicide; 

ighteth as one weary of his life, 

other lords, like lions wanting food, 

Do rush upon us as their hungry prey. 

Av. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records, 

England all Olivers and Rowlands bred 

During the time Edward the Third did reign. 

More truly now may this be verified; 

For none but Sansoms and Goliases 

it sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten! 

Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose 

They had such courage and audacity? 

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hare- 

brain'd slaves, 

and hunger will enforce them to be more eager: 

Of old I know them; rather with their teeth. 

The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege. 

Reig. I think, by some odd glimmers or device 

Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on; 

Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do. 

By my consent, we'll even let them alone. 

Av. Be it so. 

Enter the Bastard of Orleans. 

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have 

news for him. 

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome 

to us. 

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer 

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 descry. 

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words, 

For they are certain and unfallible. 

Char. Go, call her in. [Exit Bastard.] But 

first, to try her skill, 

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place: 

Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern: 

By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. 

Re-enter the Bastard of Orleans, with JOAN 

LA PUCELLE. 

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond 

rous feats? 

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile 

me? 

Whereis the Dauphin? Come, come from behind; 

I know thee well, though never seen before. 

Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me: 

In private will I talk with thee apart. 

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile. 

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash. 

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's 

dughter. 

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art. 

Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased 

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 calamy: 

Her aid she promised and assured success: 

In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI. [Act II.]

And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword.
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

Puc. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.
[Here they fight, and Joan La Pucelle overcomes.

Char. Stay, stay thys hand! thou art an Amazon
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Who'e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be;
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above;
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Meantime look gracious on thy proszrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shires this woman to her smock.
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men
do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we go over Orleans, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a drow
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine.
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth.
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise a siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save honours;
Drive them from Orleans and be immortalize.
Char. Presently we'll try: come, let's a about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.
[Exit.]
to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchelsea and his men in tawny coats.

I. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

II. Peep'd priest, dost thou command me to be shot out?

III. I do, thou most usurping predator, not protector, of the king or realm.

IV. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator, I that contrivest to murder our dead lord; I that givest whores indulgences to sin: ananans thee in thy broad cardinal's hat, and proceed in this thy insolence.

V. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot: be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain, thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

VI. I will not stay thee, but I will drive thee back: scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth to carry thee out of this place.

VII. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

VIII. What! am I dared and bearded to my face? men, for all this privileged place; costs to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard; in to tug it and to cuff you soundly:

IX. I walk, thou wilt answer this before the pope.

X. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope! beat them hence; why do you let them stay? I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.

tawnyc coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's, and enter in the hurtly-hurtly the Mayor London and his Officers.

y. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates, contumeliously should break the peace! Mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:

's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king, here dextrain'd the Tower to his use.

n. Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens, that still motions war and never peace, harging your free purses with large fines, seeks to overthrow religion, is he protector of the realm, would have armour here out of the Tower, own himself king and suppress the prince.

u. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [Here they skirmish again.

Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife;

make open proclamation:

officer; as load as e'er thou canst,

All manner of men assembled here in this day against God's peace and the king's, urge and command you, in his highness' repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law: but we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.

This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head; For I intend to have it ere long.

[Exeunt, severally, Gloucester and Winchelsea with their Serving-men.

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.

Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!

I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, a Master Gunner and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged.

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them.

How'ver unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled 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 advantage They may vex us with shot or with assault. To intercept this inconvenient To a piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed; And even these three days have I watch'd, If I could see them. Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer. If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word; And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [Exit. Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care; I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [Exit.

Enter, on the turrets, the Lords Salisbury and Talbot, Sir William Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd! How wert thou handled being prisoner? Or by what means got'st thou to be released? Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles; For him was I exchanged and ransomed. But with a baser man of name far far Once in contempt they would have barter'd me: Which I disdaining scorn'd and craved death Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd. In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired. 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 thou wert entertain’d.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg’d stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame;
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem’d me not secure;
So great fear of my name ’mongst them was spread
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had
That walked about me every minute while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans: Here, through this grate, I count each one
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee,
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.
Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish’d,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.
[Here they shoot. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.
Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!
Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath crossed us?
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek’s side struck off!
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand
That hath contriv’d this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o’ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train’d to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne’er leave striking in the field. 8r
Yetlivest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eyeieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort; 99
Thou shalt not die whiles—
He becometh with his hand and smiles on me,
As who should say ‘When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.’

Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[Here the alarum, and it thunders and lightnings.
What stir is this? what tumult’s in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, my lord, the French gather’d head:
The Dauphin, with one Joaun La Pucelle join,
A holy prophetess new risen up.
Is come with a great power to raise the siege
[Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and goes.
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
Frenchmen, I’ll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I’ll stamp out with my horse’s shank:
And make a quagmire of your mingled brain,
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we’ll try what these dastard Fr. men dare.

[Alarum. Exit Talbot.

Scene V. The same.

Here an alarum again: and Talbot for the Dauphin, and driveth him; then
Joan La Pucelle, driving English before her, and exit after them; then re-
Talbot.
Tal. Where is my strength, my valour my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay the
A woman clad in armour chase them.

Re-enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. I’ll have a bout with
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 seest.
Puc. Come, come, ‘tis only I that must grace thee.
[Here they.
Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to
vail?
My breast I’ll burst with straining of my co
And from my shoulders crack my arms as
But I will chastise this high-minded strump
[They fight a
Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is no
come;
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
[A short alarum: then enter the town
sal.
O’ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strike
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a po
wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquerers as she
So heeves with smoke and doves with noissome
Are from their hives and houses driven awa
They call’d us for our fierceless English do
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[A short ala
countrymen! either renew the fight, 
the lions out of England's coat; 
see your soil, give sheep in lions' stead: 
un not half so treacherous from the wolf, 
or oxen from the leopard, 
fly from your off-subdued slaves.  
[Alarum. Here another skirmish. 
not be; retire into your trenches; 
conseunted into Salisbury's death, 
he would strike a stroke in his revenge. 
is enter'd into Orleans, 
of us or aught that we could do, 
I were to die with this Salisbury! 
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure, 
Having all day caroused and banqueted: 
Embrace we then this opportunity 
As fitting best to quittance their deceit 
Convin'd by art and baleful sorcery, 
Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs 
his fame, 
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude, 
To join with witches and the help of hell! 
Bur. Traitors have never other company. 
But what's that Pucelle whom they term so 
pure? 
Tal. A maid, they say. 
Bed. A maid! and be so martial! 
Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere 
long, 
If underneath the standard of the French 
She carry armour as she hath begun. 
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with 
spirits: 
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name 
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks. 
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow 
thee. 
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess, 
That we do make our entrance several ways; 
That, if it chance the one of us do fail, 
The other yet may rise against their force. 
Bed. Agreed: I'll to yond corner. 
Bur. And I to this. 
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make 
his grave. 
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right 
Of English Henry, shall this night appear 
How much in duty I am bound to both. 
Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make 
assault! [Cry: 'St George,' 'A Talbot.'] 

The French leap over the walls in their skirts. 
Enter, several ways, the Bastard of Orleans, 
ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, half ready, and half 
unready. 

ALEN. How now, my lords! what, all unready so? 
Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scape so 
well. 
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave 
our beds, 
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors. 
ALEN. Of all exploits since first I follow'd 
arms, 
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise 
More venturous or desperate than this. 
Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell. 
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour 
him. 
ALEN. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he 
sped. 
Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.
Enter Charles and La Pucelle.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame? 50
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend? At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improvise soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall’n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default.
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

Reg. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ’d in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: ‘tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this;
To gather our soldiers, scatter’d and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to endanger them.

A larum. Enter an English Soldier, crying ‘A Talbot! a Talbot!’ They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I’ll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword; 80
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name.

Exit.

SCENE II. Orleans. Within the town.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, a Captain, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil’d the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen’d in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I’ll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be inter’d:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,

The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin’s grace.
His new- come champion, virtuous Joan of
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. ’Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when
fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o’er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well see.
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his train.
When arm in arm they both came swiftly:
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We’ll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of
Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst safe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the
Whose glory fills the world with loud rep:
Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter’d with
You may not, my lord, despise her genti
Tal. Ne’er trust me then; for when

Of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman’s kindness over-ruled
And therefore tell her I return great thanks
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly; it is more than man
And I have heard it said, unbidden guest
Not often welcomed when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, since there’s no more.
I mean to prove this lady’s courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [Whispers.] May
ceive my mind?

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean acco

[Exit.]

SCENE III. Anwerpge. The Countess

Enter the Countess and her Port

Count. Porter, remember what I charge;
And when you have done so, bring to me.

Port. Madam, I will.

Count. The plot is laid; if all thing right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus’ death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful kni
And his achievements of no less acco
would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
Cure the censure of these rare reports. 10

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

5. Madam, ting as your ladyship desired,
SSage craved, so is Lord Talbot come.
6. And he is welcome. What? is this the man?
7. Madam, it is.
8. Is this the scourgé of France? the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
with his name the mothers still their babes?
9. Report is fabulous and false:
But I should have seen some Hercules,
And Hector, for his grim aspect,
RGE proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
10. His is a child, a silly dwarf!
Not this weak and writhed shrimp
Strike such terror to his enemies,
Talbot, I have been bold to trouble you;
And your ladyship is not at leisure,
Some other time to visit you.
11. What means he now? Go ask him further he goes.
12. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady
Raves the cause of your abrupt departure.
13. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
Certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.
14. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Prisoner to whom?
15. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
That cause I train'd thee to my house.
16. Im thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
My gallery thy picture hangs:
17. The substance shall endure the like,
Will chain these legs and arms of thine, as
By tyranny these many years.
18. Our country, slay our citizens
At our sons and husbands captivate.
19. Ha, ha, ha!
20. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth
All turn to moan.
21. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
K that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
To practise your severity.
22. Why, art not thou the man?
I am indeed.
23. Then have I substance too.
No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
24. Deceived, my substance is not here;
at you see is but the smallest part
Proportion of humanity;
25. Madam, were the whole frame here,
such a spacious lofty pitch,
Were not sufficient to contain't.
26. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
Be here, and yet he is not here:
These contrarieties agree.
27. That will I show you presently.
Winds his horn, Drums strike up: a Band of ordnance. Enter Soldiers.
28. You, madam? are you now persuaded
Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These 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.
29. Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath; 70
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor mis-construe
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body,
What you have done hath not offended me;
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what vats you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well, 80
Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house.
[Exeunt.

Scene IV. London. The Temple-garden.

Enter the Earl of Surrey, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then,
Between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the 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;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement;
But in these nice sharp quiletts of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plan. 'Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining and so evident
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flat-terer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery.
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset
And say withal I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well object'd;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red.
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;

[To Somerset.

In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him. 8x

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,
Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence, Third son to the third Edward King of England: Spring crested yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or dust not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge, Executed in our late king's day?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou a corrup't, and exempt from ancient gentle
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman?

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted to die for treason, but no traitor.
And that I'll prove on better men than S". Were growing time once ripen'd to my will
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:

Look to it well and say you are well warn'd
Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready to still:
And know us by these colours for thy foe
For these my friends in spite of thee shall

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and rose,
As consequence of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave.
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward and be choke'd with bition!

And so farewell until I meet thee next.


Plan. How I am braved and must endure it!

War. This blot that they object against house
Shall I, ere wiped out in the next parliament
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster,
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
Grown to this faction in the Temple-gardens,
Shall send between the red rose and the thorns
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear this

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say this quarrel will drink blood another day

Scene V. The Tower of London

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair

Goaler.

Mer. Kind keepers of my weak decay!
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So far with my limbs with long imprisonment
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of old
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthenin
Finding his usurpation most unjust, 
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason moved these warlike lords to this 
Was, for that—young King Richard thus removed, 70
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 four of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir, 80
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, ween'd to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny. 100
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fix'd is the house of Lancaster
And like a mountain, not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are eloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that
slaughterer doth

Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [Dies.

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parted soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

[Exit Gaolers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to REDRESS;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood:
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [Exit.}
ACT III.


Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloucester, Warwick, Somerset, and Suffolk; the Bishop of Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, and others. Gloucester offers to put up a bill; Winchester snatches it, and tears it.

Win. Comest thou with deep premeditated lines, With written pamphlets studiously devised, Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse, Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge, Do it without invention, suddenly; As I with sudden and extemoral speech Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glou. Preposterous priest! this place commands my patience, Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me. Think not, although in writing I pretend 10 The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes, That therefore I have forgot, or am not able Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen: No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness, Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks, As very infants prattle of thy pride. Thou art a most perilous usurer, Froward by nature, enemy to peace; Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseeches A man of thy profession and degree: 20 And for thy treachery, what's more manifest? In that thou lais't a trap to take my life, As well at London bridge as at the Tower. Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted, The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe To give me hearing what I shall reply. If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse, As he will have me, how am I so poor? 30 Or how hap'st it I seek not to advance Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling? And for dissension, who preferreth peace More than I do?—except I be provoked. No, my good lords, it is not that offends; It is not that that hath incensed the duke: It is, because no one should sway but he; No one but he should be about the king; And that engenders thunder in his breast And makes him roar these accusations forth. 40 But he shall know I am as good—

Glou. Thou bastard of my grandfather! Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray, But one imperious in another's throne?

Glou. Am I not protector, saucy priest? Win. And am I not a prelate of the church? Glou. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps And useth it to patronage his theft.


War. Roam thither, then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks my lord should be religious And know the office that belongs to such. War. Methinks his lordship should be hurl'd It first with a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd near.

War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of Is not his grace protector to the king? Plan. [Aside] Plantagenet, I see, must tongue.

Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you shall Must your bold verdič enter talk with lord Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

King. Uncle of Gloucester and of Winceby. The special watchmen of our English weal, I would prevail, if prayers might prevail, To join your hearts in love and amity. O, what a scandal is it to our crown, That two such noble peers as ye should join Believe me, lords, my tender years can Civil dissension is a viperous worm That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth [A noise within, "Down with the tawny- What tumult's this?"

War. An uproar, I dare war. Begun through malice of the bishop's men. [Enter Mayor, Gloucester, Serving-men, in skirmish, with g Fell.]

King. We charge you, on allegiance to To hold your slandering hands and keep peace. Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife First Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden we'll fall to it with our teeth. Sec. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are solute. [Skirmish
g
Glou. You of my household, leave this broil And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

Third Serv. My lord, we know you 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 commonwealth, To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate, We and our wives and children all with full And have our bodies slaughtered by thy [First Serv. Ay, and the very partridges] nails Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [Begin
g
Glou. And if you love me, as you say you do, Let me persuade you to forbear awhile. King. O, how this discord doth affright t
you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
sighs and tears and will not once relent?
should be pitiful, if you be not?
who should study to prefer a peace,
earth, your lord protector; yield, Win-
by you with obstinate repulse
lay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
see what mischief and what murder too
's been enacted through your enmity;
be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
would see his heart out, ere the priest
ld ever get that privilege of me.
Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
banish'd my dooly discontented fury,
y his smoothed brows it doth appear:
look you still so stern and tragical?
Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
Erie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you
malice was a great and grievous sin;
will not you maintain the thing you teach,
prove a chief offender in the same?
Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly
greke, my lord of Winchester, relent!
shall a child instruct you what to do?
Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield
to thee; for thy love and hand for hand I give.
Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.
ere, my friends and loving countrymen,
token serveth for a flag of truce
xt ourselves and all our followers:
me God, as I dispense not!
So help me God, as I intend it
O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,
joyful am I made by this contract!
my masters! troubles we no more;
in friendship, as your lords have done.
Content: I'll to the surgeon's.
And so will I.
And I will see what physick the
affords.

[Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, &c.
Accept this scroll, most gracious
overaign,
in the right of Richard Plantagenet
hibit to your majesty.
I will urge, my Lord of Warwick: for,
peace, your grace mark every circumstance,
av great reason to do Richard right;
ally for those occasions
Place I told you my majesty.
and those occasions, uncle, were of force:
heere, my loving lords, my pleasure is
Richard be restored to his blood.
Let Richard be restored to his blood;
ll his father's wrongs be recompensed.
As will the rest, so will eth Winchester.
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.
Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.
Stoop then and set your knee against
foot;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valliant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.
And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!
Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke
of York!
Parish, base prince, ignoble
Duke of York!
Throughout the seas and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.
When Gloucester says the word, King
Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Your ships already are in readiness.
Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.
Ae, we may march in England or in
France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late disension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd men rot but by degree,
 Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all
And Henry born at Windsor lose all;
Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

SCENE II. France. Before Rouen.

Enter Pucelle disguised, with four Soldiers
with sacks upon their backs.
These are the city gates, the gates of
Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.
First Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack
the city.
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen
Therefore we'll knock.
Knocks. Watch. [Within] Qui est là?
Payans, pauvres gens de France;
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.
Watch. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.
Enter CHARLES, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, Reignier, and forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem! And once again we’ll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter’d Pucelle and her præcisants; Now she is there, how will she specify Where is the best and safest passage in? Reign. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower; Which, once discern’d, shows that her meaning is, No way to that, for weakness, which she enter’d.

Enter LA PUCELLE on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen; But burning fatal to the Talbotties! [Exit. Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend; The burning torch in yonder turret stands. Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge, A prophet to the fall of all our foes! Reign. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends: Enter, and cry ‘The Dauphin! presently, And then do execution on the watch. [Alarum. Exeunt.

An alarum. Enter TALBOT in an excursion.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears, If Talbot but survive thy treachery. Pucelle, that witch, that dammed sorceress, Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares, That hardly we escaped the pride of France. [Exit. An alarum: excursions. BEDFORD, brought in sick in a chair. Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY without: within LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, on the walls.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread? I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast Before he’ll buy again at such a rate: ’Twas full of darnel: do you like the taste? Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtzan! I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own And make thee curse the harvest of that corn. Char. Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason! Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance, And run a tilt at death within a chair? Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite, Encompass’d with thy lustful paramours! Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age And twit with cowardice a man half dead? Damsel, I’ll have a bout with you again, Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are ye so hot, sir? yet, Pucelle, thy peace; If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow. [The English whisper together in council. God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker? Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in field? Puc. Belike your lordship takes us for fools, To try if that our own be ours or no. Tal. I speak not to that raving Hecate, But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest; Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out? Alen. Signior, no. Tal. Signior, hang! base mullets of France! Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains! let’s get us from walls; For Talbot means no goodness by his looks. God be wi’ you, my lord! we came but to tell That we are here. [Exeunt from the wall. Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be day: Or else reproof be Talbot’s greatest fame! Yow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house, By public wrongs sustain’d in France Either to get the town again or die: And I, as sure as English Henry lives And as his father here was conqueror, As sure as in this late-betrayed town Great Cœur-de-lion’s heart was buried, So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with yours.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord! We will bestow you in some better place, Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me. Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now suade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for I had That stout Pendragon in his litter sick Came to the field and vanquished his foes: Methinks I should revile the soldiers’ heart: Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe And now no more ado, brave Burgundy, But gather we our forces out of hand And set upon our boasting enemy.

[Exeunt all but Bedford and Attend. An alarum: excursions. Enter Sir Jo Fastolfe and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, such haste? Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight We are like to have the overthrow again. Cap. Where? What will you fly, and leave Talbot? Fast. Ay, All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Act I. Scene i. The plains near Rouen.

Sir John Fastolfe, the Bastard of Orleans, La Pucelle, and forces.

Frot. Dismay not, princes, at this accident, grieve that Rouen is so recovered: it is no cure, but rather corrosive, things that are not to be remedied. Frantic Talbot triumph for a while like a peacock sweep along his tail; ill pull his plumes and take away his train, and the rest will be but ruled.

Bir. We have been guided by thee hitherto of thy cunning had no difference; sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Char. Search out thy wit for secret policies, we will make thee famous through the world.

Bir. We'll set thy statue in some holy place, have thee reverenced like a blessed saint; lay thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Char. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise: all persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words will entice the Duke of Burgundy and the Talbot to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that, France were no place for Henry's warriors; Nor should that nation boast it so with us, But be expir'd from our provinces.

Acle. For ever should they be expuls'd from France And not have title of an eirdom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work To bring this matter to the wished end.

[Drum sounds afar off.]

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, Talbot and his forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread, And all the troops of English after him.

French march. Enter the Duke of Burgundy and forces.

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his: Fortune in favour makes him lag behind. Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[Trumpets sound a parley.]


Bir. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Char. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France! Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bir. Speak on; but be not over- tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France, And see the cities and the towns defaced By wasting ruin of the cruel foe. As looks the mother on her lovely babe When death doth close his tender dying eyes, See, see the pining malady of France; Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds, Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast. O, turn thy edged sword another way; Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help. One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore: Return thee therefore with a flood of tears, And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bir. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words, Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee.

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny, Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation 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 countrymen
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
And, lords, accept this heartly kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours:
So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. [Aside] Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again.

Char. Welcome, brave Duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Aien. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. Paris. The palace.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter; Vernon, Basset, and others.

To them with his Soldiers, Talbot.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your grace.

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glow. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!

When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerver'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up: and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[Scene. Flourish. Exeunt all but Ver, Bas, and Bas.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hoarse,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York:
Darest thou maintain the former words I spakest?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patron.
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man
As York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take this.

[Striketh. Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms
Such
That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death:
Or else this blow should broach thy despot blood.

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon
As you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.


Enter the King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glow. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that natures
The sixth!

Glow. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath
That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem now friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Sir John Fastolf.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode to 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 thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg.

[Plucking it.

Which I have done, because unworthy 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:
Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the comb-

Yor. This is my servant: hear him, noble

Sern. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour

K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you

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 confection of which rude reproach

And in defence of my lord's worthiness,

I crave the benefit of law and arms. 100

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:

For though he seem with forged quaint conceit

To set a gloss upon his bold intent,

Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;

And he first took exceptions at this badge,

Promising that the paleness of this flower

Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malicious, Somerset, be left? 110

Sern. Your private grudge, my Lord of York,

will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord, what madness rules in

brainsick men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause

Such factious 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.

Sern. 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.

Glow. Confirm it so! Confounded be your

strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!

Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed

With this immodest clamorous outrage

To trouble and disturb the king and us?

And you, my lords, methinks you do not well

To bear with their perverse objections;

Much less to take occasion from their mouths

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:

Let me persuade you take a better course.


Exe. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.
K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatsants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their gorging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of
France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood! 150
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife,
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[Putting on a red rose.
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd,
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace, 160
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot:
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector and the rest
After some respite will return to Calais; 170
From hence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon and that traitorous rout.
War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame
him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no
harm.
York. An if I wist he did,—but let it rest; 180
Other affairs must now be managed.
[Exeunt all but Exeter.
Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress
thy voice:
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
Scene III. Plains in Gascony.

Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with trumpet and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again, and do'g'd the mighty army of the Dauphin? They are return'd, my lord, and give it out he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power, and fight with Talbot: as he march'd along, your espials were discovered mightier troops than that the Dauphin led, and join'd with him and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset, thus delays my promised supply. These seven men, that were laggard for this siege! owned Talbot doth expect my aid, I am lown by a traitor villain, cannot help the noble chevalier; comfort him in this necessity! miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength, so needful on the earth of France, to the rescue of the noble Talbot, now is girdled with a waist of iron hemm'd about with grim destruction: Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York! farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud bearing, stop my corsets, were in Talbot's place! would we save a valiant gentleman one traitor and a coward. ire and wrathful fury makes me weep, 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 warlike word; mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get; long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul; on his son young John, who two hours since t in travel toward his warlike father! seven years did not Talbot see his son; now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have, his young son welcome to his grave? vexionation almost stops my breath, sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.

Lucy. Farewell: no more my fortune can, curse the cause I cannot aid the man, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away, Long all of Somerset and his delay.

Lucy. Thus, while the valour of sedition Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders, Sleeping negligence doth betray to loss The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror, that ever living man of memory, Henry the Fifth: whilst they each other cross, Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss. [Exit.

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 sally of the very town Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure: 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 assaulting death from his weak legions: And whilst 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 afoot 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 exclaims; 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 entrapp'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; For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!
Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. The English camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot and John his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee To tutor thee in stratagems of war, That Talbot's name might be in thee revived When sapless age and weak unable limbs Should bring thy father to his drooping chair. But, O malignant and ill-boding stars! Now thou art come unto a feast of death, A terrible and unavoidable danger: Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse; And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape. By sudden flight: come, daily not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son? And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother, Dishonour not her honourable name, To make a bastard and a slave of me! The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood, That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain. John. He that flies so will ne'er return again. Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die. John. When let me stay; and, father, do you fly: Your loss is great, so your regard should be; My worth unknown, no loss is known in me. Upon my death the French can little boast; In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost. Flight cannot stain the honour you have won; But mine it will, that no exploit have done: You fled for vantage, every one will swear; But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear. There is no hope that ever I will stay, If the first hour I shrink and run away. Here on my knee I beg mortality, Rather than life preserved with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go. John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe. Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee. John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it? Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain. John. You cannot witness for me, being slain. If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame? No more can I be sever'd from your side, Than can yourself yourself in twain divide: Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I: For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of the fair son, Born to avenge thy life this afternoon. Come, side by side together live and die; And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.
Scene VII.  Another part of the field.

Lucy.  Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char.  On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy.  Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word:
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char.  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 Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmire, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth.
All of his wars within the realm of France?
Puc.  Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifist with all these titles
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.
Lucy.  Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces! 80
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 becometh their worth.
Puc.  I think this upright 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.  Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy.  I'll bear them hence; but from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.
Act V.

Scene I. London. The palace.

Senet. Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perused the letters from the pope, the emperor and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glou. I have, my lord; and their intent is this: They humbly sue unto your excellence To have a godly peace concluded Of between the realms of England and of France.

King. How doth your grace affect their motion? Glou. Well, my good lord; and as the only means To stop effusion of our Christian blood And establish quietness on every side. It was both impious and unnatural That such immensity and bloody a life Should reign among professors of one faith. Glou. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect And surer bind this knot of amity, The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles, A man of great authority in France, Proffers his only daughter to your grace In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

King. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young! And fitter is my study and my books Than wanton dalliance with a paramour. Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please, So let them have their answers every one: I shall be well content with any choice Tends to God’s glory and my country’s weal.

Enter Winchester in Cardinal’s habit, a Legate and two Ambassadors.

Exe. What! is my Lord of Winchester install’d, And call’d unto a cardinal’s degree? Then I perceive that will be verified.

Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy, If once he come to be a cardinal, He’ll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits Have been consider’d and debated on. Your purpose is both good and reasonable; And therefore are we certainly resolved To draw conditions of a friendly peace; Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean Shall be transported presently to France.

Glou. And for the proffer of my lord your master, I have inform’d his highness so at large As liking of the lady’s virtuous gifts, Her beauty and the value of her dower, He doth intend she shall be England’s queen.

King. In argument and proof of which contract, Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection. And so, my lord protector, see them guarded And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp’d Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall receive The sum of money which I promised Should be deliver’d to his holiness For clothing me in these grave ornaments. Leg. I will attend upon your lordship’s leisure. Win. [Aside] Now Winchester will not mit, I trow, Or be inferior to the proudest peer. Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well prefer That, neither in birth or for authority, The bishop will be overborne by thee: I’ll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee, Or sack this country with a mutiny.

Scene II. France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, Tarde, Reignier, La Pucelle, and For.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer drooping spirits: ’Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles, And keep not back your powers in dalliance. Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general And happiness to his accomplishes! Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pray speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided Into two parties, is now conjoin’d in one, And means to give you battle presently, Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the ing is; But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not now his ghost, my lord, you need not fear. Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most acc Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be Let Henry fret and all the world repine. Char. Then on, my lords; and France fortunate! [Exeunt.

Scene III. Before Angiers.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter La Pucelle, Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly. Now help, ye charming spells and peripats. Ye choice spirits that admonish me And give me signs of future accidents. Thou speedy helpers, that are substitutes Under the lordly monarch of the north, Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues Of your accustom’d diligence to me. Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call’d Out of the powerful regions under earth, Help me this once, that France may get the [They walk, and spee.] O, hold me not with silence over-long!
I was wont to feed you with my blood,
p a member off and give it you
most of a further benefit,
up to condescend to help me now.

[They hang their heads.]

pe to have redress? My body shall
compensate, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.

at my body nor blood-sacrifice
20
you to your wonted furtherance?
take my soul, my body, soul and all,
that England give the French the foil.

[They depart.

hey forsake me! Now the time is come
France must vail her lofty-plumed crest
her head fall into England's lap,
silent incantations are too weak,
all too strong for me to buckle with:
France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[Exit.

visions. Re-enter LA PUCelle fighting
d to hand with YORK: LA PUCelle is
n. The French fly.

Damsel of France, I think I have you
30
in your spirits now with spelling charms
y if they can gain your liberty.
ly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
for this beggarly wench doth bend her brows,
with Circe she would change my shape!

Changed to a worse shape thou canst
not be.

O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
pure but his can please your dainty eye.

A plaguing mischief light on Charles and
hee!

ay ye both be suddenly surprised
40
ody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold
my tongue!

I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

Curse, miscarrent, when thou comest to
be stake.

[Exeunt.

Enter Suffolk, with MARGARET in
his hand.

Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[Gazes on her.

st beauty, do not fear nor fly!
vill touch thee but with reverent hands;
these fingers for eternal peace,
y them gently on thy tender side.
't thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Margaret my name, and daughter to a
ing of Naples, whose'eer thou art.
An earl I am, and Suffolk am I called.
offended, nature's miracle,
at allotted to be ta'en by me:
the swan her downy cygnets save,
them prisoner underneath her wings.
this servile usage once offend,
be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[She is going.

I have no power to let her pass; 60
would free her, but my heart says no.
the sun upon the glassy streams,

Twinkling another counterfeited 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?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk—if thy name be so—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I 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,
91
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.

100
Mar. What though I be entrall'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 rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a
cause—

Mar. Tush, women have been captive ere
now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quo id
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not sup
pose

Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

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? 120

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.

And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him. 130

A parley sounded. Enter Reignier on the walls.

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier and unapt to weep
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be weded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty. 140

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[Exit from the walls.

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit? 150

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom; I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king, 161
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king.

[Aside] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnized.
So farewell, Reignier; set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes. 170

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

The Christian prince, King Henry, were he —

Mar. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.  [G]

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam: but hark, Margaret:
No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as becom
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly placed and modest rected.
But, madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure uns
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal.  [Kiss.] Mar. That for thyself: I will not so pro
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[Exeunt Reignier and Marg.

Suf. O, wert thou for myself! But, Sir
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou comest to kneel at His feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wo.

SCENE IV. Camp of the Duke of York
in Anjou.

Enter York, Warrick, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress cond to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, guarded, and a Shep.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And found it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wret
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father nor friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out! My lords, an please
'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy p age?

York. This argues what her kind of life been,
Wicked and vile: and so her death conclude.

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so ccle!
Go, and know thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear?
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt! You have sub this man,
F R I S T  P A R T  O F  K I N G  H E N R Y  V I .

I. To obscure my noble birth.
*
Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest
When I was wedded to her mother.
I down and take my blessing, good my guide,
Hou not stoop? Now cursed be the tune
Mativity! I would the milk
Mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her
breast?

-.

hanging Joan
[Exit, away.

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world with various qualities.

First, let me tell you whom you have
omended:

begotten of a shepherd swain,
ued from the progeny of kings;
and holy; chosen from above,
piration of celestial grace,

rk exceeding miracles on earth.

t had to do with wicked spirits:

a, that are polluted with your lusts,

with the guiltless blood of innocents,

and tainted with a thousand vices,
e you want the grace that others have,
dge it straight a thing impossible

pass wonders but by help of devils.

conceived! Joan of Arc hath been

from her tender infancy,

and immaculate in very thought;

maidens, blood, thus rigorously effused,

y for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

Ay, ay: away with her to execution!

And hark ye, sirs; because she is a

or no faggots, let there be none:

arrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,

her torture may be shortened.

Will nothing turn your unrelenting

carts?

Joan, discover thine infirmity,

arranteth by law to be thy privilege.

th child, ye bloody homicides:

not then the fruit within my womb,

ye hale me to a violent death.

Now heaven forfend! the holy maid

th child!

The greatest miracle that e'er ye

ought;

ior strict preciseness come to this?

She and the Dauphin have been jug-

agine what would be her refuge.

Well, go to; we' ll have no bastards

ev. since Charles must father it.

You are deceived; my child is none of

Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

Alençon! that notorious Machiel! I

an if it had a thousand lives.

O, give me leave, I have deluded you:

other Charles nor yet the duke I named,
gniter, King of Naples, that prevail'd.

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.

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. 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 your-

selves!

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to

ashes,

Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of

Winchester, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence

With letters of commission from the king.

For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,

Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,

Have earnestly implored a general peace

Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;

And here at hand the Dauphin and his train

Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers,

So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,

That in this quarrel have been overthrown

And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

Have we not lost most part of all the towns,

By treason, falsehood and by treachery,

Our great progenitors had conquered?

O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief

The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a

peace,

It shall be with such strict and severe covenants

As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, ALÉNÇON, Bastard, REIGNIER,

and others.

Char. 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

chokes

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 liege men to his crown:

And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear

To pay him tribute, and submit thyself;

Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,

And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alençon. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This prerogative is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Galliaan territories,
And therein reverence for their lawful king: 141
Shall I, for lures 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
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert.
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaugthers as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostiltiy:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall;

Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey.
Nor be rebellions to the crown of England,
Thou, mother of kings, to the crown of England.
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. London. The palace.

Enter Suffolk in conference with the King,
Gloucester and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of temperous 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 tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full complete with choice of all delights,
But with a 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.
King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er
same.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glow. So should I give consent to flat'te
You, know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:
How shall we then dispense with that comitt
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oath
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offensive.

Glow. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret's part?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace.
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glow. And so the Earl of Armagmac may
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a
dower,
Where Reig nier sooner will receive than g
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not
king,
That he should be so ablest base and poor
To choose for wealth and not for perfect
Henry is able to enrich his queen
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.
So worth less peasants bargain for their vict
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace ab
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her
It most of all these reasons bindeth us
In our opinions she should be preferred.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife;
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love,
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude we
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but
King. Whether it be through force of
report.
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attain'd
With any passion of inflaming love,
not tell; but this I am assured,

such sharp dissension in my breast,

fierce alarums both of hope and fear,

am sick with working of my thoughts.

therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to

France;

e to any covenants, and procure

Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come

oss the seas to England and be crown'd

Henry's faithful and anointed queen:

our expenses and sufficient charge,

the people gather up a tenth.

one, I say; for, till you do return,

perplexed with a thousand cares.

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,

100 I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [Exit.

Glou. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and

last. [Exit Gloucester and Exeter.

Suf. 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 VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Sixth.
Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester,
rich, 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.
Lord Say.
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and William 
Stafford, his brother.
Sir John Stanley.
Vaux.
Matthew Goiffe.
A sea-captain, Master, and Master's-Mate,
and Walter Whitmore.
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
John Hume and John Southwell, priests.

ACT I.

Scene I. London. The palace.

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

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty 
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne and 
Alengon,
Seven earls, twelve barons and twenty reverend 
bishops,
I have perform'd my task and was espoused: 
And humbly now upon my bended knee, 
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen 
To your most gracious hands, that are the sub-
stance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.

King. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Mar-
garet:

Bolingbroke, a conjurer.
Thomas Horner, an armourer. Pr
his man.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Al
Simpson, an impostor.
Alexander Iden, a Kentish gentlema
Jack Cade, a rebel.
George Bevis, John Holland, Dic
butcher, Smith the weaver, Mich
&c., followers of Cade.
Two Murderers.

Margaret, Queen to King Henry.
Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester.
Margaret Jourdain, a witch.
Wife to Simpson.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioner 
dermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff,
Officers, Citizens, Prentices, Falco 
Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

A Spirit.

Scene: England.

I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness
For thou hast given me in this beauteous fa
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England and my

The mutual conference that my mind hath
By day, by night, waking and in my dream
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you, mine alter-liepest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish; but her gr
speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my
All [kneeling]. Long live Queen Mary,
England's happiness!

Queen. We thank you all. [Flour

Suff. My lord protector, so it please 

Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French
Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [Reads] 'Imprimis, It is agreed be
French king Charles, and William de la Pole, valetude of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King England, that the said Henry shall espouse, Lady Margaret, daughter unto Regnier King Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her son of England ere the thirtieth of May next ing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered during her father’s life

Uncle, how now! Pardon me, gracious lord; I suffer QUALM hath struck me at the heart I dim’d mine eyes, that I can read no further.

Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on. [Reads] ‘Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine be released and delivered over to the king father, and she sent over the King of land’s own proper costs and charges, without any dowry.’

They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel down:
here create thee the first duke of Suffolk, gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York, here discharge your grace from being regent of Parts of France, till term of eighteen months
inter expired. Thanks, uncle Winchester, cester, York, Buckingham, Somerset, bury, and Warwick;

thank you all for this great favour done, entertainment to my princely queen, e, let us in, and with all speed provide she her coronation be perform’d.

Brave peers of England, pillars of the state, on Duke Humphrey must unload his grief, grief, the common grief of all the land. If did my brother Henry spend his youth, value, coin and people, in the wars? be so often lodge in open field, inter’s cold and summer’s parching heat, conquer France, his true inheritance? did my brother Bedford till his wits, deep by what policy what Henry got? you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham, ever deep scars in France and Normandy? thine uncle Beaufort and myself, all the learned council of the realm, ed so long, sat in the council-house late, debating to and fro France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe, had his highness in his infancy in Paris in despite of foes? shall these labours and these honours die? Henry’s, Bedford’s, vigilance, deeds of war and all our counsel die? is of England, shameful is this league! this marriage, cancelling your fame, ng your names from books of memory, roo g the characters of your renown, moniments of conquer’d France, ing all, as all had never been!

Nephew, what means this passionate corroboration with such circumstance?

For France, ’tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glou. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should: Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roost, Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine Unto the poor King Regnier, whose large style Agrees not with the 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. For Suffolk’s duke, may he be suffocated, That dims the honour of this warlike isle! Should have torn and rent my very heart, Before I would have yielded his own. 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.

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

Before—

Car. My Lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot: It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glou. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;

’Tis not my speech that you do mislike, But ’tis my presence that doth trouble ye.

Rancon will out: proud prelate, in thy face I see thy fury: if I longer stay,

We shall begin our ancient bickerings.

Lordings, farewell: and say, when I am gone, I propitious 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 displeased at it. Look to it, lords; let not his soothing words Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect. What though the common people favour him, Calling him ’ Humphrey, the good Duke of Glou-

Car. C襁ing their hands, and crying with loud voice, Jesu maintain your royal excellence! With ’ God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!’ I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss, He will be found a dangerous protector. Why should he, then, protect our sover-

He being of age to govern of himself?
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

[Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Eliza.

Duck. Why droops my lord, like over-ripened corn, Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load? Why doth the great Duke Humphrey kneel bow'd, As frowning at the favours of the world? Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth, Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem Enchased with all the honours of the world? If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face, Until thy head be circled with the same. Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious globe, What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with my hand, And, having both together heaved it up, We'll both together lift our heads to heaven And never more abuse our sight so low As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glend O Nell, sweet Nell, if our last love Lord, Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts, And may that thought, when I imagine ill Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry Be my last breathing in this mortal world.

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me, And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk, We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat. Caw. This weighty business will not brook delay; I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit. Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride And greatness of his place be grief to us, Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal: His insolence is more intolerable Than all the princes in the land beside: If Gloucester be displaced, he'll be protector. Buck. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector. Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal. [Exit 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 o' the church, As proud and proud as he were lord of all, Swear like a ruffian and demean himself Unlike the ruler of a commonweal. Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age, Thy deeds, thy plainness and thy housekeeping, Hath won the greatest favour of the commons, Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey: And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland, In bringing them to civil discipline, Thy late exploits done in the heart of France, When thou wert regent for our sovereign, Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people: Join we together, for the public good, In what we can, to bridge and suppress The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal, With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition; And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds, While they do 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. [Exit Warwick and Salisbury. York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French; Paris is lost; the state of Normandy Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone: Suffolk concluded on the articles, The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter. I cannot blame them all: what is't to them? 220 'Tis they give away, and not their own. Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage And purchase friends and give to courtzans, Still revelling like lords till all be gone; While as the silly owner of the goods Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hand. And shakes his head and trembling stands all While all is shared and all is borne away, Ready to starve and dare not touch his own: So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue, While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold Methinks the realms of England, France Ireland Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood As did the fatal brand Althaea burn'd Unto the prince's heart of Calydon. Anjou and Maine both given unto the French Cold news for me, for I had hope of France, Even as I have of fertile England's soil. A day will come when York shall claim his And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey, And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown For that's the golden mark I seek to hit: Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right, Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist, Nor wear the diadem upon his head, Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve Watch thou and wake when others be asleep To pry into the secrets of the state; Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love, With his new bride and England's dear-born And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at just Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose, With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd And in my standard bear the arms of York, To grapple with the house of Lancaster; And, force perforce, I'll make him yield crown, Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down!}

SCENE II. The Duke of Gloucester's bower.

[Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Eliza.

Duck. Why droops my lord, like over-ripened corn, Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load? Why doth the great Duke Humphrey kneel bow'd, As frowning at the favours of the world? Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth, Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem Enchased with all the honours of the world? If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face, Until thy head be circled with the same. Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious globe, What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with my hand, And, having both together heaved it up, We'll both together lift our heads to heaven And never more abuse our sight so low As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glend O Nell, sweet Nell, if our last love Lord, Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts, And may that thought, when I imagine ill Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
troublesome dream this night doth make me sad. 

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

th sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream. 

du. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court, 

as broke in twain; by whom I have forgot, 

t, as I think, it was by the cardinal; 

d on the pieces of the broken wand 

re placed the heads of Edmund Duke of 

Somerset. 

d William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk, 30 

is was my dream; what it doth bode, God 

knows. 

Duch. Yit, this was nothing but an argument 

at he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove 

ill lose his head for his presumption. 

list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke: 

thought I sat in seat of majesty 

the cathedral church of Westminster, 

in that chair where kings and queens are 

crowned; 

ere Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me 

on my head did set the diadem. 

40 

lou. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide out- 

sumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor, 

thou not second woman in the realm, 

if the protector's wife, beloved of him? 

t thou not worldly pleasure at command, 

we the reach or compass of thy thought? 

wilt thou still be hammering treachery, 
	 
'tumble down thy husband and thyself 

at a top of honour to disgrace's feet? 

by me, and let me hear no more! 

50 

duch. What, what, my lord! are you so cholerick? 

Eleanor, for telling but her dream? 

time I'll keep my dreams unto myself, 

not be check'd. 

60 

lou. Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again. 

Enter Messenger. 

res. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure 

do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's, 

as the king and queen do mean to hawk. 

lou. I go. Come, Neil, thou wilt ride with us? 

ne. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently. 

[Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger. 

w I must; I cannot go before, 

61 

e Gloucester bears this base and humble 

mind. 

I, a man, a duke, and next of blood, 

did remove these tedious stumbling-blocks 

smooth my way upon their headless necks; 

being a woman, I will not be slack 

lay my part in Fortune's pageant. 

are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, 

man, 

are alone; here's none but thee and I. 

Enter Hume. 

one. Jesus preserve your royal majesty! 70 

ch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but 

grace. 

one. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's 

advice, 

grace's title shall be multiplied. 

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as 

yet confer'd 

With Margery Journald, the cunning witch, 

With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer? 

And will they undertake to do me good? 

Hume. This they have promised, to show your 

highness 

A spirit raised from depth of under-ground, 

That shall make answer to such questions 

As by your grace shall be propounded him. 

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the 

questions. 

When from Saint Alban's we do make return, 

We'll see these things effect'd to the full. 

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

With thy confederates in this weighty cause. 

[Exit. 

Hume. Hume must make merry with the 

duchess' gold: 

Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume! 

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum: 

The business asketh silent secrecy. 

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch: 

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil. 

Yet have I gold flies from another coast; 

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal 

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

Yet 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 knaves. 

Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last 

Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck, 

And her attire will be Humphrey's fall: 

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

[Exit. 

SCENE III. The palace. 

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter, the 

Armourer's man, being one. 

First Petit. My masters, let's stand close: 

my lord protector will come this way by and by, 

and then we may deliver our supplications in the 

quill. 

Sec. Petit. Marry, the Lord protect him, for 

he's a good man! Jesu bless him! 

Enter Suffolk and Queen. 

Peter. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen 

with him. I'll be the first, sure. 

Sec. Petit. Come back, fool; this is the Duke 

of Suffolk, and not my lord protector. 

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing 

with me? 

First Petit. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I 

took ye for my lord protector. 

Queen. [Reading] 'To my Lord Protector!' 

Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me 

see them: what is thine? 

First Petit. Mine is, an't please your grace, 

against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, 

for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and 

all, from me. 

Suf. Thy wife too! that's some wrong, indeed. 

What's yours? What's here! [Reads] 'Against
the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.' How now, sir knave!

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

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

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

Peter. That my master was; no, forsooth: my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [Enter Servant.] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant present: we'll hear more of your matter before the king. [Exit Servant with Peter.] Queen. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

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

Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still
Under the surly Gloucester's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love
And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;
His champions are the prophets and apostles,
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canonized saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.
Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Queen. Beside the haughty protector, have we
Beaufort
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.
Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils;
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers in court do take her for the queen;
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,
...e me my fan: what, minion! can ye not? 147

[She gives the Duchess a box on the ear. y you mercy, madam; was it you? whom? Was it! yea, it it was, proud French-woman: id I come near your beauty with my nails, set my ten commandments in your face.

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

hor. Against her will? good king, look to't in time;
I'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby; unh in this place most master warno breeches, shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveenged.

[Exit, ack. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
I listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds;
's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
I'll alap far enough to her destruction. [Exit.

Re-enter Gloucester.

low. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown; waliking once about the quadrangle, me to talk of commonwealth affairs;
or your spiteful false objections,
'e them, and I lie open to the law:
God in mercy so deal with my soul,
in duty love my king and country! to the matter that we have in hand;
my sovereign, York is meetest man e your regent in the realm of France.

Before we make election, give me leave how some reason, of no little force,
York is most unmeet of any man.

I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
if I be appointed for the place,
ord of Somerset will keep me here,
on discharge, money, or furniture,
'tance be won into the Dauphin's hands: time, I danced attendance on his will
aris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.

That can I witness; and a fouler fact never traitor in the land commit.

Peace, headstrong Warwick!

Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

[Enter Hornet, the Armourer, and his man Peter, guarded.

Because here is a man accused of treason:
God the Duke of York excuse himself! 185
Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

What mean'st thou, Suffolk; tell me, what are these?

Please it your majesty, this is the man doth accuse his master of high treason: words were these: that Richard Duke of York,
rightful heir unto the English crown that your majesty was an usurper.

Say, man, were these thy words?

An't shall please your majesty, I never nor thought any such matter: God is my
I am falsely accused by the villain.

By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

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

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

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this

in law?

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

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

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

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

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

[Flourish. Exeunt.

Scene IV. Gloucester's garden.

Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, and Bolingbroke.

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

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 we be busy below: and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us. [Exit Hume.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess aloft, Hume following.

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

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; 20 The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl
And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow’d verge.  
[Here they do the ceremonies belonging,  
and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then  
the Spirit riseth.  

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

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said  
and done!  
Boling. ‘First of the king: what shall of him  
become?’ [Reading out of a paper.  
Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall  
depose;  
But him oultrue, 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. Exit Spirit.  

Enter the DUKE OF YORK and the DUKE OF  
BUCKINGHAM with their Guard and break in.  
York. Lay hands upon these traitors and  
their trash.  
Beldam, I think we watch’d you at an inch.  
What, madam, are you there? the king and  
commonweal  
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:  
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,  
See ye return his gordon for these good deserts.  
Duck. Not half so bad as thine to England’s  
king,  
Injured duke, that threatest 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, guar ded.  
We’ll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.  
All, away!  
[Exeunt guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.  
York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you  
watch’d her well:  
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!  
Now, pray, my lord, let’s see the devil’s writ.  
What have we here? [Reads.  
‘The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;  
But him oultrue, and die a violent death.’  
Why, this is just.  
‘Aie te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.’  
Well, to the rest:  
‘Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?  
By water shall he die, and take his end.  
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?  
Let him shun castles;  
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains  
Than where castles mounted stand.’  
Come, come, my lords;  
These oracles are hardly attain’d,  
And hardly understood.  
The king is now in progress towards So-  
Alban’s,  
With him the husband of this lovely lady:  
Thither go these news, as fast as horse  
carry them:  
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.  
Buck. Your grace shall give me leave,  
Lord of York,  
To be the post, in hope of his reward.  
York. At your pleasure, my good lord.  
We  
within there, ho!  

Enter a Servingman.  
Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick  
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!  

ACT II.  

SCENE I. Saint Alban’s.  
Enter the KING, QUEEN, GLOUCESTER, C  
DINAL, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers  
laing.  
Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at  
brook,  
I saw not better sport these seven years’ day  
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;  
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.  
King. But what a point, my lord, your fa-  
made,  
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!  
To see how God in all his creatures works!  
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.  
Suf. ‘No marvel, an it like your majesty,  
My lord protector’s hawks do tower so well;  
They know their master loves to be aloft  
And bears his thoughts above his falcon’s pit.  
Glou. My lord, ’tis but a base ignoble nin  
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.  
Car. I thought as much; he would be at  
the clouds.  
Glou. Ay, my lord cardinal? how think  
you of that?  
Were it not good your grace could fly to heav-  
King. The treasury of everlasting joy.  
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes  
thoughts  
Beat on a crown, the treasury of thy heart;  
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,  
That smooth’st it so with king and commonwo  
Glou. What, cardinal, is your priestly  
grown peremptory?  
Tantæ animis cæstibus iræ?  
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such  
lice;  
With such holiness can you do it?  
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well  
comes  
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.  
Glou. As who, my lord?  
Suf. Why, as you, my lord?  
An’t like your lordly lord-protecte-


Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

King. I prithee, peace, good queen, I'd whet not on these furious peers; or blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make, against this proud protector, with my sword! [Aside to Gloucester.] Faith, holy uncle, would I were come to that! [Aside to Glo.] Marry, when thou dost.

Glo. [Aside to Car.] Make up no factious numbers for the matter, 40 thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [Aside to Glo.] Ay, where thou dostarest not peep: an if thou dostarest, is evening, on the east side of the grove.

King. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloucester, did not your man put up the fowl so suddenly, had had more sport. [Aside to Glo.] Come with thy two-hand sword.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. [Aside to Glo.] Are ye advised? the east side of the grove?

Glo. [Aside to Car.] Cardinal, I am with you.

Car. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester! glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord. 50 [Aside to Car.] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this, all my fence shall fail.

Car. [Aside to Glo.] Medice, teipsum — elector, see to't well, protect yourself.

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

Wife. Is this music to my heart! en such strings jar, what hope of harmony? my lords, let me compound this strife.

Grow. A miracle! A miracle!

Wife. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine, him this half-hour, hath received his sight; an that ne'er saw in his life before.

Glo. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls light in darkness, comfort in despair!

The Mayor of Saint Alban's and his etheen, bearing Simpson, between two in chair, Simpson's Wife following.

Glo. Here comes the townsmen on proces- sion, present your highness with the man. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale, 70ough by his sight his sin be multiplied.

[Aside to Car.] Stand by, my masters: bring him near the king's ears; to Car. highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance.

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind and now restored?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suff. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship. 80

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

King. Where wert thou born?

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

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

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

Or but remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by chance,

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!

Suff. How camest 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 wouldst climb a tree?

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

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

Glo. Mass, thou lovest plums well that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

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

Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open them:

In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

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.

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

Suff. 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.
Glon. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glon. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glon. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest 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 would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?
Simp. O master, that you could!
Glon. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?
May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Glon. Then send for one presently.
May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.
[Exit an Attendance.]
Glon. 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.

Enter a Beadle with whips.
Glon. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.
Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; or with your doublet quickly.
Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.
[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, 'A miracle!'
King. O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?
Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.
Glon. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.
Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.
Glon. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.
[Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, &c.
Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.
Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.
Glon. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.
King. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
second part of king henry vi.

and the black prince died before his father left behind him Richard, his only son, after Edward the third's death reign'd as king: 20

Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt, and by the name of Henry the fourth, in the realm, deposed the rightful king, his poor queen to France, from whence she came, him to Pomfret; where, as all you know, less Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And. Neil, this I do assure myself: Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick The greatest man in England but the king.

[Exeunt.

Scene III. A hall of justice.

Sound trumpets. Enter the king, the queen, Gloucester, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the duchess of Gloucester, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under guard.

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife:

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.

You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.

You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

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

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

[Exeunt duchess and other prisoners, guarded.

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go; 20
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved
Than when thou wert protector to thy king;
Queen. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and King Henry govern England's realm. 30
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [Exeunt.

Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scourc himself,
That bears so shrewd a malice; two pulls at once;
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his
sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
York. Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.
Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely there-
fore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

King. O' God's name, see the lists and all
things fit;
Here let them end it: and God defend the right!
York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

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

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

Sec. 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.

See '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, 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, alarum to the combatants!

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

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess
treason. [Die.

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, to
God, and the good wine in thy master's way.
Peter. O God, have I overcome mine en-
in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prev
in right!

King. Go, take hence that traitor from
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 w
fully,
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[Sounds a flourish. Ex

SCENE IV. A street.

Enter Gloucester and his Servemen,
mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightnes
a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping col
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appoint
To watch the coming of my punish'd duche
Unheat she may 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-wheel
When thou didst ride in triumph throug
streets.

But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prep
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloucester in a shee
and a taper burning in her hand;

Sir John Stanley, the Sheriff, and Offi

Serv. So please your grace, we'll tak
from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; k
pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my

Now thou dost penance too. Look how they
See how the giddy multitude do point
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes o
Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful
And, in thy closet pent up, rue thy shame
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this

Duch. Ah, Gloucester, teach me to
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 groan.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh
And bid me be advised how I tred.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful y
'Twixt thou that e'er I'll look upon the w
Or count them happy that enjoy the summ
dark shall be my light and night my day; 40
And shall I then be used reproachfully? 49
Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady; 99

According to that state you shall be used. 99
Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare; 87
Although thou hast been conduc't of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me. 86
Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.

Come, Stanley, shall we go? 85
Stan. Madam, your pennance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. 110

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. The Abbey at Bury St Edmund's.

Sound a seamet. Enter the King, the Queen, 9
Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick to the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come:
"Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
What'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The crangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?

We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye
And passeth by with stiff unbow'd knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs,
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.

First note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he as the next will mount.
Me seemeth then it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears
And his advantage following your decrease,
That he should come about your royal person
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong’d the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can; 40
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this
duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace’s tale.
The duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by repute of his high descent,
As next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign’s fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man
Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devises strange deaths for small offences done?
Yor. And did he not, in his protectorship, 60
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers’ pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults
unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke
of Humphrey.

King. My lords, at once: the care you have
of us,
To now drow 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 70
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild and too well given
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.

Queen. Ah, what’s more dangerous than this
fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow’d,
For he’s disposed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he’s inclined as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
King. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news
from France?

Som. That all your interest in those terri-
tories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

King. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God’s
will be done!

Yor. [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.

Glu. All happiness unto my lord the king.
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay’d so long

Suf. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou
come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glu. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see
blush
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

Yor. ’Tis thought, my lord, that you
brides of France,
And, being protector, stayed the soldiers’ proc
By means whereof his highness hath lost Fr.

Glu. Is it but thought so? what are
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
land,
That doth that e’er I wrested from the king,
Or any great I hoarded to my use.
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No: many a pound of mine own proper stor
Because I would not tax the needy common
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask’d for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to so
much.
Glu. I say no more than truth, so he
God!

Yor. In your protectorship you did dev
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of.
That England was defamed by tyranny.

Glu. Why, ’tis well known that, whilst
protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an offender’s tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor pu-
gers.
I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, qu
answered:
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.

King. My lord of Gloucester, ’tis my so
hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspi
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glu. Ah, gracious lord, these days are
gerous:
Virtue is choked with foul ambition
And charity chased hence by rancour’s hand.
Foul subornation is predominant.
And equity exiled your highness’ land.
I know their complot is to have my life,
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

if my death might make this island happy
prove the period of their tyranny,
uld expend it with all willingness:
mine is made the prologue to their play;
thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
not conclude their plotted tragedy.
flor's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's
counterfeit.
Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
p Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
envious load that lies upon his heart;
dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
so overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
also accuse doth level at my life:
you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
cless have laid discrepancies on my head
with your best endeavour have stir'd up
jealous liege to be mine enemy:
all of you have laid your heads together—
if had notice of your conventicles—
all to make away my guiltless life.
I'll not want false witness to condemn me,
store of treasons to augment my guilt;
ancient proverb will be well effected:
aff is quickly found to be a dog.'
My liege, his railing is intolerable:
so that care to keep your royal person
traitor's rage we upbraided, chid and rated at,
he offender granted scope of speech,
make them cool in zeal unto your grace.
Hath he not twit our sovereign lady
her amonigious words, though clerically cough'd,
she had suborned some to swear
allegations to o'erthrow his state?
But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Truer spake than meant: I lose, Indeed,
even the winners, for they play'd me false!
will such losers may have leave to speak.
He'll wrest the sense and hold us here
all day:
cardinal, he is your prisoner.
Sirs, take away the duke, and guard
him sure.
Ay! thus King Henry throws away
his legs be firm to bear his body,
shepherd beaten from thy side
olives are garlanding who shall gnaw thee first.
at my fear were false! ah, that it were!
King Henry, thy decay I fear.
(Exit, guarded)
My lords, what to your wisdoms seem'd best,
unto, as if ourself were here.
What, will your highness leave the
ambition?
Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd
with grief, flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
ly round engirt with misery.
at's more miserable than discontent?
Humphrey! in thy face I see
up of honour, truth and loyalty:
good Humphrey, is the hour to come
proved thee false or fear'd thy faith.
sun star now envies thy estate,

That these great lords and Margaret our queen
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf
And binds the wretch and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence:
And as the dam runs lowering up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him and cannot do him good,
So mightly are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep and twixt each groan
Say 'Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none.'

[Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, and York; Somerset remains apart.
Queen. Free lords, cold snow melts with the
sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a
child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—
and yet herein I judge mine own wit good—
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.
Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.
Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise, to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
York. So that, by this, you would not have
him die.
Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!
York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his
death.
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of
Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were not' all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's
protector?
Queen. So the poor chicken should be sure of
death.
Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness, then.
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him: 260
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Queen. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.
Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoken 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.
Queen. And so say I.
York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come a-main,
To signify that rebels there are up
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable:
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
'Stis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Sotn. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.
Queen. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have proved far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then,
a shame take all!
Sotn. And, in the number, thee that wisest 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 choose, 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:
The 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 perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphry.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with
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 four
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 feudal thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hopest to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoi
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes this
On thought,
And never a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain more busy than the labouring spic
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politic 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
'Twas men I lack'd and you will give them
I take it kindly; yet be well assured
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hand.
While I in Ireland nourish a mighty hand,
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 flax.
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
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
His caper upright like a wilde 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 villanies.
Will here shall be my substitute:
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead.
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind
How they affect the house and claim of York:
Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I moved him to those
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will
Why, then from Ireland come I with my sons
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow.
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.
Come he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy:

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

Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judged I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

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

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

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

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.

What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen?
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?

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

Erect his statua and worship it coldly.
And make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?

What boded this, but well forewarning wind
Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore'?

What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts
And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves:
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Aegolus would not be a murderer,

But left that hateful office unto thee:

The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,

With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:

The splitting rocks cow'd in the sinning sands
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they.

Might in thy palace perish Margaret.

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,

When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,
And threw it towards thy land: the sea received it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart;
And even with this I lost fair England's view
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts commenced in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ay me, I can no more! die, Margaret! 120
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

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

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.
King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true.
But how he died God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.
War. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return. 130 [Exit King.]
War. 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 judgement only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and 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.
King. That is to see how deep my grave is made; 150
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 so
tongue!
Whate'er the Prince gives Lord Warwick for his
War. See how the blood is settled in his
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashly semblance, meagre, pale and blood
Being all descended to the labouring heart:
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the
Which with the heart there cools and ne-
turneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls further out than when he lived
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair up'ward, his nostrils stretched
struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that gra
And tugg'd for life and was by strength sub
Look, on the sheets his heart, you see, is sic
His well-proportion'd beard made rough
rugged;
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodge
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.
Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the
to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection.
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
War. But both of you were wov'd
Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to k
'Tis like you would not feast him like a frie
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.
Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless de
War. Who finds the heifer dead and blo
fresh
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the sla
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's pe
But my imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied bea
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? W
your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his t
Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with e
That shall be scoured in his rancorous hear
That slanders me with murder's crimson ba
Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwick!
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's des
[Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and
War. What darest not Warwick, if fab
folk dare him?
Queen. He dares not calm his contum
spirit
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand
War. Madam, be still; with reverence
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suf. Blunt-witted lord, inglorious in de
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
They mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble sto
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

The death of the Nevils' noble race.

But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee
I should rob the deathshams of his fee,
ing thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
old, false murderous coward, on thy knee
thee beg pardon for thy passed speech
say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
youth yourself was born in bastardy;
after all this fearful homage done,
thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
cious blood-sucker of sleeping men!
Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
this presence thou dar'st go with me.
Away even now, or I will drag thee hence;
why though thou art, I'll cope with thee
do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.
Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.

What stronger breastplate than a heart
untainted!
e is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
and naked, though lock'd up in steel,
concience with injustice is corrupted.
[Noise within.]

What noise is this?

Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

Why, how now, lords! your wrathful
weapons drawn
in our presence! dare you be so bold?
what tumultuous clamour have we here?
The traitor Warwick with the men of Bury
Upon me, mighty sovereign.

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

Lord, the commons send you word by me,
Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
ished fair England's territories,
will by violence tear him from your palace
with him to grievous lingering death.
say, by him the good Duke Humphrey lied;
say, in him they fear your highness' death;
say, in care of your most royal person,
your highness should intend to sleep
large that no man should disturb your rest
of your dislike or pain of death,
withstanding such a strat'd edict,
here a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
ily glided towards your majesty.

but necessary you were waked,
being suffer'd in that harmful shimer,
arti worm might make the sleep eternal;
 therefore do they cry, though you forbid.

But I will guard you, whether you will or no,
I fell serpents as false Suffolk's,
whose envenomed and fatal sting
ving uncle, twenty times his worth,
avy, is shamefully bereft of life.

[Exeunt.] An answer from the king,
my Lord of Salisbury!

'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd
hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

An answer from the king,
or we will all break in!

Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat:
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe the infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

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

Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.

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!

Cease, gentle queen, these execrations
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Pee, coward woman and soft-hearted
wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

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 curt, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Delivered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract:
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burren'd heart would break;
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they
Taste is the sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Theiir 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—
---
Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
---
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
---
And turn the force of them upon thyself.
---
Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
---
Now, by the ground that I banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
---
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
---
And think it but a minute spent in sport.
---
Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dwell with my mournful tears;,
---
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
---
To wash away my woful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
---
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
---
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!
---
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
---
'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
---
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
---
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banished myself:
---
And banished I am, if but from thee.
---
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.
---
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends con-demn'd
---
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
---
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!
---
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
---
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 pleasure in the world,
---
And yet, thou art not, desolation.
---
I can no more; live thou to joy thy life;
---
Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.
---

Enter VAUX.
---
Queen. Whither goes VAUX so fast? what news, I prithee?
---
VAUX. To signify unto his majesty
---
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
---
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
---
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,
---
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
---
Sometimes he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king
---
And whispers to his pillow as to him
---
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
---
And I am sent to tell his majesty
---
That even now he cries aloud for him.
---
Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit VAUX.
---
Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!
---
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
---
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
ACT IV.

SCENE I. The coast of Kent.
num. 1. Night at sea. Ordinance goes off. After a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Alter Whitmore, and others; with them Fulk, and others, prisoners.

1. The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day ept into the bosom of the sea;
now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
drag the tragic melancholy night;
with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,
dead men's graves and from their misty jaws
the soul contagious darkness in the air;
before bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
shall they make their ransom on the sand, to
their blood stain this discolor'd shore.

at Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.
at. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

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

What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
wear the name and port of gentlemen?

at the villains' throats; for die you shall;

of those which we have lost in fight 21
interposed with such a petty sum!

at Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

Gent. And so will I and write home for it straight.
if. I lost mine eye in laying the prize board,
therefore to revenge it, shalt thou do;

[To Suff. should these, if I might have my will.
Be not so rash; take ransom, let him ve.

Look on my George; I am a gentleman;

at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

ow! why start'st thou? what, doth death fright?

Thy name affrighted me, in whose sound
doth whispering man did calculate my birth
ld me that by water I should die;
not this make thee be bloody-minded;
me is Gaultier, being rightly sounded.

Whit. Gaultier or Walter, which it is, I care not:
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wiped away the blot; 40
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Suff. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince.
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

Suff. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:

Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suff. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,

50 The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n,

Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride;

60 How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
And duly waited for my coming forth?

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

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

Suff. 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.

Suff. Thou darest not, for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Pole.

Suff. Pole!

Cap. Pool! Sir Pool! lord! 70

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filthy and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:

Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground:
And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's death
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,

For daring to affy a mighty lord.
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

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

By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans through thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy,

Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts
And sent the 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-faced sun, striving to shine,
Under which is writ 'Invitis nubibus.'
The commons here in Kent are up in arms: 100
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth
Thunder.
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain
here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than 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. Geldius 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,
Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.
Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye
can,
That this my death may never be forgot!
Great men oft die by vile bezizons:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Caesar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.
Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have
set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart: 140
Therefore come you with us and let him go.
[Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.

Re-enter WHITMORE with SUFFOLK's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body
lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [Exit,
First Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king;
If he revenge it, 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 HOLL.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, to
made of a lath; they have been up these two
Holl. They have the more need to sleep
then.
Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the old means to dress the commonwealth, and to set a new nap upon it.
Holl. So he had need, for 'tis threat.
Well, I say it was never merry world in Exeunt gentlemen came up.
Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not reg
in handicrafts-men.
Holl. The nobility think scorn to go in lo
aprons.
Bevis. Nay, more, the king's council: good workmen.
Holl. True; and yet it is said, labour
vation; which is as much to say as, by
magistrates be labouring men; and we can the should we be magistrates.
Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there's no
sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.
Holl. I see them! I see them! There's
son, the Tanner of Wingham,—
Bevis. He shall have the skin of our en
make dog's-leather of.
Holl. And Dick the Butcher,—
Bevis. Then is sin struck down like
and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.
Holl. And Smith the weaver,—
Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun
Holl. Come, come, let's fall in with the

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK BUTCHER, SMIT
Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite num
CADE. We John Cade, so termed of our
posed father,—
Dick. [Aside] Or rather, of stealing a
her
CADE. For our enemies shall fall befo
inspired with the spirit of putting down kin
princes,—Command silence.
Dick. Silence!
CADE. My father was a Mortimer,—
Dick. [Aside] He was an honest man, good bricklayer.
CADE. My mother a Plantagenet,—
Dick. [Aside] I knew her well; she was my wife.
CADE. My wife descended of the Lacie
Dick. [Aside] She was, indeed, a proud daughter, and sold many laces.
SMITH. [Aside] But now of late, not a
card with her furled pack, she washes here at home.
CADE. Therefore am I of an honourable
Dick. [Aside] Ay, by my faith, the honourable; and there was he born, under a
CADE. Valiant I am.
SMITH. [Aside] A must needs; for beg
valiant.
CADE. I am able to endure much.
Dick. [Aside] No question of that: for
seen him whipped three market-days toge
I fear neither sword nor fire.

with. [Aside] He need not fear the sword; is could bend proof.

[Aside] But methinks he should stand ar of fire, being burnt i’ the hand for stealing ecp.

de. Be brave, then; for your captain is e, and vows reformation. There shall be in and seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: n thereof shall have ten hoops; and I make it felony to drink small beer: all the a shall be in common; and in Cheapside my palfry go to grass: and when I am king, ng I will be,—

l. God save your majesty!

de. I thank you, good people: there shall e money; all shall eat and drink on my i: and I will apparel them all in one livery, they may agree like brothers and worship heir lord.

cb. The first thing we do, let’s kill all the ers.

dd. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a stable thing, that of the skin of an innocent should be made parchment? that parchment, r scribbled o’er, should undo a man? Some he bee stings: but I say, ’tis the bee’s wax; but did seal once to a thing, and I was never own man since. How now! who’s there? 91

uter zone, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham. 1th. The clerk of Chatham: he can write end cast account.

de. O monstrous!

1th. We took him setting of boys’ copies.

1th. Here’s a villain!

de. Has a book in his pocket with red s in’t.

de. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

dk. Nay, he can make obligations, and write hand.

dk. I am sorry for’t: the man is a proper of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, all not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must me thee: what is thy name?

kk. Emmanuel.

dk. They use to write it on the top of letters: go hard with you.

de. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write ake? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an plain-dealing man?

rk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well it up that I can write my name.

kk. He hath confessed: away with him! he’s in and a traitor.

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

[Exit one with the Clerk.

Enter MICH.

ck. Where’s our general?

ck. Here I am, thou particular fellow. 119

cb. Fly, fly! Fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford is brother are hard by, with the king’s

de. Stand, villain, stand, or I’ll fell thee.

He shall be encountered with a man as as himself: he is but a knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [Kneels] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [Rises] Now have at him!

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford and his Bro- ther, with drum and soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hind, the fifth and scum of Kent,

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

The king is merciful, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,

If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:

It is to you, good people, that I speak,

Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;

For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer: 140

And thou myself a shearmen, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,

Married the Duke of Clarence’ daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

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

Bro. That’s false.

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

The elder of them, being put to nurse,

Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

Became a bricklayer when he came to age:

His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, ’tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

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.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge’s words,

That speaks he knows not what?

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

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

Cade. [Aside] He lies, for I invented it my- self.

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 privy to him.

Dick. And furthermore, we’ll have the Lord Say’s head for selling the dukedom of Maine. 170

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

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the French- men are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this:
can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?  
All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.  
Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,  
Assail them with the army of the king.  
Staff. Herald, away; and throughout every town  
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;  
That 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 soldiers.  
Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.  
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.  
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:  
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;  
For they are thrifty honest men and such  
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.  
Dick. They are all in order and march toward us.  
Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.  
[Exeunt.  
SCENE III. Another part of Blackheath.  
Alarums to the fight, whereon both the Staffords are slain. Enter Cade and the rest.  
Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?  
Dick. Here, sir.  
Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavest thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.  
Dick. I desire no more.  
Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear [putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.  
Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.  
Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London.  
[Exeunt.  
SCENE IV. London. The palace.  
Enter the King with a supplication, and the Queen with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Say.  
Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind.  
And makes it fearful and degenerate;  
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.  
But who can cease to weep and look on this?  
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:  
But where's the body that I should embrace?  
Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?  
King. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;  
For God forbid so many simple souls should perish by the sword! And I myself,  
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,  
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:  
But stay, I'll read it over once again.  
Queen. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this look face  
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,  
And could it not enforce them to relent,  
That were unworthy to behold the same?  
King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn  
have thy head.  
Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall his.  
King. 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  
Queen. No, my love, I should not mourn,  
die for thee.  
[Enter a Messenger.  
King. How now! what news? why canst thou in such haste?  
Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, lord!  
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,  
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' 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 deat  
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed,  
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,  
They call false catalysts and intend their dese  
King. O graceless men! they know not what they do.  
Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killworth,  
Until a power be raised to put them down.  
Queen. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk alive,  
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased.  
King. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;  
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.  
Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.  
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;  
And therefore in this city will I stay  
And live alone as secret as I may.  
[Enter another Messenger.  
Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London brid  
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:  
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,  
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear  
To spoil the city and your royal court.  
Buck. Thenlinger not, my lord; away, to horse.  
King. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, we  
succour us.  
Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is ceased.  
King. Farewell, my lord: trust not to Kentish rebels.  
Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betrayed.  
Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence  
And therefore am I bold and resolute.  
[Exeunt.
SCENE V. London. The Tower.

or LORD SCALES upon the Tower, walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

[Aside] How now! is Jack Cade slain?

[Exeunt. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; they have won the bridge, killing all those withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid. He will be hour from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

[Aside] Such aid as I can spare you shall command

[Enter a Soldier, running.] I am troubled here with them myself; rebels have assayed to win the Tower, set you to Smithfield and gather head, to thither I will send you Matthew Goffe: for your king, your country and your lives; so, farewell, for I must hence again.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. London. Cannon Street.

or JACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.

de. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-at run nothing but claret wine this first of our reign. And now henceforward it be treason for any that calls me other than Mortimer.

[Enter a Soldier, running.] Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

d. Knock him down there. [They kill him.]

[Exit.]

[Aside] If this fellow be wise, he'll never call Cade more: I think he hath a very fair form.

d. My lord, there's an army gathered in Smithfield.

e. Come, then, let's go fight with them: set, go set London bridge on fire; and, I can, burn down the Tower too. Come away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. London. Smithfield.

[Enter a Soldier, running.] Matthew Goffe is slain, and all rest. Then enter Jack Cade, with his party.

e. So, sirs: now go some and pull down away; others to the lans of court; down them all.

[Aside] I have a suit unto your lordship.

[Exeunt.]

[Aside] Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for word.

[Exeunt.]

Only that the laws of England may out of your mouth.

[Aside] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then;赶 thrust in the mouth with a spear, and whole yet.

[Aside] Nay, John, it will be stinking for his breath stinks with eating toasted

[Aside] I have thought upon it, it shall be so. burn all the records of the realm: my shall be the parliament of England.

[Aside] Then we are like to have statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Enter George Bevis, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What causeth thou answer to my Majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsiuer Bassemun, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

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

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

Say. You men of Kent—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

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

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

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

Kent, in the Commentaries 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. Justice with favour have I always done; Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never. When have I aught exacted at your hands, But to maintain the king, the realm and you? Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks, Because my book prefer'd me to the king, And seeing ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven, Unless you be possessed with devillish spirits, You cannot but forbear to murder me:
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings.
For your behoof,—
Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?
Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw and struck them dead.
Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?
Say. These checks are pale for watching for your good.
Cade. Give him a box 0' 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 breathe his head.
Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.
Are my cheeks fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-
shedding.
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!
Cade. [Aside] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not of God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head, presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.
All. What shall I do done?
Say. Ah, countrymen! if you when make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.
Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye.
[Execut some with Lord Say.]
The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.
Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?
Cade. Marry, presently.
All. O, brave!
Re-enter one with the heads.
Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before un
stead of maces, will we ride through the streets
and at every corner have them kiss. Any

SCENE VIII. Southwark.
Alarm and retreat. Enter Cade and his rabblement.
Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Mary Corner! kill and knock down! throw them Thames! [Sound a parley.] What noise I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound re
parley, when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford, at the
Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from 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.
Cliff. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offered you;
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king and will embrace his peace?
Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his jesty!' Who hateth him and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake
Shake his weapon at us and pass by.
All. God save the king! God save the Cade.
What, Buckingham and Clifford say so brave? And you, base peasants, believe him? will you needs be hanged with pardons about your necks? Hath my son therefore broke through London gates, that should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given these arms till you had recovered your freedom; but you are all recreants and dare not
and delight to live in slavery to the nobility.
them break your backs with burthens, take houses over your heads, ravish your wife daughters before your faces: for me, I will shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon all.
All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.
Cliff. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth?
That thus you do acclaim you'll go with him
Will he conduct you through the heart of France?
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Ahas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished
Should make a start o'er seas and vanish?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying 'Villiago!' unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's
To France, to France, and get what you have
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and man
God on our side, doubt not of victory.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Scene IX. Kenilworth Castle.

Trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and Somerset, on the terrace.

G. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And command no more content than I?
Nor was I crept out of my cradle
A king, at nine months old,
E'er subject long'd to be a king
Long and wish to be a subject.

Buckingham and Old Clifford.

Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade
Suprised?
But retired to make him strong?

Multitudes, with halter's about
Their necks.

He is fled, my lord, and all his powers yield;
By thus, with halter's on their necks,
Your highness' doom, of life or death.

Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting tes,
Taint my vows of thanks and praise!
This day have you redeem'd your lives
And how well you love your prince and country.

Still in this so good a mind,
Nay, though he be unfortunate,
Yourself, will never be unkind:
With thanks and pardon to you all,
Miss you to your several countries.
God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Please it your grace to be advertised
Of York is newly come from Ireland,
A puissant and a mighty power
Wielding stout and stern cors
Hitherward in proud array,
Proclaimeth, as he comes along,
Are only to remove from thee
Of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship that, having scapest a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven before his men dispersed;
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee hither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce and cannotbrook hard language.

Buck. I, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better:
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

Scene X. Kent. Iden's garden.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish!
These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word 'sallet' was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill: and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth, I care not, with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me,
And get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him: but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoever thou be,
I know thee not: why, then, should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break 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 broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

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; 50
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon:
My foot shall stand 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 mayst be turned to hobnails. [Here they fight. Cade falls.

O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I’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 monstrous 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. [Dies.]

Iden. How much thou wrong’st me, heaven be my judge,
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;
And if thou thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Fields between Darford and Blackheath.

Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry’s head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,

To entertain great England’s lawful king.
Ah! sancta majestas, who would not buy 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,
Keep 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 dissemble?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissent.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I am thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

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

York. [Aside] Scarce can I speak, my mind 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 Telenionus,
On sleep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingling in my thought;
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.
Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy,
The cause why I have brought this army here:
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on your 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 will,
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I’ll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, arms, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submissiveness.
We twain will go into his highness’ tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend nothing to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.
Enter Iden, with Cade's head.

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

The head of Cade! Great God, how just art Thou! me view his visage, being dead, living wrought me such exceeding trouble. me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him? I was, an't like your majesty.

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

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

So please it you, my lord, 'twere not

were created knight for his good service.

Iden, kneel down. [He kneels.] Rise

up a knight.

I thee for reward a thousand marks, will that thou henceforth attend on us. 80

May Iden live to merit such a bounty, ever live but true unto his liege! [Rises.

Enter Queen and Somerset.

See, Buckingham, Somerset comes

in the queen:

her hide him quickly from the duke.

For thousand Yorke he shall not hide

is head,

idly stand and front him to his face.

How now! is Somerset at liberty?

fork, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,

thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

endure the sight of Somerset?

ing! why hast thou broken faith with me,

how hardy can I brook abuse?

I call thee? no, thou art not king,

to govern and rule multitudes,

darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

and of thine doth not become a crown;

id is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

to grace an awful princely sceptre.

must round engirt these brawes of mine,

smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear, 100

with the chance to kill and cure.

a hand to hold a sceptre up

the same to act controlling laws.

use: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more

who heaven created for thy ruler.

monstrous traitor! I arrest thee,

al treason 'gainst the king and crown:

udacious traitor; kneel for grace.

Wouldst have me kneel? first let me

can brook I bow a knee to man.

all in my sons to be my bail:

[Exit Attendant.

They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchise-

Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,

To say if that the bastard boys of York

Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[Exit Buckingham.

York. O blood-besotted Neapolitan,

Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourage! The sons of York, thy batters in their birth,

Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those 120

That for my surety will refuse the boys!

Enter Edward and Richard.

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

Enter old Clifford and his Son.

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

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

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;

But thou mistakest me much to think I do: 130

To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious

humour

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,

And chop away that faiitious pate of his.

Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey;

His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons

shall.

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

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so:

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears
to death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

If thou darest bring them to the baiting place. 150

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:

And such a piece of service will you do,

If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested

hump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly

anon.
Cliff. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

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

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair, Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son! What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian, And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles? O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty? If it be banish'd from the frosty head, Where shall it find a harbour in the earth? Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war, And shame thine honourable age with blood? Why art thou old, and want'st experience? Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it? For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

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

King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

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

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin, But greater sin to keep a sinful oath. Who can be bound by any solemn vow To do a murderous deed, to rob a man, To force a spotless virgin's chastity, To reave the orphan of his patrimony, To wring the widow from her custom'd right, And have no other reason for this wrong But that he was bound by a solemn oath? A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

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

Cliff. 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.

Cliff. I am resolved to bear a greater storm Than any thou canst conjure up to-day; And that I'll write upon thy burgonet, Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Neville's crest, The rampant bear chain'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.

Cliff. 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. 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. Cliff. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely s

SCENE II. Saint Alban's.

Alarums to the battle. Enter Warwick, Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Wa

Rich. And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum And dead men's cries do fill the empty air, Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord! what, all afoot? York. The deadly-handed Clifford sle steed, But match to match I have encounter'd him And made a prey for carrion kites and crow Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter old Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is near. For I myself must hunt this deer to death. War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a thou fright'st. As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day, It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd

Cliff. What seest thou in me, York? wilt thou pause? York. With thy brave bearing should love, But that thou art so fast mine enemy, Clifford or should thy prowess want pra esteem, But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason So let it help me now against sword. As I did justice and true right express it. Clifford. My soul and body on the action York. A dreadful lay! Address thee in [They fight, and Clifford. La fin couronne les oeuvres. York. Thus war hath given thee peace thou art still. Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy w

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Cliff. Shame and confusion! all is rout; Fear frames disorder, and disorder woun Where it should guard. O, war, thou son Whom angry heavens do make their mini Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part Hot coals of vengeance! let no soldier He that is truly dedicate to war Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself Hath not essentially but by circumstance The name of valour. [Seeing his dead O, let the vile world end, And the premised flames of the last day Knit earth and heaven together! Now let the general trumpet blow his blo
iculareties and petty sounds

ease! Waist thou ordain'd, dear father,

see thy youth in peace, and to achieve

silver livery of advised age,

in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus

lie in ruffian battle? Even at this sight 49

heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,

all be stony. York not our old men spares;

more will I their babes: tears virginal

be to me even as the dew to fire,

beauty that the tyrant oft reclains

to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

cethory I will not have to do with pity:

I am infant of the house of York,

as many goblets will I cut it

old Meden young Absyrus did:

uistsey will I seek out my fame.

d, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:

b Eneas old Anchises bear,

ear I thee upon my manly shoulders;

hen Eneas bare a living lead,

ing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit, bearing off his father.

Enter Richard and Somerset to fight. 60

SOMERSET is killed.

So, lie thou there;

underneath an alhouse' palty sign

Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset

made the wizard famous in his death. 69

d, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:

is pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.

excursions. Enter King, Queen, and

others.

ven. Away, my lord! you are slow; for

shame, away!

og. Can we outrun the heavens? good Mar-

garet, stay.

ven. What are you made of? you'll nor

right nor fly:

is it manhood, wisdom and defence,

we the enemy way, and to secure us

at we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.

be tal'en, we then should see the bottom

our fortunes: but if we haply scape,

if we may, if not through your neglect, 80

all to London get, where you are loved

here this breach now in our fortunes made

cadly be stopp'd.

Re-enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief

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!  [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Fields near St. Alban's.

Alarum. Retrat. Enter York, Richard,

Warwick, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,

That winter lion, who in rage forgets

Aged contusions and all brush of time,

And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,

Repairs him with occasion? This happy day

Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,

If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,

Three times to-day I help him to his horse,

Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,

Persuaded him from any further act:

But still, where danger was, still there I met him;

And like rich hangings in a homely house,

So was his will in his old feeble body.

But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought
to-day;

By the mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard:

God knows how long it is I have to live;

And it hath pleased him that three times to-day

You have defended me from imminent death.

Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:

'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,

Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;

For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,

To call a present court of parliament.

Let us pursue him ere the wris go forth.

What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.

Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:

Saint Alban's battle won by famous York

Shall be eternized in all age to come.

Sound drums and trumpets, and to London all;

And more such days as these to us befall!

[Exeunt.
THE THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Sixth.
Edward, Prince of Wales, his son.
Lewis XI. King of France.
Duke of Somerset.
Duke of Exeter.
Earl of Oxford.
Earl of Northumberland.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Lord Clifford.
Edward, Earl of March, afterwards
King Edward IV.,
Edmund, Earl of Rutland,
George, afterwards Duke of Clarence,
Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloucester.
Duke of Norfolk.
Marquess of Montague.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Pembroke.
Lord Hastings.

Lord Stafford.
Sir John Mortimer, 1 uncleys to the Duke
Sir Hugh Mortimer, 1 York.
Henry, Earl of Richmond, a youth.
Lord Rivers, brother to Lady Grey.
Sir William Stanley.
Sir John Montgomery.
Sir John Somerville.
Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.
Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his father.
A Father that has killed his son.

Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, afterwards Queen to Edward
Bona, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen.

Scene: England and France.

ACT I.


Alarum. Enter the Duke of York, Edward,
Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick,
and Soldiers.

War. I wonder how the king escaped our
hands.
York. While we pursued the horsemen of the
north,
He slily stole away and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Bucking-
ham, is either slain or wounded dangerously;
I left his beaver with a downright blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wilt-
shire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me and tell them what
I did.
[Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.
York. Richard hath best deserved of all my
sons.
But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of
Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Hen-
ry.

War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of
Before I see thee seated in that throne.
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow, joy heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearless king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York:
For this is thine and not King Henry's heir.
York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick:
I will:
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk: stay by
my lords;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this ni-

War. And when the king comes, offer
no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.
York. The queen this day here holds
parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council;
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within
our house.

War. The bloody parliament shall be
call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king.
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cow-
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lord resolute;

an to take possession of my right.

ar. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

proudest he that holds up Lancaster, is stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells. Plantagenet, root him up who dares, give thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

rith. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Orthumberland, Westmoreland, Exe- v, and the rest.

Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, 59 in the chair of state: belike he means, 'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer, spire unto the crown and reign as king.

of Northumberland, he slew thy father, thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have you'd revenge im, his sons, his favourites and his friends.

rth. If I be not, heavens be revenged on me! 60 For the hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

ar. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck char for anger burns; I cannot brook it. 60 Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

f. Patience is for poltroons, such as he: 70 unst not sit there, had your father lived.

racious lord, here in the parliament

of Exeter, frowns, words and threats are the war that Henry means to use.

of the family of York.

rth. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them, they have troops of soldiers at their beck? 6 But when the duke is slain, 'they'll quickly fly.

Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart, like a shambles of the parliament-house! of Exeter, frowns, words and threats are the war that Henry means to use.

of Duke of York, descend my throne, need for grace and mercy at my feet; by sovereign.

k. I am thine.

f. For shame, come down: he made thee duke of York.

k. "Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

f. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown this usurping Henry.

Whom should he follow but his natural

i. True, Clifford; and that's Richard duke of York.

k. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

k. It must and shall be so: content thyself.

be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

He is both king and Duke of Lancaster; at the Lord of Westmoreland shall main-

i. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget 89 are those which chased you from the field

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it. West. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons, Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words, I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger As shall revenge his death before I stir. 100 War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you show us our title to the crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;

Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March: I am the son of Henry the Fifth, Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop And seized upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I: When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose. Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head. Edu. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lovest and honourest arms,

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat? No: first shall war unpeople this my realm; Ay, and their colours, often borne in France, And now in England to our heart's great sorrow, Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords? My title's good, and better far than his. 120 War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. [Aside] I know not what to say; my title's weak.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king; For Richard, in the view of many lords, Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth, Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140 York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstraining,}
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown? 

Exe. No. for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter? 

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and an-
swer not? 

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king, 

K. Hen. [Aside] All will revolt from me, and
turn to him. 

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.

War. Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern
power, Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence: 

May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive
my heart! 


What matter you, or what conspire you, lords? 

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.]

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but
one word:
Let me for this my life-time reign as king,
York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine
heirs, 

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

King. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your
son!

War. What good is this to England and him-
sel! 

West. Base, fearful and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and
us? 

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles. 

North. Nor I. 

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these
news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate
king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides. 

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unnaturally deed! 

Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!

[Exeunt North, Clif., and West.]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard
them not.

Exe. They seek revenge and therefore will
not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter! 

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but
my son,
yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds

rembrancing lamb environed with wolves.

I was there, which am a sly woman, soldiers should have toss’d me on their pikes,

I would have granted to that act.

thou prefer’st thy life before thine honour;

seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself

from thy table, Henry, and thy bed, that act of parliament be repeal’d

reby my son is disinherit.

northern lords that have forsrown thy colours

follow mine, if once they see them spread;

spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace

utter ruin of the house of York.

do I leave thee. Come, son, let’s away;

army is ready; come, we’ll after them.

Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already:

get thee gone.

Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay

with me?

Mar. Ay, to be murder’d by his enemies.

ince. When I return with victory from the field

see your grace: till then I’ll follow her.

Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger

thus.

[Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.

Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son

made her break out into terms of rage!

aged may be on that hateful duke,

a haughty spirit, winged with desire,

of my crown, and like an empty eagle

in the flesh of me and of my son!

oss of those three lords torments my heart:

rite unto them and entreat them fair. 271

, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

I. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Sandal Castle.

or Richard, Edward, and Montague.

b. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

w. No, I can better play the orator.

v. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

w. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strike!

is your quarrel? how began it first?

w. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

w. About what?

w. About that which concerns your grace

and us;

town of England, father, which is yours. 9

x. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

y. Your right depends not on his life or death.

z. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:

purchasing the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
or turn you, father, in the end.

k. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

l. But for a kingdom any oath may be roken:

I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be

forsown.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I’ll prove the contrary, if you’ll hear

me speak. 20

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took

before a true and lawful magistrate,

That hath authority over him that swears:

Henry had none, but did usurp the place;

Then, seeing ‘twas he that made you to depose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms! and, father, do but think

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;

Within whose circuit is Elysium

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest

Until the white rose that I wear be dyed

Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry’s heart.

York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.

Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,

And tell him privily of our intent.

You, Edward, shalt unto my Lord Cobham,

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,

Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.

While you are thus employ’d, what resteth more,

But that I seek occasion how to rise,

And yet the king not privy to my drift,

Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in such post?

Gabr. The queen with all the northern earls

and lords

Intend here to besiege you in your castle:

She is hard by with twenty thousand men;

And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think’st thou that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;

My brother Montague shall post to London:

Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,

Whom we have left protectors of the king,

With powerful policy strengthen themselves,

And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I’ll win them, fear it not:

And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [Exit.

Enter Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;

The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need we’ll meet her

in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men? Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:

A woman’s general; what should we fear?

[March after off.

Edw. I hear their drums: let’s set our men in order,

And issue forth and bid them battle straight.
York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?
[Alarum. Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.

Alarums. Enter Rutland and his Tutor.
Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford and Soldiers.
Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life,
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him!
Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!
[Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.
Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? 'I'll open them.'

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speakest, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I dagg'd up thy forefathers' graves
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their 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 rapiers point affords.
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,
Lost in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

Rut. Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tua
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

SCENE IV. Another part of the field.

York. The army of the queen hath got field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons, God knows what, hath bechanc'd them;
But this I know, they have demean'd themselfes
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried ' Courage, father! fight it on
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardest warriors did retire,
Richard cried 'Charge! and give no ground!' And cried 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!' With this, we charged again; but, out, alas! We bodged again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide
And spend her strength with over-matched waves.
[A short alarum within.

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint and cannot fly their fury;
And were I strong, I would not shun their fire.
The sands are number'd that make up my life Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Noumberland, the young Prince, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberlander I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless
With downright payment, show'd unto me.
Now Phaethon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide pricks.
York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven
Scorning what'er you can afflikt me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and
Clif. So cowards fight when they can forth;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talon
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their life
Breathe out invective against the officers.
York. O Clifford, but behild these once
And in the thought o'er-run my former time
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this fast
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory, And rob his temples of the diadem, Now in his life, against your holy oath? O, 'tis a fault too unpardonable! Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head; And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead. 

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France, Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth! How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex To triumph, like an Amazonian trull, Upon their woes whom fortune captivates! But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging, Made impudent with use of evil deeds, I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush. To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom derived, Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples, Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem, Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman. Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult? It needs not, nor it boots thee; not, proud queen, Unless the adage must be verified, That beggars mounted run their horse to death. 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud; But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small: 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired; The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at: 'Tis government that makes them seem divine; The want thereof makes thee abominable: Thou art as opposite to every good As the Antipodes are unto us, Or as the south to the septentriion. O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide! How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child, To bid the father wipe his eyes withal, And yet be seen to bear a woman's face? 

Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible: Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless. Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish: WOULDST have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will: For raging wind blows up incessant showers, And when the rage allays, the rain begins. These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies: And every drop cries vengeance for his death, 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Bestrew me, but his passion moves me so That hardly can I check my eyes from tears. 

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood: But you are more inhuman, more inexorable, O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania. See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears: This cloth thou dip'st in blood of my sweet boy, And I with tears do wash the blood away. Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this: And if thou tell'at the heavy story right, Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears:

34—2
Yea even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse.
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!
North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him.
To see how inly sorrow grieves his soul.
Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
Cliff. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death. [Stabbing him.
Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
York. Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God! My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.
[Dies.
Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Hertfordshire.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father's scaped,
Or whether he be 'scaped away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he single d Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So fared our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opens her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younger prancing to his love.
Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss;
As if they vow'd some league inviolable.
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like 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 meeds,
Should not understanding join our lights together
And over-shine the earth as this the world.
What'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fairest-shining suns.
Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by yea
I leave you speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on.
When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!
Edw. O, speak no more, for I have heard much.
Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it a
Mess. Environed he was with many foes.
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd T
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-tember'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only 'spear'd by the ireful arm
Of unreleenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high desp
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheek
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford;
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of Yor
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to
upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no sta
O Clifford, but a woful Clifford! thou hast sla
the power of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd
Now my soul's palace is become a prison;
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my
Might in the ground be close up in rest?
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I feel more joy!
Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's ture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's burthen;
For selfsame wind that I should speak with
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,
And burns me up with flames that tears quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief;
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for Richford, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy
Or shewn by attempting it.
Edw. His name that valiant duke had
with thee;
HIS dukedom and his chair with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle


**March. Enter Warwick, Marquis of Montague, and their army.**

**Var.** How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

**Rich.** Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
b baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
b poniards in our flesh till all were told,
c words would add more anguish than the wounds.

valiant word, the Duke of York is slain! 100

*Edw.* O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,
ich held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

**Var.** Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
I now, to add more measure to your woes,
come to tell you things sith then befall'n.

er the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
ere your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
bers, as swiftly as the posts could run,
re brought me of your loss and his depart.
110 hen in London, keeper of the king,
s'ed my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
very well appointed, as I thought,
rch'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the king,
rking the king in my behalf along;
by my scouts I was advertised
a she was coming with a full intent
dash our late decree in parliament
ching King Henry's oath and your succession.

tale to make, we at Saint Albans met, 120
b battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
a rob'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;

more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
shuners to his captives blood and death,
not judge: but, to conclude with truth,
ir weapons like to lightning came and went;
soldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight, 130
are a idle thrasher with a flail,
gently down, as if they struck their friends.
cor'd them up with justice of our cause,
promise of high pay and great rewards:
all in vain: they had no heart to fight,
in we in them no hope to win the day;
hat we fled; the king unto the queen;
I George your brother, Norfolk and myself,
ae, post-haste, are come to join with you;
in the marches here we heard you were, 140
ing another head to fight again.

*Edw.* Where is she the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
ich came George from Burgundy to England?
ar. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
for your brother, he was lately sent
a your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
end of soldiers to this needful war.
ich. *Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:

**War.** Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
ne'er till now his scandal of retire. 150

*War.** Not now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

**Rich.** I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
*Tis love I hear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublesome time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.

**War.** Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haughty Northumberland,
And of their feather many me proud birds, 170
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,

Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure, 180
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Via! to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry *Charge upon our foes!*
But never once again turn back and fly.

**Rich.** Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries *Retire*, if Warwick bid him stay.

*Edw.* Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour—
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend!

**War.** No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And be he that throws not up his cap for joy
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

**Rich.** Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

*Edw.* Then strike up drums: God and Saint George for us!

**Enter a Messenger.**

**War.** How now! what news?
Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word
by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.
War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let's
away. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen MARGARET, the Prince of Wales, Clifford,
and Northumberland, with drums and
trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave
town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear
their wreck:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor willingly have I infringed my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And does will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knits his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful
flight.
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your prece-
dent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got
My careless father fondly gave away?'
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promises
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.
K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the
orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate

As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends
be nigh?
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!
Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits;
foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers fail.
You promised knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down.
K. Hen. Edward. Plantagenet, arise a knight
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.
Prince. My gracious father, by your kind
leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.
Clif. Why, that is spoken like a true
prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Come I, the backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.
Clif. I would your highness would depart
field:
The queen hath best success when you absent.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us
our fortune.
K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; the
fore I'll stay.
North. Be it with resolution then to fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer these no
lords
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry 'St.
George!'

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard,
Warwick, Norfolf, Montague, and
Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou ken
for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insur-
ing boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow
knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in
Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I can
speak!
Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to ans-
thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland
was it not?
By that false woman, as this king by thee.  
His father revel'd in the heart of France,  
And tamed the king, and made the dauphin  
stoop;  
And had he match'd according to his state,  
He might have kept that glory to this day;  
But when he took a beggar to his bed,  
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,  
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him.  
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,  
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.  
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?  
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;  
And we, in pity of the gentle king,  
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.  
Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made  
thy spring,  
And that thy summer bred us no increase,  
We set the axe to thy usurping root;  
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,  
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,  
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,  
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.  
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;  
Not willing any longer conference,  
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.  
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!  
And either victory, or else a grave.  
Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:  
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.  
[Exeunt.]

Scene III. A field of battle between Towton  
and Saxton, in Yorkshire.  

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.  
War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,  
I lay me down a little while to breathe;  
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,  
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,  
And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.  

Enter Edward, running.  

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, un-gentle death!  
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.  
War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?  

Enter George.  
Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;  
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:  
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?  
Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;  
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.  

Enter Richard.  

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?  
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Broach'd with the steady point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clanger heard from far,
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!' So, underneath the belly of their steeds, That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood, The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly, Why stand we like soft-hearted women here, Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage; And look upon, as if the tragedy Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors? Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still, Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thee;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine! And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face, I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee, Thou settist up and pluckst down of kings, Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands That to my foes this body must be prey, Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope, 30 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul! Now, lords, take leave until we meet again, Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms: I, that did never weep, now melt with woe That winter should cut off our spring-time so. War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops, And give them leave to fly that will not stay; 50 And call them pillars that will stand to us; And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards As victors wear at the Olympic games: This may plant courage in their quailing breasts; For yet is hope of life and victory. Forslow no longer, make we hence again. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone: Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York, And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge, Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall. Cliff. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone: This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York; And this the hand that slay my brother Rutland; And here's the heart that triumphs in their death And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother To execute the like upon thyself; And so, have at thee!' 10

 physic. Warwick comes; Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase; For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

King. This battle fares like to the morn war, When dying clouds contend with growing light; What time the shepherd, blowing of his nail Can neither call it perfect day nor night. Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea Forced by the tide to combat with the wind Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea. Forced to retire by fury of the wind: Sometime the flood prevails, and then the w Now one the better, then another best; Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast, Yet neither conqueror nor conquer'd: So is the equal poise of this fell war. Here on this molehill will I 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 bo They prosper best of all when I am thence. Would I were dead! if God's good will were 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 time So many hours must I tend my flock; So many hours must I take my rest; So many hours must I contemplate; So many hours must I sport myself; So many days my ewes have been with you So many weeks ere the poor fowls will ean; So many years ere I shall shear the fleece; So many, hours, days, months, and years Past to over the end they were created, Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how holy! Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade To shepherds looking on their silly sheep, Than doth a rich embroidered canopy To kings that fear their subjects' treachery O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth. And to conclude, the shepherd's homely cup His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, Is far beyond a prince's delicacies, His viands sparkling in a golden cup, His body couched in a curious bed, When care, mistrust, and treason waits on [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father dragging in the dead body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobly. 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 A To some man else, as this dead man doth: Who's this? O! God! it is my father's face Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
av times, begetting such events!
A London by the king was I press'd forth;
father being the Earl of Warwick's man,
e on the part of York, press'd by his nester; 70
I, who at his hands received my life,
e by my hands of life bereaved him.
on me, God, I knew not what I did!
pardon, father, for I knew not thee! For I shall wipe away these bloody marks:
no more words till they have flow'd their fill.
Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
es lions and war for their dens, 90
harmless lambs abide their enmity.
2 , wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
and with tears, and break o'erscharged with grief.

3  A Father that has killed his son, bringing in the body.

th. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
me thy gold, if thou hast any gold; 80
have bought it with an hundred blows. et me see: is this our foeman's face?
no, no, no, it is mine only son!
oy, if any life be left in thee,
up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
with the windy tempest of my heart,
y wounds, that kill mine eye and heart! 90
y, God, this miserable age!
stragems, how fell, how butcherly,
eous, mutinous and unnatural, deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
thy father gave thee life too soon,
abref thee of thy life too late!
Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
my death would stay these ruthless deeds! y, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
ed rose and the white are on his face,
ial colours of our striving houses:
ne his purple blood right well resembles;
ther his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:
one rose, and let the other flourish; 101
contend, a thousand lives must wither.
How will my mother for her father's death
with me and ne'er be satisfied!
. How will my wife for slaughter of my on
sens of tears and ne'er be satisfied! 111
Hen. How will the country for these woful hances
nk the king and not be satisfied!
Was ever son so rued a father's death? 120
Was ever father so bemoan'd his son? Hen. Was ever king so grieved for sub-
cts' woe?
is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.
I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep y fill. [Exit with the body.
. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-
art, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
on my heart thine image ne'er shall go; hing breast shall be thy funeral bell; obsequious will thy father be,
for the loss of thee, having no more,
was for all his valiant sons.

For I have murdered where I should not kill. [Exit with the body.

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overcome with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums: excursions. Enter Queen Marga-
ret, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Ber-
wick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful flying hare in sight.
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their irrele hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed; 140
Or else come after: I'll be away before.
K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go Whither the queen intends. Forward! away! [Exit.

Scene VI. Another part of the field.
A loud alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.
Cif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy fortune to compare.
Impairing Henry, strengthening misprised York,
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun? 150
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phoebus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaethon should check thy father's steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth!
And, Henry, hadst thou way'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?

Bootless are plaints, and carelese are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity:
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[He faints.


Edw. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fil'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. [Close groans, and dies.

Edu. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
Edu. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.
Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford:
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tenderspray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, Duke of York. [Close.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.
Edu. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
War. I think his understanding is bereft. Go
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter tunes
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace,
Edu. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edu. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life, So
That I in all despite might rail at him.
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain whose unstanch'd 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 triumphal march,
The place he crown'd England's royal king:
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to Fr?
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together
And, having France thy friend, thou shall 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
Edu. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick 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 our
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, G
of Gloucester;
For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to Lose
To see these honours in possession. [Ex

ACT III.

SCENE I. A forest in the north of Engi

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in hands.

First Keep. Under this thick-grown
we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

Sec. Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so
may shoot.

First Keep. That cannot be; the noise
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 befel me on a day
In this self-place where now we mean to stay.

Sec. Keep. Here comes a man; let's stohe he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguised, with a book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, e
pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful s
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine; Thy place is fil'd, thy sceptre wrung from Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wa
ointed:
No bending knee will call thee Caesar now
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
Third Part of King Henry VI.

Sec. 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 oaths?

First Keep. No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths; for of that sin My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded:
And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

First Keep. We are true subjects to the king,
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.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. London. The palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repose those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glou. 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 a pause.

Glou. [Aside to Clar.] Yea, is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [Aside to Glou.] He knows the game:
how true he keeps the wind!

Glou. [Aside to Clar.] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glou. [Aside to Clar.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. [Aside to Clar.] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave, Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch. [Glo. and Clar. retire.]

K. Edu. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself, K. Edu. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edu. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty. K. Edu. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edu. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edu. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edu. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. [Aside to Clar.] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. [Aside to Glo.] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edu. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject. K. Edu. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. [Aside to Clar.] The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.

K. Edu. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

r no more, for thou shalt be my queen. 
. [Aside to Clar.] The ghostly father 
ow hath done his shift. 
. [Aside to Glou.] When he was made a 
ower, twas for shift, purpose! 
Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we 
wo have had. 
. The widow likes it not, for she looks 
ey sad. 
Edw. You'ld think it strange if I should 
arry her. 
. To whom, my lord? 
Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself. 
. That would be ten days' wonder at the 
st. 
. That's a day longer than a wonder 
ks. 
. By so much is the wonder in extremes. 
Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell 
ou both it is granted for her husband's lands. 

Enter a Nobleman. 

My gracious lord, Henry your foe is 
tken, caught your prisoner to your palace gate. 
Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the 
w: 
. we, brothers, to the man that took him, 
ston of his apprehension. 
. go you along. Lords, use her honour 
ly. 
Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the 
w: 
. we, brothers, to the man that took him, 
ston of his apprehension. 
. go you along. Lords, use her honour 
ly. 

[Exeunt. 

Scene III. France. The King's palace. 

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, his 
sister Bona, his Admiral, called Bourbon; 
Prince Edward, Queen Margaret, and 
the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth 
up again. 

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Mar 
garet, 
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state 
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis 
doth sit. 
Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France: now 
Margaret 
Must strike her sail and learn awhile to serve 
Where kings command. I was, I must confess, 
Great Albion's queen in former golden days: 
But now mischance hath trod my title down, 
And with dishonour laid me on the ground; 
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune, 
To my humble seat conform myself. 
K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence 
 springs this deep despair? 
Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes 
with tears 
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd 
in cares.
K. Lew. What'er it be, be thou still like thyself, And sit thee by our side: [Seats her by him] yield not thy cheek To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind Still ride in triumph over all mischance. Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief; It shall be eased, if France can yield relief. 

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak. Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis, That Henry, sole possessor of my love, Is of a king become a banish'd man, And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn; While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York Usurps the regal title and the seat Of England's true-annointed lawful king. This is the cause that I, poor Margaret, With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir, Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid; And if thou fail us, all our hope is done: Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help; Our people and our peers are both misled, Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight, And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight. 

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm, While we bethink a means to break it off. Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe. 

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee. Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow. And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow! 

Enter Warwick. 


Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise; For this is he that moves both wind and tide. 

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion, My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend, 50 I come, in kindness and unfeigned love, First, to do greetings to thy royal person; And then to crave a league of amity; And lastly, to confirm that amity With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister, To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. [Aside] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done. 

War. [To Bona] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf, I am commanded, with your leave and favour, 60 Humbly to kiss your hand and with my tongue To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart; Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears, Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue. Q. Mar. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak, Before you answer Warwick. His demand Springs not from Edward's well-meant love, But from deceit bred by necessity; For how can tyrants safely govern home, Unless abroad they purchase great alliance To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice That Henry liveth still; but were he dead, Yet here Prince Edward stands, King H. 

Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league marriage Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour. For though usurpers sway the rule awhile, Yet heavens are just, and time supposes wrongs. 

War. Injurious Margaret! Prince. And why not? War. Because thy father Henry did us such a service, And thou no more art prince than she is. 

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great J. Gaunt. Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain, And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Four Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest; And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth Who by his prowess conquered all France. From these our Henry lineally descends. 

War. Oxford, how hap's it, in this discourse, You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten Methinks these peers of France should see that, But for the rest, you tell a pedigree Of three score and two years; a silly time To make prescription for a kingdom's worth. Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak so thy liege, Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years, And not bewray thy treason with a blush? 

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fame right, Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree? For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward. Oxf. Call him my king by whose in doom My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere, Was done to death; and more than so, My 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 This arm upholds the house of Lancaster. 

War. And I the house of York. 

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward and Oxford, Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside, While I use further conference with Warwick. [They stand.]

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's benvith him not! K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even thy conscience, Is Edward your true king? for I was loath To link with him that were not lawful chose. War. Thereon I pawn my credit an honour. 

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the present? 

War. The more that Henry was unfor...
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside, ne for truth the measure of his love our sister Bona.

Lew. Such it seems I shall be a monarch like myself. If I have often heard him say and swear this his love was an eternal plant, of the root was fix'd in virtuous ground, leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun, spurned by envy, but not from disdain, is the Lady Bona quit his pain. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve. tu. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine. [Vex] Yet I confess that often ere this day, I have heard your king's desert recounted, ear hath tempted judgment to desire. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's; now forthwith shall articles be drawn joining the jointure that your king must make, with her dowry shall be counterpoised near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness Bona shall be wife to the English king. nce. To Edward, but not to the English king. War. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy devise. is an alliance to make void my suit; thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret: your title to the crown be weak, y appear by Edward's good success, is but reason that I be released giving aid which late I promised, all you have all kindness at my hand your estate requires and mine can yield. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ase, having nothing, nothing can he lose. for you yourself, our quondam queen, be a father able to maintain you;etter 'twere you troubled him than France. Fare, Peace, impudent and shameless War- ick, peace, setter up and puller down of kings! Hence, till, with my talk and tears, all of truth, I make King Lewis behold conveyance and thy lord's false love; of the you are birds of selfsame feather. [Post blows a horn within. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or we. Enter a Post. [To War.] My lord ambassador, these letters are for you, on your brother, Marquess Montague: These from our king unto your majesty: argarst] And, madam, these for you; on whom I know not. They all read their letters. I like it well that our fair queen and stress

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 unhopeed 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 proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty. War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven, And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss, That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's, No more my king, for he dishonours me, But most himself, if he could see his shame. Did I forget that by the house of York My father came untimely to his death? Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece? Did I impale him with the regal crown? Did I put Henry from his native right? And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame? Shame on himself! for my desert is honour: And to repair my honour lost for him, I here renounce him and return to Henry. My noble queen, let former grudges pass, And henceforth I am thy true servitor: I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona And replant Henry in his former state. Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love; And I forgive and quite forget old faults, And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend. War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend, That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us With some few bands of chosen soldiers, I'll undertake to land them on our coast And force the tyrant from his seat by war. 'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him: And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me, He's very likely now to fall from him, For matching more for wanton lust than honour, Or than for strength and safety of our country. Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged But by thy help to this distressed queen? Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live? Unless thou rescue him from foul despair? Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one. War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours. K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's. Therefore at last I firmly am resolved You shall have aid. Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post, And tell false Edward, thy supposed king, That Lewis of France is sending over masquers To revel it with him and his new bride: Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king within. Bon. I'll tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly, I'll wear the willow garland for his sake. Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside, And I am ready to put armour on. War. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong, And therefore I'll uncrown him ere he be long. There's thy reward: be gone. [Exit Post. K. Lew. But, Warwick, Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men, Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle; And, as occasion serves, this noble queen And prince shall follow with a fresh supply. Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt, What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty? War. This shall assure my constant loyalty, That if our queen and this young prince agree, I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands. 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 deserves it; And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand. [He gives his hand to Warwick. K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied, And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral, Shalt 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. War. I came from Edward as ambassador, But I return his sworn and mortal foe: Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me, But dreadful war shall answer his demand. Had he none else to make a stale but me? Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow. I was the chief that raised him to the crown, And I'll be chief to bring him down again: Not that I pity Henry's misery, But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.
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Post. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.'

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Post. He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:
'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.'

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out
so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars and pay for their pre-
sumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Post. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so
link'd 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, 119
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,
And in allegiance to myself.

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, 130
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.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.
Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes!  
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?  
Clare.  Fear not that, my lord.  
War.  Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick.  
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice  
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath pawn’d an open hand in sign of love;  
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward’s brother,  
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings;  
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.  
And now what rests but, in night’s coverture,  
Thy brother being carelessly encamp’d,  
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,  
And but attended by a single guard,  
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?  
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:  
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede  
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus’ tents,  
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,  
So we, well cover’d with the night’s black mantle,  
At unawares may beat down Edward’s guard  
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,  
For I intend but only to surprise him.  
You that will follow me to this attempt,  
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.  
(They all cry, “Henry!”)  
Why, then, let’s on our way in silent sort:  
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!  
[Exeunt.

Scene III. Edward’s camp, near Warwick.

Enter three Watchmen, to guard the King’s tent.

First Watch.  Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:  
The king by this is set him down to sleep.  
Second Watch.  What, will he not to bed?  
First Watch.  Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow  
Never to rise and take his natural rest  
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress’d.  
Second Watch.  To-morrow then belike shall be the day,  
If Warwick be so near as men report.  
Third Watch.  But say, I pray, what nobleman is that  
That with the king here resteth in his tent?  
First Watch.  ‘Tis the Lord Hastings, the king’s chiefest friend.  
Third Watch.  O, is it so?  But why commands the king  
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,  
While he himself keeps in the cold field?  
Second Watch.  ‘Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.  
Third Watch.  Ay, but give me worship and quietness;  
I like it better than a dangerous honour.  
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
’Tis to be doubted he would waken him.  
First Watch.  Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

Second Watch.  Ay, wherefore else guard his royal tent,  
But to defend his person from night-foes?  
Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French soldiers, silent all.  
War.  This is his tent; and see where his guard.  
Courage, my masters! honour now or never.  
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.  
First Watch.  Who goes there?  
Second Watch.  Stay, or thou diest!  
[Warwick and the rest cry all, ’Warwick! Warwick!’ and set upon Guard, who fly, crying, ‘Arm!’  
Warwick and the rest following:  
The drum playing and trumpet sound in, enter Warwick, Somerset, and the bringing the King out in his gown, sit on a chair.  
Richard and Hastings fly over stage.  
Som.  What are they that fly there?  
War.  Richard and Hastings: let them here be the duke.  
K. Edw.  The duke!  Why, Warwick, we parted,  
Thou call’dst me king.  
War.  Ay, but the case is alter’d.  
When you disgraced me in my embassade,  
Then I degraded you from being king,  
And come now to create you Duke of York.  
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom  
That know not how to use ambassadors,  
Nor how to be contented with one wife,  
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,  
Nor how to study for the people’s welfare,  
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?  
K. Edw.  Yea, brother of Clarence, art here too?  
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must die.  
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thysel!f and all thy complices,  
I will always bear himself as king:  
Though fortune’s malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.  
War.  Then, for his mind, be Edward England’s king.  
But Henry now shall wear the English crown.  
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow  
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,  
See that forthwith Duke Edward he convene  
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.  
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,  
I’ll follow you, and tell what answer  
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.  
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.  
[They lead him out for death.  
K. Edw.  What fates impose, that men needs abide;  
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.  
Oxf.  What now remains, my lords, to do  
But march to London with our soldiers?  
War.  Ay, that’s the first thing that we to do;
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

That if about this hour he make this way
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward and a Huntsman with him.

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?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord, 20
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.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

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 forget their loss of liberty.

But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefl y therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
War. Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous; 
And now may seem as wise as virtuous, 
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice, 
For few men rightly temper with the stars: 
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, 30 
For choosing me when Clarence is in place. 
Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of this sway, 
To whom the heavens in thy nativity 
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown, 
As likely to be blest in peace and war; 
And therefore I yield thee my free consent. 
War. And I choose Clarence only for protector. 
K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands: 
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts, 
That no dissension hinder government: 40 
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 repose myself. 
War. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content: 
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow 
To Henry's body, and supply his place; 50 
I mean, in bearing weight of government, 
While he enjoys the honour and his ease. 
And, Clarence, now it then is more than needful 
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor, 
And all his lands and goods be confiscate. 
Clar. What else? and that succession be determined. 
War. Ay, therein shall Clarence not want his part. 
K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs, 
Let me entreat, for I command no more, 59 
That Margaret your queen and my son Edward 
Be sent for, to return from France with speed; 
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear 
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed. 
Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed. 
K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that? 
Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond. 
K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. [Lays his hand on his head] If secret powers Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts, 
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss. 70 
His looks are full of peaceful majesty, 
His head by nature framed to wear a crown, 
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself Likely in time to bless a regal throne. 
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he 
Must help you more than you are hurt by me. 

Enter a Post. 
War. What news, my friend?
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom, sing well content with that alone.

[Aside] But when the fox hath once got in his nose, I soon find means to make the body follow.

Ay. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt? The gates; we are King Henry's friends.

Ay. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [They descend.

1st. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded.

2nd. The good old man would fain that all were well, were not 'long of him; but being enter'd, but rot, I, but we shall soon persuade him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

Edw. So, master mayor; these gates must not be shut the night or in the time of war.

fear not, man, but yield me up the keys; [Takes his keys. dward will defend the town and thee, if those friends that deign to follow me.

Enter Montgomery, with drum and soldiers.

Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, my trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come ou in arms?

To help King Edward in his time of storm, my loyal subject ought to do.

Thanks, good Montgomery; but we will forget le to the crown and only claim sedition till God please to send the rest.

Then fare you well, for I will hence gain to serve a king and not a duke.

Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile, and I'Il debate it safe means the crown may be recover'd.

What talk you of debating? in few words, if not here proclaim yourself our king, re you to your fortune and be gone p them back that come to succour you: all we fight, if you pretend no title?

Why, brother, wherefore stand you on ace points?

When we grow stronger, then we'll take our claim, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms first rule.

And fearless minds climb soonest unto owns, we will proclaim you out of hand; it thereof will bring you many friends.

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. 79

Sold. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c. 80

Mont. And whose'er gainsays King Edward's right, by this I challenge him to single fight.

[Enter Duke of York.

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 thou proclamation.

[Flourish.

Seld. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

Mont. And whose'er gainsays King Edward's right, by this I challenge him to single fight.

[Enter Duke of York.

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 besemeth thee,

To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day,

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. London. The palace.


War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgium, With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,

Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,

And with his troops doth march amain to London;

And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war:

Those will I must up: and thou, son Clarence,

Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,

The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:

Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,

Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find

Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,

In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.

My sovereign, with the loving citizens,

Like to his island girt in with the ocean,

Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,

Shall rest in London till time 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 fortunate!
Mont. Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.
Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.
K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet lords; let’s meet at Coventry.
[Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.
K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.
K. Hen. That’s not my fear; my meed got me fame;
I have not stopp’d mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays; 40
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay’d their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth.
Nor much oppress’d them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err’d:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50
[Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'
Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and soldiers.
K. Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry,
Bear him hence; and once again proclaim us king of England.
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow;
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
[Exeunt some with King Henry.
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.
Glow. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares;
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[Exeunt.

ACT V.

Scene I. Coventry.
Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others upon the walls.
War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
First Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching to Litherward.
War. Where is the post that came from Montague?
Second Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.
War. Say, Somerville, what says my lord son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence. 5[Drum hurly burly.]
War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear the drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies: The drum your honour hears marcheth to Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unto friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you quickly know.
March: flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and soldiers.
K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, sound a parley.
Glow. See how the surly Warwick man wall!
War. O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou open city gates,
Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee
Call Edward king and at his hands beg me
And he shall pardon thee these outrageous
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy sword hence, Confess who set thee up and plac’d thee there Call Warwick patron and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York
Glow. I thought, at least, he would have the king; Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly grace?
Glow. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to I’ll do thee service for so good a gift
War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to his brother.
K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if by Warwick’s gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick’s king is Edw. prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this: What is the body when the head is off?
Glow. Alas, that Warwick had no more cast,
But, whilsts he thought to steal the single trophy, The king was silly finger’d from the deck.
You know, my lord, Henry at the Bishop’s palace
And, ten to one, you’ll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet are we still.
Glow. Come, Warwick, take the time down, kneel down:
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

| Scene I. | A field of battle near Barnet. | Scene II. | Alarm and excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded. |

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 treasuries of the world: The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood, Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres; For who lived king, but I did 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 mansions that I had, Even now forsake me, and of all my lands Is nothing left me but my body's length. Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust? And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

That, to deserve well at my brother's hands, I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe, With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee— As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad— To plague thee for thy foul misleading me. And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee, And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks. Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends: 100 And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults, For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved, Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight? Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not cooped here for defence.

I will away towards Barnet presently, And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way, Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory! [Exeunt King Edward and his company. April. Warwick and his company follow.

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Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee, That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [Exeunt.

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Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick
And said ‘Commend me to my valiant brother,’
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That nought be distinguished; but at last
I well might hear, deliver’d with a groan,
‘O, farewell, Warwick!’

War. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen’s great power!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easy and western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
The very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assured
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertised by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rides way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.

Strike up the drum; cry ‘ Courage!’ and away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Page, Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne’er sit wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost?
And half our sailors swallowed’d in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is’t meet that he
Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes add water to the sea
And give more strength to that which hath much
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rocks?
Which industry and courage might have saved
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were thei
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter’d friends the tackles; what of these?

What if not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodey mast?
The friends of France our shrouts and lings?

And, though unskillful, why not Ned and I
For once allow’d the skillful pilot’s charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind
From shelves and rocks that threaten us a wreck.

As good to chide the waves as speak them fair
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?

All these the enemies to our poor bark,
Say you can swim; alas, ‘tis but a while!
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you over,
Or else you vanish; that’s a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there’s no hoped-for mercy with the bro
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.

Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided
’Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valour
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words
Infuse his breast with magnanimity
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a rage
And warriors faint! why, ’twere perpetual shame
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfath
Doth live again in thee; long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for some hope,
Enter a Messenger.

E. iv.] THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. 553

Enter soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

What I 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 selfsame words to thee.
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

Glon. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stoll'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Aesop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
Glon. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.
K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue,

Clair. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all un-dutiful:

Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

[Stabs him.

Glon. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[Stabs him.

Clair. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[Stabs him.

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glon. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

Glon. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?
K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glon. 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.

Clair. What? what?
Glon. The Tower, the Tower.

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!
They that stab'd Caesar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child:
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!  
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!  
You have no children, butchers! if you had,  
The thought of them would have stirr'd up 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-favour'd Richard? Richard, where ar'thou?  
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;  
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.  
K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.  
Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!  
[Exit, led out forcibly.  
K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?  
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 sort  
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London  
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:  
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.  
[Exeunt.

Scene VI. London. The Tower.

Enter King Henry and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant, on the walls.

Glou. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?  
K. Hen. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather;  
'Tis sin to flatter; 'good' was little better;  
'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike,  
And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good lord.'  
Glou. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.  
[Exit Lieutenant.  
K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;  
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece  
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.  
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?  
To Glou. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;  
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.  
K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,  
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;  
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,  
Have now the fatal object in my eye  
Where as my poor young was limed, was caught,  
and kill'd.

Glou. Why, what a peevish fool was that Crete,  
That taught his son the office of a foul!  
And yet, for all his wings, the foul was drew.  
K. Hen. I, Daudalus: my poor boy, Ican  
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;  
The sun that serv'd the wings of my sweet b  
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea  
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life,  
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with word.  
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 l  
Glou. Think'st thou I am an executioner?  
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou  
If murdering innocents be executing,  
Why, then thou art an executioner.  
Glou. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption  
K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when thou didst presume,  
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.  
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand  
Which now mistrust no parcel of my will,  
And many an old man's sigh and many a wit  
And many an orphan's water-standing eye—  
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands  
And orphans for their parents' timeless death  
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.  
The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign:  
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time.  
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook  
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,  
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung  
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
And yet brought forth less than a mother's  
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.  
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou born,  
To signify thou camest to bite the world:  
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,  
Thou camest  
Glou. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in speech:  
[Stabs  
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.  
K. Hen. Ay, and for much more stabb'd after this,  
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee!  
Glou. What, will the aspiring blood of  
Sink in the ground? I thought it would mounted.  
See how my sword weeps for the poor death  
O, may such purple tears be alway shed  
From those that wish the downfall of our ho  
For any spark of life be yet remaining,  
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee th  
[Stabs him  
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.  
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;  
For I have often heard my mother say  
I came into the world with my legs forward  
Hast I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

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 watched'd the winter's night,
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst reposest 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 I farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[Exeunt.]
THE TRAGEDI OF
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD the Fourth.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, after-wards King Edward V., sons to the
RICHARD, Duke of York, King.
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,
RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, brothers to
afterwards King Richard III., the King.
A young son of Clarence.
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.
JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY, his son.
EARL RIVERS, brother to Elizabeth.
MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, sons to Elizabeth.
EARL OF OXFORD.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.
LORD LOVEL.
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR JAMES BLUNT.
SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRACKENBURY, Lieutenant of Tower.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest. Another Priest.
TRESSIL, and BERKELEY, gentlemen attend on the Lady Anne.
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, queen to King Edward IV.
MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI.
DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to King Edward.
LADY ANNE, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard.
A young Daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard I. Lords and other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scriver, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE: England.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A street.

Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Glot. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York:
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudest stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unashionable

That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brackenbury.

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard?
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tenfending my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
KING RICHARD III.

Upon what cause?

Because my name is George.

I, and I

Begging grace to pardon me, and withal.

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

We are the queen's abjures, and must obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king:

And whatsoever you will employ me in,

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood

Touche me deeper than you can imagine.

I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Well, your imprisonment shall not be long:

I will deliver you, or else lie for you:

Meantime, have patience.

I must perforce. Farewell.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

As much unto my good lord chamberlain!

Well are you welcome to the open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must.

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;

For they that were your enemies are his,

And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

What news abroad?

No news so bad abroad as this at home;

The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,

And his physicians fear him mightily.

Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil di't long,

And overmuch consumed his royal person:

'Tis very grievous to: be thought upon.

What, is he in his bed?

He is.

Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings.

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die

Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,

With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;

And, if I fail not in my deep intent,

Clarence hath not another day to live:

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in!

For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.

What though I kill'd her husband and her father?

The readiest way to make the wench amends

Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market: 160
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,
Gentlemen with halberds to guard it; LADY ANNE being the mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son. 10
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! 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 heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him
As I am made by my poor lord and thee!
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there; 30
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Glou. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.
Gen. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.
Glou. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command.
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 40
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avant, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hast but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have: therefore, be
Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so
Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence 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 thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wound
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afire
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no dwells:
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God, which this blood madest, reveng death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, reveng death!
Either heaven with lightning strike the mur dead,
Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood.
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curse.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of
Glou. But I know none, and therefore canst not make
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the
Glou. More wonderful, when angels an angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.
Anne. Vouchsafe, defused infection of a
For these known evils, but to give me leave
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.
Glou. Fairer than tongue can name the
me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee an
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glou. By such despair, I should accuse
Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou
excused;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon the
Glou. Say that I slew them not?
Anne. Why, then they are not
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by
Glou. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is
Glou. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Ed
Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: 60
Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blo
The which thou once didst bend against her
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glou. I was provoked by her slanderous
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shot
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.  
Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.  
Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.  

Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!  
Glou. I would they were, that I might die at once. 
For now they kill me with a living death. 
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears, 
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:  
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear, 
No, when my father York and Edward wept, 
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made. 
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him; 
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, 160  
Told the sad story of my father's death, 
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep, 
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks, 
Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad time  
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear; 
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale, 
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping. 
I never sued to friend nor enemy; 
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words; 
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee, 170  
My proud heart sue and prompts my tongue to speak. [She looks scornfully at him.  
Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made For kissing, lady, not for such contempt. 
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive, 
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword:  
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom, 
And let the soul forth that adores thee, 
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke, 
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.  
[He lays his breast open; she offers at it 
with his sword. 
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry, 
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me. 181  
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stab'd young Edward, 
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.  
[Here 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.  
Glou. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.  
Anne. I have already. 
Glou. Tush, that was in thy rage: 
Speak it again, and, even with the word, 
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love, 
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love; 192  
To both their deaths thou shalt be necessary. 
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.  
Glou. 'Tis figured in my tongue.  
Anne. I fear me both are false.  
Glou. Then never man was true.  
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.  
Glou. Say, then, my peace is made.  
Anne. That shall you know hereafter.  
Glou. But shall I live in hope? 200  
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.  
Glou. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.  
Anne. To take is not to give.
Glov. 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 suppliant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
That dost confirm his happiness for ever.  
Anne. What is it?  
Glov. That it would please thee leave these sad designs  
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby Place;  
Where, after I have solemnly inter'd  
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,  
I will with all expedient duty see you;  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.  
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys  
me too,  
To see you are become so penitent.  
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.  
Glov. 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.  
Glov. Sirs, take up the corse.  
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?  
Glov. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.  
[Exeunt all but Gloucester.  
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 nothing to my back my suit at all,  
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,  
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!  
Ha!  
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,  
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,  
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?  
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,  
Framed in the prodigality of nature,  
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,  
The spacious world cannot again afford  
And will she yet delase her eyes on me,  
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,  
And made her widow to a woful bed?  
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?  
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus?  
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,  
I do mistake my person all this while:  
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.  
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,  
And entertain some score or two of tailors,  
To study fashions to adorn my body:  
Since I am crept in favour with myself,  
I will maintain it with some little cost.  
But canst thou, till I turn my fellow in his grave;  
And then return lamenting to my love.  
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass.  
[Exit.  

Scene III. The palace.  

Glov. 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 suppliant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
That dost confirm his happiness for ever.  
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And nothing to my back my suit at all,  
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Since I am crept in favour with myself,  
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But canst thou, till I turn my fellow in his grave;  
And then return lamenting to my love.  
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass.  
[Exit.  

Scene III. The palace.  

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers,  
Lord Grey.  

Riv. Have patience, madam: there's doubt his majesty  
Will soon recover his accustomed health.  

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes worse:  
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good com  
And cheer his grace with quick and merry w.  
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would be  
Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lo  
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord include  

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with  
A goodly son,  
To be your comforter when he is gone.  
Q. Eliz. Oh, 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 protec  
Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded  
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.  

Enter Buckingham and Derby.  

Grey. Here come the lords of Bucking  
And Derby.  

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal g  
Der. God make your majesty joyful  
That good prayers will scarcely say ame  
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wit  
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assure  
I hate not you for your proud arrogance.  
Der. I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers;  
Or, if she be accused in true report,  
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, pro  
From wayward sickness, and no groundned m  
Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord  
Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham  
Are come from visiting his majesty.  
Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amend  

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace is  
Q. Eliz. God grant him health I Di  

Buck. Madam, we did: he desires to  
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your bro  
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlai  
And sent to warn them to his royal presc  
Q. Eliz. Would all were well! but this neve  
I fear our happiness is at the highest.  

Enter Gloucester, Hastings, and Dol.  

Glov. They do me wrong, and I will n de  
Who are they that complain unto the king,  
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them n  
By holy Paul, they love his grace but light
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Small joy have I in being England's queen. 110
Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!

Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.

Glou. 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 slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 120
Glou. Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.
Q. Mar. Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glou. In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain? 130
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
W ithal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

Glou. Poor Clarence did forsake his father,
Warwick;
Yea, and foreswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glou. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his need, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's; 140
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.
Glou. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar: Far be it from my heart, the thought of it! 150
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? 160
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
O gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what makes thou
in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast
marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou net banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in
banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me; 170
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on
these,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
paper
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rut-
land,—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee:
And God, not we, hath plaguy thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the inno-
cent.

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 woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses?
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 mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art 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 que-
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I
him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou ha-
with'er'd hag!

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog,
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 trouble of the poor world's pect
The worm of conscience still begins thy so
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou li
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friend
No sleep close up that deadly-eye of thine,
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, pestilential hag!
Thou wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee

Glo. I cry thee mercy then, for I
thought
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter ma

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for
reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glo. "Tis done by me, and ends in

garet.'

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your
against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flour
my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spio
Whose deadly web enshambles thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyse
The time will come when thou shalt wish for

To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-b

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy fri
curse,

Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you
all moved mine.

Riv. Were you well served, you woul

taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all shou
me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my
jects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves
duty!

Dor. Dispute not with her: she is lunat

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you
malapert:

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce cur

O, that your young nobility could judge

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
I was too hot to do somebody good,  
That is too cold in thinking of it now.  
Marry, as for Clarence he said;  
He is frank'd up to fath'ng for his pains:  
God pardon them that are the cause of it!  
Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,  
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.  
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. Madam, his majesty doth call for you;  
And for your grace; and you, my noble lords. 324  
Q. Eliz. Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go with us?  
Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.  
[Exeunt all but Gloucester.  
Glos. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.  
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad  
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.  
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,  
I do beweep to many simple gulls;  
Namely, to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham;  
And say it is the queen; and her villain  
That stir the king against the duke my brother.  
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me  
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:  
But then I sigh; and, with a piece of scripture,  
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:  
And thus I clothe my naked villany  
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ;  
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But, soft! here come my executioners.  
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates! 340  
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?  
First Murd. We are, my lord; and come to  
have the warrant.  
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glos. Well thought upon: I have it here about me.  
[Give 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. Tush! 350  
Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate;  
Talkers are no good doers: be assured  
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.  
Glos. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools'  
eyes drop tears:  
I like you, lads; about your business straight;  
Go, go, dispatch.

First Murd. We will, my noble lord. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. London. The Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?  
Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,  
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Brak. What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.

Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy; 20
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 30

Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Immoveable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, 40
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which wou'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of 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 seek the empty, vast and wandering air;
But smoother'd it within my panting bulk, 50
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury 60
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he squeak'd out aloud,
'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence.'

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your tomorrors!'
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise 66
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you;
I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
Which now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease
The hollow will be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone.
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor child
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 good rest. 70

[Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. In God's name what are you, and came you hither?

First Murd. I would speak with Clar and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. Yea, are you so brief?

Sec. Murd. O sir, it is better to be brief tedious. Shew him our commission; tall more.

[Brakenbury reads.

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.
Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king: and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.

First Murd. Do so, it is a point of wise
fare you well. 81

[Exit Brakenbury.

Sec. Murd. What, shall we stab him a sleep?

First Murd. No; then he will say 'twas
coerced, when he wakes.

Sec. Murd. When he wakes! why, foo
shall never wake till the judgement-day.

First Murd. Why, then he will say
stabbed him sleeping.

Sec. Murd. The urging of that word 'ju
ment' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd. What, art thou afraid?

Sec. Murd. Not to kill him, having a r
rant for it; but to be damned for killing from which no warrant can defend us.

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been
soleute.

Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. Back to the Duke of Glouce
tell him so.

Sec. Murd. I pray thee, stay a while: I
my holy humour will change; 'twas wont to me but while one would tell twenty.

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself
Sec. Murd. 'Faith, some certain dregs of science are yet within me.

First Murd. Remember our reward, the deed is done.

Sec. Murd. Zounds, he dies: I had forgot
reward.

First Murd. Where is thy conscience n
In the Duke of Gloucester’s purse.

**KING RICHARD III.**

So when he opens his purse, give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

**KING.** Let it go; there’s few or none entertain it.

**KING.** How if it come to thee again?

**KING.** I’ll not meddle with it; it is a good thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot lie, but it checks him; he cannot lie with his wife’s brother, but it detects him: ’tis a blushing-shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man’s soul; it fills one full of obstacles. It that I found; it gars any man that keeps it: it is turned out all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; every man that means to live well ends to trust to himself and to live without it.

**KING.** Zounds! it is even now at my arm, persuading me not to kill the duke.

**KING.** Take the devil in thy mind, and eke him not: he would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh.

**KING.** Tut, I am strong-framed, he not prevail with me, I warrant thee.

**KING.** Spoke like a tall fellow that seeks his reputation. Come, shall we to this?

**KING.** Take him over the costard with hits of thy sword, and then we will chop in the malmsey-butt in the next room.

**KING.** O excellent device! make a sop of him.

**KING.** Hark! he stirs! shall I strike?

**KING.** No, first let’s reason with him.

**LAR.** Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

**KING.** You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

**KING.** In God’s name, what art thou?

**KING.** A man, as you are.

**LAR.** But not, as I am, royal.

**KING.** Nor you, as we are, loyal.

**LAR.** Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

**KING.** My voice is now the king’s, my looks mine own.

**LAR.** How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

**KING.** Eyes do menace me: why look you pale? o sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

**LAR.** To, to, to—

**KING.** To murder me?

**LAR.** Ay, ay.

**KING.** You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so.

**LAR.** I therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. erein, my friends, have I offended you?

**KING.** Offended us you have not, but the king.

**KING.** I shall be reconciled to him again.

**KING.** Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

**LAR.** Are you call’d forth from out a world of day the innocent? What is my offence? ere are the evidence that do accuse me? is lawful quest have given their verdict up o the frowning judge? or who pronounced

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence’ death? Before I be convict by course of law, To threaten me with death is most unlawful. I charge you, as you hope to have redemption By Christ’s dear blood shed for our grievous sins, That you depart and lay no hands on me: The deed you undertake is damnable.

**KING.** What we will do, we do upon command.

**SEC.** And he that hath commanded is the king.

**CLAR.** Erroineous vassal! the great King of kings

Hath in the tables of his law commanded That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou, then, Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man’s? Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands, To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

**SEC.** And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing and for murder too: Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,

To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

**KING.** And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade

Unrip’dst the bowels of thy sovereign’s son.

Whom thouwert sworn to cherish and defend.

**KING.** How canst thou urge God’s dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

**CLAR.** Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed? For Edward, for my brother, for his sake: Why, sirs, He sends ye not to murder me for this;

For in this sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be revenged for this deed,

O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course

To cut off those that have offended him.

**KING.** Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

**CLAR.** My brother’s love, the devil, and my rage.

**KING.** Thy brother’s love, our duty, and thy fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

**CLAR.** Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me; I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you be hired for need, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,

Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

**SEC.** You are deceived, your brother Gloucester hates you.

**CLAR.** O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:

Go you to him from me.

**BOTH.** Ay, so we will.

**CLAR.** Tell him, when that our princely father

Bless’d his three sons with his victorious arm,

And charged us from his soul to love each other,

He little thought of this divided friendship;

Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.
First Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

First Murd. Right. 

As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself: Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. It cannot be; for when I parted with him, He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sob's, That he would labour my delivery.

Sec. Murd. Why, so he doth, now he deliver's thee

From this world's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

First Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul, To counsel me to make my peace with God, And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind, That thou wilt war with God by murdering me? Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Sec. Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

First Murd. Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son, Being pent from liberty, as I am now, If two such murderers as yourselves came to you, Would not entreat for life? My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks; 270 O, if thine eye be not a flatterer, Come thou on my side, and entreat for me, As you would beg, were you in my distress: A begging prince what beggar pities not?

Sec. Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

First Murd. Take that, and that: if all this will not do, I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.]

Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd! How faint, like Pilate, would I wash my hands Of this most grievous guilty murder done! 280

Re-enter First Murderer.

First Murd. How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not? By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art!

Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had saved his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say; For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit. First Murd.] So do not I: go, coward as thou art.

Now must I hide his body in some hole, Until the duke take order for his burial: And when I have my meed, I must away; For this will out, and here I must not stay.

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Edward sick, Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so: now have I done a good day's work:

You peers, continue this united league: I every day expect an embassage From my Redeemer to redeem me hence; And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven Since I have set my friends at peace on earth, Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand, Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my heart is purged grudging hate:

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

K. Edw. Take heed you daily not be your king;

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings Confound your hidden falsehood, and award Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt this,

Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you Have been factious one against the other, Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand. And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. Here, Hastings; I will never forget this.

Our former hatred, so thrive I end mine! K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; Hast love lord marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here profess, Upon my part shall be unviolable.

Hast. And so swear I, my lord. 270 [They emb.]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, thou this league With thy embracements to my wife's allies, And make me happy in thy unity. Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn hate On you or yours [to the Queen], but with due lute love.

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me! With hate in those where I expect most love When I have most need to employ a friend, And most assured that he is a friend, Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile, Be he unto me! this do I beg of God, When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[They emb.]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham, Is this thy vow unto my sickly king? There wanteth now our brother Gloucester To make the perfect period of this peace. Buck. And, in good time, here cometh noble duke.

Enter Gloucester.

Glow. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen: And, princely peers, a happy time of day! K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have the day.

Brother, we have done deeds of charity; Made peace of enmity, fair peace of hate. Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glow. A blessed labour, my most sov’reign liege: Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
false intelligence, or wrong surmise, 
did a foe; 
unwittingly, or in my rage, 
Aught committed that is hardly borne 
in this presence, I desire 
reconcile me to his friendly peace: 
death to me to be at enmity; 
seal, and desire all good men’s love. 
Madam, I entreat true peace of you, 
ich I will purchase with my duterous service; 
you, my noble cousin Buckingham, 
ver any grudge were lodged between us; 
you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you; 
not know that Englishman alive 
whom my soul is any jot at odds 
with the infant that is born to-night: 
asks my God for my humiliation. 
A. All a holy day shall this be kept here- 
after: 
ould to God all strifes were well compounded. 
sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty 
take our brother Clarence to your grace. 
Whom, madam, have I offer’d love for 
be so flouted in this royal presence? 
knows not that the noble duke is dead? 
[They all start.] 
do him injury to scar his corse. 
Who knows not he is dead? who knows 
he is? 
A. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this! 
luck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the 
rest? 
A. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this 
presence 
his red colour hath forsook his cheeks. 
A. Is Clarence dead? the order was 
reversed. 
ou. But he, poor soul, by your first order 
did a winged Mercury did bear; 
early cripple bore the countermand, 
came too lag to see him buried. 
grant that some, less noble and less loyal, 
arer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood, 
serve not worse than wretched Clarence did, 
yet so current from suspicion! 

Enter Derby. 

A. A boon, my sovereign, for my service 
done! 
A. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow. 
A. I will not rise, unless your highness grant. 
A. Then speak at once what is thou 
thou hast’st said it. 
A. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant’s 
life; 
slew to-day a riotous gentleman 
ely attendant on the Duke of Norfolk. 
A. Have I a tongue to doom my brother’s death? 
shall the same give pardon to a slave? 
brother slew no man: his fault was thought, 
yet his punishment was cruel death. 
sued to me for him? who, in my rage, 

Kneel’d at my feet, and bade me be advised? 
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love? 
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake 
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me? 
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury, 
When Oxford had me sworn, he rescued me, 
And said, ’Dear brother, live, and be a king’? 
Who told me, when we both lay in the field 
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me 
Even in his own garments, and gave himself, 
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night? 
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath 
Sinfullly pluck’d, and not a man of you 
Had so much grace to put it in my mind. 
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals 
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced 
The precious image of our dear Redeemer, 
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon; 
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you: 
But for my brother not a man would speak, 
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself 
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all 
Have been beholding to him in his life: 
Yet none of you would once plead for his life. 
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold 
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this! 
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh, 
poor Clarence! 

[Exeunt some with King and Queen. 

Glou. This is the fruit of rashness! Mark’d you 
not 
How that the guilty kindred of the queen 
Look’d pale when they did hear of Clarence’ death? 
O, they did urge it still unto the king! 
God will revenge it. But come, let us in, 
To comfort Edward with our company. 

Buck. We wait upon your grace. 

[Exeunt. 

Scene II. The palace. 

Enter the Duchess of York, with the two 
children of Clarence. 

Boy. Tell me, good grandam, is our father 
dead? 
Duch. No, boy. 

Boy. Why do you wring your hands, and beat 
your breast, 
And cry ’O Clarence, my unhappy son!’ 

Girl. Why do you look on us, and shake your 
head, 
And call us wretches, orphans, castaways, 
If that our noble father be alive? 

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me 
much; 
I do lament the sickness of the king, 
As loath to lose him, not your father’s death; 
It were lost sorrow to wail one that’s lost. 

Boy. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is 
dead. 
The king my uncle is to blame for this: 
God will revenge it; whom I will importune 
With daily prayers all to that effect. 

Girl. And so will I, my lad. 

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth 
love you well: 
Incapable and shallow innocents, 
You cannot guess who caused your father’s death.
Boy. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester
Told me, the king, provoked by the queen,
Devised impiements to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my cheek:
Rade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Duch. Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous wizard hide foul guile!
He is my son; yea, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
Duch. Ay, boy.
Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?
Enter Queen Elizabeth, with her hair about
her ears; RIVERS and DORSET after 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 impatience?
Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.
Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee;
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crusts from my feeble limbs.
Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!
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-dourour likewise be unwep't
Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barrer to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!
Chil. Oh for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!
Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!
Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? he's gone.
Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? he's gone.
Duch. What stays had I but they? and are gone.
Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a
Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a
Duch. Was never mother had so dear a
Alas, I am the mother of these moans!
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurs
And I will pamper it with lamentations.
Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is in displeased
That you take with unthankfulness his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrate.
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent.
Much planting to be thus opposite with heaves,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a can
Of the young prince your son: send stra
for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort liv
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's gr
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.
Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Deri
Hastings, and Ratcliff.
Glou. Madam, have comfort: all of us cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing the
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 meekne
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!
Glou. [Aside] Amen; and make me a
good old man!
That is the but-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.
Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sor
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 kin
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-sown heart
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd togethe
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kej
Me seemeth good, that, with some little trai
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince
catch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.
Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord
Buckingham?
Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multi
The new-heal'd wound of malice should b
out;
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.  
First Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth  
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.  
Third Cit. Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;  
For then this land was famously enrich'd  
With politic grave counsel; then the king  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.  
First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.  
Third Cit. Better it were they all came by the father,  
Or by the father there were none at all;  
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!  
And the queen's sons and brothers haunted and proud:  
And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before.  
First Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all shall be well.  
Third Cit. When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks;  
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.  
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.  
Sec. Cit. Truly, the souls of men are full of dread:  
Yet cannot reason almost with a man  
That looks not heavily and full of fear.  
Third Cit. Before the times of change, still is it so;  
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing dangers: as, by proof, we see  
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.  
But leave it all to God, Whither away?  
Sec. Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.  
Third Cit. And so was I: I'll bear you company.  
[Exeunt.]

**SCENE III. London. A street.**

Enter two Citizens, meeting.  
Cit. Neighbour, well met: whither away so fast?  
Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself:  
you the news abroad?  
Cit. Ay, that the king is dead.  
Cit. Bad news, 'by'r lady; seldom comes ye better;  
I fear 'twill prove a troubled world.  
Enter another Citizen.  
Cit. Neighbours, God speed!  
Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.  
Cit. Both this news hold of good King Edward's death?  
Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true: God help us while!  
Cit. Then, masters, look to see an obsolescent world.  
Cit. No, no; by God's good grace his  
shall reign.  
Cit. Woe to that land that's govern'd  
by a child!  
Cit. In him there is a hope of government,  
his nonage council under him,  
his full and ripen'd years himself,
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow 
apace:'
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds
make haste.
Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did
not hold.
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.
Arch. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is. 21
Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been re-
member'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duch. How, my pretty York? I pray thee, let
me hear it.
York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest. 30
Duch. I pray thee, pretty York, who told
thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou
wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who
told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous 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?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to
unfold.
Q. Eliz. How fares the prince?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health. 40
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 downfall of our
house!
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind; 50
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne:
Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown:
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; blood against blood,
Self against self: O, preposterous

And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen
Or let me die, to look on death no more!
Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we wi
sanctuary,
Madam, farewell.
Duch. I'll go along with you.
Q. Eliz. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious lady
And thither bear your treasure and your go
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.

ACT III.

Scene I. London. A street.
The trumpets sound. Enter the young Pr
the Dukes of Gloucester and BUCKING
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, CATESBY, and o
Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to Lond
your chamber.
Glou. Welcome, dear cousin, my tho
sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy
Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and hea
I want more uncles here to welcome me.
Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted vir
your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he
Seldom or never jumpheth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were danger
Your grace attended to their sugar'd word
But look'd not on the poison of their heart.
God keep you from them, and from suc
friends!
Prince. God keep me from false friend
they were none.
Glou. My lord, the mayor of London
to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his tru
May. God bless your grace with hea
happy days!
Prince. I thank you, good my lord; an
you all.
I thought my mother, and my brother Yo
Would long ere this have met us on the w
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he com
to tell us whether they will come or no
friends!

Enter LORd HASTINGS.
Buck. And, in good time, here con
swearing lord.
Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, my
mother come?
Hast. On what occasion, God he
not I,
The queen your mother, and your broth
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet you,
But by his mother was perfec
withheld.
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and pee
Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your
ade the queen to send the Duke of York
his princely brother presently.

Lord Hastings, go with him,
rom her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak

[Aside] Short summers lightly have a

Enter young York, Hastings, and the

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call

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. 100

Glou. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,

You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:

The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glou. He hath, my lord.

And therefore is he idle?

Glou. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholdng to you

Glou. He may command me as my sovereign;

But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glou. My dagger, little cousin! with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;

And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glou. A greater gift than that I'll give my

cousin.

Glou. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.

Glou. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then, I see, you will part but with

light gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glou. It is too heavy for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier. 121

Glou. What, would you have my weapon,

little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you
call me.

Glou. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in
talk:

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear

with me?

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

Because that I am little, like an ape, 130

He thinks that you should bear me on your

shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he

reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:

So cunning and so young is wonderful.

Glou. My lord, will't please you pass along?

Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glou. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. As if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
[Enter Buckingham and Catesby.
Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating
York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus oppressibly?
Glou. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenions, forward, capable:
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither,
Catesby, Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart;
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou, then, of Stanley?
what will he?
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
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; 171
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. 180
Glou. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.
Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed 1 may.
Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Cate. 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, man; somehow will do;
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveable Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.
Buck. I'll claim that promise at your good graces.
Glou. And look to have it yielded with willingness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.  

SCENE II. Before Lord Hastings' house.
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. What, ho! my lord!
Hast. [Within] Who knocks at the door?
Mess. A messenger from the Lord Stanil
Enter Lord 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 lord
Hast. And then?
Mess. And then he sends you word
He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his
Besides, he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determined at the one
Which it may make you and him to rue at the other:
Therefore he sends to know your lord's pleasure,
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed with him to wear 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 servant Catesby; Whereof nothing can proceed that toucheth
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting his
And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers;
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no; 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 kind.
Mess. My gracious lord, I'll tell him you say.

Enter Catesby.
Cate. Many good morrowes to my noble
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are
stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering
Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord,
And I believe 'twill never stand upright.
Till Richard wear the garland of the true
Hast. How I wear the garland! dost thou
the crown?
Cate. Ay, my good lord.
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Enter Lord Stanley.

Enter Buckingham.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan to death.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch: the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,

Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the second here was hack'd to death;

Than some that have accused them wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.

[Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now Than when I met thee last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies:
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.

[Throws him his purse.

Purs. God save your lordship! [Exit.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

[He whispers in his ear.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;

Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

Those men you talk of came into my mind:

What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long shall I not stay:

I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. [Aside] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Pomfret Castle.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan to death.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch: the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,

Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the second here was hack'd to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Ric. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

Ric. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all embrace:
And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV. The Tower of London.

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, and take their seats at a table.

Hast. My lords, at once: the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.
In God's name, speak: when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time?
Der. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?

Ratcliff. Which is most inward with the royal duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest
Know his mind.
Buck. Who, I, my lord! we know each other's faces,
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine,
Than I of yours;
Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. Now in good time, here comes the duke himself.

Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope,
My absence doth neglect no great designs,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronouned your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
Hast. I thank your grace.

Glou. My lord of Ely! My lord?
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
Mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,
He lived from all attainer of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever lived.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell you, the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

May. What, had he so?

Glou. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforced us to this execution?

May. Now, fair bethall you! he deserved his death;
And you my good lords, both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands.

After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Glou. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his death:
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word
shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship's
here,
To avoid the carping censures of the world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intents,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Mayor.

Glou. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretched to their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that unsatiat Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;  
Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:  
But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off:  
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.  

Buck. Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator  
As if the golden fee for which I plead  
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.  

Glou. If you thrive well, bring them to Bay-  

nard's Castle;  
Where you shall find me well accompanied  
With reverend fathers and well-disposed bishops.  

Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock  
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.  


Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor  
Shaw;  
[To Cate.] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both  
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.  

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.  

Now will I in, to take some privy order,  
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;  
And to give notice, that no manner of person  
At any time have recourse unto the princes. [Exeit.  


Scene VI. The same. A street.  
Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.  

Scriv. This is the indictment of the good  
Lord Hastings;  
Which set hand fairly is engross'd,  
That it may be this day read over in Paul's.  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:  
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,  
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me;  
The precedent was full as long a-doing;  
And yet within these five hours lived Lord  
Hastings,  
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.  
Here's a good world the while! Why who's so  
gross,  
That seeth not this palpable device?  
Yet who's so blind, but says he sees it not?  
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,  
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.  

[Exeit.  


Scene VII. Baynard's Castle.  
Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at  
several doors.  

Glou. How now, my lord, what say the citizens?  

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,  
The citizens are mum and speak not a word.  

Glou. 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 trilles; his own bastardy,  
As being got, your father then in France,  
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:  
Withal I did infer your lineaments,  
Being the right idea of your father;  
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;  
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;  
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose  
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse  
And when mine oratory grew to an end,  
I bid them that did love their country's goods  
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king.'  

Glou. Ah! and did they so?  

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake  
word;  
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,  
Gazed each on other, and look'd pale and blank;  
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;  
And ask'd the mayor what meant this  
silence:  

His answer was, the people were not wont  
To be spoke to but by the recorder.  
Then he was urged to tell my tale again,  
'Thus said the duke, thus hath the duke info  
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.  
When he had done, some followers of mine  
At the lower end of the hall, hur'd it up  
And some ten voices cried 'God save  
Richard!  
And thus I took the vantage of those few,  
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth  
'This general applause and loving shout  
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Rich  

Glou. What tongueless blocks were  
would they not speak?  

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.  

Glou. Will not the mayor then and  

brethren come?  

Buck. The mayor is here at hand;  
some fear;  

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit  
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand  
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my  
For on that ground I'll build a holy descen  
And be not easily won to our request;  

Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and  

Glou. I go; and if you plead as well for  
As I can say nay to thee for myself,  

No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.  

Buck. Go, go up to the leads; the lord  
knocks.  

[Exeit Gloucester.  

Enter the Mayor and Citizens.  

Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance he  
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.  

Enter Catesby.  

Here comes his servant: how now, Cates  
What says he?  

Cate. My lord, he doth entreat your grace  
To visit him to-morrow or next day:  
He is within, with two right reverend fathers;  
Divinely bent to meditation;  

And in no worldly suit would he be moved  
To draw him from his holy exercise.  

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to thy lord  
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,  
In deep designs and matters of great moment;  
No less importing than our general good,  
Are come to have some conference with him  

Cate. I'll tell him what you say, my lord.  

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is  

Edward!  
He is not illing on a lewd day-bed,  
But on his knees at meditation;
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dallying with a brace of courtierans, 
meditating with two deep divines; 
sleeping, to engross his idle body, 
prolonging, to engross his watchful soul: 
ye were England, would this gracious prince
on himself the sovereignty thereof:
sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it. So
ay. Marry, God forbid his grace should say
us nay!

ck. I fear he will.

Re-enter Catesby.

now, Catesby, what says your lord?

ck. My lord, 

wonders to what end you have assembled

troup of citizens to speak with him,
grace not being warn’d thereof before:
or, he fears you mean no good to him.

ck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should

act me, that I mean no good to him:
caven, I come in perfect love to him;
so to have more return and tell his grace.

E.xit Catesby.

y. holy and devout religious men

at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
next is zealous contemplation.

GLOUCESTER aloft, between two Bishops.

CATESBY returns.

y. See, where he stands between two clergymen!

ck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,

from him the fall of vanity:

see, a book of prayer in his hand, 
ornaments to know a holy man.

us Plantagenet, most gracious prince, 
100 favourable ears to our request;

ardon us the interruption

my devotion and right Christian zeal.

u. My lord, there needs no such apology:
er do beseech you pardon me,
earnest in the service of my God,
ct the visitation of my friends.

eaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
u. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,

ll good men of this ungovern'd isle.

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c. I do suspect I have done some offence
seems disgracious in the city's eyes, 
hat you come to reprehend my ignorance.

u. You have, my lord; would it might

please your grace,

entreaties, to amend that fault!

Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

ck. Then know, it is your fault that you

treme seat, the throne majestical,
capt'sd of your ancestors,
tate of fortune and your due of birth,
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glory of your royal house,

ruption of a blemish'd stock:

in the midst of your sleepy thoughts,
where we waken to our country's good,
oble isle doth want her proper limbs;

c defaced with scars of infancy,

Her royal stock grafted with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowng gulf
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.

Which to secure, we heartily solicit

Your gracious self to take on you the charge

And kingly government of this your land,

Not as protector, steward, substitute,

Or lowly factor for another's gain;

But as successively from blood to blood,

Your right of birth, your empery, your own.

For this, consorted with the citizens,

Your very worshipful and loving friends,

And by their vehement instigation,

In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glou. I know not whether 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;

If to reprove you for this suit of yours,

So season'd with your faithful love to me,

Then, on the other side, choose your friends.

Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,

And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,

Definitively thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert

Unmeritable shuns your high request.

First, if all obstructions were cut away,

And that my path were even to the crown,

As my ripe revenue and due by birth;

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,

So mighty and so many my defects,

As I had rather hide me from my greatness,

Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,

Than in my greatness cover to be hid,

And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.

But, God be thanked, there's no need of me,

And much I need to help you, if need were;

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,

Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,

Will well become the seat of majesty,

And make, no doubt, as happy by his reign.

On him I lay what you would lay on me,

The right and fortune of his happy stars;

Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,

All circumstances well considered.

You say that Edward is your brother's son:

So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:

For first he was contract to Lady Lucy—

Your mother lives a witness to that vow—

And afterward by substitute betroth'd

to Bona, sister to the King of France.

These both put by, a poor petitioner,

A care-crazed mother of a many children,

A beauty-waning and distressed widow,

Even in the afternoon of her best days,

Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,

Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts

to base declension and loathed his name:

By her, in her unlawful bed, he got

This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.

More bitterly could I expostulate,

Save that, for reverence to some alive,

I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat
you.
Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd
love.
Cat. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful
suit!
Glou. Alas, why would you heap these cares
on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And evenly indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come, citizens: 'tounds! I'll entreat no more.
Glou. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.
(Beexit Buckingham with the Citizens.
Cat. Call them again, my lord, and accept
their suit.

Another. Do, good my lord, lest all the land
do rue it.
Glou. Would you enforce me to a world of
care again?
Well, call them again. I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.
Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear your burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load;
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blot's and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire thereof.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and
will say it.
Glou. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly
title:
Long live Richard, England's royal king! 240
May. and Cit. Amen.
Buck. To-morrow will it please you to be
crown'd?
Glou. Even when you please, since you will
have it so.
Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your
grace:
And so most joyfully we take our leave.
Glou. Come, let us to our holy task again.
Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.

[Exeunt.]
KING RICHARD III.

Scene I. London. The palace.

Scene. Enter Richard, in pomp, crowned; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!

Buck. My gracious sovereign?

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [Here he ascendeth his throne.] Thus high, by thy advice And thy assistance, is King Richard seated: But shall we wear these honours for a day? Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them? Buck. Still live they and for ever may they last!

K. Rich. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch, To try if thou be current gold indeed: Young Edward lives; think now what I would say.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.


Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned hege.


Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence, That Edward still should live! 'True, noble prince!' Courage, thouwert not wont to be so dull: Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead; And I would have it suddenly perform'd. What sayest thou? speak suddenly; be brief. 20 Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth: Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord, Before I positively speak herein: I will resolve your grace immediately. [Exit.

Cate. [Aside to a standby] The king is angry: see, he bites the lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools And unrespective boys: none are for me That look into me with considerate eyes: 30 High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect. Boy!

Page. My lord?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman, Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,
KING RICHARD III.

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither. [Exit Page.]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel:
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter STANLEY.

How now! what news with you?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea
Where he abides.

K. Rich. Catesby! [Stands apart.]

Cates. My lord?

K. Rich. Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die:
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry strange to Clarence' daughter:
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out
That Anne my wife is sick and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[Exit Catesby.

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Ay, my lord;
But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear: [Whispers.

There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

Tyr. 'Tis done, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?

Tyr. Ye shall, my lord. [Exit.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind

The late demand that you did sound me in,

K. Rich. Well, let that pass. Dorset is fl
To Richmond.

Buck. I hear that news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: we
look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim your gift, my due
promise
For which your honour and your faith is pawn
The cardom of Hereford and the moveables
The which you promised I should possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if
convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my j
demand?

K. Rich. As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king, perhaps, perhaps,—

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could
at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill ha

Buck. My lord, your promise for the e
dom,—

K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was
Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont: at which nam 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 n
Of what you promised me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, I
keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether will or no.

K. Rich. Tut, tut,
Thou troubllest me: I am not in the vein.

[Exeunt all but Buckingham.

Buck. Is it even so? rewards he my true se With such deep contempt? made I him kind this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone To Brecknock, while my fearful head is ou

SCENE III. The same.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed is o The most arch act of piteous massacre That ever yet this land was guilty of. Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn To do this ruthless piece of butchery, Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody with melting with tenderness and kind compassion Wept like two children in their deaths' sad st
KING RICHARD III.

Scene IV. Before the palace.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to wane And drop into the rotten mouth of death. Here in these confines slyly have I lurk’d, To watch the waning of mine adversaries. A dire induction am I witness to, And will to France, hoping the consequence Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical. Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender babes! My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets! 10 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air And be not tied in doom perpetual, Hover about me with your airy wings And hear your mother’s lamentation! Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right Hath dimm’d your infant morn to aged night. Dutch. So many miseries have crazed my voice, That my wee-weared tongue is mute and dumb, Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead? Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet. Edward for Edward pays a dying debt. 21 Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs, And throw them in the entrails of the wolf? When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done? Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son. Dutch. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost, Woe’s scene, world’s shame, grave’s due by life usurp’d, Brief abstract and record of tedious days, Rest thy unrest on England’s lawful earth, [Sitting down. Unlawfully made drunk with innocents’ blood! 30 Q. Eliz. O, that thou shouldst as well afford a grave As thou canst yield a melancholy seat! Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here. O, who hath any cause to mourn but I? [Sitting down by her. Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend, Give mine the benefit of seniory, And let my woes frown on the upper hand. If sorrow can admit society, [Sitting down with them. Tell o’er your woes again by viewing mine: I had an Edward, till a Richard kill’d him; 40 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, Dutch. 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, and Richard kill’d him. From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood; 50
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in gilded eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God wills it with me, I have wept for thine. 60
Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss:
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. 70
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligence,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpity'd end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd away.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!
Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time
would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes;
A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A sign of dignity, a garish flag;
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee and cries 'God save the queen?'
Where be the boding peers that flatter'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distress'd widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care; 100
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now feared one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, who dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow? 110
Now that proud neck bears half my burren'd yoke:
From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mis
These English woes will make me smile.
Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, 120
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!
Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and the days;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fatter than they were;
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad cause worse.
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.
Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them
with thine!
Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp,
I pierce like mine.
Duch. Why should calamity be full of woe?
Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client we,
Airy succeeders of intestine joys,
Pore breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do part
Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.
Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, which thy two sweet and
mother'd.
I hear his drun: be copious in exclains.

Enter King Richard, marching, with drums and trumpets.
K. Rich. Who intercepts my expedition?
Duch. O, she that might have intercept
eath, 140
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!
Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead wild,
That golden crown,
Where should be graven, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown
And the dire death of my two sons and broth
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my chil
Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is your brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Q. Eliz. Where is kind Hastings, River, Vaughan, Grey?
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike aller
drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale wome
Rall on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!

Flourish. Alarm.

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, you
self.
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of my
condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

[Act III]
Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
es in me; I say amen to all.
K. Rich. Stay, dam'd; I must speak a word with you.
Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
hee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,
she shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
and fair, royal and gracious.
Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
her self as false to Edward's bed;
now her the veil of infamy:
you live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.
Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is only safest in her birth.
Q. Eliz. And only in that haste died her brothers.
K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.
K. Rich. All unavoidable is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.
K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozend'
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours were by me wrong'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 children,
gentle lady.
Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?
K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
K. Rich. Even all I have; yea, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I
love thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.
K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter
from thy soul:
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter, And mean to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who should be else?
Q. Eliz. What, thou?
K. Rich. I, even I: what think you of it, madam?
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That would I learn of you, As one that are best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart. 270
Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave Edward and York; then haply she will weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain The purple sap from her sweet brother's body.
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith. If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,
Maidest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. Come, come, you mock me; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape, And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil. 290
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make my beds, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother; 300
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls thy beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarily shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.

What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl, Advancing their loan with interest.
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her rashful years with your experience
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys;
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retain my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.
Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her faithbrother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle? Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles? Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour and her love,
Can be so pleasing to her tender years?
Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with lasting war.
K. Rich. Say that the king, which may command, entreats.
Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king forbids.
K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen,
Q. Eliz. To wait the title, as her mother dier,
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastings.
Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title e' last?
Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her swift life last?
K. Rich. So long as heaven and man lengthens it.
Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard likes a sovereignty.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes a sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best but plainly told.
K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too hard style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and quick.
Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, mind changing their loan was past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till he strings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, my crown,—
Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the usurp'd.
KING RICHARD III.

ich. I swear—

lis. By nothing; for this is no oath:

forge, profane, hath lost his holy honour;

rite, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.

thing thou wilt swear to be believed,
then by something that thou hast not rong'd.

ich. Now, by the world—

lis. ’Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

ich. My father's death—

lis. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

ich. Then, by myself—

lis. Thyself thyself misusest.

ich. Why then, by God—

lis. God's wrong is most of all.

hadst fear’d to break an oath by Him,

ity the king thy brother made

been broken, nor my brother slain: 380

hadst fear’d to break an oath by Him,

periel metal, circling now thy brow,

ced the tender temples of my child,

th the princes had been breathing here,

ow, two tender playfellows for dust,

ken faith hath made a prey for worms,

ast thou swear by now?

ich. The time to come.

iz. That thou hast wronged in the time

rapt, thyself have many tears to wash 389

er time, for time past wrong’d by thee.

cildren live, whose parents thou hast

ght’r’d,

’d youth, to wail it in their age;

ents live, whose children thou hast

’t her,

’d plants, to wail it with their age.

by time to come; for that thou hast

ere used, by time misus’d o’erpast.

ich. As I intend to prosper and repent,

1 in my dangerous attempt

e arms! myself myself confound!

one bar me happy hours! 400

ld me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!

ite all planets of good luck

ceedings, if, with pure heart’s love,

ate devotion, holy thoughts,

thy beauteous princely daughter!

ss my happiness and thine;

er, follows to this land and me,

erself, and many a Christian soul,

olution, ruin and decay:

be avoided but by this;

be avoided but by this.

e, good mother,—I must call you so—

orney of my love to her.

at I will be, not what I have been;

elves, but what I will deserve:

ecessity and state of times,

peish-fond in great designs.

. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

. Shall I forget myself to be myself? 420

. Ay, if yourself’s remembrance wrong

. But thou didst kill my children.

ich. But in thy daughter’s womb I

y them:

hat nest of spicery they shall breed

Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. Write me very shortly,

And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love’s kiss; and

so, farewell. [Exit Queen Elizabeth. 430

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

How now! what news?

Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western

coast

Rideth a puissant navy: to the shore

Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,

Unarm’d, and unresolved to beat them back:

’Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;

And there they hull, expecting but the aid

Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore:

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the

Duke of Norfolk:

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my lord.

K. Rich. Fly to the duke: [To Ratcliff] Post

thou to Salisbury:

When thou comest thither,—[To Catesby] Dull,

 unmindful villain,

Why standst thou still, and go’st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty sovereign, let me know

your mind,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby: bid him levy

straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meet me presently at Salisbury.

Cate. I go.

Rat. What is’t your highness’ pleasure I shall do

At Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there

before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post

before.

K. Rich. My mind is changed, sir, my mind

is changed.

Enter Lord STANLEY.

How now, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my lord, to please you with

the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

K. Rich. Hriday, a riddle I neither good nor

bad!

Why dost thou run so many mile about,

When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?

Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas

on him!

White-liver’d runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by

guess.

K. Rich. Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr’d up by Dorset, Buckingham, and

Ely,

He makes for England, there to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword

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 doth he upon the sea?
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 Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to bent him back?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conduing the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to Richard: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty sovereign:
Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join
with Richmond:
I will not trust you, sir.
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.
K. Rich. Well,
Go muster men; but, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
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 Courtayne, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many me confederates, are in arms;

Enter another Messenger.

Sec. Mess. My liege, in Kent the Guildfords
are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of the Duke
of Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on you, owls! nothing but songs
of death?
[He striketh him.
Take that, until thou bring me better news.

Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
K. Rich. I cry thee mercy;
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Third Mess. Such proclamation hath made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace:
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckinham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Housed sail and made away for Brittany.
K. Rich. March on, march on, since up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter Catesby.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Bucking
taken:
That is the best news: that the Earl of Ric
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! with reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brou
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

Flourish. Exit.

Scene V. Lord Derby's house.

Enter Derby and Sir Christopher Up
Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richard thou me:
That in the sty of this most bloody boar
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in h
If I revolt, off goes young George's head
The fear of that withstands my present aid
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'ford-Wales.
Der. What men of name resort to him
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubled Pembroke, Sir James
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew
And many me of noble name and worth:
And towards London they do bend their c
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Der. Return unto thy lord; commend him t
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell.

Exit.

Act V.

Scene I. Salisbury. An open place.

Enter the Sheriff, and BUCKINGHAM, w
bers, led to execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me w
with him?
Sher. No, my good lord; therefore he
Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, eye, ing Henry, and thy fair son Edward, n, and all that have miscarried hand corrupted soul injustice, our moody discontented souls ugh the clouds behold this present hour, r revenge mock my destruction! All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not? 10 is, it is my lord, Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's omsday, he day that, in King Edward's time, might fall on me, when I was found his children or his wife's allies; the day wherein I wish'd to fall false faith of him I trusted most; is All-Souls' day to my fearful soul determined respite of my wounds: g All-See that I dallied with m'd my feigned prayer on my head en in earnest what I begg'd in jest. he force the swords of wicked men their own points on their masters' bosoms: argaret's curse is fallen upon my head; be, goth she, shall split thy heart with rows, ber Margaret was a prophetess, rs, convey me to the block of shame; hath but wrong, and blame the due of me. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field. My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad? Swr. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,- Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent there! here will I lie to-night;

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that. Who hath described the number of the foe?

K. Rich. Why, our battalion trobles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength, Which they upon the adverse party want.

Up with your tent there! Valiant gentlemen, Let us survey the vantage of the field; Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set, And, by the bright track of his fiery car, Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow. Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard. Give me some ink and paper in my tent: I'll draw the form and model of our battle, Limit each leader to his several charge, And part in just proportion our small strength. My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon, And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me. The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:

Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent:

Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before you go'st. Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know? Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,

Which well I am assured I have not done, His regiment lies half a mile at least

South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible, Good captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, And give him from me this most needful scroll.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen, Let us consult upon to-morrow's business: In to our tent; the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.

And another thing must be attended.

Richm. What is it, my lord? Blunt. The reason is, after a great battle, the credit of the victors is augmented by the number of the dead. The Earl of Pembroke, who is a very valiant and brave man, would give his name to forty of our slain. I must deliver him this. [Exeunt.]
Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Catesby, and others.

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?
Cate. It's supper-time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge:
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.
K. Rich. Catesby!
Cate. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.
[Exit Catesby.

F'ill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut-time, from troop to troop 70
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
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.
[Exeunt Ratcliff and the Other Attendants.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent, Lords and others attending.

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may—that which I would not cannot,—
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And all thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse.
Who long sunder'd friends should dwae
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to
ment;
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take
Lest leaden slumber pease me down to me
When I should mount with wings of victo
Once more, good night, kind lords and gen
[Exeunt all but Ric

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wri
That they may crush down with a heavy
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. [To Richmond] Let me sit in thy soul to-morrow!
Think, how thou stabdid me in my prime
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and con
[To Richmond] Be cheerful, Richmond
the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comfort

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Six

Ghost. [To Richmond] When I was anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly hole
Think on the Tower and me: despair, and
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and con
[To Richmond] Virtuous and holy,
conqueror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and con

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. [To Richmond] Let me sit in thy soul to-morrow!
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and con
[To Richmond] Thou off spring of the Lancastcher,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and con

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey and Vaughan.

Ghost of R. [To Richmond] Let me sit in thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret: despair, and con
Ghost of G. [To Richard] Think up
and let thy soul despair
Ghost of V. [To Richard] This Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not. Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter. My conscience hath a thousand several tongues, And every tongue brings in a several tale, And every tale condemns me for a villain. Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree; Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree; All several sins, all used in each degree, Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! guilty! I shall despair. There is no creature loves me; And if I die, no soul shall pity me: Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself Find in myself no pity to myself? Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd Came to my tent; and every one did threat To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff. 

Rat. My lord! K. Rich. 'Zounds! who is there? Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village-cock Hath twice done solutution to the morn; Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour. K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream! What think'st thou, will our friends prove all true? Rat. No doubt, my lord. K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,— Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows. K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond. It is not yet near day. Come, go with me; Under our tents I'll play the caves-dropper, To see if any mean to shrink from me. [Exeunt.

Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond! Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentle- men, That you have ta'en a tardy sguard 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 since your departure had, my lords. Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd, Came to my tent, and cried on victory: I promise you, my soul is very jocund In the remembrance of so fair a dream. How far into the morning is it, lords? Lords. Upon the stroke of four. 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 upon: yet remember this, God and our good cause fight upon our side: The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls, Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces:
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than they him follow:
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
Our raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to
help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword, your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully:
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory! [Exeunt. 270]

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richard?
Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.
K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?
Rat. He smiled and said 'The better for our purpose.'
K. Rich. He was in the right; and so indeed it is. [Clock strikes.]
Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.
Who saw the sun to-day?
Rat. Not I, my lord.
K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book
He should have braved the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody. 280
Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richard? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.
K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle; caparison my horse.
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:

My 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 St.
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissiance on

Shall be well winged with our chiefest honor,
This, and Saint George to boot! What thinkst thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning. [He sheweth him a
K. Rich. [Reads] 'Jockey of Norfolk, too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
A thing devised by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge,
Let not our babbling dreams affright our
Conscience, but a word that cowards use
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe
Our strong arms be our conscience, swoon law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 'pelt-me-
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his Army.

What shall I say more than I have invent
Remember whom you are to cope withal;
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runawa
A sum of Bretons, and base lackey peasa
Whom their o'er-cloved country vomits woe
To despise ventures and assured destroy;
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unse
You having lands, and blesseth with be
wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's coasts
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas;
Lash hence these overweening rags of men,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their food
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exp dislike
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons; who
fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb
thump'd,
And in record, left them the heirs of share
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our
Ravish our daughters? [Drum ajar off.]
I hear their drum.

Right, gentlemen of England! fight, bold
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride on
Amaze the wellkin with your broken stay.

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he be power?
Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his son George's
Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the
After the battle let George Stanley die.
KING RICHARD III.

Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom; 
see our standards, set upon our foes; 
venient word of courage, fair Saint George, 
as with the spleen of fiery dragons! 350 
them! Victory sits on our helms.

[Exeunt.

GENE IV. Another part of the field.

um. excursions. Enter NORFOLK and forces fighting; to him CATESBY.
ste. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, 
qe enacts more wonders than a man, 
an opposite to every danger: 
is slain, and all on foot he fights, 
g for Richmond in the throat of death. 
fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD.

Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for horse! 
Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to horse.

Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon cast, 
will stand the hazard of the die: 
there be six Richmonds in the field; 
I slain to-day instead of him, 
! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[Exeunt.

GENE V. Another part of the field.

Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND; 
fight. RICHARD is slain. Retreat and 
Re-enter RICHARD, Derby bearing 
the crown, with divers other Lords.

Rich. God and your arms be praised, victori- 
is friends;  is ours, the bloody dog is dead. 
Courageous Richmond, well hast thou 
quit thee. 
this long-usurped royalty 
dead temples of this bloody wretch

Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal: 
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it. 

Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen 
to all! 
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living? 
Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester 
town: 
Whither, if it please you, we may now with- 
draw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on 
either side?

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord 
Ferrers, 
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon. 
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their 
births: 
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled 
That in submission will return to us: 
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament, 
We will unite the white rose and the red: 
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction, 
That long have frown'd upon their enmity! 
What traitor hears me, and says not amen? 
England hath long been mad, and scar'd herself; 
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood, 
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son, 
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire: 
All this divided York and Lancaster, 
Divided in their dire division. 
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth, 
The true succeeders of each royal house, 
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together! 
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so, 
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced 
peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days! 
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord, 
That would reduce these bloody days again, 
And make poor England weep in streams of 

blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase 
That would with treason wound this fair land's 
peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again: 
That she may long live here, God say amen! 

[Exeunt.
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 V.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Abergavenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.

Griffith, Gentlemanusher to Queen
tharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber.
and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.
Queen Katharine, wife to King
afterwards divorced.
Anne Bullen, her Maid of Honour.
wards Queen.
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb.
Women attending upon the Queen; S.
Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Scene: London; Westminster; Kimb

THE PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show of two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness sake, and as you are
known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

Scene I. London. An ante-chamber.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one d
the other, the Duke of Buckingham.
Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. H
ye done
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank you
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admir
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely urge
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber whe
Such sons of glory, those two lights of n
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. I was then present, saw them salute on hor
Beheld them, when they lighted, how the
In their embracement, as they grew toge
Which had they, what four throned one
have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lo
The view of earthly glory: men might see
Till this time pomp was single, but now it
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the la
Made former wonders its. To-day the F
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen go
KING HENRY VIII. 593

...down the English; and, to-morrow, they... 21
...of every man that stood 1ed like a mine. Their dwartfish pages were 3...en, all gilt: the madams too, 4...sed to toil, did almost sweat to bear 5...ride upon them, that their very labour 10...them as a painting: now this masque 11...ried incomparable; and the ensuing night 18...it a fool and beggar. The two kings, 24...in lustre, were now best, now worst, 25...ence did present them: him in eye, 29
...im in praise: and, being present both, 30...said they saw but one; and no discerner 31...wag his tongue in censure. When these 34...
...they phrase 'em—by their heralds chal- 37...negable spirits to arms, they did perform 38...d their thought's compass; that former fabulous 39...ory, now seen possible enough, got credit, 40...levis was believed. 41...
...O, you go far. 42...As I belong to worship and affect 43...our honesty, the tract of every thing 44...by a good discoursor lose some life, 45...action's self was tongue to. All was royal; 46...disposing of it ought rebell'd, 47...gave each thing view; the office did 48...tify his full function.

...Who did guide, 49...who set the body and the limbs 50...great sport together, as you guess? 51...One, certes, that promises no element 52...a business. 53...
...I pray you, who, my lord? 54...All this was order'd by the good dis- 55...tion. 56...
...right reverend Cardinal of York. 57...The devil speed him! no man's pie is 58...ed is ambitious finger. What had he 59...these fierce vanities? I wonder 60...ch a keech can with his very bulk 61...the rays o' the beneficent sun 62...p it from the earth.

...Surely, sir, 63...in him stuff that puts him to these ends; 64...ng not prop'd by ancestry, whose grace 65...accurs their way, nor call'd up 66...60...feats done to the crown; neither alli- 67...ed assistants; but, spider-like, 68...his self-drawing web, he gives us note, 69...e of his own merit makes his way; 70...at heaven gives for, which buys next to the king. 71...
...I cannot tell 72...even hath given him,—let some graver 73...to that; but I can see his pride 74...ugh each part of him: whence has he 75...in hell? the devil is a niggard, 76...ven all before, and he begins 77...ll in himself.

...Why the devil, 78...French going out, took he upon him, 79...he privy o' the king, to appoint 80...ld attend on him? He makes up the file 81...
...of all the gentrey; for the most part such 82...To whom as great a charge as little honour 83...He meant to lay upon: and his own letter, 84...The honourable board of council out, 85...Must fetch him in he papers. 86...
...Aber. 87...I do know 88...Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have 89...By this so sick'en their estates, that never 90...They shall abound as formerly. 91...
...Buck. 92...O, many 93...Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em 94...For this great journey. What did this vanity 95...But minister communication of 96...A most poor issue?

...Nor. 97...Grievously I think, 98...The peace between the French and us not values 99...The cost that did conclude it. 100...
...Buck. 101...Every man, 102...After the hideous storm that follow'd, was 103...A thing inspired; and, not consulting, broke 104...Into a general prophecy: That this tempest, 105...Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded 106...The sudden breach on't.

...Nor. 107...Which is budded out: 108...
...Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux. 109...Aber. 110...Is it therefore the ambassador is silenced? 111...
...Nor. 112...Marry, is't. 113...
...Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchased 114...At a superfluous rate! 115...
...Buck. 116...Why, all this business 117...Our reverend cardinal carried. 118...
...Nor. 119...Like it your grace, 120...
...The state takes notice of the private difference 121...Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you— 122...And take it from a heart that wishes towards you 123...Honour and plenteous safety—that you read 124...The cardinal's malice and his potency 125...Together; to consider further that 126...What his high hatred would effect wants not 127...A minister in his power. You know his nature, 128...That he's revengeful, and I know his sword 129...Hath a sharp edge; it's long and, 't may be said, 130...It reaches far, and where 't will not extend, 131...Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel, 132...You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock 133...That I advise your shunning.

...Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the pursuane before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage 134...fizeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain. 135...
...Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha? 136...Where's his examination? 137...
...First Secr. Here, so please you. 138...
...Wol. Is he in person ready? 139...
...First Secr. Ay, please your grace. 140...
...Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham Shall lessen this big look. 141...
...[Exeunt Wolsey and his Train. 142...
...Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, 143...and I 144...
...Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best 145...Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.
Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye reviled
Me, as his 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 advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot: That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 'twixt run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Sir, I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as points in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not 'treasonous.'
Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't; his mind and place
Infesting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swollen'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.
Nor. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased: and they were ratified
As he cried 'Thus let be': to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,—
For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation
His fears were, that the intent betwixt
England and France might, through their own
Breed him some prejudice; for from this line
Peep'd harms that menaced him: he privately
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was great.
Ere it was ask'd; but when the way was made
And paved with gold, the emperor thus des'd
That he would please to alter the king's coo,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king
As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardin
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am sorry,
To hear of this him; and could wish he we
Something mistaken in't.
Buck. No, not a syllable
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.
Enter BRANDON, a Sergeant-at-arms before
and two or three of the Guard.
Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it
Serg. My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and E.
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton,
 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. To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'tis his highness' pl
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me not
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is
Which makes my whitest part black.

Buck. Be done in this and all things! I obey,
O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company,

Buck. Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you
How he determines further.

Buck. As the duke
The will of heaven be done, be done, and the king
Sure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Bran. These are the limbs o' the plot: no more,
A monk o' the Charterhouse.

Buck. O, Nicholas H——

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o
Hath show'd him gold; my life is
already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud pos
By darkening my clear sun. My lord,
KING HENRY VIII.

KING.

Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

Kath. I am solicited, not by a few, but by the contrary true condition, that your subjects' great grievance: there have been commissions

lawn among 'em, which hath flaw'd the cart

their royalities: wherein, although

ed lord cardinal, they vent reproaches

on the king our master—honour heaven shield from soil!—even he

nge unmannerly, yea, such which breaks

les of loyalty, and almost appears

rebellion.

Not almost appears, appear; for, upon these taxation,

others all, not able to maintain

any to them longing, have put off

nisters, carders, fullers, weavers, who, in

other life, compelled by hunger

of other means, in desperate manner

the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,

nger serves among them.

Taxation!

and what taxation? My lord cardinal, we are blamed for it alike with us.

of this taxation?

Please you, sir, but of a single part, in aught

the state; and front but in that file

others tell steps with me.

No, my lord,

You know no more than others; but you frame

Things that are known alike; which are not

wholesome.

To those which would not know them, and yet

must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,

Whereof my sovereign would have noted; they are

most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,

the back is sacrifice to the load. They say

They are devised by you; or else you suffer

Too hard an exclamation.

Kath. Still exaction!

Kath. 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 promised pardon. The subjects' grief

Comes through commissions, which compel from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied

Without delay; and the pretence for this

Is named, your wars in France: this makes bold

mouths:

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. 

King. By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,

I have no further gone in this than by

A single voice; and that not pass'd me but

By learned approbation of the judges. If I am

Traded by ignorant tongues, which neither

know

My faculties nor person, yet will be

The chronicles of my doing, let me say

'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake

That virtue must go through. We must not

stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear

To cope malicious censurers; which ever,

As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow

That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further

Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,

By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is

Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,

Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up

For our best act. If we shall stand still,

In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,

We should take root here where we sit, or sit

State-statues only.

King. Things done well,

And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;

Things done without example, in their issue

Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent

Of this commission? I believe, not any,

We must not rend our subjects from our laws,

And 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. A word with you. [To the Secretary.

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king’s grace and pardon. The grieved commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buck-
ingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many: The gentleman is learn’d, and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll’d ’mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish’d listening, could not find 120
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 besmeard 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; whereby
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate
what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.
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 menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not befriended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn’d lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How ground’d he his title to the crown,
Upon our fall? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know’st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your highness is
The duke being at the Rose, within the park
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me declare
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear’d the French would prove pernicious
To the king’s danger. Presently the duke
Said, ’twas the fear, indeed; and that he do
I’would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; ’that oft,’ says he,
’Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment
Whom after under the confession’s seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure considerance
This pauseingly ensued: Neither the king himself,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him
To gain the love o’ the commonality: the duke
Will swear in 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 man
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take he
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on.

Go forward.
Surv. On my soul, I’ll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil’s ill
The monck might be deceiv’d; and that
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forged him some design, which, being be
It was much like to do: he answer’d, ’Tis
granted,
It can do me no damage;’ adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail
The cardinal’s and Sir Thomas Lovell’s his
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank?
Surv. There’s mischief in this man: canst thou
further?
Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Grey
After your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

King. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The duke retain’d him. But on
hence?
Surv. ’If,’ quoth he, ’I for this he
committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have
The part my father meant to act upon.
The usurper Richard; who, being at Saltly
Made suit to come in ‘s presence; we
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.’

King. A giant traitor?
Wol. Now, madam, may hishighness
freedom,
And this man out of prison?
God mend all! 

There's something more would out of thee; what say'st thou?

After 'the duke his father,' with 'the knife,' 

rech'd him, and, with one hand on his 

lager, 

spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes, 

l'd discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour 

—were he evil used, he would outgo 

ther by as much as a performance 

in irresolute purpose.

There's his period, 

athe his knife in us. He is attach'd; to present trial: if he may 

mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none, 

not seek 't of us: by day and night, 

aitor 

lercy 

n.

[Exeunt.

III. An antechamber in the palace.

r the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.

Ah, is't possible the spells of France 

could juggle 

to such strange mysteries?

New customs, 

they be never so ridiculous, 

'tem be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

As far as I see, all the good our 

english 

by the late voyage is but merely 

r two o' the face; but they are shrewd 

es.

Then they hold 'em, you would swear 

fely 

very noses had been consoulers 

or Clotharius, they keep state so. to 

a. They have all new legs, and lame 

es: one would take it, 

ver saw 'em pace before, the spavin 

halt reg'd among 'em.

Death! my lord, 

othes are after such a pagan cut too, 

ire, they've worn out Christendon.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now! 

was, Sir Thomas Lovell? 

Faith, my lord, 

none, but the new proclamation 

app'd upon the court-gate.

What is't for?

The reformation of our travell'd gallants, 

the court with quarrels, talk, and 

ors.

I'm glad 'tis there: now I would 
y our monsieurs 

an English courtier may be wise, 
er see the Louvre.

They must either, 

in the conditions, leave those remnants 

nd feather that they got in France, 

their honourable points of ignorance 

thereunto, as fights and fireworks, 

better men than they can be, 

foreign wisdom, renouncing clean 

they have in tennis, and tall stockings,

Short blister'd breeches, and those types of 

travel, 

And understand again like honest men; 

Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it, 

They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away 

The lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at.

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 sly shore-

sons 

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies; 

A French song and a fiddle has no fellow. 

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they 

are going.

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now 

An honest country lord, as I am, beaten 

A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song 

And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady, 

Held 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. Sir Thomas, 

Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the cardinal's: 

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 everywhere. 

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 doc-

trine: 

Men of his way should be most liberal; 

They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so: 

But few now give so great ones. My barge 

stays; 

Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir 

Thomas, 

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. A Hall in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the 

Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. 

Then enter Anne Bullen and divers other 

Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one 

door; at another door, enter Sir Henry 

Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his 

grace 

Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates 

To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her One care abroad; he would have all as merry As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome, Can make good people. O, my lord, you're tardy:

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

The very thought of this fair company Clapp'd wings to me. Chamberlain. 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 con-fessor To one or two of these! I would I were;

They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy? Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it. Chamberlain. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry, 19 Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this: His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze; Two women placed together makes cold weather: My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking; Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith, And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies: If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me; I had it from my father. Anne. Was he mad, sir? Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too: But he would bite none; just as I do now, He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [Kisses her.

Chamberlain. Well said, my lord. 39 So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen, The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies Pass away frowning. Sands. For my little cure, Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests: that noble 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, 40 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,

Sands. Yes, if I make my play. Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, man. For 'tis to such a thing,— Anne. You cannot show us Sands. I told your grace they would talk a [Drum and trumpet, chamberlins discon. Wol. What's Chamberlain. Look out there, some of ye. [Exit Ser. Wol. What warfare will come To what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear By all the laws of war you're privileged.

Re-enter Ser- vant.

Chamberlain. How now! what is't? Ser- vant. A noble troop of strangers For so they seem: they've left their barges landed; And hither make, as great ambassadors From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue; And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em Into our presence, where this heaven of his Shall shine at full upon them. Some attendant [Exit Chamberlain, attended. Alot and tables round 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 other masquers, habitted like shepherds, under the Lord Chamberlain. They pass in before the Cardinal, and gracefully him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures Chamberlain. Because they speak no English they pray'd To show their 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 father, Crave leave to view these ladies and entertain 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. [Music.

Wol. My lord! King. The fairest hand I ever touch’d beauty, Till now I never knew thee! [Music. Wol. My lord! Chamberlain. Your grace? Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much: There should be one amongst 'em, by his More worthy this place than myself; to whom If I but knew him, with my love and duty I would surrender it. Chamberlain. I will, my lord. [Whispers the Musician. Wol. What say they?
ACT II.


Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

Gent. Whither away so fast?

Gent. The hall, to hear what shall become great Duke of Buckingham.

Gent. I'll save you both, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony going back the prisoner.

Gent. Were you there?

Gent. Yes; indeed, was I.

Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Gent. Is he found guilty?

Gent. Yes, truly is he; and condemn'd on't.

Gent. I am sorry for't.

Gent. So are a number more.

Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great He pleaded still not guilty and alleged Many sharp reasons to defeat the law. The king's attorney on the contrary Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired To have brought vivâ voce to his face: At which appear'd against him his surveyor; Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car, Confessor to him; with that devil-mock, 21 Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent. The same.

All these accused him strongly; which he fain Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could 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.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself? 30

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear His knell rung out, his judgement, 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.

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not:

He never was so womanish; the cause He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent. Certainly

The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'Tis likely, 40

By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainer, Then deputy of Ireland; who removed, Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too, Last he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state Was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return No doubt he will require it. This is noted, And generally, whoever the king favours, The cardinal instantly will find employment, And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons Hate him perniciously, and, of my conscience, 50 Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much They 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; tip-slashes before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people.

Sec. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people, You that thus far have come to pity me, Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me. I have this day received a traitor's judgement, And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful! 
The law I bear no malice for my death; 
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice: 
But those that sought it I could wish more Chris-
tians; 
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em: 
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief, 
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men; 
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em. 
For further life in this world I ne'er hope, 
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies 70 
More than I dare make faults. You few that 
loved me, 
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham, 
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave 
Is only bitter to him, only dying, 
Go with me, like good angels, to my end; 
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me, 
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice, 
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, of God's 
name. 
Loo. 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. Commend me to his 
grace; 
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him 
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers 
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake, 
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live 90 
Longer than I have time to tell his years! 
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be! 
And when old time shall lead him to his end, 
Goodness and he fill up one monument! 
Loo. 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 'em one day groan 
for't. 
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, 
Who first raised head against usurping Richard, 
Flying for succour to his servant Banister, 
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, 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, 
Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins, 
Made my name once more noble. Now his son, 
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all 
That made me happy at one stroke has taken 
For ever from the world. I had my trial, 
And, must needs say, a noble one; which me 
A little happier than my wretched father: 
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both 
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved; 
A most unnatural and faithless service! 
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear 
This from a dying man receive as certain; 
Where you are liberal of your loves and can 
Be sure you be not loose; for those you 
friends 
And give your hearts to, when they once 
ceive 
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away 
Like water from ye, never found again 
But where they mean to sink ye. All good 
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 is 
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God 
give me! 
[Exeunt Duke and I 
First Gent. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it 
I fear, too many curses on their heads 
That were the authors. 
Sec. Gent. If the duke be guile 
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inklng 
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? 
Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 
require 
A strong faith to conceal it. 
First Gent. Let me have it; 
I do not talk much. 
Sec. Gent. I am confident; 
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear 
A buzzing of a separation 
Between the king and Katharine? 
First Gent. Yes, but it held 
For when the king once heard it, out of anger 
He sent command to the lord mayor straight 
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues 
That durst disperse it. 
Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir, 
Is found a truth now: for it grows again 
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain 
The king will venture at it. Either the empress 
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 arrived, and lately; 
As all think, for this business. 
First Gent. 
Tis the cardinal! 
And merely to revenge him on the emperor 
For not bestowing on him, at his asking, 
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpose. 
Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark 
it's not cruel 
That she should feel the smart of this 
cardinal 
With her own will, and she must fall. 
First Gent. 
Tis woe 
We are too open here to argue this; 
Let's think in private more. 
[Ex]
From princes into pages; all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

**Suf.** For me, my lords, 50
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I do not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

**Nor.** Let's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much
Upon him:
My lord, you'll bear us company?

**Cham.** Excuse me;
The king has sent me otherwhere: besides, 60
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

**Nor.** Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws the curtain, and sits
reading pensively.

**Suf.** How sad he looks! sure, he is much
afflicted.

**King.** Who's there, ha?

**Nor.** Pray God he be not angry.

**King.** Who's there, I say? How dare you
thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

**Nor.** A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate; in which we come 70
To know your royal pleasure.

**King.** Ye are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

**Enter Wolsey and Campion, with a com-
mission.**

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? O my
Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [To Camp.]
You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it. [To Wol.] My good lord, have
great care
I be not found a talker.

**Wol.** Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour 80
Of private conference.

**King.** [To Nor. and Suf.] We are busy; go.

**Nor.** [Aside to Suf.] This priest has no pride
in him?

**Suf.** [Aside to Nor.] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

**Nor.** [Aside to Suf.] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.

**Suf.** [Aside to Nor.] I another.

[Exeunt Nor. and Suf.]

**Wol.** Your grace has given a precedent of
wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what can 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
judgement,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.
King. And once more in mine arms I bid him
welcome,
And thank the holy confadle for their loves: too
They have sent me such a man I would have
wish'd for.
Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all
strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission: by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the unpartial judging of this business.
King. Two equal men. The queen shall be
acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?
Wol. I know your majesty has always loved
her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law:
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.
King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and
my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithée, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary.
I find him a fit fellow.
[Exit Wolsey.]
Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.
Wol. [Aside to Gard.] Give me your hand:
much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.
Gard. [Aside to Wol.] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.
King. Come hither, Gardiner. [Walks and shuffles.]
Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor
Pace
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread
then.
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say you envied
him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved
him,
That he ran mad and died.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living mur-
murers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[Exit Gardiner.]

The most convenient place that I can think:
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty busi-
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, science!
O, 'tis a tender place; and I must leave her

SCENE III. An ante-chamber of the Quee
apartments.

Enter Anne BULLEN and an Old Lady
Anne. Not for that neither: here's the
that pinches:
His highness having lived so long with her,
She so good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her: by my life, she
She never knew harm-doing: O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the wi
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this pro
To give her the avault! it is a pity
Would move a monster.
Old L. Hearts of most hard
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. O, God's will! much
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a suffrence panging
As soul and body's severing.
Old L. Alas, poor lady
She's a stranger now again.
Anne. So much the mo
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content-
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth and maiden
Old L. Beshrue me, I wou
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on yo
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty:
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and
Gifts,
Saving your mincing, the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would rece
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you wou
Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence
would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you lin
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
"Enter the Lord Chamberlain."

Good morrow, ladies. What were'think to know of your conference? My good lord, on your demand; it values not your asking: mistress' sorrows we were pitying. It was a gentle business, and becoming an action of good women: there is hope ill will be well.

Now, I pray God, amen!

You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings with such creatures. That you may, fair lady, live I speak sincerely, and high note's of your many virtues, the king's majesty need his good opinion of you, and purpose honour to you no less flowing Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title us and pound a year, annual support, of his grace he adds.

I do not know kind of my obedience I should tender; than my all is nothing: nor my prayers or words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes I can return. Beseech your lordship, safe to speak my thanks and my obedience, a blushing handmaid, to his highness; health and royalty I pray for.

Lady, I fail not to approve the fair conceit of the me. [Aside] I have perused her well; and honour in her are so mingled they have caught the king: and who knows yet on this lady may proceed a gem, then all this is? I'll to the king, I spoke with you.

My honour'd lord. 80

Why, this it is; see, see! I've been begging sixteen years in court, at a courtier beggary, nor could pat betwixt too early and too late. Do brave!—have your mouth fill'd up. You open it.

This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.

There was a lady once, 'tis an old story, That would not be a queen, that would she not, For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

With your theme, I could O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!

A thousand pounds a year for pure respect! No other obligation! By my life, That promises me thousands: honour's train Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time I know your back will bear a duchess: say, Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady, to Make your- self mirth with your particular fancy, And leave me out on't. Would I had no being, If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me, To think what follows. The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful In our long absence: pray, do not deliver What here you've heard to her.

What do you think me?

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. A hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows 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 Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commision from Rome is read, let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read, and on all sides the authority allow'd; you may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be't so. Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.


King. Here.


[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 to do me right and justice:
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, 20
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your
friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to
mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgement: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckoned one
The weakest 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 advised; whose counsel
I will implore: if not, 'tis the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
60 To play your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir, I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, or
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble;
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my ch.leng
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say as
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have exerted to charity, and display'd the ethics
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
Overtopping woman's power. Madam, do you
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 ch.
me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which
fore
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 seem.
Winning ness and humility: but your heart
Is cram'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favour
Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are most
Where powers are your retainers, and your w
Domestics to you, serve your will as 'tis pleased;
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
You tendeer more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

(She curtsies to the King, and offers to de
Cam. The queen is obst
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

KING HENRY VIII.

if. Madam, you are call’d back.
Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way: if you are call’d, return. Now, the Lord help,

    vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass on: 130
    not tarry; no, nor ever more

this business my appearance make y
    your courts.

[Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.

Go thy ways, Kate: man? the world who shall report he has
    ter wife, let him in not be trusted,
peaking false in that: thou art, alone,
    rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
neckless saint-like, like-government,
    ing in commanding, and thy parts

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eign and pious else, could speak thee out,
    queen of earthly queens: she’s noble born;
like her true nobility, she has
    ed herself towards me.

Most gracious sir,
    number I require your highness,
shall please you to declare, in hearing
    these ears,—for where I am robb’d and
bound,
    must I be unloosed, although not there
in and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
    reach this business to your highness; or
any scruple in your way, which might
    you to the question on’t or ever
you, but with thanks to God for such
    al lady, spake one the least word that

the prejudice of her present state, of
    her good person?

g. My lord cardinal,
    cuse you: yea, upon mine honour,
from’t. You are not to be taught
    you have many enemies, that know not
they are so, but, like to village-curs,
when their fellows do: by some of these 160
    queen is put in anger. You’re excused:
ill you be more justified? you ever
    wish’d the sleeping of this business; never
desired

stirr’d; but oft have hinder’d, oft,
    essages made toward it: on my honour,
my good lord cardinal to this point, this
    far clear him. Now, what moved me

b’t

be bold with time and your attention: mark the inducement. Thus it came: give

 heed to’t:
    science first received a tenderness, 170
    , and prick, on certain speeches utter’d

. Bishop of Bayonne, then French am-

sador;
    ad been hither sent on the debating

gage ‘twixt the Duke of Orleans and
    genther Mary: if the progress of this busi-

, determine resolution, he,
    the bishop, did require a respite;
    he might the king his lord advertise

this our marriage with the dowager
    mes our brother’s wife. This respite shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter’d me,
    Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forced such

That many mazed considerations did throng
And press’d in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Cmdmanded nature, that my lady’s womb,
If it conceived a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to’t than

The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after

This world had air’d them: hence I took a
thought,
This was a judgement on me: that my kingdom,
    Well worthy the best heir o’ the world, should not
Be gladded in’t by me: then follows, that
I weigh’d the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue’s fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning three. Thus hulling in

The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer

Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that is to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—

By all the reverence fathers of the land
And doctors learn’d: first I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.
    I have spoke long: be pleased yourself
to say

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
    The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in’t
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring’s counsel which I had to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King. I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;

220
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i’ the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That’s paragon o’ the world.

Cam. So please your highness,

230
The queen being absent, ’tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King. [Aside] I may perceive

These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn’d and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
    return, with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on.

[Exeunt in manner as they entered.]
ACT III.

SCENE I. London. The QUEEN'S apartments.

Enter the QUEEN and her Women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles; Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

Song.
Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing:  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!  
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 Gent.] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,  
They should be good men; their affairs as right-  

But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPBELL.

Wol. Peace to your highness!  
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife,  
I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to 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 lived in.  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange.

Pray speak in English: here are some

thank you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress's sake,

Believe me, she has had much wrong:

Cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed

May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,  
I am sorry my integrity should breed,  
And service to his majesty and you,

So deep suspicion, where all faith was mean.

We come not by the way of accusation,

To taunt that honour every good tongue blest.

Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,

You have too much, good lady; but to know

How you stand minded in the weighty

ference

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 ma'am,

My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,

Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,

Forgetting, like a good man, your late censor.

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 goodwill;  
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, prove so!

But how to make ye suddenly an answer,

In such a point of weight, so near mine honor?

More near my life, I fear,—with my weak

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, lo

Either for such men or such business.

For her sake that I have been,—for I feel

The fit of my greatness,—good your grace;

Let me have time and counsel for my cause:

Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love

these fears:

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In English,

But little for my profit: can you think, lord

That any Englishman dare give me counsel

Or be a known friend, 'gainst his high

pleasure,

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friend;

They that must weigh out my afflictions,

They that my trust must grow to, live not;

They are, as all my other comforts, far from

In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace

Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. Cam. Put your main cause into the

protection;

He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be

Both for your honour better and your cause.

For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,

You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rig
Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin:
is your Christian counsel? out upon ye!—
I love all yet; there sits a judge no
king can corrupt.

Your rage mistakes us.

Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men
I thought ye,
my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
I 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?

ordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
am lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
not wish ye half my miseries;
more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
orrhent of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Madam, this is a mere distraction;
urn the good we offer into envy,

Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon
all such false professors! would you have—
I have any justice, any pity;
any thing but churchmen's habits—
y sick cause into his hands that hates me?
has banish'd me his bed already?
ve, too long age! I am old, my lords,
'll the fellowship I hold now with him
y my obedience. What can happen
above this wretchedness? all your studies
me a curse like this.

Your fears are worse.

Kath. Have I lived thus long—let me
peak myself,
virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
ian, I dare say without vain-glory,
yet branded with suspicion?
with all my full affections
et the king? loved him next heaven?
hey'd him?

out of fondness, superstitious to him?
forget my prayers to content him?
I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
me a constant woman to her husband,
at no dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
that woman, when she has done most,
I add an honour, a great patience.

Madam, you wander from the good we
at.

ath. My lord, I dare not make myself so
ily,
up willingly that noble title
aster wed me to; nothing but death
er divorce my dignities.

Pray, hear me.

ath. Would I had never trod this English
th,
'the flatteries that grow upon it!
'd angels' faces, but heaven knows your
arts.
ill become of me now, wretched lady!
ed unhappiest woman living.
'wenches, where are now your fortunes!
s'd a kingdom, upon which no pity,
s, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
ave allow'd me: like the lily, 157

That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.

For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carri

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends,

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong
your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king

loves you;
Beware you lose it not; for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

K. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and,
pray, forgive me,
If I have used myself unmanfully;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend
 fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. Ante-chamber to the King's apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of
Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the
Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain 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 revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontented 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
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranm. A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Sur. He has; and we shall see
For it an archbishop.

Nor. For 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 bedcham.
Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the page
Crom. Pres.

He did unsel them; and the first he view'd
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile. [Exit Crom

[Aside] It shall be to the Duchess of Alenc. The French king's sister: he shall marry her Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of broke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the
Does whet his anger to him.

Suf. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [Aside] The late queen's gentlewomen
a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's quiet
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must sue
Then out it goes. What though I know virtual
And well deserving? yet I know her for A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to Our cause, that she should lie t' bosom o' Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is spru An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath craw'd into the favour of the king, And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would 'twere something that fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule, 1

Lovell.

Suf. The king, the k
King. What piles of wealth hath he accum
ated
To his own portion! and what expense by this Seems to flow from him! How, 'tis the un
thrift,
Does he take this together! Now, my lords
ou the cardinal?

My lord, we have here observing him: some strange com-
mon
is brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
a sudden, looks upon the ground,
ays his finger on his temple: straight
out into fast gait; then stops again,
's breast hard, and anon he casts
re against the moon: in most strange pos-
ures
ve seen him set himself.

It may well be;
is a mutiny in's mind. This morning state
of state he sent me to peruse,
quired: and wot you what I found
—on my conscience, put unwittingly?
th, an inventory, thus importing:
val parcels of his plate, his treasure,
tts, and ornaments of household; which
at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
ion of a subject.

It's heaven's will:
spirit put this paper in the packet,
as your eye withal.

If we did think temptation were above the earth,
c'd on spiritual object, he should still
his musings: but I am afraid
nings are below the moon, not worth
s considering.
ng takes his seat; whispers Lovell, who
goes to the Cardinal.

Heaven forgive me!

do bless your highness!

Good my lord,
all of heavenly stuff, and bear the in-
tory
* best graces in your mind; the which
re now running o'er: you have scarce time
from spiritual leisure a brief span earthly
sure, in that
an ill husband, and am glad
you therein my companion.

Sir, y offices I have a time; a time
k upon the part of business which
't state; and nature does require
es of preservation, which perforce
all, amongst my brethren mortal, ve
my tendence to.

You have said well.
And ever may your highness yoke to-
er, I lend you cause, my doing well
y well saying!
"Tis well said again;
a kind of good deed to say well:
words are no deeds. My father loved
he did; and with his deed did crown
d upon you. Since I had my office,
ept you next my heart; have not alone
d you, where high profits might come home,
d my present havings, to bestow
eties upon you.

[Aside] What should this mean? 160
[Aside] The Lord increase this busi-

King.

Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell
me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal
gaces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than
could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fled with my abilities: mine own ends
Have been mine so that evenmore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, 'tis the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,
more
On you than any: so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; 'tis that, am, have, and will be—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this:
{Giving him papers.
And after this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal
Wolsey; the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger this? how have I reaped it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him:
Then makes him nothing. I must read this
paper; I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;
This paper has undone me; 'tis the count
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together:
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the pope-
dom,
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 to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk
and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who
commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Sur. 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 your master, with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents: now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself, then. 251

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell
You 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,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou art
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else,
lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tam
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 go
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your hands, cardinal, by extortion
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the pope against the king's goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notable
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the arts
Collected from his life. I'll sterve you
Worse than the saeking bell, when the wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it:

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the hand;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fait
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall
Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' e
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 many more
Have at you!

First, that, without the king's assent or
ledge,
You wrought to be alegate; by which power
You maint'd the jurisdiction of all bishops
Nor. Then, that in all you write to Rome
To all the private princes, 'Ego et Rex meus'
Was still inscribed; in which you brought
king
To be your servant.

Sur. Then that, without the knowledge
Of either king or council, when you went
KING HENRY VIII.

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
In ever so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities.
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me.
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em?
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

Cromwell.

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me, 430
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom-
well: 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. 440
Cromwell, I charge thee, flyng away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
Thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And,—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 served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell.
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do
dwell. [Exeunt. 450]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A street in Westminster.
Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.
First Gent. You're well met once again.
Sec. Gent. So are you.
First Gent. You come to take your stand here, and
behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?
Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last
encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
First Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time of-
fer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds— As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever for-
ward—
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants and sights of honour.
First Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that
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 No
He to be earl marshal: you may read the re-
Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not those
papers, I should have been beholding to your pape
But, I beseech you, what's become of Kath
The princess dowager? how goes her busin
First Gent. That I can tell you too.
Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles o
From Amphiwher the princess lay; to
She was often cited by them, but appear'd
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect.
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton
Where she remains now sick.
Sec. Gent. Alas, good law
The trumpets sound: stand close, the qu
coming.

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. A lively flourish of Trumpets.
2. Then, two Judges.
3. Lord Chancellor, with the purge and before him.
5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace,
Garter, in his coat of arms, and on h
a gilt copper crown.
6. Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre o
his head a demi-coronal of gold
him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing a
silver with the dove, crowned a
earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
7. Duke of Suffol
in his robe of esta
coronet on his head, a long
and, as high-steward. With h
Duke of Norfol
with the rod o
shalship, a coronet on his head.
of SS.
8. A canone borne by four of the Cinque
under it, the Queen in her robe,
had richly adorned with pearl, c
On each side her, the Bishops of
and Winchester.
9. The old Duchess of Norfol
in a
gold, wrought with flowers, bear
Queen's train.
10. Court in Ladies or Countesses, with
circles of gold without flowers.
They pass over the stage in order and
Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me.
I know:
Who's that that bears the sceptre?
First Gent. Marquess ?
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod
Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman
ought to be
The Duke of Suffolk?
First Gent. 'Tis the same: high-s
Sec. Gent. And that, my Lord of Norfo
First Gent. Sec. Gent.
Heaven ble
KING HENRY VIII.

613

hařt the sweetest face I ever look’d on.
I have a soul, she is an angel; ing has all the Indies in his arms, lore and richer, when he strains that lady: or blame his conscience.

They that bear oth of honour over her, are four barons Cinque-ports.

Gent. Those men are happy; and so are ll near her. 50 it, she that carries up the train old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

Gent. It is; and all the rest are cresses.

Gent. Their coronets say so. These are ars indeed;

sometimes falling ones.

Gent. No more of that.

Six procession, and then a great flourish of trumpets.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Gent. God save you, sir! where have you been bowling?

Gent. Among the crowd I the Abbey; here a finger not be wedged in more: I am stifled e more rankness of their joy.

Gent. You saw emony?

Gent. That I did. How was it?

Gent. Well worth the seeing.

Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

Gent. As well as I am able. The rich

evam

and ladies, having brought the queen spared place in the choir, fell off ice from her; while her grace sat down awhile, some half an hour or so, a chair of state, opposing freely uty of her person to the people. me, sir, she is the goodliest woman or day by man: which when the people 70 full view of, such a noise arose hounds make at sea in a stiff tempest, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,— s, I think,—flew up; and had their faces ace, this day they had been lost. Such joy saw before. Great-bellied women, I not half a week to go, like rams time of war, would shake the press, ce ‘em reel before ‘em. No man living y ’This is my wife there; all were woken gely in one piece. But, what follow’d? 8r

ent.

Gent. At length her grace rose, and modest paces, the altar; where she kneel’d, and saint- fair eyes to heaven and pray’d devoutly. e again and bow’d her to the people; the Archbishop of Canterbury all the royal makings of a queen; ill, Edward Confessor’s crown, and bird of peace, and all such emblems ly on her: which perform’d, the choir, 90 the choicest music of the kingdom,

Together sung ‘Te Deum.’ So she parted, And with the same full state paced back again To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent. Sir, You must no more call it York-place, that’s past; For, since the cardinal fell, that title’s lost: ’Tis now the king’s, and call’d Whitehall.

Third Gent. I know it; But tis so lately alter’d, that the old name Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops Were those that went on each side of the queen?

Third Gent. Stokely and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,

Newly prefer’d from the king’s secretary, The other, London.

Sec. Gent. He of Winchester Is held no great good lover of the archbishop’s, The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent. All the land knows that:

However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes, Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell: A man in much esteem with the king, and truly A worthy friend. The king has made him master O’ the jewel house, And one, already, of the privy council.

Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.

Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt. Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests: Something I can command. As I walk thither, I’ll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between Griffith, her gentleman usher, and Patience, her woman.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death! My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth, Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair; So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease. Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou le’dst me, That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey, Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam: but I think your grace, Out of the pain you suffer’d, gave no ear to’t. Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:

If well, he stepp’d before me, happily 10 For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam: For after the stout Earl Northumberland Arrested him at York, and brought him forward, As a man sorely taintéd, to his answer, He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester, Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot, With all his covent, honourably received him; 19 To whom he gave these words, ‘O, father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still: and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Forsook 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; I the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Griff. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malignant else.

Griff. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuasional:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him sweet as
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age,
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

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 named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[Sad and solemn music.

Griff. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit

down quiet,
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one
another, six personages, clad in white
wearing on their heads garlands of bay
golden viiars on their faces; braze
bays or palm in their hands. Thus
see unto her, then dance; and, at each
changes, the first two hold a spear gold
over her head; at which the other four
reverent curtseys; then the two that
hairland deliver the same to the other
two, who observe the same order in
changes, and holding the garland on
head; which done, they deliver the same
to the last two, who likewise
in the same order; at which, as it were
spiration, she makes in her sleep an
rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to

and so in their dancing vanish, carry

the music continu.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye?
All gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind

Griff. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I c

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Griff.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a

Invite me to a banquet: whose bright fac
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun
They promised me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, ass

Griff. I am most joyful, madam, such

Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [Music
Pat.

Do you n

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden
How long her face is drawn? how pale shi
And an earthly cold! Mark her eyes! 
Griff. She is going, wench: pray, pray

Pat. Heaven comfort

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,
Kath. You are a saucy fellow,

Deserve we no reverence?

Griff. You are to

Knowing she will not lose her wonted grace
To use so rude behaviour; go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your high
pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see y
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[Exeunt Griffith and Me

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucii

If my sight fail no
You should be lord ambassador from the e
My royal nephew, and your name Capuc
Cap. Madam, the same; your servant
Kath.

The times and titles now are alter'd stra
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;  
Call in more women. When I am dead, good  
wench,  
Let me be used with honour: strew me over  
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me, 170  
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like  
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
I can no more.  

[Exeunt, leading Katharine.]  

ACT V.  

SCENE I. London. A gallery in the palace.  

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page  
with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas  
Lovell.  

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?  
Boy. It hath struck.  

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir  
Thomas!  

Whither so late?  

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?  
Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at  
primero  
With the Duke of Suffolk.  

Lov. I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.  
Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's  
the matter?  

It seems you are in haste: an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business: affairs, that  
walk,  
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature than the business  
That seeks dispatch by day,  

Lov. My lord, I love you;  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in  
labour,  
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd  
She'll with the labour end.  

Gar. The fruit she goes with  
I pray for heartily, that it may find  
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir  
Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.  

Lov. Methinks I could  
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.  

Gar. But, sir, sir,  

Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman  
Of mine own way: I know you wise, religious;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,  
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.  

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-  
well,  
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master  
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,  
Stands in the gap and trade of mew preferments,
With which the time will load him. The arch-
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare 
speak 
One syllable against him?

**King.** Yes, yes, Sir Thomas, There is that dare; and I myself have ventured To speak my mind of him: and indeed this 
say.

Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have Incensed the lords o' the council, that he is, For so I know he is, they know he is, A most arch heretic, a pestilence That does infect the land: with which they moved

Have broken with the king; who hath so far Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs Our reasons laid before him, had commanded 50

Tomorrow 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 Suffolck.

**King.** Charles, I will play no more to-night; My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me. 

**Suf.** Sir, I did never win you of me before. 

**King.** But little, Charles; Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. Go 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 my message; who return'd her thanks In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness Most heartily to pray for her.

**King.** What say'st thou, ha? 

To pray for her? what, is she crying out? 

**Lov.** So said her woman; and that her suf- 
f erance made 

Almost each pang a death. 

**King.** Alas, good lady! 

**Suf.** God safely quit her of her burthen, and With gentle travail, to the gladding of 

Your highness with an heir! 

**King.** 'Tis midnight, Charles; 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. 

**King.** Charles, good night. [Exit Suffolck.

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

**Den.** Sir, I have brought my lord the arch- 
bishop, as you commanded me.

**King.** Ha! Canterbury? 

**Den.** Ay, my good lord. 

**King.** 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?
Scene II. Before the council-chamber.

Pursuivants, Pages, &c. attending.


Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray’d me
To make great haste. All fast? what means
this? Ho!
Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?

Enter Doctor Butts.

Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call’d for.
Cran. So. Butts. [Aside] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily; the king
Shall understand it presently. [Exit Cran.]

Cran. [Aside] ’Tis Butts, 10
The king’s physician: as he pass’d along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For
certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts! I never sought, their
malice—
To quench mine honour: they would shame to
make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill’d, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I’ll show your grace the strangest
sight—

King. What’s that, Butts? 20
Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o’ me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canter
bury:
Who holds his state at door, ‘mongst pursui
vants,
Pages, and footboys.

King. Ha! ’tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
’Tis well there’s one above ’em yet. I had
thought
They had parted so much honesty among ’em,
At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour, 30
To dance attendance on their lordships’ plea
sures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there’s knavery:
Let ’em alone, and draw the curtain close:
We shall hear more anon. [Exit.]

Enter Old Lady, Lovell. Following.

[Later. Come back: what mean
thou?
I’ll not come back; the tidings that
bring
my boldness manners. Now, good
relax, thy royal head, and shade thy person
in the pleasant wings!

Now, by thy looks
by message. Is the queen deliver’d?
and of a boy.

Ay, ay, my liege;
lovely boy: the God of heaven
and ever bless her! ’tis a girl,
boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
her visitation, and to be
ed with this stranger: ’tis as like you
is to cherry.

Lovell!
Sir?
Give her an hundred marks. I’ll to
queen.

[Exit.]

An hundred marks! By this light,
ha’ more,
your groom is for such payment.
more, or scold it out of him.
this, the girl was like to him?
more, or else unsay’t: and now,
hot, I’ll put it to the issue.
[Exeunt.]
Scene III. The Council-Chamber.

Enter Lord Chancellor; places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury’s seat. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.

Cham. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Cham. Please your honours, the chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?

Gar. Without, my noble lords?
Crom. Yes.
Gar. My lord archbishop; and he has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Cham. Let him come in.

Gar. Your grace may enter now. [Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.

Cham. My good lord archbishop, I’m very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty; but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemeanor’d yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your
Chaplains,
For so we are inform’d, with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform’d, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those that tame wild horses
Pace ‘em not in their hands to make ‘em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
spur ‘em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man’s honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitted in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the
progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour’d,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living,
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.

Pray heaven, the king may never find a he
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lord
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse y

Gar. My lord, because we have busin
more moment,
We will be short with you. ’Tis his high
pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tow
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dear, as you bold.
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Crom. Ah, my good Lord of Winch
thank you;
You are always my good friend; if your wi
I shall both find your lordship judge and j
You are so merciful: I see your end;
’Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord
Become a churchman better than ambition
Win straining souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear mys
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patien
I make as little doubt, as do you conscien
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more
But reverence to your calling makes me me
Crom. My lord, my lord, you are a sect
That’s the plain truth: your painted glo
covers,
To men that understand you, words and n

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you li
By your good favour, too sharp; men so
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: ’tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secrecy
I cry your honour mercy: you may, wor
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favour
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not so.
Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so
Men’s prayers then would seek you, n
fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold langu

Crom. Remember your bold life too.

Gar. This is too
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Crom. I have don
Gar. Then thus for you, my lord:
I agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey’d to the Tower a prisone
There to remain till the king’s further pl
I am known unto us: are you all agreed, I
All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of
KING HENRY VIII.

I must needs to the Tower, my lords? Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye Power as he was a counsellor to try him, Not as a groom; there's some of ye, I see, More out of malice than integrity, Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean; Which ye shall never have while I live.

Cran. Thus far, My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, If there be faith in men, meant for his trial, And fair purgation to the world, than malice, I'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him: Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it. I will say thus much for him, if a prince May be beholding to a subject, I Am, for his love and service, so to him. Make me no more ado, but all embrace him: Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of Canterbury, I have a suit which you must not deny me; That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism. You must be godfather, and answer for her. Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory In such an honor: how may I deserve it, That am a poor and humble subject to you? King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons; you shall have two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you? Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you, Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart: The common voice, I see, is verified Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my Lord of Canterbury A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.' Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long To have this young one made a Christian. As I have made ye one, lords, one remain; So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The palace yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.


Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads.

Enter Guard. For me? a I go like a traitor traitor? a Receive him, see him safe i' the Tower. Stay, good my lords, I'm a little yet to say. Look there, my lords; virtue of that ring, I take my cause of the grips of cruel men, and give it to most noble judge, the king my master. This is the king's ring. 'Tis no counterfeit. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all, we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,uld fall upon ourselves. Do you think, my lords, king will suffer but the little finger his man to be vex'd? 'Tis now too certain: much more is his life in value with him? I'd be fairly out on't! My mind gave me, eek ing tales and informations not this man, whose honesty the devil his disciples only envy at, few the fire that burns ye: now have at ye! r King, frowning on them; takes his seat. r. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven silly thanks, that gave us such a prince; only good and wise, but most religious: that, in all obedience, makes the church chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen holy duty, out of dear respect, yea self in judgement comes to hear cause betwixt her and this great offender. You were ever good at sudden com mendations, p of Winchester. But know, I come not ar such flattery now, and in my presence; are too thin and bare to hide offences. you cannot reach, you play the spaniel, blink with wagging of your tongue to win me; whatso'er thou takest me for, I'm sure hast a cruel nature and a bloody. ranner] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest bat dares most, but wag his finger at thee: that's holy, he had better starve but once think this place becomes thee not: May it please your grace,— g. No, sir, it does not please me. I thought I had had men of some under standing wisdom of my council; but I find none. discretion, lords, to let this man, ood man,—few of you deserve that title,—onest man, wait like a lousy footboy 139 mber-door? and one as great as you are?
you must be seeing christenings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much im-

possible—

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with can-
nons—

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:

We may as well push against Powle's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four-foot—

You see the poor remainder—could distribute, so

I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,

To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared any

That had a head to hit, either young or old,

He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,

Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;

And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

With that. Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good

master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em

down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to mus-
ter in? or have we some strange Indian with the

great tool come to court, the women so besiege

us? Bless me, what a fray of fornication is at
door! On my Christian conscience, this one

christening will beget a thousand; here will be

father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir.

There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he

should be a braizer by his face, for, o' my

conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in

's nose; all that stand about him are under the line,

they need no other pennace: that fire-drake did

hit three times on the head, and three times

was his nose discharged against me; he stands

there, like a peck-piece, to blow us. There

was a handkercher's wife of small wit near him,

that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off

her head, for kindling such a combustion in the

state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that

woman; who cried out 'Clubs!' when I might

see from far some forty trucheners draw to her

sucour, which were the hope o' the Strand,

where she was quartered. They fell on; I made

good my place: at length they came to the broom-

staff to me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a

file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such

a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine

honour in, and let 'em win the work: the devil

was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a

playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no

audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the

limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able
to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum,

and they are like to dance these three days:

besides the running banquet of two beaudles that

is to come.

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!

They grow still too: from all parts they are com-
ing,

As if we kept a fair here! Where are the

porters,

These lazy knives? Ye have made a fine ha-

fellows:

There is some rabble let in: are all these

Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We s

have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the

When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honours,

We are but men; and what so many may do,

Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:

An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,

If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all

By the heels, and suddenly; and on your head

Chap round fines for neglect: ye are lazy kna

And here ye lie baiting of bombardes, when

Ye should do service. Hark! the trump

sound;

They're come already from the christening:

Go, break among the press, and find a way

To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find

A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these

months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fe

Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache

Port. You! the camlet, get up o' the rail

I'll peck you o'er the pales else.

Scene V. The palace.

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Alder

Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke

Norfolk with his marshall's staff, Duke

Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great sa-

ting-bowls for the christening-gifts; then

Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which

Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, be

the child richly habited in a mantle,

train borne by a Lady; then follow

Marchioness Dorsett, the other godmo

and Ladies. The troop pass once abo

stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless good

send prosperous life, long, and ever hap

the high and mighty princess of Eng

Elizabeth!

FLOURISH. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. [Kneeling] And to your royal

and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:

All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady

Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy;

May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archb

What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Amen.

Stand up, lord

[The King kisses her.

With this kiss take my blessing; God protect

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have be

prodigal:
To all the plains about him: our children’s children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cres. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.

I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor, 70
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
Lords:
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frightened with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They’ll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry 'That's witty!'
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we should 'em: if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours: for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

PRIAM, king of Troy.
Hector, Troy, Troy,
TROILUS, Paris,
DEIPHOBUS, Helenus,
MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.
ÆNEAS, Trojan commanders.
ANTENOR, Calchas, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.
PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.
AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general.
MENELAUS, his brother.
ACHILLES, Ajax,
ULYSSES, Nestor,
DIOMEDES, Diomedes,
PATROCLUS.

PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crowns regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike frugage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
DARDAN, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are:
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

Thersites, a deformed and scurrilous cian.
Alexander, servant to Cressida.
Servant to Troylus.
Servant to Paris.
Servant to Diomedes.

Heleen, wife to Menelaus.
Andromache, wife to Hector.
Cassandra, daughter to Priam, a phetess.
Cressida, daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendan

SCENE: Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. Before Priam's palace.

Enter Troylus armed, and Pandar

Troy. Call here my valet; I'll unarm myself.
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; Troylus, alas! hath none.
Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?
Troy. The Greeks are strong and skilful in their strength,
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness vast
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less vaillant than the virgin in the night
And skillless as unpractised infancy.
Pan. Well, I have told you enough for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no fi
He that will have a cake out of the whea
needs to yar the grinding.
Troy. Have I not tarried?
Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must not the bolting.
Troy. Have I not tarried?
Pan. Ay, the bolting, but you must take
the leavening.
Troy. Still have I tarried.
Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the mall
the cake, the heating of the oven and the bake
in the oven, you must stay the cooling too, or yo
chance to burn your lips.
Troy. Patience herself, what goddess e'er
Doth lesser bane at sufferance than I do
When with your blood you daily paint her thus. I cannot fight upon this argument; it is too starved a subject for my sword. But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me! I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar; and he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo, as she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love, what Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we? Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl: Between our Ilium and where she resides, Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood, Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar. Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

Alarum. Enter _Æneas._

_Æne._ How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield? _Tro._ Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence. _Æne._ What news, _Æneas, from the field to-day? _ Tro._ By whom, _Æneas?_ _Æne._ Troilus, by Menelaus. _Tro._ Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn; Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. [Alarum. _Æne._ Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day! _Tro._ Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.' But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither? _Æne._ In all swift haste. [Execut.

Scene II. The same. A street.

_Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER._

_Cres._ Who were those went by? _Alex._ Queen Hecuba and Helen. _Cres._ And whither go they? _Alex._ Up to the eastern tower, whose height commands as subject all the vale, To see the battle. Hector, whose patience Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was moved: He chid Andromache and struck his armorer, And, like as there were husbandry in war, Before the sun rose he was harness'd light, And to the field goes he; where every flower Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw In Hector's wrath.

_Cres._ What was his cause of anger? _Alex._ The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector; They call him Ajax.

_Cres._ Good; and what of him? _Alex._ They say he is a very man per se, And stands alone. _Cres._ So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs. _Alex._ This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish, as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauc'd with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of,
nor any man an attain there he carries some staine of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight. 

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pan. Even so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so: I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?

Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he's not himself: would a' were himself! Well, the gods are above: time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well: I would my heart were in her body. No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't: you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

CRES. Be those with swords?

PAN. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one; by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.

PARIS passes.

CRES. Who's that?

PAN. That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus.

CRES. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

PAN. Helenus? no. He'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus'? Helenus is a priest.

CRES. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes.

PAN. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry! CRES. Peace, for shame, peace! Paris. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

CRES. Here come more.

Forces pass.

PAN. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die t' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look: the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

CRES. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

PAN. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

CRES. Well, well.

PAN. 'Well, well!' Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

CRES. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out.

PAN. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

CRES. Upon my back, to defend my belly;
upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches. 299

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus's Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [Exit Boy.

I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.

[Exit Pandarus.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.

Sennet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, and others.

Agam. Princes, What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks? The ample proposition that hope makes In all designs begun on earth below Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd, As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap, Infect the sound pine and divert his grain Tortive and errant from his course of growth. Nor, princes, is it matter new to us That we come short of our suppose so far That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand; Sith every action that hath gone before, Whereof we have record, trial did draw Bias and thwart, not answering the aim, And that unbodied figure of the thought That gave't surmis'd shape. Why then, you princes, Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works, And call them shames? which are indeed none Else But the protractive trials of great Jove To find persistency in man: The fineness of which metal is not found In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward The wise and fool, the artist and unread, The hard and soft, seem all affined and kind But, in the wind and tempest of her frown, Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan, Puffing at all, winnows the light away, And what hath mass or matter, by itself Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply Thy latest words. In the reproof of chanc Lies the true proof of men: the sea being arness 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 general Thetis, and anon behold The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mood cut Bounding between the two moist elements Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy Whose weak untember'd sides but even no Co-rival'ld greatness? Either to harbour Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide In storms of fortune; for in her ray and The herd hath more annoyance by the bro Than by the tiger; but when the splitting Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, And flies fled under shade, why, then the of courage As roused with rage with rage doth symph And with an accent tuned in selfsame key Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon, Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit In whom the temps and the minds of all Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses spe Besides the applause and approbation The which, [To Agamemnon] most mig thy place and sway, [To Nestor] And thou most reverend a stretch'd-out life I give to both your speeches, which were As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece Should hold up high in brass, and such an As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver, Should with a bond of air, strong as the On which heaven rides, knit all the Greek To his experienced tongue, yet let it plea Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses spe Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and less expect That matter needless, of importless burde Divide thy lips, than we are confident, When rank Thersites opens his mastiw We shall hear music, wit and oracle In Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been And the great Hector's word had lack'd a But for these instances. The specialty of rule hath been neglected And, look, how many Grecian tents do st
What is the remedy? 

Ulysses. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forefront of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests,
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy toppless deputation he puts on,
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitted and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms un-squared,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this lusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolliing,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries 'Excellent!' 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being drest to some oration,'
That's done, as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his goiter,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, 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 of war,
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
A slave whose gale coins slanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulysses. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Forestall prescience and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:—
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
Enter Aeneas.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Aene. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Aene. May one, that is a herald and a prince, Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm

'Twixt all the Greekish heads, which with one voice Call Agamemnon head and general.

Aene. If I were to those most imperial looks Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How! Aeneas; My ask, I tell thee, Thine truth shall know, Trojan, he is, Aeneas.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Aeneas?

Aene. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Aene. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Aene. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear, To set his sense on the attentive bent, And then to speak:

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind; It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour: Or thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake, He tells thee so himself.

Aene. Trumpet, blow loud, Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents; And every Greek of mettle, let him know, What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy A prince call'd Hector,—Pram is his father, Who in this dull and long-continued truce Is vastly grown: he bade me take a trumpet, And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords, If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece That holds his honour higher than his case, That seeks his praise more than he fear peril, That knows his honour, and knows not his fate That loves his mistress more than in confess With truant vows to her own lips he loves, And dare avow her beauty and her worth In other arms than hers,—to him this chaste 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 Greek 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 w The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Aeneas;

If none of them have soul in such a kind, We left them all at home: but we are sold; And may that soldier a mere recreant prove That means not, hath not, or is not in love If then one, or hath, or means to be, That one meets Hector; if none else, I am Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old But if there be not in our Grecian host One noble man that hath one spark of fire, To answer for his love, tell him from me I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver And in my vantage put this w'der'd brat And meeting him will tell him that my lad Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste As may be in the world: his youth in flood I'll prove this truth with my three drops of Aeneas. Now heavens forbid such scorn youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Aeneas, let me touch hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir. Achilles shall have word of this intent; So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent You shall feast with us before you go And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.]

Ulyss. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my heart, Boy; let me bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis: Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seed To this maturity blown up In rank Achilles must or now be crop'd, Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant sends,
I. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE I. A part of the Grecian camp

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? (Beating him) Feel, then.

Thersites. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

Ajax. Thou wouldst itch from head to foot and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou striketh as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Thers. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Thers. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Coblafo!

Thers. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. (Beating him) You whoreson cur!

Thers. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Thers. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an ass inquiry may tutor thee; thou scurvy, valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat

Vet 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 curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [Exeunt.]
me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!  
Achil. You dog!  
Ther. You scurvy lord!  
Ajax. [Beating him] You cur!  
Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.  

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.  
Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus? How now, Thersites! what’s the matter, man?  
Ther. You see him there, do you?  
Achil. Ay; what’s the matter?  
Ther. Nay, look upon him.  
Achil. So I do: what’s the matter?  
Ther. Nay, but regard him well.  
Achil. ‘Well!’ why, I do so.  
Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.  
Achil. I know that, fool.  
Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.  
Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.  
Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicum of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrows.  
This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I’ll tell you what I say of him.  

Achil. What?  
Ther. I say this, Ajax—[Ajax offers to beat him.  
Achil. Nay, good Ajax.  
Ther. Has not so much wit—  
Achil. Nay, I must hold you.  
Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen’s needle, for whom he comes to fight.  
Achil. Peace, fool!  
Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there: that he; look you there.  
Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—  
Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool’s?  
Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool’s will shame it.  
Patr. Good words, Thersites.  
Achil. What’s the quarrel?  
Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.  
Ther. I serve thee not.  
Ajax. Well, go to, go to.  
Ther. I serve here voluntary.  
Achil. Your last service was sufferance, ’twas not voluntary: no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.  
Ther. E’en so; a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: a’ were as good crack a nasty nut with no kernel.  
Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?  
Ther. There’s Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the wars.  
Achil. What, what?  

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles!  
Ajax! to!  
Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.  
Ther. ‘Tis no matter; I shall speak as thou artward.  
Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!  
Ther. I will hold my peace when Ajax brach bids me, shall I?  
Achil. There’s for you, Patroclus.  
Ther. I will see you hanged, like clot here I come any more to your tents: I will where there is wit stirring and leave the f. of fools.  
Patr. A good riddance.  
Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim’d th all our host:  
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,  
Will with a trumpet twixt our tents and Th;  
To-morrow morning call some knight to an  
That hath a stomach; and such a one that  
Maintain—I know not what: ’tis trash. Far  
Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer this?  
Achil. I know not: ’tis put to lottery;  
He knew his man.  
Ajax. O, meaning you. I will go learn of it.  

[Exeunt.  

Scene II. Troy. A room in Priam’s house.  
Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, Helenus.  
Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches  
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greek  
‘Deliver Helen, and all damage else—  
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,  
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that we  
In hot digestion of this cormorant war—  
Shall be struck off.” Hector, what say you?  
Helen. Though no man lesser fears the  
As far as toucheth my particular,  
Nestor, dread Priam,  
There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
More spongy to succ in the sense of fear,  
More ready to cry out ‘Who knows what fol  
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is sun  
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call’d  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that search  
The bottom of the worst. Let Helen go  
Since the firstword was drawn about this qu  
Every tithe soul, ‘mongst many thousand  
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ou  
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,  
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,  
Had it our name, the value of one ten,  
What merit’s in that reason which denies  
The yielding of her up?  
Helen. Fie, fie, my brother!  
Weigh you the worth and honour of a kin  
So great as our dear father in a scale  
Of common ounces? will you with counter  
What proportion of his infinite?  
And buckle in a waist most fathomless  
With spans and inches so diminutive  
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame.
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!
Cas. [Within] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?
Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.
Cas. [Within] Cry, Trojans!
Her. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving.
Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! I lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Her. Peace, sister, peace!
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moleity of that mass of noom to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goody Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.
[Exit.]
Her. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot that no discourse of reason
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?
Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it,
Nor once deject the courage of our minds.
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engaged
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!
Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Cave wings to my propension and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and emnity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should never retrace what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.
Par. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.
Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off, in honour keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up?
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfamed
Where Helen is the subject; then, I say, 160
Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hec. Paris and Troilus, you have both said
well,
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glowed, but superciliously: not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination 170
'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge.
I have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong exterminates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this in view of truth; yet neither less, My spritely brethren, I propend to you
190
In resolution to keep Helen still,
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troc. Why, there you touch'd the life of our
design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, 200
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us;
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action
For the wide world's revenue.

Hec. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roving challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits: 210
I was advertised their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.]

Scene III. The Grecian camp, Before
Achilles' tent.

Enter Thersites, solus.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what, lost in the
labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax
carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him:
O, worthy satisfaction! would it were other
that I could beat him, whilst he railed at
'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils
I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations.
Then there's Achilles, a rare engine! If be
not taken till these two undermine it,
we shall stand till they fall of themselves.
Now great thunder-darter of Olympus,
that thou art Jove, the king of gods,
Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of
caudices; if ye take not that little little less
little wit from them that they have! which
armed ignorance itself knows is so abjectly
scarce, it will not in circuit pavement deliver
from a spider, without drawing their massy
and cutting the web. After this, the venge
on the whole camp! or rather, the bone
for that, methinks, is the curse depending
those war for a placquet. I have sais
prayers and devil Envoy say Amen. What
my Lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good sites,
come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a
counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped
my contemplation: but it is no matter; t
upon thyself! The common curse of man
folly and ignorance, be thine in great rev
heaven bless thee from a tutor, and dis
come, and not from thee! Let thy blood be thy
on till thy death! then if she that lays
says thou art a fair corse, I'll be swor
sworn upon 't she never shrouded any but
Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast th
prayer?

Ther. Ay: the heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? Art thou come
my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou
served thyself in to my table so many
Greeks, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. The
me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; then tell
pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question.

Achil. I am Patroclus' knower, and Pa
is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man. Pe
Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles
fool; Thersites is a fool, and, as afores
trouclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer t
mand Achilles: Achilles is a fool to be
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to such a fool, and Patroclus is a fool positive.

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Here are such patchery, such juggling ch knavery! all the argument is a cuckold where; a good quarrel to draw emulous and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry on the subject! and war and lechery ad all! \[Exit.\]

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He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry 'N' No recovery.'

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.

Dear lord, go you and bring him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led 190
At your request a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud
lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve.
And ruminate himself, shall he be worship'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord 200
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired;
Nor, by my will, assimulate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat already pride
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder ' Achilles go to him.'

Nest. [Aside to Dio.] O, this is well; he
rubs the vein of him.

Dio. [Aside to Nest.] And how his silence
Drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll push him o'er the face,

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze
his pride:
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon
our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. He will be the physician that should
be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. A' should not bear it so, a' should eat
swords first; shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyss. A' would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him; I'll make him supple.

Nest. He's not yet through warm: force him
with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is
dry.

Ulyss. [To Agam.] My lord, you feed too
much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him
harm.

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face; 240

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus
with us!
Would he wear a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

Ulyss. If he were proud,—

Dio. Or covetous of praise,—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou
sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave
suck:
Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice famed, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wish
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confirm
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's No
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 tempest
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be ruled by him, Lord

Ulyss. There is no tallying here; the
Achilles
Keeps thickets. 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
And here's a lord,—come knights from west,
And call their flower, Ajax shall cope the
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulls
deep.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. Priam's palace.

Enter a Servant and Pandarus.

Pan. Friend, you! pray you, a wot you not follow the young Lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before m

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean!

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentle
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 t

Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour
Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend: honour o
ship are my titles. [Music within.] Wha
is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is p
parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir,

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

7. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music. 
Command, I mean, friend.

9. Who shall I command, sir? 
Friend, we understand not one another; 
To courtly and thou art too cunning. 
request do these men play?

10. That's to indeed, sir: marry, sir, at 
quest of Paris my lord, who's there in per-
with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood 
iy, love's invisible soul—
Who, my cousin Cressida? 
No, sir, Helen: could you not find out 
her attributes?

15. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast 
in the Lady Cressida. I come to speak 
and I from the Prince Troilus: I will make 
limental assault upon him, for my business

20. Sudden business! there's a stewed 
indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended. 
Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this 
apathy! fair desires, in all fair measure, 
ude them! especially to you, fair queen! 
ights be your fair pillow!

25. Dear lord, you are full of fair words. 
You speak your fair pleasure, sweet 
Fair prince, here is good broken music. 
You have broke it, cousin: and, by my 
shall make it whole again; you shall 
out with a piece of your performance.

30. is full of harmony. 
Truly, lady, no.

31. O, sir,— 
Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very

33. Well said, my lord! well, you say so
I have business to my lord, dear queen. 
will you vouchsafe me a word?

36. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll 
sing, certainly.

37. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant 
But, marry, thus, my lord: my de-
most esteemed friend, your brother

40. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet
Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commands 
most affectionately to you,—

45. You shall not bob us out of our me-
you do, our melancholy upon your head!
Sweet queen, sweet queen! that's a
I, faith.

50. And to make a sweet lady sad is a 
Nay, that shall not serve your turn: 
ll it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not 
words; no, no. And, my lord, he de-
, that if the king call for him at supper, 
make his excuse.

55. My Lord Pandarus,— 
What says my sweet queen, my very 
et queen?
What exploit's in hand? where sups he

60. Nay, but, my lord,— 
What says my sweet queen? My cou-
in will fall out with you. You must not know 
where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressi-
da.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide: 
come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse. 
Pan. Ay, good my lord; Why should you 
say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick. 
Par. I spy.
Pan. You spy! what do you spy? Come, 
give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.
Heleu. Why, this is kindly done.
Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing 
you have, sweet queen. 
Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not 
my lord Paris.
Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two 
twin.

70. Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make 
them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; 
I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pri thee now. By my troth, 
sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.
Pan. Ay, you may, you may.
Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will 
undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, I faith.
Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but 
love.

80. Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [Sings. 
Love, love, nothing but love, still more! 
For, O, love's bow 
Shoots buck and doe: 
The shaft confounds, 
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die! 
Yet that which seems the wound to kill, 
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he! 
So dying love lives still: 
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho! 
Helen. In love, I faith, to the very tip of the 

90. nose.

Pan. He eats nothing but doves, love, and 
that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot 
thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and 
hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot 
blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they 
are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet 
lord, who's a-field to day?

Par. Hecétor, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, 
and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have 
ammed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so.
How chance my brother Troilus went not? 
Helen. He hangs the lip at something: you 
know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to 
hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember 
your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.
Pan. Farewell, sweet queen. 
Helen. Command me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit. 

[A retreat sounded.]
Troilus. They're come from field: let us to
Prism's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd;
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.
Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,
Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, 170
Yea, overshines ourself.
Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

Scene II. The same. Pandarus' orchard.
Enter Pandarus and Troilus' Boy, meeting.
Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my
cousin Cressida's?
Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.
Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter Troilus.
How now, how now!
Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Boy.
Pan. Have you seen my cousin?
Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks 10
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the Stygian beds
Proposed for the deserrver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid! 20
Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.
Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice repired nectar? death, I fear me,
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.
Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
you must be witty now. She does so blush,
and fetches her wind so short, as if she
were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is
the prettiest villain; she fetches her breath as
short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [Exit.
Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my
bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassallage at unawares encountering.
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter Pandarus with Cressida.
Pan. Come, come, what need you blush?
shame's a baby. Here she is now: sweet
oaths now to her that you have sworn to.
What, are you gone again? you must be ware
you be made tame, must you? Come
ways, come your ways; an you draw back
we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not
to her? Come, draw your curtain, and let
your picture. Alas the day, how loath ye
to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd
sooner. So; rub on, and kiss the mis
How now! a kiss in fever-time! build there
penter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall
your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon
tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to:
Tro. You have bereft me of all words.
Pan. Words pay no debts, give her
but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too,
call your activity in question. What,
again? Here's 'In witness whereof the
interchangeably'—Come in, come in: I'll
a
Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?
Tro. O Cressida, how often have I
me thus!
Cres. Wished, my lord! The gods grant,
O my lord.
Tro. What should they grant? what
this pretty abruption? What too curious
espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our
Cres. More dregs than water, if my
eyes.
Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins;
never see truly.
Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason
finds safer footing than blind reason stays
without fear: to fear the worst oft cuts
worse.
Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear,
Cupid's pageant there is presented no more.
Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither;
our undertakings we vow to weep seas, live in fire,
est rock tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress
vise imposition enough than for us to
any difficulty imposed. This is the morn
in love, lady, that the will is infinite;
execution confined, that the desire is but;
and not the act a slave to limit.
Cres. They say all lovers swear more
pence than they are able and yet reserve a
that they never perform, vowing more i
perfection of ten and discharging less t
thenth part of one. They that have the
lions and the act of hares, are they not m
Tro. Are there such? such are not we
us as we are tasted, allow us as we pro
head shall go bare till merit crown it: no
motion in reversion shall have a praise in i
we will not name desert before his birth
being born, his addition shall be humble
words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such
sid as what envy can say worst shall be
for his truth, and what truth can speak tr
true than Troilus.
Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.
Pan. What, blushing still! have you no
talking yet?
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I de-
to you.
I thank you for that: if my lord get a
you, you'll give him me. Be true to my
the finch, chide me for it.
You know now your hostages; your
word and my firm faith.
Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our
l, though they be long ere they are wooded,
e constant being won: they are burs, I can
; they'll stick where they are thrown.
Boldness comes to me now, and brings
e heart.
Troilus, I have loved you night and day
my weary months.
Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?
Hard to seem won: but I was won, my

first glance that ever—pardon me—
less much, you will play the tyrant.
ou now: but not, till now, so much
ight master it: in faith, I lie; 
ights were like unbridled children, grown
dstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
ve I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
re so unscout to ourselves? 
ugh I loved you well, I woor'd you not;
 good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
we women had men's privilege
king first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
his rapture I shall surely speak
 as I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
 in dumbness, from my weakness draws
 soul of counsel! stop my mouth.

And shall, albeit sweet music issues
nce.
Pretty, i' faith.
My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
amed. O heavens! what have I done?
time will I take my leave, my lord.
Your leave, sweet Cressid!
Leave! an you take leave till-to-morrow

Pray you, content you.
What offends you, lady?
Sir, mine own company.
You cannot shun
Let me go and try:
kind of self resides with you;
kind self, that itself will leave,
other's fool. I would be gone: 
my wit? I know not what I speak.
Well know they what they speak that
so wisely.
Perchance, my lord, I show more craft
love;
so roundly to a large confession,
for your thoughts: but you are wise,
on love not, for to be wise and love
man's might; that dwells with gods
ve.
that I thought it could be in a woman—
an, I will presume in you—
ye her lamp and flames of love;
ver constancy in plight and youth,
beauty's outward, with a mind
new swifter than blood decays!

Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be afflicted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love:
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity
And simpler than the infancy of truth.
Cres. In that I'll war with you.
Tro. O virtuous fight.
When right with right wars who shall be most
right!
True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their
rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
'As true as Troilus!' shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be! I know
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maidens in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said 'as
false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,'
'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
'As false as Cressid.'

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it;
I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand, here
my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to anoth-
er, since I have taken such pains to bring you
together, let all pitiful goers-betwixt be called to
the world's end after my name; call them all
Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all
false women Cressids, and all brokers-between
Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.
Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a
chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall
not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to
death; away!
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!
[Exeunt.


Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nes-
tor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done
you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incur'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, a 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 wouldst thou of us, Trojan?

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange, 
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give in the prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him, 30
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dis. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their tent.

Achil. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent:
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Leave negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
Why such unpleasing eyes are bent on him:
If so, I have derision medicable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink:
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along: 55
So do each lord, and either greet him not,
or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught
with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the euckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus! Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with tune,
Must fall out with men too: what do the deeds
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butte
Show not their mealy wings but to the sun
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour for those he
That are without him, as place, riches, fa
Prize accident as oft as merit:
When which they fall, as being slippery st
The love that lean'd on them as slippery
Do one pluck down another and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess.
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks
out
Something not worth in me such rich beh
As they have often given. Here is Ulyss
I'll interrupt his reading.

How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis's son Achil.

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fell
Writers me: 'That man, how dearly ever
How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that he
Nor feels not what he owes, but by relief;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them and they retort that heat again,
To the first giver.'

Achil. This is not strange, Ulyss:
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends
To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold in
Not going from itself; but eye to eye op
Salutes each other with each other's for
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd and is mirrord there
Where it may see itself. This is not so
all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance, expressly pro
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much co
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Not doth one of himself know them for a
Till he behold them form'd in the appla
Where they're extended; who, like
reverberates
voice again, or, like a gate of steel
ing the sun, receives and renders back
jure and his heat. I was much wra
prehended here immediately
known Ajax.
uns, what a man is there! a very horse,
has he knows not what. Nature, what
nings there are
bject in regard and dear in use!
thing again most dear in the esteem
oor in worth! Now shall we see to-mor-
that very chance doth throw upon him-
enow'd. O heavens, what some men do,
some men leave to do!
men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
of others play the idiots in her eyes!
one man eats into another's pride.
pide is fasting in his wantonness! these
these Grecian lords!-why, even already
lap the lumber Ajax on the shoulder,
is foot were on brave Heōt's breast eat
Troy shrieking;
I do believe it; for they pass'd by me
ers do by beggars, neither gave to me
rd nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?
s, Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
ck, he puts alms for oblivion,
t-sized monster of ingratiations:
screws are good deeds past; which
are you'd as they are made, forgot as soon:
: perseverance, dear my lord,
our bright: to have done is to hang
ut of fashion, like a rusty mail
mental mockery. Take the instant way;
sour travels in a strait so narrow,
other goes abreast: keep then the path;
ulation hath a thousand sons
one pursue: if you give way,
ese side from the direct forthright,
an enter'd tide, they all rush by
are you hindmost;
: a gallant horse fall'd in first rank,
re for pavement to the abject rear,
and trampled on: then what they do in
sent,
less than yours in past, must o'ertop
urs:
e is like a fashionable host
ghtly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
h his arms outstretched', as he would fly,
in the corner: welcome ever smiles,
e well goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
ration for the thing it was;
ty, wit,
ith vigour of bone, desert in service,
ellship, charity, are subjects all
ous and culminating time.
ich nature makes the whole world kin,
with one consent praise new-born gawds,
they are made and moulded of things
: to dust that is a little gilt
uid than gilt o'er-dusted.
ent eye praises the present objec
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious missions, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous deeds 'mongst the gods them-

And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

Uliss. But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroic:

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Uliss. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state

Knows almost every grain of Platus' gold,

Finds bottom in the uncomprehending deeps,

Keeps place with thought and almost, like the
gods,

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

There is a mystery—with whom relation

Durst never meddle—in the soul of state;

Which hath an operation more divine

Than breath or pen can give expressiture 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 Poluxena:

But it must grieve you Pyrhus now at home,

When fame shall in our islands sound her trumpet,

And all the Grecish girls shall tripping sing:

'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,

But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'

Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak:

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exeunt.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you:

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;

They think my little stomach to the war;

And your great love to me restrains you thus:

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton

Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,

Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Heōt?

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour

by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;

My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O, then, beware

Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-

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 Patro-

clus;

I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him

To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing, an appetite that I am sick withal. To see great Hector in his deeds of peace, to talk with him and to behold his visage, even to my full view.

Enter THERESITES. A labour saved!

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself. Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an herculean cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing. Achil. How can that be? Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an host that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an 'twould out;' and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck? the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said 'Good morrow, Ajax;' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin. Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax. Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army. Agamemnon, etcetera. Do this.

Patr. Love bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilnes,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon!

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God b'w' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Are you well, with all my heart. Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has known his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter there.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horns that's the more capable creature. Achil. My mind is troubled, like a foal stirr'd; and I myself see not the bottom of it. [Exeunt Achilnes and Patroclus.

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind clear again, that I might water an ass at had rather be a tick in a sheep than such an ignorance.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. A street.

Enter, from one side, Aeneas, and Servant a torch; from the other, Paris, Diomed, Antenor, Diomedes, and others, torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there? Dio. It is the Lord Aeneas.


Par. A valiant Greek, Aeneas,—tal hand,— Witness the process of your speech, where You told me Diomed, a whole week by day Did haunt you in the field.

Aene. Health to you, valiant During all question of the gentle truce; But when I meet you arm'd, as black defeat As heart can think or courage execute. Dio. The one and other Diomed embrac'd Our bloods now in calm; and, so long, But our 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 With his face backward. In humane gen Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I sw no man alive can love in such a sort The thing he means to kill more excellent. Dio. We sympathise: Jove, let Aeneas 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 Aeneas. We know each other well. Dio. Wedo; and long to know each other. Par. This is the most despiteful gend From the noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard! What business, lord, so early? Aene. I was sent for to the king; but know not. Par. His purpose meets you: 'twas this Greek
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

I. TROILUS's house, and there to render him, so enreef Antenor, the fair Cressida: as丘 company, or, if you please, there before us: I constantly do think—her, call my thought a certain knowledge—other Troilus lodges there to-night:

him and give him note of our approach, the whole quality wherefore: I fear all must be much unwelcome.

That I assure you: had rather Troy were borne to Greece Cressida borne from Troy.

There is no help; riter disposition of the time aw it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

good morrow, all. [Exit with Servant.

And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true, the soul of sound good-fellowship, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best, for Menelaus?

Both alike: rits well to have her, that doth seek her, asking any scruple of her solirch, a hell of pain and world of charge, as well to keep her, that defend her, lating the taste of her dishonour, such a costly loss of wealth and friends: 60 a pulling coxcomb, would drink up as and dregs of a flat tamed piece; be a lecher, out of whorish 

used to breed out your inheritors: erts poised, each weighs nor less nor more; as he, the heavier for a whore. You are too bitter to your countrywoman. She’s bitter to her country: hear me, aris;

ry false drop in her bawdy veins isn’t life hath sunk; for every scruple 70 contaminated carrion weight, in hath been slain: since she could speak, h not given so many good words breath fer Greeks and Trojans suffer’d death.

Diomed, you are chapmen do, as a thing that you desire to buy: in silence hold this virtue well, ut commend what we intend to sell. 80 is our way. [Exeunt.

II. TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is d.

Then, sweet my lord, I’ll call mine down; unbolt the gates.

Trouble him not; to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes, as soft attachment to thy senses ts’ empty of all thought!

Good morrow, then. I prithee now, to bed.

Are you a-weary of me? O Cressida! but that the busy day, y the lark, hath roused the ribald crows, uning night will hide our joys no longer, not from thee.

CRES. Night hath been too brief.

TRO. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays

As teediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love With wings more momentary-slight 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, ’s all the doors open here?

TRO. It is your uncle.

CRES. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking: I shall have such a life!

Enter PANDARUS.

PAN. How now, how now! how go maidenheads? Here, you maid! where’s my cousin Cressid?

CRES. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

PAN. To do what? to do what? let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

CRES. Come, come, beslire your heart! you’ll ne’er be good, Nor suffer others.

PAN. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchia! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

CRES. Did not I tell you? Would he were knock’d! the head! [Knocking within.

Who’s that at door? good uncle, go and see. My lord, come you again into my chamber; You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

TRO. Ha, ha!

CRES. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing, [Knocking within.

How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in: I would not for half Troy you have seen here.

[Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

PAN. Who’s there? what’s the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what’s the matter?

Enter Æneas.

ÆNE. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

PAN. Who’s there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

ÆNE. Is not Prince Troilus here?

PAN. Here! what should he do here? 

ÆNE. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him: It doth import him much to speak with me.

PAN. Is he here, say you? ’tis more than I know, I’ll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

ÆNE. Who—nay, then: come, come, you’ll do him wrong are you’re ware: you’ll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

Re-enter TROILUS.

TRO. How now! what’s the matter?
Aene. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.
Tro. Is it so concluded?
Aene. By Priam and the general state of
Tro: They are at hand and ready to effect it.
Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and, my Lord Aeneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.
Aene. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of
nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.
[Exeunt Troilus and Aeneas.
Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost?
The devil take Antenor! the young prince
will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they
had broke 's neck!

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now! what's the matter? who
was here?
Pan. Ah, ah!
Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's
my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's
the matter?
Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth
as I am above!
Cres. O the gods! what's the matter?
Pan. Prithhee, get thee in; would thou hadst
ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his
death. O, poor gentleman! A plague upon
Antenor!
Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my
knees I beseech you, what's the matter?
Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must
gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou
must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus:
'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot
bear it.
Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not go.
Pan. Thou must.
Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my
father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and
death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep.—
Pan. Do, do.
Cres. Tear my bright hair and scratch my
Delightful cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my
heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[Exeunt.
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.
Æne. [Within] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part. 100
Par. [Within] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither; And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, if 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;' 'tis all the reach of it. 110

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady Which for Antenor we deliver you: At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand; And by the way possess thee what she is. Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek, If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword, Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid, So please you, save the thanks this prince expects: The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek, Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece, She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant. I charge thee use her well, even for my charge; For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not, Though the great buck Achilles be thy guard, I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not moved, Prince Troilus: Let me be privileged by my place and message, To be a speaker free; when I am hence, I'll answer to my lust: and know you, lord, I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth She shall be prized; but that you say 'be't so,' I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, 'no.'

Tro. Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed, This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head. Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk, To our own selves bend me our needful talk.

[Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.]

[Trumpet within.]

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning! The prince must think me tardy and remiss, That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.
Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Aene. Yea, with a bridgroom's fresh slacrity.

Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:

The glory of our Troy doth this day lie

On his fair worth and single chivalry. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. The Grecian camp. Lists set out.

Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fair

And hastAnticipating time with starting courage.

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,

Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air

May pierce the head of the great combatant

And make him bitter.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.

Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:

Blow, villain, till thy spherical bias check

Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes outblow

Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;

He rises on the toe; that spirit of his

In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,

sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular; so

'Twere better she were kisses'd in general.

Nest. And very courteously counsel: I'll begin.

So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips,

fair lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now;

For this popp'd Paris in his hardiment,

And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our

sconrs!

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this,

mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your

leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three

for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, none.

Men. An odd man, lady! every man is

true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be

Ulyss. It were no match, your nails

his horns.

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, be

Ulyss. Why then for Venus' sake, get a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss

 Dio. Lady, a word; I'll bring you

father.

[Exit with C.

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon you.

There's language in her eye, her cheek,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits,

At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give accosting welcome ere it come,

And take unclasp the tables of their thou

To every ticklish reader! set them down

For sluggish spoils of opportunity

And daughters of the game. [Trumpet

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the

Enter Hector, armed; Æneas, Troilus
other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece shall be done

To him that victory commands? or do I

A victor shall be known? will you the king

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other, or shall be divided

By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey command.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but done,

A little proudly, and great deal mispriz'd

The knight opposed.

If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, not.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: but, what's this:

In the extremity of great and little,

Valour and pride excel themselves in him.

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him

And that which looks like pride is court,

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;

In love whereof, half Hector stays his

Half heart, half hand, half Hector cometh.

The all-encompassed knight, half Trojan and half

Achil. A maiden battle, then? O, I

you.
Re-enter Diomedes.  

n. Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle night, 
by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas 
t upon the order of their fight, 
: either to the utmost, 
a breath: the combatants being kin 
ts their strife before their strokes begin. 

[Ajax and Hector enter the lists. 

They are opposed already. 

What Trojan is that same that looks 

The youngest son of Priam, a true light, 
mature, yet matchless, firm of word, 
g in deeds and deedless in his tongue; 
provoked nor being provoked soon land'd; 
and hand both open and both free; roo 
at he has he gives, what thinks he shows; 
he not till judgement guide his bounty, 
ishes an impure thought with breath; 
Hector, but more dangerous; 
for in his blaze of wrath subscribes 
or objects, but he in heat of action 
vindicative than jealous love: 
ll him Troilus, and on him erect 
I hope, as fairly built as Hector. 
ys Æneas; one that knows the youth 110 
his inches, and with private soul 
rt Ilion thus translate him to me. 
[Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight. 

They are in action. 

Now, Ajax, hold thine own! 
Hector, thou sleep'st; 
hee! 

His blows are well disposed: there, 

You must no more. [Trumpets cease. 
Princes, enough, as please you. 
I am not warm yet; let us fight again. 
As Hector pleases. 

Why, then will I no more: 
great lord, my father's sister's son, 120 
german to great Priam's seed; 
gation of our blood forbids 
motion 'twixt us twain: 
commixture Greek and Trojan so 
ould say 'This hand is Grecian all, 
is Trojan; the sinews of this leg 
, and this all Troy; my mother's blood 
the dexter cheek, and this sinister 
my father's;' by Jove multipotent, 
ldst not bear from me a Greekish 

my sword had not impressure made 
ked: but the just gods gainsay 
drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother, 
d aunt, should by my mortal sword 
Let me embrace thee, Ajax: 
at thunders, thou hast lusty arms; 
could have them fall upon him thus: 
ll honour to thee! 

I thank thee, Hector: 
too gentle and too free a man: 
kill thee, cousin, and bear hence 
dition earned in thy death. 
Not Neoptolemus so mirable, 

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st 
Oyes 
Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself 
A thought of added honour torn from Hector. 
Æne. There is expectation here from both the sides, 
What further you will do. 
Hec. We'll answer it; 
The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell. 
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success— 
As seld I have the chance—I would desire 150 
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents. 
Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great 
Achilles 

Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector. 
Hec. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me, 
And signify this loving interview 
To the 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 stove'd with husks 
And formless ruin of oblivion; 
And 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 Aga- 
memon. 

Agam. [To Troilus] My well-famed lord of 
Troy, no less to you. 
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's 
greeting: 
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither. 
Hec?. Who must we answer? 
Æne. The noble Menelaus. 
Hec?. O, you, my lord! by Mars his gauntlet, 
thanks! 

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath: 
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove: 
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you. 
Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly 
theme. 

Hec?. O, pardon; I offend. 

Next. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft 
Labouring for destiny make cruel way 
Through ranks of Grecish youth, and I have 
seen thee, 
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed, 
Despising many forfeits and subduements, 
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air, 
Not letting it decline on the declined, 
That I have said to some my standers by 190 
'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!' 
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath, 
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in, 
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen; 
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents. 200
Aene. 'Tis the old Nestor.
Hec. Let me embrace thee, good old chron-
icle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would my arms could match thee in
contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
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 time.
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
Hec. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would
ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that perily front your town,
Yon tall towers, whose wanton tops do buss the
clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.
Hec. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet, and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.
Achill. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses,
I thou! 230
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hec. Is this Achilles?
Achill. I am Achilles.
Hec. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on
thee.
Achill. Behold thy fill.
Hec. Nay, I have done already.
Achill. Thou art too brief: I will the second
time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hec. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read
me o'er; 239
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Achill. Tell me, you heavens, in which part
of thy body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or
there?
That I may give the local wound a name
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!
Hec. It would discredit the blest gods,
pride man,
To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead? 240
Achill. If I tell thee, y
Hec. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard
well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his hel
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these we
Or may I never—
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to:
You may have every day enough of Hector
If you have stomach; the general state, I
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him
Hec. I pray you, let us see you in the
We have had pelting wars, since you refuse
The Grecians' cause.
Achill. Dost thou entreat me, E
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.
Hec. Thy hand upon that match
Agam. First, all you peers of Greece
my tent:
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, separately entreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets
That this great soldier may his welcome k
[Exeunt all except Troilus and
Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I b
you,
In what place of the field doth Calchase ke
Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most p
Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to nig
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous
On the fair Cressida.
Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to
much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyss. You shall command
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no love
That wails her absence?
Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lo
She was beloved, she loved; she is, and c
But still sweet love is love for fortune's
[Exit.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 647

tr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

hil. From whence, fragment? er. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy. tr. Who keeps the tent now? the. The surgeon's box, or the patient's desk.
tr. Well said, adversity! and what need tricks? er. Prithée, be silent, boy; I profit not by thee; thou art thought to be Achilles' male.
tr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that? er. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the diseases of the south, the guts-gripping, the castrates, loads 'o' gravel, i' the back, gies, cold palpies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthumes, little waters, lice in 't he palm, incurable ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the soul, take and take again such preposterous verses?
tr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou meanest thou to curse thus: Do I curse thee? er. Why, no, thou ruinous butt, you whore-distinguishable cur. No. No! why art thou then exasperate, idle immaterial skein of slave-silk, thou sarcastic flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of digal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor is pestered with such waterflies, diminu-what's nature! tr. Out, gall! r. Finch-egg!
ii. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite my great purpose in to-morrow's battle, a letter from Queen Hecuba, from her daughter, my fair love, axing me and gaging me to keep that I have sworn. I will not break it: reeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay; sior vow lies here, this I'll obey. come, Thersites, help to trim my tent: 50 light in banqueting must all be spent. Patroclus!

[Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.

r. With too much blood and too little heart these two may run mad; but, if with too much and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer. Here's Agamemnon, an honest man, and one that loves quails; but he's so much brain as ear-wax: and the transformation of Jupiter there, his brose bull,—the primitive statute, and oblique pair of cucokolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in hanging at his brother's leg,—to what at that he is, should wit larded with malice ignore with wit turn him to? To an ear nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ear nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a rascal, 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 lizar, so I were not Menelaus. Hoy-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.

Hec. There, where we see the lights.

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.

Hec. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hec. 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.

[Exeunt 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.

Hec. 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.

Hec. And so, good night.

[Exeunt Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor. Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun beares of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [Exit.

Scene II. The same. Before Calchas' tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. What, are you up here, he? speak.

Cal. [Within] Who calls?
Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them, THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.


Tro. Yea, so familiar! Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight. Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted. Dio. Will you remember? Cres. Remember, yes. Dio. Nay, but do, then; And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

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 open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow 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 fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hawk, one word in your ear. Tro. O plague and madness! Ulyss. You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you, Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous; The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off: You flow to great distraction; come, my lord...

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments, I will not speak a word!

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.


Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something will you go?

You will break out?

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak:

There is between my will and all offences A guard of patience: stay a little while. Ther. How the devil Luxury, with his rump and potato-finger, tickles these togas?

Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you, then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me Dio. Give me some token for the surety of Cres. I'll fetch you one. Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, sweet I will not be myself, nor have cognition Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve, Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord, I will be patient; outwardly I will. Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold He loved me—O false wench!—Give me a Dio. Whose wasn't?

Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again I will not meet with you to-morrow night: I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens; well said, stone!

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that Cres. O, all you gods! O pretty, I pledge Thy master now lies thinking in his bed Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my gait And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from He that takes that doth take my heart with Dio. I had your heart before, this follow Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; you shall not; I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this: whose was it?

Cres. It is not.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yea, And by herself, I will not tell you whose, Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my h Air and grieve his spirit that dares not chafe Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worst thy horn, It should be challenged.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past: a it is not;
not keep my word.

Why, then, farewell;
never shalt mock Diomed again.

You shall not go: one cannot speak a
word,
straight starts you.

I do not like this fooling.

Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes

What shall, I come? the hour?

Ay, come,—O Jove!—do come:—I
shall be plagued.

Farewell till then.

Good night: I prithee, come.

[Exit Diomedes.

farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

my heart the other eye doth see.
or our sex! this fault in us I find,
or of our eye directs our mind:

error leads must err; O, then conclude
sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [Exit.

A proof of strength she could not publish
more,
she said 'My mind is now turn'd where.'

All's done, my lord.

It is.

Why stay we, then?

To make a recording to my soul y syllable that here was spoke.
tell how these two did co-act,
not lie in publishing a truth?

'there is a credence in my heart, 110

stance so obstinately strong,
th invert the attest of eyes and ears,

else organs had deceptive functions, I
only to calaminate.

cessid here?

I cannot conjure, Trojan.

She was not, sure.

Most sure she was.

Why, my negation hath no taste of

Ner mine, my lord: Cressid was here

it now.

Let it not be believed for womanhood! we
had mothers; do not give advantage
born critics, apt, without a theme, 120

gravation, to square the general sex

isid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

What hath she done, prince, that can

our mothers?

Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Will he swagger himself out on his own es?

This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
y have a soul, this is not she;
guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,

mony be the gods' delight, 140
be rule in unity itself, not she. O madness of discourse, use
set up with and against itself! authority! where reason can revolt
perdition, and loss assume all reason

there is, this is, and not, Cressid.

my soul there doth condue a fight
strange nature that a thing inseparate

more wider than the sky and earth,

the spacious breadth of this division 150
no orifex for a point as subtle

As Arriachne's broken woof to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved, and
loosed;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, ovs of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greedy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed. 160

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

Inflamed with Venus: never did you man fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,

So much by weight hate I her Diomed:

That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm:

Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill, 170

My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout

Which shipmen do the hurricane call,

Constrined in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more glamour Neptune's ear

In his descent than shall my promised sword

Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupiscency.

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; 180

Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter AEneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my

lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince. My courteous

lord, adieu.

Farewell, revoluted fair! and, Diomed,

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks. [Exit Troilus, AEneas, and Ulysses.

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed!

I would crook like a raven; I would bode, I

would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing

for the intelligence of this where: the parrot will

not do more for an almand than he for a com-

mendous drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and

lechery; nothing else holds fashion: a burning
devil take them! [Exit.]

SCENE III. Troy. Before Priam's palace.

Enter Hector and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently

temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hec. You train me to offend you; get you in:

By all the everlastings gods, I'll go!

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous
to the day.

Hec. No more, I say.
Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees: for I have dream'd to
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
Cas. O, 'tis true.
Heçt. Ho! I bid my trumpet sound!
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Heçt. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O, be persuaded! I do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, for
We would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.
Heçt. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear: but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?
And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade. [Exit Cassandra.

Heçt. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day 'the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.
Heçt. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
Tro. When many times the captive Grecian falls,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.
Heçt. O, 'tis fair play.
Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.
Heçt. How now! how now! Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from rush.
Heçt. Fie, savage, fie!
Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.
Heçt. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears,
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword
Opposed to him under me, should stop my way.
But by my run.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Pri. Come, Hector, come, go b Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrap
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Heçt. Aeneas is a field;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not
Heçt. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me lea
To take that course by your consent and w
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!
And. Do not, dear Hector. Andromache, I am offended with
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit Andromache.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious
Makes all these bodements.
Cas. O, farewell, dear H Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many W Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries
How poor Andromache shrills her doleurs
Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement
Like, withless antic, one another meet,
And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead! O H Tro. Away! away! Cas. Farewell: yet, soft! Hector, I ta leave;
Thou dost thyself and all the Troy deceive.
Heçt. You are amazed, my liege, at h claim.
Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and Do deeds worth praise and tell them at Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety about thee!
[Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alc. Tro. They are at it, hark! Proud D 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 po
Tro. Let me read.
Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson r tisick so troubles me, and the foolish for this girl: and what one thing, what another I shall leave you one o these days: and I rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ach
that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot at to think on't. What says she there?

Words, words, mere words, no matter on the heart;

feel doth operate another way.

[Exeunt the latter.

and, to wind, there turn and change together.

He with words and errors still she feeds;

she another with her deeds.

[Exeunt severally.

IV. Plaines between Troy and the Grecian camp.

rums: excursions. Enter Thersites.

Now they are clapper-clawing one

I'll go look on. That dissembling

able variet, Diomed, has got that same
doting foolish young knave's sleeve of
here in his helm: I would fain see them
that that same young Trojan ass, that loves
there, might send that Greekish whore-
villain, with the sleeve, back to the dis-

ging luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand.

other side, the policy of those crafty

g rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry

Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,

wov'd worth a blackberry; they set me up

, y, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that

as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the

prouder than the our Achilis, and will

to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin

aim barbarism, and policy grows into an

Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

ter Diomedes, Troilus following.

Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river

20

swim after.

Thou dost miscall retire:

fly, but advantageous care

aw me from the odds of multitude:

these!

Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for

we, Troilus!—now the sleeve, now the

Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.

Enter Hector.

What art thou, Greek? art thou for

Hector's match?

of blood and honour?

No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing

a very filthy rogue.

I do believe thee live. [Exit.

God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe

a plague break thy neck for frightening

hat's become of the wenching rogues? I

you have swallowed one another: I would

that miracle: yet, in a sort, lecherous cats

'll seek them. [Exit.

NEV. Another part of the plains.

Enter Diomedes and a Servant.

Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus'

he fair steed to my lady Cressida:

commend my service to her beauty;

Tell her I have chastised 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 Margarelon

Hath Doreus prisoner,

And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,

Upon the pasado corses of the kings

Epistrophus and Cedius: Polyxenes is slain,

Amphimachus and Thos deadly hurt,

Patroclus take'n 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-paced Ajax arm for shame.

There is a thousand Hectors in the field:

Now here he fights on Galate's 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 everywhere, he leaves and takes,

Dexterity so obeying appetite

That what he will he does, and does so much

That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great

Achilles

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:

Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,

Together with his mangled Myrmidons,

That noseless, handleless, hack'd and chipp'd, come

to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend

And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,

Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day

Mad and fantastic execution.

Engaging and redeeming of himself

With such a careless force and forceless care

As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,

Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.


Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:

Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Another part of the plains.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy

head!

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?
Troilus. wilt thou not, 1, " Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor, and prey thy life thou owest me for my horse!

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon. 10

Tro. Come, both you coggings Greeks; have at you both! [Exeunt, fighting.

Enter Hector.

Hec. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee, ha! have at thee, Hector!

Hec. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan: Be happy that my arms are out of use; My rest and negligence befriended thee now, But thou anon shalt hear of me again; Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit.

Fare thee well: I would have been much more a fresher man, so Had I expected thee. How now, my brother!

Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be? No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven, He shall not carry him: I'll be ta'en too, Or bring him off; fate, hear me what I say! I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter in sumptuous armour.

Hec. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a Godly mark: No, wilt thou not? I like thy armour well; I'll flush it and unlock the rivets all, But I'll be master of it: wilt thou not, beast, abide? Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. 32

[Exeunt.

Scene VII. Another part of the plains.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons; Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel: Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath: And when I have the bloody Hector found, Empale him with your weapons round about; In fittest manner execute your aims. Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye: It is decreed Hector the great must die. [Exeunt.

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting: then Theristes.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Lo, Paris, 'lo! now my double-benned sparrow 'lo, Paris, 'lo! The bull has the game: ware horns, ho!

[Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Margaretom.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?


Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards; a bastard begot, bastard instructed, b in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing tinate. One bear will not bite another wherefore should one bastard? Take the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the so whose fight for a whore, he tempts judge farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! 1

Scene VIII. Another part of the plain.

Enter Hector.

Hec. Most putresced core, so fair with Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life. Now is my day's work done; I'll take breath: Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and [Puts off his helmet and hangs his behin. 1

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun be set; How ugly night comes breathing at his he Even with the vail and darkening of the sun, To close the day up, Hector's life is done. Hec. I am unarmed; forego this vain Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is all I seek. 1

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy b On, Myrmidons, and cry you all, 'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.' [A retreat so

Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound th my lord. Achilles. The dragon wing of night o'er the earth, And, stickler-like, the armies separates. My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would fed, Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to 1

[Sheathes his 1

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail: Along the field I will the Trojan trail. 1

Scene IX. Another part of the plain.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, N Diomedes, and others, marching. 1

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is this 1 Nest, Peace, drums! 1

[Within] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's Achilles! 1

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, 1

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 To pray Achilles see us at our tent.
I'll through and through you! and, thou great-sized coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go: 30
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!
Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [Exit.

Pan. A godly medicine for my aching bones!
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent
despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly
are you set a-work, and how ill required? why
should our endeavour be so loved and the perform-
ance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?
Let me see:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
cloths.
As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be
made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat and seek about for cases,
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.
CORIOLANUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.
TITUS LARTIUS, generals against the Volscians.
MENENIUS AGrippa, friend to Coriolanus.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, tribunes of the people.
JUNIUS BRUTUS, Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.
TULLIUS AUFIDIIUS, general of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.
VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.
VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.
VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, vants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE: Rome and the neigbourhood; Corioli and the neigbourhood; 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 it, we know’t.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we’ll have corn at our own price. Is’t a verdict? I

All. No more talking on’t; let it be done.

Away, away!

Sec. 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 inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he’s a very dog to the commonalty.

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

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

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

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

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his life, you account a vice in him. You must in no wise say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be less subject to accusations; he hath faults, with surfeit in repetition. [Shouts within.] What are these? The other side of the city is raving. Who stay we prating here? to the Capitol! Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; or hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He’s one honest enough: we the rest were so!

Men. What work’s, my countrymen, in where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? speak, you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inking this fortnight to do, which now we shall show them. They say poor suitors have strong brass; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends—honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir, we are already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable people,

Have the patricians of you. For your war;

Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

Strike at the heaven with your staves as if you

Against the Roman state, whose course we

The way it takes, cracking ten thousand staves

Of more strong link asunder than can ever

Appear in your impediment. For the debt;

The gods, not the patricians, make it, and

Your knees to them, not arms, must help.

You are transported by calamity,

Thither where more attends you, and you
hems o' the state, who care for you like fathers, you curse them as enemies, 80

3. Either you must

ss yourselves wondrous malicious, accused of folly. I shall tell you a very tale: it may be you have heard it; since it serves my purpose, I will venture it a little more. 20

4. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of nile, ner' came from the lungs, but even us— ok you, I may make the belly smile I as speak—it tauntingly replied ated members, the mutinous parts avied his receipt: even so most filily malign our senators for that re not such as you. 110

5. Cit. Your belly's answer? What! long-crowned head, the vigilant eye, unscaling heart, the arm our soldier, 120

C. Should by the cormorant belly be strain'd, the sink o' the body,— 130

6. Cit. The former agents, if they did imply, would the belly answer? I will tell you: 140

7. Cit. Ye're long about it. Note me this, good friend; est grave belly was deliberate, hke his accusers, and thus answer'd: 150

8. 'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he, 'That I receive the general food at first, Which you do live upon; and fit it is, Because I am the store-house and the shop Of the whole body: but, if you do remember, I send it through the rivers of your blood, Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain; And, through the cranks and offices of man, The strongest nerves and small inferior veins From me receive that natural competency Whereby they live; and though that all at once, You, my good friends,—this says the belly, mark me,—

First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well. 170

9. 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? 180

First Cit. It was an answer; how apply you this? 190

10. 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? 196

First Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe? Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest, 201

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go' st foremost: Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run, Lead'st first to win some vantage. But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs: Rome and her rats are at the point of battle; The one side must have bale.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

11. Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dis- sentious rogues, That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word. 170

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs, That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you, The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, Where he should find you lions, finds you hares; Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no, Than is the coal of fire upon the ice, Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is To make him worthy whose offence subdues him And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness Deserves your hate; and your affections are A sick man's appetite, who desires most that Which would increase his evil. He that depends Upon your favours swims with fins of lead.
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!
Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?

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

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done in the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives and who declines; side factions and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong
And feeleing 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 persauded:
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved; hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods
sent not
Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answ'r'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale—they throw
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar

If their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing,

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: what's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volscy's in arms.

Mar. I am glad on 't: then we shall ha'
means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and Senators; Junius Brutus and Sicinius Lutus.

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you lately told us;
The Volscy's in arms.

Mar. Nay, they have a lead.
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envyng his nobility,
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought too
Mar. Were half to half the world by land and sea.
Upon my party, I'll revol, 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' side.
What, art thou still? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius.
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with't.
Exeunt Cominius and others.

First Sen. Your company to the city,
where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

[To Com.] Lead you on.

[To Mar.] Follow Cominius; we must you:

Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius.

First Sen. To the Citizens. Hence:

Homes! be gone!

Mar. Nay, let them

The Volscy's have much corn; take the thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mighty your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[Enter Citizens steal away. Exeunt

Sic. Was ever man so proud as Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes
people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdain's env'n Which he treats on at noon: but I do vow His insolence can brook to be commanded Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he

In whom already he's well graced, can
Better be held nor more attain'd than by A place below the first: for what miscarrie
Shall be the general's fault, though he perf
CORIOLANUS.

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. Utmost of a man, and giddy censure, then cry out of Marcius! 'O, if he come the business!' (Exeunt.

Cor. Besides, if things go well, in that so sticks on Marcius shall demerit rob Cominius.

Com. Come: if Cominius' honours are to Marcius, h Marcius earn'd them not, and all his faults are shall be honours, though indeed he merit not.

Cor. Let's hence, and hear so he dispatch is made, and in what fashion, han his singularity, he goes in his present action.

Let's along. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Rome. A room in Marcius' house.

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 plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bare of 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 Ausidius down by the hair, As children from a bear, the Volscus shaming him: Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus: 'Come on, you coward! 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 gild his trophy the breasts of Hecuba, When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood At Grecian sword, contemplating. Tell Valeria, We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Ausidius! Vol. He'll beat Ausidius' head below his knee And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, with an Usher and Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here? A
fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

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

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster. 61

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again: caught it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mummocked it!

Vol. One on 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

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

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

Val. Not out of doors!

Vir. She shall, she shall.

Val. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. 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.

Val. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband. 101

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volscis have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

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

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

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithie, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out of door, and go along with us. 121

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

Val. Well, then, farewell. [Exit.]
art behind; backs red, and faces pale
flight and agued fear! Mend and charge home,
y the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
make my wars on you: look to't: come on;
I'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
ey us to our trenches followed.

[Exit Coriolanus.]

[Enter Alarum. The Volscs fly, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

1. What is become of Marcius? Slain, sir, doubtless.
2. Following the fliers at the very heels, he he enters; who, upon the sudden, to their gates: he is himself alone, over all the city.

1. O noble fellow! insensibly outdares his senseless sword, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, lartius: uncle entire, as big as thou art, as so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible strokes; but, with thy grim looks and under-like percussion of thy sounds, art least thine enemies shake, as if the world were over and did tremble.

2. Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.


[They fight, and all enter the city.

SCENE V. Corioli. A street.

Enter Roman Citizens, with spoils.

Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

Com. And I this.

Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for

[Alarum continues still afar off.

Marcius and Titus Lartius with a trumpet.

See here these movers that do prize
in hours cl'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons, a doit, doublets that hangmen would
tho' those that wore them, these base ves, the fight be done, pack up: down with
'm, what noise the general makes! To

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius, Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take Convenient numbers to make good the city: Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste To help Cominius.

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 Aufidius thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune, Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms Misguide thy oppressors' swords! Bold gentleman, Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell. Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!

[Exit Marcius.

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place; Call thither all the officers o' the town, Where they shall know our mind: away!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Near the camp of Cominius.

Enter Cominius, as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought: we are come off Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs, We shall be charged again. While 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 encumbering, May give you thankful sacrifice.

[Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued, And given to Lartius and to Marcus battle: I saw our party to their trenches driven, And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speakest truth, Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums: How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour, And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volscs Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel Three or four miles about, else had I, sir, Half an hour since brought my report.

Com. Who's yonder, That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods! He has the stamp of Marcus; and I have Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. [Within] Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every manner man.

Enter Marcius.

Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Coriolanus in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?

Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcus, we have at disadvantage fought and did
Retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?

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 you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me 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 shout and wave their swords, take him up in their arms, and cast up caps.

O, me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of yo
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number
Though thanks to all, must I select from all
rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to me
And four shall quickly draw out my comp
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fe
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

SCENE VII. The gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon old, going with drum and trumpet; COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: kee
duies,
As I have set them down. If I do send, di
Those centuries to our aid: the rest will so
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieut. Fear not our car
Hence, and shut your gates upon
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp we us.

SCENE VIII. A field of battle.

Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

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

AUF. We hate a
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy
Mar. Let the first bidder die the other
And the gods doom him after!

AUF. If I fly, Ma
Holloa me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased: 'tis not in
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy n
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

AUF. Wert thou the H
That was the whip of thy bragg'd proge
Thou shouldst not scape me here.

[They fight, and certain Volscs con
aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights
be driven in breathless
Officious, and not valiant, you have sham
In your condemned seconds.

SCENE IX. The Roman camp.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is
Flourish. Enter, from one side, Com
with the Romans; from the other side,
cius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this th
work,
C. I, that's.
By I I ^ Go O,
when that I
value a
asure of
art
- f
ome
Marcius
ive
the
r
••
Cominius
r.

and admire, where ladies shall be frightened,
gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull
tribunes,
with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honour,
say against their hearts. 'We thank the gods
Romahath such a soldier.'
unest thou to a morsel of this feast, 10
fully dined before.

or Titus Lartius, with his power, from
the pursuit.

O general,
is the steed, we the caparison:
: thou behold—

Pray now, no more: my mother,
as a charter to extol her blood,
she does praise me grieves me. I have done
have done: that's what I can; induced
have been: that's for my country;
at has but effected his good will
over'ten mine act.

You shall not be
rave of your deserving; Rome must know
hue of her own: 'twere a concealment 22
than a theft, no less than a traducement,
your doings; and to silence that,
the spire and top of praises vouche'd:
seem but modest: therefore, I beseech
ou—
of what you are, not to reward
you have done—before our army hear me.
I have some wounds upon me, and they
r themselves remember'd.

Should they not,
right they fester 'gainst ingratitude, 30
nt themselves with death. Of all the
rises,
of we have ta'en good and good store,
asure in this field achieved and city,
nder you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
the common distribution, at
ily choice,

I thank you, general;
not make my heart consent to take
: I do refuse it; 40
ad upon my common part with those
beheld the doing.

long flourish. They all cry 'Marcus! Marcus!' cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

May these same instruments, which
profane,
ound more! when drums and trumpets
ld prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
fl of false-faced soothing!
ed grows soft as the parasite's silk,
be made a covering for the wars! 50
, I say! For that I have not wash'd
that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,—
without note, here's many else have
ut me forth
motions hyperbolical;

As if I loved my little should be dictated
In praises sauced with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put
you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in manac

Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it
known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius 59
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 Coriolanus, call him,
With all the applause and clamation of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS! Bear
The addition nobly ever!

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.

All. Caius Marcus Coriolius! 
Cor. I will go wash:
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thank you. 70
I mean to strike your steed, and at all times
To undercress 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
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg 80
Of my lord general.

Com. Take't; 'tis yours. What is't? 
Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Auvian 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! 90
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcus, his name?
Cor. 

By Jupiter! forgot. 99
I am weary; yes, my memory is tired.
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [Exeunt.

SCENE X. The camp of the Volsces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!
First Sol. '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, Mar

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat
me,
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements, 10
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had: for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way
Or wrath or craft may get him.

First Sol. He's the devil.

AUF. Bolder, though not so subtle. My va-
lour's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol, 20
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the
city;
Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go?

AUF. I am attended at the cypress grove: I
pray you—
'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius and Brutus.

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

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry ple-
beians would the noble Marcius. 11

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

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

Both. Well, sir.

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

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all. 21

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This emulation is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you? 1

Both. Why, how are we censured?

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

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. What 'tis no great matter; for a little thief of occasion will rob you of a great patience: give your dispositions the reins, a
angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you
put it as a pleasure to you in being so. You
Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little for your helps are many, or else your a
would grow wondrous single: your ability
is too infant-like for doing much alone. Yo
of pride: O that you could turn your eyes to
the napes of your necks, and make but an
survey of your good selves! O that you co

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a
of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magis
alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well e
too.

Men. I am known to be a humours
man, and one that loves a cup of hot win
not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said
something imperfect in favouring the first
plain; hasty and tinder-like upon too
motion; one that converses more with the
of the night than with the forehead of the
thing: what I think I utter, and spend my
in my breath. Meeting two such weak
are—I cannot call you Licurgesus—
drink you give me touch my palate ad
make a crooked face at it. I can't say you
ships have delivered the matter well, when
the ass in compound with the major part
 syllables: and though I must be content
with those that say you are reverend gr
yet they lie deadly that tell you you hav
faces. If you see this in the map of my
osm, follows it that I am known well
too? what harm can your bison conspe
glean out of this character, if I be known
enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know ye

Men. You know neither me, yourself
any thing. You are ambitious for poor
caps and legs: you wear out a good wh
forenoon in hearing a cause between an w
wife and a fooset-seller; and then rej
controversy of three pence to a second a

When you are hearing a mat
tween party and party, if you chance to
set up the bloody flag against all patience
in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss t
oversy bleeding, the more entangled a
hearing: all the peace you make in the
is, calling both the parties knaves. Yo
pair of strange ones.

Come, come, you are well used
to be a perfecter giber for the table than a
sary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become n
if they shall encounter such ridiculous su
you are. When you speak best unto
pose, it is not worth the wagging of your
Coriolanus.

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your beards deserve not so honourable a
as to stuff a boucher's cushion, or to be
bed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must
y, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap
ition, is worth all your predecessors since
, though peradventure some of the best
were hereditary hangmen. God-den to
orship: more of your conversation would
my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly
ans: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Brutus and Sicinius go aside.

Corioli, Virgilia, and Valeria.

now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the
were she earthily, no nobler,—whether
do lower your eyes so fast?

Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius
ashes; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Ha! Marcius coming home!

Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most
rous approbation.

take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank
Hoo! Marcius coming home! Fur—Nay, 'tis true.

Look, here's a letter from him: the state
other, his wife another; and, I think,
one at home for you. 120

I will make my very house reel to
a letter for me!

Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I

A letter for me! it gives me an estate
years' health; in which time I will make
it the physician: the most sovereign pren-
Galen is but empiricist, and, to this
ative, of no better report than a horse-
. Is he not wounded? he was wont to
ome wounded. 131

O, no, no, no.

O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for't.

So do I too, if it be not too much:
at victory in his pocket? the wounds be-
in.

On's brows: Menenius, he comes the
time home with the oaken garland.

Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Titus Lartius writes, they fought toge-
Aufidius got off. 141

And twice time for him too, I'll warrant
an he had stayed by him, I would not
en so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli,
gold that's in them. Is the senate pos-
of this?

Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes;
ates has letters from the general, wherein
is my son the whole name of the war: he
this action outdone his former deeds

In troth, there's wondrous things spoke

Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not
his true purchasing.

The gods grant them true!

True! pow, pow.

True! I'll be sworn they are true,
is he wounded? [To the Tribunes] God
our good worship! Marcius is coming
he has more cause to be proud. Where
ounded? 154

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. 170

Men. Now it's twenty-seven; every gash was
an enemy's grave. [A shout and flourish.]
Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before
him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves
tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in's nervous arm doth lie;

Which, being advanced, declines, and then men
die.

A senet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius
the general, and Titus Lartius; between
them, Coriolanus, crowned with an oaken
garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a
Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius
fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,

With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart:
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!
Cor. O, You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! [Kneels.

Cor. My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly named,—

What is it—Coriolanus must I call thee?—

But, O, thy wife! My gracious silence, hail!

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,

And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet! [To Valeria] O my
sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn: O, welcome
home:

And welcome, general: and ye're welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could
weep

And I could laugh, I am light and heavy, Welcome.
A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should 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. Ever right.
Her. Menenius ever, ever.
Herald. Give way there, and go on!
Cor. [To Volumnia and Virgilia] Your hand, and yours: Ere in our own house I do make your head, The good patricians must be visited; From whom I have received not only greetings, But with them change of honours. Vol. I have lived To see inherited my very wishes And the buildings of my fancy: only There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but Our Rome will cast upon thee. Cor. Know, good mother, I had rather be their servant in my way, Than sway with them in theirs. Com. On, to the Capitol! 229 [Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. Brutus and Sicinius come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the blearèd sights Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse Into a rapture lets her baby cry While she chats him: the kitchen milk'd pins Her richest lockout 'bout her reechy neck, Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows, Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hormed With variable complexions, all agreeing In earnestness to see him: self-shown flamens Do press among the popular throngs and puff 230 To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames Commit the war of white and damask in Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil Of Phoebus' burning kisses: such a pother As if that whatsoever god who leads him Were sily crept into his human powers And gave him graceful posture.

On the sudden, I warrant him consil. 

Bru. Then our office may, During his power, go sleep. Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours 240 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 will give them make I as little question As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear, Were he to stand for consul, never would he Appear 't the market-place nor on him put The napless vesture of humility; 259 Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right. 

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

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

Bru. 'Tis most like he will. 

Sic. It shall be to him then as our good wills, A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out To him or our authorities. For an end, We must suggest the people in what hatred He still hath held them; that to's power Have made them mules, silenced their ple and 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 pro Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggests At some time when his soaring insolence Shall touch the people—which time shall not: If he be put upon't; and that's as easy As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fate To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matte Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol, thought That Marcus shall be consil: I have seen the dumb men throng to see him The blind to hear him speak: matrons and Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkercke Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended, As to Jove's statue, and the commons made A shower and thunder with their caps and sh I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol: And carry with us ears and eyes for the tim But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.  [Ex.

Scene II. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions. First Off. Come, come, they are almost How many stand for consulships? Sec. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thou every one Coriolanus will carry it. First Off. That's a brave fellow; but vengeance proud, and loves not the com people.

Sec. Off. Faith, there have been many men that have flatt'rd the people, who loved them; and there be many that they loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if love they know not why, they hate up better a ground; therefore, for Coriolanus to care whether they love or hate him much the true knowledge he has in their dispos out of his noble carelessness lets them see't. First Off. If he did not care whether his love or no, he waved indifferently doing them neither good nor harm; but he their hate with greater devotion than the render it him; and leaves nothing undone may fully discover him their opposite. No seem to affect the malice and displeasure people is as bad as that which he dislik flatter them for their love.
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
You soothed not, therefore hurt not: but your people,  
I love them as they weigh.
Men. 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 pleased
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.

Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they hate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

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

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;
Show them the unaching scars which I should
hide.
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them: and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and
honour! [Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all
but Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sic. May they perceive 's intents? He will
require them,

As if he did condemn 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 seven or eight Citizens.

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

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do
it, but it is a power that we have no power to do;
for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds,
we are to put our tongues into those wounds and
speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds,
we must also tell him our noble acceptance of
them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the
multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a mon-
ster of the multitude; of the which we being
members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous
members.

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

Third Cit. We have been called so of
not that our heads are some brown, some
some ashburn, some bald, but that our wits
diversely coloured: and truly I think if
wits were to issue out of one skull, they were
east, west, north, south, and their consent
direct way should be at once to all the
compass.

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way
judge my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not
out as another man's will; 'tis strongly
up in a block-head, but if it were at
'twould, sure, southward.

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog,
being three parts melted away with rotten
the fourth would return for conscience
help to get thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your
may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give
voices? But that's no matter, the great
carries it. I say, if he would incline to
ple, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of hum
with Menenius.

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

All. Content, content. [Exeunt Cit.
Men. O sir, you are not right: have you
known
The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must
I pray, sir,—Plague upon it! I cannot
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, wounds!
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd and
From the noise of our own drums,

Men. O me, the
You must not speak of that: you must

To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang
I would they would forget me, like the
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. I'll leave you: pray you, speak to
I pray you,

In wholesome manner.

Cor. Bid them wash the
And keep their teeth clean. [Re-enter
the Citizens. ] So, here comes a
[Re-enter a third Citizen.]
You know the cause, sir, of my standing
Third Cit. We do, sir; tell us who
brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.
CORIOLANUS.

1. Cit. Your own desert!
2. Cor. Ay, but not mine own desire.

3d Cit. How not your own desire?

4. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to make the poor with begging.

5. Cit. You must think, if we give you hding, we hope to gain by you.

6. Well then, I pray, your price o' the ship?

7. It. The price is to ask it kindly.

8. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha': I have to show you, which shall be yours in a. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

9. Cit. You shall ha' it, worthy sir.

10. A match, sir. There 's in all two worthy beggar. I have your alms; adieu.

11. Cit. But this is something odd.

12. Cit. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis utter.

[Exeunt the three Citizens. 90

Re-enter two other Citizens.

13. Pray you now, if it may stand with the of your voices that I may be consul, I have the customary gown.

14. rth Cit. You have deserved nobly of your, and you have not deserved nobly.

15. Your enigma?

16. 4th Cit. You have been a scourge to her es, you have been a rod to her friends; you not indeed loved the common people.

17. You should account me the more virg that I have not been common in my love, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condi they account gentle: and since the wish of their choice is rather to have my hat my heart, I will practise the insinuating be off to them most counterfeitedly; that I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some r man and give it bountiful to the des Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

18. We hope to find you our friend; therefore give you our voices heartily.

19. rth Cit. You have received many wounds ur country.

20. I will not seal your knowledge with th them. I will make much of your voices, trouble you no further.

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

[Exeunt.

Most sweet voices!

22. it is to die, better to starve, to have the rape which first which we do deserve.

23. this woolish toge should I stand here, of Hob and Dick, that do appear, needless vouches? Custom calls me to't; custom wills, in all things should we do', last on antique time would lie unswept, untimely error be too highly height to d'eer-peer. Rather than fool it so, high office and the honour go, that would do thus. I am half through; e part suffer'd, the other will I do. 131

Re-enter three Citizens more.

24. one foe voices.

25. voices: for your voices I have fought; 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.

26. Sixth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

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


Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

28. 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?

29. Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:

30. The people do admit you, and are summon'd To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

31. Sic. There, Coriolanus.

32. Cor. May I change these garments?

33. Sic. You may, sir.

34. Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again, Repair to the senate-house.

35. Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

36. Bru. We stay here for the people.

37. Sic. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius. He has it now, and by his looks methinks 'Tis warm at 's heart.

38. Bru. With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds.

Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

39. Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

40. First Cit. He has our voices, sir.

41. Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

42. Sec. Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,

43. He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

44. Third Cit. Certainly he flouted us downright.

45. First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

46. Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us His marks of merit, wounds received for his country.

47. Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.


49. Third Cit. He said he had wounds, which he could show in private.

And with his hat, thus wav'ing 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
With 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 have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gai'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught: so putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler
And pass'd him unelect.
Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves, and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgement?
Sic. Have you
Now denied the asker? and now again
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?
Third Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny
him yet.
Sec. 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 judgement all revoke
Your ignorant election; enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.
Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes: that we labour
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.
Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment than as guid
By your own true affections, and that
minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you again
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.
Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read le
you,
How youngly he began to serve his country
How long continued, and what stock be spirited
The noble house o' the Marcians, from w
came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus we
That our best water brought by conduits his
Ancii, nobly named so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,
Was his great ancestor.
Sic. One thus descend
That hath beside well in his person wroughe
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have four
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
Bru. Say, you ne'er had do
Harp on that still—but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn
number,
Repair to the Capitol.
All. We will so: almost a
Repent in their election. [Exeunt Cit.
Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.
Sic. To the Capitol, we
We will be there before the stream o' the plebeii;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own
Which we have goaded onward. [E.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. A street.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Lartius, other Senators.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made his head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that is which caused
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volscs stand but first,
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to
road
Upon's again.

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

Saw you Aufidius?

On safe-guard he came to me; and
cursed the Volscs, for they had so vilely
ed the town: he is retired to Antium.

Spoke he of me?

He did, my lord,

How? what?

How often had he met you, sword to
sword:
of all things upon the earth he hated
person most, that he would pawn his fortunes
less restitution, so he might
'd your vanquisher.

At Antium lives he?

At Antium.

I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
pose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter SICINUS and BRUTUS.
d, these are the tribunes of the people,
argue o' the common mouth: I do despise them;
they do prank them in authority,
all noble sufferance.

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, will fall in broil.

Are these your herd?

These have voices, that can yield them new
raight disclaim their tongues? What are
our offices?
ing their mouths, why rule you not their
seth?
you not set them on?

Be calm, be calm.

It is a purposeful thing, and grows by plot,
the will of the nobility:
t, and live with such as cannot rule
er will be ruled.

Call it not a plot:
ple cry you mock'd them, and of late,
was given them gratis, you repined; I'd the suppliants for the people, call'd em
leasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Why, this was known before.

Not to them all.

Have you inform'd them silence?

How! I inform them!

You are like to do such business.

Not unlike,

ly, to better yours.

Why then should I be consul? By yond uds,

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.

Let's be calm.

The people are abused; set on. This
pattering
Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely 60
I' the plain way of his merit.

Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again—

Not now, not now.

No in this heat, sir, now.

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 cockpit of rebellion, insolence, sedition, 70
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.

Well, no more.

No more words, we beseech you.

How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coins words till their decay against those menials,
Which we disdain should utter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

You speak o' the people, 80
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Twere well
We let the people know't.

What, what? his choler!

Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!

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'?

'Twas from the canon.

'Shall'! 90

O good but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not
spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,

Let them have cushions by you. You are ple-
beians,
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-  
trate,  
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 used  
Sometime in Greece.  
Men.  
Well, well, no more of that.  
Cor. Though there the people had more ab-  
solute power,  
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
The ruin of the state.  
Bru.  
Why, shall the people give  
One that speaks thus their void  
Cor.  
I'll give my reasons,  
More worthier than their voices. They know the  
corn  
Was not our recompense, resting well assured  
That ne'er did service for't: being press'd to the  
war,  
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
They would not thread the gates. This kind of  
service  
Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war,  
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd  
Most valour, spoke not for them: the accusation  
Which they have often made against the senate,  
All cause unbore, could never be the motive  
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?  
130  
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 clear  
The nature of our seats and make the rabble  
Call our cares fears; which will in time  
Break ope the locks o' the senate and bring in  
The crows to peck the eagles.  
Men.  
Come, enough.  
Bru.  
Enough, with over-measure,  
Cor.  
No, take more:  
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,  
Where one part does disdain with cause, the  
other  
Insult without all reason, where gentry, title,  
wisdom,  
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance,—it must omit  
Real necessities, and give way the while  
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it  
follows,  
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech  
you,  
You that will be less fearful than discreet,  
That love the fundamental part of state  
More than you doubt the change on't, that prefer  
A noble life before a long, and wish  
To jump a body with a dangerous physic  
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck  
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick  
The sweet which is their poison: your dishon  
Manges true judgement and bereaves the st  
Of that integrity which should become't,  
Not having the power to do the good it won  
For the ill which doth control't.  
Bru.  
Has said enough.  
Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall an  
As traitors do.  
Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm the  
What should the people do with these bal-  
bunes?  
On whom depending, their obedience fails  
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,  
When what's not meet, but what must be, was  
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,  
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,  
And throw their power i' the dust.  
Bru. Manifest treason!  
Sic.  
This a consul! no  
Bru. The ædiles, ho!  
Enter an Edile.  
Let him be appreh  
Sic. Go, call the people: [Exit Edile  
whose name myself]  
Attach thee as a traitor innovator,  
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge the  
And follow to thine answer.  
Cor.  
Hence, old goat  
Senators, &c. We'll surety him.  
Com.  
Aged sir, hand  
Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall  
thy bones  
Out of thy garments.  
Sic.  
Help, ye citizens!  
Enter a rabble of Citizens [Plebeians], with  
Ædiles.  
Men. On both sides more respect.  
Sic. Here's he that would take from yo  
your power.  
Bru. Seize him, ædiles!  
Citizens. Down with him! down with hi  
Senators, &c. Weapons, weapons, wear  
[They all shout about Coriolanus,  
'Tribunes!' 'Patricians!' 'Citizens!' '  
ho!'  
'Sicinius!' 'Brutus!' 'Coriolanus!' 'Citiz  
'Peace, peace, peace!' 'Stay, hold, peace!  
Men. What is about to be? I am a  
breath;  
Confusion's near; I cannot speak. You, tr  
To the people! Coriolanus, patience!  
Speak, good Sicinius.  
Sic.  
Hear me, people: peace  
Citizens. Let's hear our tribune: p  
Speak, speak, speak.  
Sic. You are at point to lose your libert  
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius  
Whom late you have named for consul.  
Fie, fie  
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.  
First Sen. To unbuild the city and to  
flat.  
Sic. What is the city but the people?  
Citizens.  
The people are the city.
But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters and o'erbear
What they are used to bend.

\textit{Men.}\n
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.

\textit{Com.} Nay, come away.

\textit{Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.}

\textit{A Patrician.}\n
This man has marr'd his fortune.

\textit{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. \textit{[A noise within. Here's goodly work!]}\n
\textit{Sec. Pat.} I would they were a-bed!

\textit{Men.} I would they were in Tiber! What the vengeance!
Could he not speak 'em fair?

\textit{Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble.}\n
\textit{Sic.} Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself?

\textit{Men.} You worthy tribunes,—

\textit{Sic.} He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power
Which he so sets at nought.

\textit{First Cit.} He shall well know 270
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

\textit{Citizens.} He shall, sure on't.

\textit{Men.} Do not cry havoc, where you should but
hunt
With modest warrant.

\textit{Sic.} Sir, how comes 't that you
Have help to make this rescue?

\textit{Men.} As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults, —

\textit{Sic.} Consul! what consul?

\textit{Men.} The consul Coriolanus.

\textit{Bru.} He consul! 280

\textit{Citizens.} No, no, no, no, no.

\textit{Men.} If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,
good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

\textit{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.

\textit{Men.} Now the good gods forbid 290
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd.
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

_Sic._ He's a disease that must be cut away.

_Men._ O, he's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

_Sic._

_Bru._ Merely awry: when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

_Men._ The service of the foot
Being once gangreened, 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, 310
Spread further.

_Men._ One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of uncann'd swiftness, will too late
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

_Bru._ If it were so,—

_Sic._ What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

_Men._ Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolded language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

_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 Menenius, be you then as the people's officer,
Masters, lay down your weapons.

_Bru._ Go not home.

_Sic._ Meet on the market-place. We'll attend
you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcus, we'll proceed
In our first way.

_Men._ I'll bring him to you.

[To the Senators] Let me desire your company:
he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

_First Sen._ Pray you, let's to him. [Exit.

SCENE II. A room in Coriolanus's house.

_Enter Coriolanus with Patricians._

_Cor._ Let them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

_A Patrician._ You do the nobler.

_Cor._ I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wo
To call them woollen vassals, things create
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare
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? I would have me
False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.

_Vol._ O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well
Before you had worn it out.

_Cor._ Let go.

_Vol._ You might have been enough th
you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were dis
er they lack'd power to cross you.

_Cor._ Let them

_Enter Menenius and Senators._

_Men._ Come, come, you have been too something too rough;
You must return and mend it.

_There's no rest._

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

_Vol._ Pray, be count
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

_Men._ Well said, noble woman,
Before he should stoop to the herd, b
The violent fit o' the time craves it as phys
For the whole state, I would put mine arm
Which I can scarcely bear.

_Cor._ What must I do

_Men._ Return to the tribunes.

_Cor._ Well, what then? what

_Men._ Repent what you have spoke.

_Cor._ For them! I cannot do it to the
Must I then do't to them?

_Vol._ You are too abs
Though therein you can never be too noble
But when extremities speak. I have you say,
Honour and policy, like unsav'rd friends, I
the war do grow together: grant that
I shall tell me,
In peace what each of them by the other lo
That they combine not there.

_Cor._ Tush, tush!

_Men._ A good de

_Vol._ If it be honour in your wars to see
The same you are not, which, for your best
You adopt your policy, how is it less or wo
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
And throw't against the wind. To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Cont. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast
said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me

Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd
knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth.
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then;
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valianliness was mine, thou suck'dst it
from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content: 130
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home
beloved.
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit.

Cont. Away! the tribunes do attend you:

Thyself. To answer mildly: for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
140
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let us

go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. The Forum.

Enter SCINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Edile.

What, will he come?
Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with Senators and Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knife by the volume. The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among's! Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!—
First Sen. Amen, amen.
Men. A noble wish.
Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.
Æd. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes. Audience! peace, I say!
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho! let the present?
Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Sic. Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand, If you submit you to the people's voices, Allow their officers and are content To suffer lawful censure for such faults As shall be proved upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content! The warlike service he has done, consider; think Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scrats to move laughter out. Men. Consider further That when he speaks not like a citizen, You find him like a soldier: do not take His rougher accents for malicious sounds, But, as I say, such as become a soldier, Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter That being pass'd for consul with full voice, I am so dishonour'd that the very hour You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have 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, Cor. How! traitor!
Men. Nay, temperately; your project, Cor. The fires! the lowest hell-fold'd people! Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand dead In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say 'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free As I do pray the gods. Sic. Mark you this, people. Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with Sic.

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 defining Those whose great power must try him: this, So criminal and in such capital kind, Deserves the extremest death.
Bru. But since he Served well for Rome,—
Cor. What do you prate of and to his matter?
Cor. You? Men. Is this the promise that you made mother? Com. Know, I pray you,—
Cor. I'll know no father.
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian die, 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 To have't with saying 'Good morrow.'
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 presence Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers That do distribute it; in the name of the people And in the power of the tribunes, we, Even from this instant, banish him our city In peril of precipitation From off the rock Tarpeian never more.
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's

He's coming.
How accompanied?
With old Menenius, and those senators That always favour'd him.
Have you a catalogue Of all the voices that we have procured Set down by the poll?
I have; 'tis ready. I have.
Assemble presently the people hither; And when they hear me say 'tis shall be so I the right and strength of 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 'tis the truth of the cause.
I shall inform them.
And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Very well.
Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.
Go about it. [Exit Ædile.]
Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot
Be reind again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.
Well, here he comes.
Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with Senators and Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knife by the volume. The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among's! Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!—
First Sen. Amen, amen.
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Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.
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Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?
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Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content! The warlike service he has done, consider; think Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd thee.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades
In Rome, And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius, 19
Drop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother:
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime
general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women
'Tis fond to wall inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you not well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
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,

But whether wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile; determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us
And of us thee: so if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come. 50
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.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Rome. Before a gate of the city.

Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell:
the beast
many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Is your ancient courage? you were used
extremity was the trier of spirits;
common chances common men could bear;
then the sea was calm all boats alike
mastery in floating; fortune's blows,
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sixed
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Why? Bid them home;
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [Exit Aëdile.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on
your way.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Vol. O, ye're well met: the hoarded plague
of the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some. [To Brutus]
Will you be gone?

Vir. [To Sicinius] You shall stay too; I
would I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but
this fool.

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise
words;
And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what;
yet go:
Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for
Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unkind himself.

The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. 'I would he had!' 'Twas you incensed
the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this:—

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be bated
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with

[Exeunt Trib.]
Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

And you.

Direct me, if it be your will,  
great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?  
He is, and feasts the nobles of the state  
house this night.

Which is his house, beseech you? 10

This, here before you.

Thank you, sir: farewell.  

[Exit Citizen.

Id, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast turn,  
double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
ill together, who twin, as 'twere, in love arable,  
shall within this hour,  
assension of a doit, break out  
erest enmity: so, fallest foés,  
passions and whose plots have broke their deep  
e the one the other, by some chance, 20  
trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear  
and join their issues. So with me:  
place hate I, and my love's upon  
my town. I'll enter: if he slay me,  
s fair justice: if he give me way,  
his country service.  

[Exit.

V. The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.

music within. Enter a Servingman.

Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service  
I think our fellows are asleep.  

[Exit.

Enter a second Servingman.

Serv. Where's Cotsus? my master calls  
Cotsus!  

[Exit.

Enter Coriolanus.

A goodly house: the feast smells well;  
not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend?  
whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray,  
go to the door.

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment,  
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance  
to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

Sec. Serv. Away! get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you  
talked with anon.

Enter a third Servingman. The first meets him.

Third Serv. What fellow's this?

First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked  
on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee,  
call my master to him.  

[Retires.

Third Serv. What have you to do here,  
fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

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  
some other station: here's no place for you:  
pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go, and batten on  
cold bits.  

[Pushes him away.

Third Serv. What, you will not? Prithee,  
tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

Sec. Serv. And I shall.  

[Exit.

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 is it! 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 honest service than to  
meddle with thy mistress.

Thou protest, and protest; serve with thy trencher,  
hence!

[Beats him away. Exit third Servingman.

Enter Aufidius with the second Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I'd have beaten him  
like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

[Retires.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst  
the, thy name?

Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus,

[Unmuffling. Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me,  
not dost not

Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears, And harsh in sound to thine.

AUF. What is thy name?

Cor. 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? 76

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done To thee particularly and to all the Volscers Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service, The extreme dangers and the drops of blood Shed for my thankless country are requited But with that surname; a good memory, And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people, 80 Permitted by our dastard nobles, who Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest; And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be Whoo'd out of Rome. Now this extremity Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope— Mistake me not—to save my life, for if I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world I would have 'voided thee, but in mere spite, To be full quit of those my banishers,

Stand I before thee. Then if thou hast 90 A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge Thine own particular wrongs and stop those maims Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight, And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it That my revengeful services may prove As benefits to thee, for I will fight Against my cancer'd country with the spleen Of all the under fiends. But if so be Thou darest not this and that to prove more fortunes Thou'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am 100 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, 110 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 scar'd the moon with splinters: here I clip The anvil of my sword, and do contest As holyly and nobly with thy love As ever in ambitious strength I did Contend against thy valour. Know thou first, I loved the maid I married; wherefore man Sigh'd truly ash and hundred times hath broke 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! thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose Once more to hew thy target from thine brow, Or lose mine arm for't: thou hast beat me o'

Twelve several times, and I have nightly sin Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me; We have been down together in my sleep, Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat And waked half dead with nothing. Wilt thou,

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 in And take our friendly senators by the hands
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me, Who am prepared against your territories, Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. Thou bless me, if thou hast 130 The heading of thine own revenges, take The one half of my commission; and set do As best thou art experienced, since thou know Thy country's strength and weakness,— own ways; Whether to knock against the gates of Rome Or rudely visit them in parts remote, To fright them, ere destroy. But come in: Let me commend thee first to those that shall Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcome! And more a friend than e'er an enemy; Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand welcome!

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. Two Servingmen come for

First Serv. Here's a strange alteration

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thou have stricken him with a cudgel; and y' mind gave me his clothes made a false rep him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! he came about with his finger and his thumb, would set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of a methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

First Serv. He had so; looking as if would I were hanged, but I thought them more in him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn: he the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is; but a greater than he you wott.

Sec. Serv. Who, my master?

First Serv. Nay, it's no matter for this.

Sec. Serv. Worth six on him.

First Serv. Nay, not so neither: but him to be the greater soldier.

Sec. Serv. Faith, look you, one even how to say that: for the defence of a town general's excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servingman.

Third Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news, you rascals!
CORIOLANUS.

 Scene VI. Rome. A public place.

 Enter Sicius and Brutus.

 Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him:
 His remedies are tame: the present peace
 And quietness of the people, which before
 Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
 Blush that the world goes well, who rather had,
 Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
 Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
 Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
 About their functions friendly.

 Brus. We stood to't in good time. [Enter
 Memenius.] Is this Memenius?

 Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
 Of late.

 Both Tri. Hail, sir!

 Men. Hail to you both!

 Sic. Your Coriolanus
 Is not much miss'd, but with his friends:
 The commonwealth doth stand, and so would do,
 Were he more angry at it.

 Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
 He could have temporized.

 Sic. Where is he, hear you?

 Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and
 His wife
 Hear nothing from him.

 Enter three or four Citizens.

 Citizens. The gods preserve you both!

 Sic. God-den, our neighbours. 20
 Brus. God-den to you all, god-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!
 Brus. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd
 Coriolanus
 Had loved you as we did. Citizens.
 Now the gods keep you!

 Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

 [Exeunt Citizens.

 Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
 Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
 Crying confusion.

 Brus. Caius Marcius was
 A worthy officer i' th wars; but insolent,
 30 O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
 Self-loving,—

 Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
 Without assistance.

 Men. I think not so.

 Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
 If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

 Brus. The gods have well prevented it, and
 Rome
 Sits safe and still without him.

 Enter an Edile.

 Ed. Worthy tribunes,
 There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
 Reports, the Volscs with two several powers
 Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
 And with the deepest malice of the war
 Destroy what lies before 'em.

 Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcious' banishment, 
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world: 
Which were inshell'd when Marcious stood for 
Rome, 
And durst not once peep out.

---

Sic. Come, what talk you Of Marcious? 

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be 
The Volscs 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:— 59 

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 Marcious, 
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome, 
And vows revenge as spacious as between 
The young'st and oldest thing. 

---

Sic. This is most likely! 

Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may 

---

Good Marcious home again. 

Sic. This is unlikely: 
He and Aufidius can no more atone 
Than violentest contrariety. 

---

Enter a second Messenger. 

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate: 
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcious 
Associated with Aufidius, rages 
Upon our territories; and have already 
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took 
What lay before them. 

---

Enter Cominius. 

Com. O, you have made good work! 

---

Men. What news! what news? 50 

Com. You have help to ravish your own daugh ters 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, wherein you stood, confined 
Into an auger's bore. 

Men. Pray now, your news? 

---

You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, 

---

If Marcious should be join'd with Volscians,— 

Com. If 

He is their god: he leads them like a thing 
Made by some other deity than nature, 
That shapes 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 war! 

You and your Horror-men; you that stood so 
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 a fair work! 

---

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 resist 
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance, 
And perish constant fools. Who is't can but 

Men. Your enemies and his find something in him. 

---

Men. We are all undone, unless 
The noble man have mercy. 

---

Com. Who shall ask it? 
The tribunes cannot do for shame; the plebeians 
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf 
Does of the sheepards: for his best friends, if 
Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charged 
even 

Men. As those should do that had deserved his hand. 
And therein show'd like enemies, 

---

Men. 'Tis true: 
If he were putting to my house the brand 
That should consume it, I have not the face 
To say 'Beseech you, cease.' You have a fair hands, 
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair! 

---

Com. You have bro' ken 

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never 
So incapable of help. 

---

Both Tri. Say not we brought it. 

Men. How! Was it we? we loved him; 

---

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your club, 
Who did hoot him out o' the city. 

---

Com. But I fear 

They'll roar him in again. Tulluss Aufidius 
The second name of men, obey's 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 club 

And is Aufidius with him? You are they 
That made the air unworthy, when you 
Your stinking greasey caps in hooting at 
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming; 
And not a hair upon a soldier's head 

Men. What's the news? what's the news? 

Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and 
Your franchises, wherein you stood, confined 
Into an auger's bore. 

Men. Pray now, your news? 

---

If he could burn us all into one coal,
have deserved it.

In time of war, we hear fearful news.

Cor. Faith, we hear fearful news.

Act IV. Sc. 1. For mine own part, I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity. 140

Cominius. And so did I.

Cor. And so did I; and, to say the truth, we did very many of us: that we did, we

did the best; and though we willingly con-

tinued to his banishment, yet it was against our

will.

Men. Ye're goodly things, ye voices!

Cor. You have made work, you and your cry! Shall's to the

Capitol?


[Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.

Go, masters, get you home; be not dis-

nayed.

Cor. It is a side that would be glad to have

run which they so seem to fear. Go home, now

without fear.

Cor. The gods be good to us! Come, let's home.

I said we were i'th' Capitol when we banished him.

Men. So did we all. But, come, let's home.

[Exeunt Citizens.

Nor I.

Men. Let's to the Capitol. Would half my

wealth buy this for a lie?

Men. Pray, let us go.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

ACT V.

Scene I. Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, and others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath

said

Which was sometime his general; who loved him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:

But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;

For I dare so far free him:made him fear'd,

So hated, and so banish'd: thence, To chuse in the utterance. So our virtues

Lie in the interpretation of the time:

And power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

To oxtol 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.

Liev. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry

Rome?

Aufidius. All places yield to him ere he sits down;

And the nobility of Rome are his:

The senators and patricians love him too:

The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people

Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty

To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome

As is the osprey to the fish, which 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 judgement,

To fail in the disposing of those chances

Which he was lord of; or whether nature,

Not to be other than one thing, not moving

From the casque to the cushion, but commanding

peace

Even with the same austerity and garb

As he controll'd the war; but one of these—

As he hath spices of them all, not all,

For I dare so far free him:made him fear'd,

So hated, and so banish'd: thence, To chuse in the utterance. So our virtues

Lie in the interpretation of the time:

And power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

To oxtol 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.

The a city, at a small distance

from Rome.

Of AUFIDIOUS and his Lieutenant.

Do they still fly to the Roman?

I do not know what witchcraft's in him, it

soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
sulk at table, and their thanks at end; u

are darken'd in this action, sir, if

your own.

I cannot help it now, by using means, I lame the foot

design. He bears himself more prouder, my person, than I thought he would

first I did embracing: yet his nature to

is no changeling; and I must excuse

not be amended.

Yet I wish, sir,—for your particular,—you had not

a commission with him; but either

me the action of yourself, or else

I had it solely.

I understand thee well; and be thou sure, I shall charge to his account, he knows not

can urge against him. Although it seems, he

thinks, and is no less apparent. To

vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,

ows good husbandry for the Volscian

to.

dragon-like, and does achieve as soon

his sword; yet he hath left undone

ich shall break his neck or hazard mine, if

come to our account.
Coriolanus.

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Coriolanus. Virgilius, sir, I never knew my general cares not for you. I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint od; back,—that’s the utmost of your conduct. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

What’s the matter? Now, you companion, I'll say an errand to you: you shall know now that I am in earnest; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant officer me from my son Coriolanus: guess, what my entertainment with him, if thou art not I the state of hanging, or of some more long in spectacrualtor, and cruell ring: behold now presently, and swoon thy’s to come upon thee. [To Cor.] The gods sit in hourly synod about thy par- prosperity, and love thee no worse than father Menenius does! O my son, my old art preparing fire for us; look thee, water to quench it. I was hardly moved to thee; but being assured none but move thyself, I have been blown out of gates with sighs; and conjure thee to Rome, and thy pettitionary countrymen. Old gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the fit upon this varlet here,—this, who, like hath denied my access to thee. Away! How! How away! Wife, mother, child, I know not. My airs wanted to others: though I owe not so to thee, my remission lies on thy note how much. Therefore, be gone. And against your suits are stronger than those against my force. Yet, for I loved thee, is along; I writ it for thy sake.

[Give a letter. I have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius, beloved in Rome: yet thou behold’st! You keep a constant temper.

[Exit Coriolanus and Aufidius. Sen. Now, sir, is your name Menenius? Sen. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much you know the way home again. Sen. Do you hear how we are shent for your greatness back? Sen. What cause, do you think, I have? I neither care for the world nor your for such things as you, I can scarce die by him self fear it not from another: general do his worst. For you, be that long; and your misery increase with it. I say to you, as I was said to, Away! 


Sec. Sen. The worthy fellow is our general: he’s the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[Exeunt.]

Scene III. The tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow.

Set down our host. My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends You have respected; stopp’d your ears against the general suit of Rome; never admitted a private whisper, no, not with such friends. That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a crack’d heart I have sent to Rome, Loved me above the measure of a father; Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him; for whose old love I have, Though I should sourly to him, once more offered The first conditions, which they did refuse. And cannot now accept; to grace him only That thought he could do more, a very little I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits, Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter Will I lend ear to. Ha! what shout is this? 

[Shout within. Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow? In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, Virginia, Volscian, leading young Marcus, Valeria, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour’d mould Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection! All bond and privilege of nature, break! Let it be virtuous to be obstinate. What is that curt’sy worth? or those doves’ eyes Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows; As if Olympus to a molehill should be In supplication nod: and my young boy Hath an aspect of intercession, which Great nature cries ‘Deny not.’ Let the Volscian Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I’ll never Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand, As if a man were author of himself. And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband! Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now, I have forgot my part, and I am out, Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh, Forgive my tyranny; but do not say For that ‘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; 50

[Cor. kneels.

Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and improperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent.  [Cor. kneels.

What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun; 60
Murdering 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 Publicola,
The moon of Rome, chaste as the icle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow
And flags on Dion's temple: dear Valeria! 70
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, 70
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst
Prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee! 80
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy!
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never 80
Be held by you denied. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.
Vol. O, no more, no more! 90
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 99
May hang upon your harshness: therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volscus, mark; for
we'll
Hearnought from Rome in private. Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which
should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comorts,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and
sorrow;
Making the mother, wife and child to see

The son, the husband and the father therein
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou wast't
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Wherebo we are bound, together with thy
Wherebo we are bound? slack, or we must
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy go
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thoughour our streets, or els
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no more
March to assault thy country than to tread
Trust to't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's
That brought thee to this world.
Vir. Ay, and m
That brought you forth this boy, to keep
name
Living to time.
Young Mar. A' shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see
I have sat too long.  [A
Vol. Nay, go not from us th
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscus whom you serve, you might
demn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Vol
May say This mercy we have show'd
Romans,
'This we received: and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry 'Be blest
For making up this peace!' Thou know'st
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 na
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curse
Whose chronicle thus writ; 'The man was
But with his last attempt he wiped it out;
Destroy'd his country, and his name rental
To the ensuing age abhor'd.' Speak to me
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why do

speak?
This was it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak,
He cares not for thy weeping. Speak thou
Perhaps thy childishness will move him mo
Than can our reasons. There's no man
world
More bound to mother; yet here he le
part
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in th
thy dear mother any courtesy, she, poor hen, fond of no second brood, back'd thee to the wars and safely home, with honour. Say my request's unjust, turn me back: but if it be not so, art not honest; and the gods will plague thee.

You restrain't from me the duty which other's part belongs. He turns away: ladies; let us shame him with our knees. surname Coriolanus' longs more pride 170 ity to our prayers. Down: an end; the last: so we will home to Rome, among our neighbours. Nay, behold 's: y, that cannot tell what he would have, sels and holds up hands for fellowship, upon our petition with more strength you hast to deny. 'T, come, let us go: low had a Volscian to his mother; is in Corioli and his child, m by chance. Yet give us our dispatch: sh'd until our city be a-fire, 181 n I'll speak a little. [He holds her by the hand, silent.

O mother, mother! Have you done? Behold, the heavens do ugh at. O my mother, mother! O! von a happy victory to Rome; your son,—believe it, O, believe it, ingeniously you have with him prevail'd, out mortal to him. But, let it come. t, though I cannot make true wars, 190 e convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius, u in my stead, would have heard r less? or granted less, Aufidius? I was moved withal.

I dare be sworn you were it: is no little thing to ma e to sweat compassion. But, good sir, ace you'll make, advise me: for my part, to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray h, me in this cause. O mother! wife! [Aside.] I am glad thou hast set thy rey and thy honour 200 ence in thee: out of that I'll work former fortune. [The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus. Ayy, by and by:

[To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.]

will drink together; and you shall bear witness back than words, which we, conditions, will have counter-seal'd.

ner with us. Ladies, you deserve a temple built you: all the swords and her confederate arms, have made this peace. [Exeunt. 209

IV. Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius. See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond me? Why, what of that? If it be possible for you to displace it little finger, there is some hope the Rome, especially his mother, may pre-

vail with him. But I say there is no hope in't: our throats are sentenced and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcus is grown from man to dragon: he has things; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remem bers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sour rough grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune And hale him up and down, all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news; the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcus gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend, Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide, As the recomforted through the gates, Why, hark you! [Trumpets; hautboys; drums boat; all together.

The trumpets, sackbutts, psalteries and fifes, Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans, Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[An 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 59 I'd not have given a denier. Hark, how they joy! [Music still, with shouts.
CORIOLANUS.

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next, Accept my thankfulness.
Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city? Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter. Sic. We will meet them, And help the joy. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. The same. A street near the gate.
Enter two Senators with Volumnia, Virgilia, Valeria, &c. passing over the stage, followed by Patricians, and others.
First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome! Call all your tribes together, praise the gods, And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcus, Repeal him with the welcome of his mother; Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome! 'All. Welcome, ladies, Welcome! [A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Antium. A public place.
Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.
Aur. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here: Deliver them this paper: having read it, Bid them repair to the market-place; where I, Even in theirs and in the commons' ears, Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse The city ports by this hath enter'd and Intends to appear before the people, hoping To purge himself with words: dispatch. [Exeunt Attendants.

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.
Most welcome! First Con. How is it with our general? Aur. Even so 10 As with a man by his own alms empnois'd, And with his charity slain. Sec. Con. Most noble sir, If you do hold the same intent wherein You wish'd us partes, we'll deliver you Of your great danger.
Aur. 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.
Aur. I know it; And my pretext to strike at him admits A good construction. I raised him, and I pown'd Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd, He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery, Seducing so my friends; and, to this end, He bow'd his nature, never known before But to be rough, unswayable and free.
Third Con. Sir, his stoutness When he did stand for consul, which he lost By lack of stooping. — Aur. That I would have spoke of:

Being banish'd for't, he came unto my heart Presented to my knife his throat: I took it Made him joint-servant with me; gave him In all his own desires; nay, let him choose Out of my files, his projects to accomplish, My best and freshest men; served his design In mine own person; holp to ream the fam Which he did end all his; and took some To do myself this wrong: till, at the last, I seem'd his follower, not partner, and He wag'd me with his countenance, as if I had been mercenary.
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 spoil than glory,—
Aur. There was it For which my sieve shall be stretch'd up At a few drops of women's rheum, which As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and lab Of our great action: therefore shall he die And I'll renew me in his fall. But, baw: [Drums and trumpets sound, with shouts of the First Con. Your native town you enter a post, And had no welcomes home; but he return Splitting the air with noise.
Sec. Con. And patient for Whose children he hath slain, their base With giving him glory.
Third Con. Therefore, at your wish Ere he express himself, or move the people With what he would say, let him feel you Which we will second. When he lies also After your way his tale pronounced shall His reasons with his body. —
Aur. Say no more: Here come the lords.
Enter the Lords of the city.
All the Lords. You are most welcome Aur. I have not des But, worthy lords, have you with heed ps What I have written to you? Lords. We have. First Lord. And grieve to What faults he made before the last, I this Might have found easy fines: but there to Where he was to begin and give away The benefit of our levies, answering us With our own charge, making a treaty with There was a yielding,—this admits no ex Aur. He approaches: you shall hear — Enter Coriolanus, marching with draw colours; Commons being with his home.
Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your's! No more infected with my country's love Than when I parted hence, but still subserv Under your great command. You are to That prosperously I have attempted and With bloody passage led your wars even The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have home Do more than counterfeit a full third part The charges of the action. We have made With no less honour to the Antitates
shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
rid by the consuls and patricians,
her with the seal of the senate, what
ye compounded on.

Read it not, noble lords;
ill the traitor, in the high'st degree th abused your powers.

Traitor! how now?

: Ay, traitor, Marcus!

: Ay, Marcus, Caius Marcus: dost thou
hast been with that robbery, thy stol'n name
urs in Corioli?

rds and heads o' the state, perfidiously
s betray'd your business, and given up, rain drops of salt, your city Rome, your city; to his wife and mother; ng his oath and resolution like t of rotten silk, never admitting
s o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
ed and roar'd away your victory, ages blush'd at him and men of heart
wondering each at other.

Hear'st thou, Mars? Name not the god, thou boy of tears! Ha!

No more. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart eat for what it contains. Boy! O slave! me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
forced to scold. Your judgements, my
ave lords, live this cur the lie: and his own notion—
er's my stripes impress'd upon him; that ear my beating to his grave—shall join
st the lie unto him.

Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak. Cut me to pieces, Volscæ; men and lads, y your edges on me. Boy! false hound! have writ your annals true, 'tis there, ke an eagle in a dove-cote, I y your Volscæ in Corioli: did it. Boy! Why, noble lords, u be put in mind of his blind fortune, was your shame, by this unholy braggart, pur own eyes and ears?

let him die for't.
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, Mutius, Young Lucius, a boy, son to Lucius.
PUBLICUS, son to Marcus the Tribune.
SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, VALENTINE, kinsmen to Titus.
ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.
ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, sons to Tamora.
CHIRON, AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and (Romans.
Goths and Romans.
TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.
LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse.
Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, Attendants.

SCENE: Rome, and the country near

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol.

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, from one side, SATURNINUS and his Followers; and, from the other side, BASSIANUS and his Followers; with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right, Defend the justice of my cause with arms, And, countrymen, my loving followers, Plead my successive title with your swords; I am his first-born son, that was the last That wore the imperial diadem of Rome; Then let my father’s honours live in me, Nor wrong mine age with this indignity. Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right, If ever Bassianus, 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 we stand A special party, have, by common voice, In election for the Roman empery, Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Æmilius, For many good and great deserts to Rome: A nobler man, a braver warrior, Lives not this day within the city walls; He by the senate is accited home

From weary wars against the barbarous Goths That, with his sons, a terror to our foes, Hath yoked a nation strong, train’d up in Ten years are spent since first he undertook This cause of Rome and chastised with an Our enemies’ pride: five times he hath rebelled against Rome, bearing his valiant son To the Capitol; And now at last, laden with honour’s spoil, Returns the good Andronicus to Rome, Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms, Let us entreat, by honour of his name, Whom worthyly you would have now succour And in the Capitol and senate’s right, Whom you pretend to honour and adore, That you withdraw you and abate your suit, Dismiss your followers and, as suitors show Plead your deserts in peace and humble grace.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to our thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affirm In thy uprightness and integrity, And so I love and honour thee and thine, Thy noble brother Titus and his sons, And her to whom my thoughts are humble, Gracious Lavinia, Rome’s rich ornament, That I will here dismiss my loving friends And to my fortunes and the people’s favor Commit my cause in balance to be weighed: [Exit the Followers of Bas.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus far for my right, I thank you all and here dismiss you all, And to the love and favour of my country Commit myself, my person and the cause. [Exit the Followers of Sat. Rome, be as just and gracious unto me As I am confident and kind to thee. Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor [Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus up into the Capitol.
Enter a Captain.

Romans, make way: the good Andronicus, in virtue, Rome's best champion, slain in the battles that he fights, honour and with fortune is return'd; where he circumscribed with his sword, brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

The bearers set down the coffin, and run speak.

Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds! the bark, that hath discharged her fraught, with precious lading to the bay whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage, Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs, salute his country with his tears, of true joy for his return to Rome, great defender of this Capitol, gracious to the rites that we intend! of five and twenty valiant sons, the number that King Priam had, the poor remains, alive and dead! that survive let Rome reward with love; that I bring unto their latest home, surial amongst their ancestors: both have given me leave to sheathe my sword, unkind and careless of thine own, offer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet, on the dreadful shore of Styx! way to lay them by their brethren.

[The tomb is opened.]

greet in silence, as the dead are wont, 90 sep in peace, slain in your country's wars! receptacle of my joys, cell of virtue and nobility, many sons of mine hast thou in store, how wilt never render to me more! Give us the proudest prisoner of the others, may he budge his limbs, and on a pile fratum sacrifice his flesh, this earthy prison of their bones; the shadows be not unappeased, disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

I give him you, the noblest that survives, last son of this distressed queen.

Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror, Titus, rue the tears I shed, er's tears in passion for her son: by sons were ever dear to thee, my son to be as dear to me! not that we are brought to Rome, thy triumphs and return, to thee and to thy Roman yoke, my sons be slaughter'd in the streets, should doings in their country's cause? 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. 120 Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me. These are their brethren, whom you Gaths be held
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 hear his limbs till they be clean consumed.

[Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Andronicus, with Alarbus.]

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety! 130


Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive.
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks, Then, madam, stand resolved, but hope withal The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy With opportunity of sharp revenge Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent: May favour Tamora, the Queen of Gaths— When Gaths were Gaths and Tamora was queen— To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes. 143

Re-enter Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Andronicus, 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. Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren, And with loud' larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons; Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest, Secure from worldly chances and mishaps! Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells, Here go no damned grudges; here are no storms, No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter Lavinia.

Lavinia. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long:
My noble lord and father, live in fame! I.o. at this tomb my tributary tears I render, for my brother's obsequies; And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy, Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome: O, bless me here with thy victorious hand, Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud! Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved The cordial of mine age to glad my heart! Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days, And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!
Enter below, Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes; re-enter Saturninus and Bassianus, attended.

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome! 170

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother to Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country’s service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon’s happiness
And triumphs over chance in honour’s bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This pillage 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. 200

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 were ship’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
210
The people’s hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthenest with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people’s tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tri. To gratify the good Andronicus, 220
And gratulate 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 virtuous will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan’s rays on earth,
And even 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
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 thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and I match.
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:
Prepares well worthy Rome’s imperial lord.
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour’s ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my match.
I am as free as thee of and thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [To Tamora] Now, madam, an prisoner to an emperor;
To him that, for your honour and your state
Will use you nobly and your followers.
Sat. A goodly lady, trust me: of the heart.
Tit. That I would choose, were I to choose and
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance
Though chance of war hath wrought this cloud of cheer,
Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome,
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comfort
Can make you greater than the Queen of Lavinia,
You are not displeased with this.

Lav. Not, I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.
Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Rome us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump drum.

[Flourish. Saturninus courts Titus in dum].

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this is mine. [Seizing Lav.

Tit. How, sir! are you in earnest the lord?
Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolved w
To do myself this reason and this right.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

TAM. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear, If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths, she will a handmaid be to his desires. A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

SAT. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany your noble emperor and his lovely bride, Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine, whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered: There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[Exeunt all but Titus.]

TIT. I am not bid to wait upon this bride. Titus, when wert thou 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 Mutilus 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 servants 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 Mutilus' deeds do plead for him; He must be buried with his brethren.

QUIN. And shall, or him we will accompany.

TIT. And shall! what villain was it spake that word?

QUIN. 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 Mutilus 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.

QUIN. Not I, till Mutilus' bones be buried.

MARC. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

QUIN. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

TIT. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speak. 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,

44—2
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 barm'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.

Marc. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

TIT. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is:
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, SATURNINUS attended, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON; from the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.

SAT. So, Bassianus, you play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride! 430
Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so, I take my leave.

SAT. Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My truth-betrothed love and now my wife?
But 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. 440
Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That in the rescue of Lavinia
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you and highly moved to wrath
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

TIT. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me,
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have loved and honour'd Saturnine!

TAM. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

SAT. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome
forbade
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Wherefore fury not dissembled speaks his griefs
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lost not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks affliet his gentle heart.
[Aside to SAT.] My lord, be ruled by me, be 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 entreaties; and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life,
And make them know what 'tis to let a que
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.

Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andron.
Take up this good old man, and cheer the
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

SAR. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath vail'd.

TIT. I thank your majesty, and her, my
These words, these looks, infuse new life in

TAM. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and yt.
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.

LAV. Do, and vow to heaven and
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 dop
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we m
be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for gra
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look ba
SAT. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous fault
Stand up, Lavinia, though you left me like a churi,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swor
I would not part a bachelor from the pri
Come, if the emperor's court can feast tw
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friend.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

TIT. Tomorrow, an it please your maj.
To hunt the panther and the hart with me.
With horn and hound we 'll give your grace a

SAR. Be it so, Titus, and grammarly too

[Flourish.]
ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. Before the palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climest 'Tamora' Olympus' top, 
out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft, 
are of thunder's crack or lightning flash; 
ancest above pale envy's threatening reach.
when the golden sun salutes the morn, 
hauling with the ocean his beams, 
ops the zodiac in his glistening coach, 
overlooks the highest-peeking hills; 
Lavinia:
her wit doth earthly honour wait, 
whoof stumps 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 
more faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes 
the Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

with slavish weeds and servile thoughts:
be bright, and shine in pearl and gold, 
suit upon this new-made empress.

Aar, said I to wanton with this queen, 
this goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph, 
Aar, that will charm Rome's Saturnine, 
sag his shipwreck and his commonwells.

What storm is this?

Inter Demetrius and Chiron, praying.

Chiron. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit
wants edge, 
manners, to intrude where I am graced; 
may, for aught thou know'st, affected be. 

Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all; 
so in this, to bear me down with braves.

The difference of a year or two 
me less gracious or thee more fortunate: 
as able and as fit as thou 
and to deserve my mistress' grace; 
that my sword upon thee shall approve, 
my passions for Lavinia's love.

[Aside] Clubs! Clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
you a dancing-rapier by your side, 
so desperate grown, to threaten your friends?

Though their lath glued within your sheath 41 
you know better how to handle it.

Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have, 
will shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Aar. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [They draw.

[Coming forward] Why, how now, lords! 
the emperor's palace dare you draw,

maintain such a quarrel openly?

Why, I wot the ground of all this grudge:
Id not for a million of gold.

It were known to them it most concerns; 
our noble mother for much more 
dishonour'd in the court of Rome.

Thus, put up.

Not I, till I have sheathed 
pier in his bosom and withdrew 
these reproachful speeches down his throat 
I hath breathed in my dishonour here.

For that I am prepared and full resolved.

Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue, 
And with thy weapon nothing darest perform!

Aar. Away, I say! 
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore, 
This petty brabble will undo us all.

Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous 
It is to jet upon a prince's right? 
What, is Lavinia then become so loose, 
Or Bassianus so degenerate, 
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd 
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware! an she 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 

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. Aar, a thousand deaths 
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love. 30

Aar. To achieve her! how?

Dem. Why makest thou it so strange? 
She is a woman, therefore may be wod'; 
She is a woman, therefore may be won; 
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water gildeth by the mill 
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is 
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know: 
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother, 
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. [Aside] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then why should he despair that knows 
to court it 
With words, fair looks and liberality? 
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe, 
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch 
or so 
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served. 

Dem. Aar, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too!

Then should not we be tired with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools 
To square for this? would it offend you, then, 100
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that 
you jar; 
'Tis policy and stratagem must do 
That you affect; and so must you resolve, 
That what you cannot as you would achieve, 
You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me; Lucrece was not more chaste 
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment 
Must we pursue, and I have found the path. 
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand; 
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop: 
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
Scenic directions, etc., follow:  

Scene III. A lonely part of the forest.  

Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.  

Aar. He that had wit would think that I
null.
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 begat
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest

[Hide the
That have their alms out of the empress' ch
Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

1s. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress, tush! of her well-beseeming troop?

2s. Did Dian, habited like her,
3s. Hath abandoned her holy groves
4s. The general hunting in this forest?

5s. Suay controller of our private steps!
I the power of none say Dian had, 6s. Temples should be planted presently
a horns, as it Acteon's; and the hounds
6s. Driven upon thy new-transformed limbs,
be an intruder as thou art!

7s. Under your patience, gentle empress,
think you have a goodly gift in horning;
be doubted that your Moor and you
7s. Sought forth to try experiments;
7s. Shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
8s. They should take him for a stag.

9s. Believe me, queen, your swarthy Cimmerian
9s. Make your honour of his body's hue,
ted, detested, and abominable.
9s. Are you sequester'd from all your train,
9s. Mourned from your snow-white gobble steed,
9s. Wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
9s. Unmannered but with a barbarous Moor,
9s. Desire had not conducted you?
9s. And, being intercepted in your sport, 80
9s. Reason that my noble lord be rated
9s. I pray you, let us hence,
9s. Let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
9s. Valley fits the purpose passing well.

10s. The king my brother shall have note of this.

10s. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
10s. King, to be so mightily abused!

10s. Why have I patience to end all this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron.

m. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!

9s. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
9s. Two have'ticed me hither to this place:
9s. Two have detested vale, you see it is;
9s. Rees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
9s. One with moss and baleful mistletoe;
9s. Never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
9s. The nightly owl or fatal raven:
when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
told me, here, at dead time of the night,
and in the thousand hissing snakes, 100
and thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
and make such fearful and confused cries
by mortal body hearing it
and straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
101. One had they told this hellish tale,
101. When they told they would bind me here
be the body of a dismal yew,
101. Save me to this miserable death:
when they call'd me foul adulteress,
ous Goth, and all the bitterest terms
when ear did hear to such effect:
bad you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[Stabs Bassianus.

Ch. And this for me, struck home to show my
strength. [Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know,
my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to
her;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness;
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Ch. 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. 120

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Ch. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-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 140

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 hast'd thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

[To Chiron] Do thou entreat her show a woman's pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—

The lion moved with pity did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her!

Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.
Remember, boys, I pour’d forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
They bear me away with her, and use her as you will,
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call’d a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For ’tis not life that I have begg’d so long; 170
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg’dst thou, then? fond woman,
let me go.

Lav. ’Tis present death I beg; and one thing
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man’s eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their
fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay’d us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly
creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I’ll stop your mouth. Bring
thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into
the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chi-
ron, dragging off Lavinia.

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make
her sure.
Ne’er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronic be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull defoul.

[Exit.

Re-enter AARON, with QUINNTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot be-
fore:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsomest
pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate’er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were’t not
for shame,
We’ll could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[Quin. falls into the pit.

Quin. What, art thou fall’n? What subtle
hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover’d with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
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. O brother, with the dismall’est 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 bro-
ther.

[Exit.

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help
me out
From this unhallowed and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth feel,
A chilling sweat o’er-runs my trembling join,
My heart suspends more than mine eye can

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-dy
heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compass
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 he
All on a heap, like to a slaughter’d lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know’t
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth w inne
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man’s earthy chee
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blo
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 Cocy tus’ misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may
thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much go
I may be pluck’d into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus’ grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink
Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without
help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not
again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee

Enter Saturninus with AARON.

Sat. Along with me: I’ll see what hole is
And what he is that now is leap’d into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronic
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou but
jest;
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
’Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him alive;
But, out, alas! here have we found him dea

Re-enter TAMORA, with ATTENDANTS; TRI-
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
wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal v
Enter Marcus.

Mar. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast! 17
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep.
Speak, gentle niece, what stern 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 warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stir’d with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower’d thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn’t 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 Titus’ 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 crafiter Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew’d than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch’d them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp’d his knife, and fell asleep
As Cerserus at the Thracian poet’s feet.
51
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father’s eye:
One hour’s storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father’s eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

ACT III.

Scene I. Rome. A street.

Enter Judges, Senators and Tribunes, with
Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on to
the place of execution; Titus going before,
pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst 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.

[Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!

Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, ’tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me, or if they did mark,
They would not pity me, yet plead I must;
And bootless unto them. . . .

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax,—tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offends not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

[Takes his sword.]

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;

Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so

Luc. Ay me, this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look her.

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father’s sight.
What foul hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Tro?
My grief was at the height before thou camest.
And now, like Nius, it dislaimeth bounds.
Give me a sword, I’ll chop off my hands.

And they have fought for Rome, and all is

And they have nursed this woze, in feeding
In bootless prayer have they been held up;
And they have served me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them.
Is that the one will help to cut the other?
’Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hand.
For hands, to do Rome service, are but va.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath n thee?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her heart
That blabb’d them with such pleasing elo.
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow can.
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. O, say thou for, who hath d deed?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring wou.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wou
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
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Shall breach his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are
Here stands my other son, a banish’d mar.
And here my brother, weeping at my wo.
But that which gives my soul the greatest
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight.
I had but seen my hand to me:
That which shall I now behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy te.
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath murmur.
Thy husband he is dead; and for his love
Thy brothers are condemn’d, and dead.

Look, Marcus! ah, son, Lavinia, look on
When I did name her brothers, then free
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey.
Upon a gather’d lily almost wither’d.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because
kill’d her husband;
Perchance because she knows them no.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, joyful

Because the law hath ta’en revenge on th.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed.
Witness the sorrow that their two sister make.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips:
Or make some sign how I may do thee e
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Enter Aaron.

Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor see this word,—that, if thou love thy sons, cut,Lucius, or thyself, old Titus, one of you, chop off your hand, d it to the king : he for the same thee hither both thy sons alive; shall be the ransom for their fault. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron! raven sing so like a lark, 
av. sweet tidings of the sun's uprise; my heart, I'll send the emperor 160:

Then, wilt thou help to chop it off? Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine, have thrown down so many enemies, be sent: my hand will serve the turn: but can better spare my blood than you; before mine shall save my brothers' lives. Which of your hands hath not defended me, I'd aloft the bloody battle-axe, destruction on the enemy's castle? ofboth but are of high desert: hath been but idle; let it serve m your two nephews from their death; I kept it to a worthy end. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go off, they die before their pardon come. My hand shall go.

By heaven, it shall not go! Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs here for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son, 180
Let me redeem my brothers both from death. Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's care, Now let me show a brother's love to thee. Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand. Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe. Marc. But I will use the axe. [Exeunt Lucius and Marcus. Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine. Aar. [Aside] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest, And never, whilst I live, deceive men so;
But I'll deceive you in another sort, And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [Cuts off Titus's hand.

Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him From thousand dangers; bid him bury it; More hath it merited; that let it have. As for my sons, say I account of them As jewels purchased at an easy price. And yet dear too, because I bought mine own. Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand Look by and by to have thy sons with thee. [Aside] Their heads, I mean. O, how this 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 Lav.] What, wilt thou kneel with me? 210
Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers; Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim, And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds When they do hug him in their melting bosoms. Marc. O brother, speak with possibilities, And do not break into these deep extremes. Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom? Then be my passions bottomless with them. Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament. Tit. If there were reason for these miseries, Then into limits could I bind my woes: 221 When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow? If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad, Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face? And wilt thou have a reason for this coil? I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow! She is the weeping welkin, I the earth; Then must my sea be moved with her sighs; Then must my earth with her continual tears Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd; 230 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 to the emperor: Here are the heads of thy two noble sons; And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back; Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd; That woe is me to think upon thy woes. More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit.

Marc. Now let hee Aetna cool in Sicily, And be my heart an ever-burning hell! These miseries are more than may be borne. To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal; But sorrow flouted at is double death. Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound, And yet detested life not shrink thereat! That ever death should let life bear his name, 249 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe! [Lavinia kisses Titus. Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless As frozen water to a starved snake.

Titi. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus; Thou dost not slumber; see, thy two sons' heads, Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here; Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I, Even like a stony image, cold and numb. Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs: 260 Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight The closing up of our most wretched eyes: Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Titi. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this hour.

Titi. Why, I have not another tear to shed: Besides, this sorrow is an enemy, And would usurp upon my watry eyes, And make them blind with tributary tears: 270 Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave? For these two heads do seem to speak to me, And threat me I shall never come to bliss Till all these mischiefs be return'd again Even in their throats that have committed them. Come, let me see what task I have to do. You heavy people, circle me about, That I may turn me to each one of you, And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs. The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head; And in this hand the other will I bear. Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd; these arms! Bear thou my hand, sweet wrench, 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 wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome: 290

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and Lucius, a Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat. Than will preserve just so much strength As will revenge these bitter woes of ours. Marcus, unkiss that sorrow-wrathen kin. Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want on And cannot passionate our tenfold griefs. With folded arms. This poor right hand Is left to tyrannize upon my breast; Who, when my heart, all mad with misery, Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, Then thus I thump it down. [To Lavinia.] Thou map of woe, that dost with tears To lay Such violent hands upon her tender life. Tit. Last now! has sorrow made thee already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad by What violent hands she can lay on her lid. Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of love To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er, How Troy was burnt and he made misery, O, handle not the theme, to talk of hand. Lest we remember still that we have no Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk, As if we should forget we had no hands, If Marcus did not name the word of hand. Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat. Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what I can interpret all her martyr'd signs? She says she drinks no other drink but to Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd u cheeks:

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy theme. In thy dumb action will I be as perfect As begging hermits in their holy prayers. Thou that not sigh, nor hold thy sigh heaven, Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make But I of these will wrest an alphabet. And by still practice learn to know thy
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT IV.

HER I. Rome. Titus's garden.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean:

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee: so

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons than she hath read to thee

Sweet poetry and Tully’s Orator.

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she

plies thee thus?

Young Luc. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I

guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad for sorrow: that made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e’er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:

Which made me down to throw my books,

and fly,—

Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt:

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will.

[Lavinia turns over with her stamps the books which Lucius has let fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see.

Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.

But thou art deeper read, and better skill’d;

Come, and take choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens

Reveal the damnd contriver of this deed.

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there was more

than one

Confedperate in the fact: ay, more there was;

Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge. 40

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Young Luc. Grandsire, ’tis Ovid’s Metamor-

phoses;

My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that’s gone,

Perhaps she call’d it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the

leaves! 50

[Helping her.

What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philemon,

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, vert thou thus surprised, sweet

girl,

Ravish’d and wrong’d, as Philomela was,

Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see!

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt—

O, had we never, never hunted there!—

Pattern’d by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none

but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
Marc. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!
My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.

Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?

'Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.'

Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. Magni Dominator poll.

Tam lentus audis sclera? 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 exclaim.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel:
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me, as, with the woful fere
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus swear for Lucrece' rape,
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hunt these bear-welshens, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deepely still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when she sleeps will she do what she list. too
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson, then? Boy, what say you?

Young Luc. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.
Marc. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.
Young Luc. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy,
Shalt carry me from the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Young Luc. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my hous
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court:
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be wail.

[Exit Titus, Lavinia, and Young Luc.
Marc. O heavens, can you hear a got groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstacy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his head
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd sh
But yet so just that he will not revenge.
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus!

Scene II. The same. A room in the p

Enter, from one side, Aaron, Demetrius
Chiron: from the other side, young Luc,
And an Attendant, with a bundle of us
And verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Luc
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his grandfather.
Young Luc. My lords, with all the hum
I greet your honours from Andronicus.

[Aside] And pray the Roman gods confer both!

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what news?

Young Luc. [Aside] That you are b

[Exeunt Young Lucius and Andronicus.

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and round about?

Let's see:

[Reads] 'Integer vitae, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec a
Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just; a verse in Horace; rig
have it.

[Aside] Now, what a thing it is to be an a
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath
their guilt;
And sends them weapons wrap'd about wit
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the
But were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

And now, young lords, was't not a happy
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's heart,

Dem. But me more good, to see so gra
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demet
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shine so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-limed walls! ye aethouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this myself,
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.
Cht. Rome will despoil her for this foul escape.
Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.
Cht. 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 made 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 is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.
Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?
Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
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 lionsess,
The ocean swells not as so Aaron storms.
But say, again, how many saw the child?
Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.
Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel when the third's away:
Go to the empress, tell her this I said.

[He kills the nurse.

Weke, weke! so cries a pig prepared to the spit.
Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore
didst thou this?
Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.

[Trumpets sound within.

[Aside] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.

[Aside] Pray the devils; the gods have given us over.

(Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.

Terrible villains! will you kill the child?
Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman;  
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;  
His child is like to her, fair as you are:  
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,  
And tell them both the circumstance of all;  
And how by this their child shall be advanced,  
And be received for the emperor's heir,  
And substituted in the place of mine,  
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;  
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.  
Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic,  
[Pointing to the nurse.]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;  
The fields are near, and you are gallant rooms:  
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.  

Chas. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air  
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,  
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.  
[Exeunt Dem. and Ch. bearing off the Nurse's body.]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;  
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,  
And secretly to gain the emperor's friends.  
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;  
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:  
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,  
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,  
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up  
To be a warrior, and command a camp.  
[Exit.

Scene III. The same. A public place.

Enter Titus, bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him, Marcus, young Lucius, Publius, Sempronius, Caio, and other Gentlemen, with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus; come, kinsmen; this is the way.  
Sir boy, now let me see your archery:  
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.  
Terras Astrae relicuit:  
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.  
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall  
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;  
Happily you may catch her in the sea;  
Yet there's as little justice as at land:  
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it; to  
'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 un-  
cerns  
By day and night to attend him carefully,  
And feed his honour kindly as we may,  
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past re-  
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful  
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my lord;  
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sent word,  
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall  
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,  
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or some-  
else,  
So that perforce you must needs stay a time  

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with  
I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.  
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedar we,  
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops;  
Come, to this gear. You are a good a  
Marcus;  
[He gives them the arrow;

'Ad Jovem,' that's for you; here, 'Ad nem.'

'Ad Martem,' that's for myself:

Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:  
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine:  
You were as good to shoot against the wind.  
To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.  
Of my word, I have written to effect;  
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts in  
the court;  
We will exalt the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [They shoot;  
well said, Lucius!  
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.  
Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the  
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha!  
Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?  
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus'  
Marc. This was the sport, my lord:  
Publius shot,  
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Arius such a  
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the  
And who should find them but the emper-  
lain?

She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should  
But give them to his master for a present.  
Tit. Why, there it goes: God give him  
ship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two  
in it.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the  
come.

Sirs, what tidings? have you any letter
I have justice? what says Jupiter? 79
O, the glibber-maker! he says that he
taken them down again, for the man must
e hanged till the next week.
But what says Jupiter, I ask thee? 85
Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never
with him in all my life.
Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?
Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.
Why, didst thou not come from heaven?
From heaven! alas, sir, I never came:
God forbid I should be so bold to press in
my young days. Why, I am going my
pigeons to the tribunal pleas, to take up tier of brawl between my uncle and one
of imperial's men.
Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to for
your oration; and let him deliver the
s to the emperor from you.
Tell me, can you deliver an oration to
emperor with a grace?
Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace
my life.
SIRRah, come hither: make no more ado,
ive your pigeons to the emperor:
thon shalt have justice at his hands.
hold; meanwhile here's money for thy
charges: me pen and ink. Sirrah, can you with a
deliver a supplication?
Ay, sir.
Then here is a supplication for you.
hen you come to him, at the first approach
ust kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver
pigeons, and then look for your reward.
at hand, sir; see you it bravely.
I warrant you, sir, let me alone.
SIRRah, hast thou a knife? come, let me
it.
Marcus, fold it in the oration
nest made it like an humble supplicant.
hen thou hast given it the emperor,
at my door, and tell me what he says.
God be with you, sir; I will.
Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, fol-
me. [Exeunt.
SATURNINE, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, EMILIA, LUCIUS, and others; SATURNINE
throwing out his hands Titus shot.
Why, lords, what wrongs are these? was
or scene
or in Rome thus overborne,
confronted thus; and, for the extent
justice, used in such contempt?
is, you know, as know the mighty gods,
or these disturbers of our peace
people's ears, there ought hath pass'd,
with law, against the wilful sons
Andronicus. And what an if
rows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
to be thus afflicted in his wits, 99
his frenzy, and his bitterness
fate to heaven for his redress;
's to Jove, and this to Mercur: 105
Apollo: this to the god of war;
crolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords? 113
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outright
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health, whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirators to lives.
Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scar'd his
heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempt. [Aside] Why, thus it shall
become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out; if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.
[Enter Clown.
How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak
with us?
Cla. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be
emperial.
Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the
emperor.
Cla. '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-
sently.
Cla. How much money must I have?
Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.
Cla. Hanged! by' r lad, then I have brought
up a neck to a fair end. [Exit, guarded.
Sat. Despairful and intolerable wrongs! 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; 119
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege:
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me. 125
[Enter Emilius.
What news with thee, Emilius? 130
Emil. Arm, arm, my lord,—Rome never had
more cause.
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.
Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost or grass beat down with
storms;
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
\textbf{TITUS ANDRONICUS.} [Act II, Scene 1. Plain near Rome.]

Enter Lucius with an army of Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends, I have received letters from great Rome, which signify what hate they bear their emperor And how desirous of our sight they are. Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness, Imperious and impatient of your wrongs, And wherein Rome hath done you any scath, Let him make treble satisfaction.

First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus, Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort; Whose high exploits and honourable deeds Ingratate Rome requires with foul contempt, Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou leadst Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day Led by their master to the flowered fields, And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

\textit{All the Goths.} And as he saith, so say I with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank all.

But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

\textit{Enter a Goth, leading Aaron with his C. in his arms.}

Sec. Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our 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 control'd with this discourse 'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy d The dog that guards thee is but thy mother's look, Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor But where the bull and cow are both milk-w They never do beget a coal-black calf. Peace, villain, peace!'—even thus he rate bate,—' For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth; Who, when he know'st thou art the emperor Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake. With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon Surprised him suddenly, and brought him to Use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the infant devil That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand; This is the pearl that pleased your empress And here's the base fruit of his burning lust Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou go? This growing image of thy fiend-like face, Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word, soldier! hang him on this tree, And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being gone First hang the child, that he may see it spr. A sight to vex the father's soul withal. Get me a ladder.

[A ladder brought, which Aaron made to:

Aar. Lucius, save the child, And bear it from me to the empress. If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things; That highly may advantage thee to hear: If thou wilt not, befall what may befal, I'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you Luc. Say on: an if it please me which speakest, Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure

\textit{Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak: For I must talk of murders, rapes and mass Acts of black night, abominable deeds, Complots of mischief, treason, villanies Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd: And this shall all be buried by my death,
s thou swear to me my child shall live,
Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall
begin.

Who should I swear by? thou believest
no god:
granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
or I know thou art religious
as a thing within thee called conscience,
many popish tricks and ceremonies,
I have seen thee careful to observe,
I urge thy oath: for that I know
of holds his bauble for a god
sees the oath which by that god he swears,
I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
same god, what god soe'er it be,
how adorest and hast in reverence,
my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
I will discover nought to thee.
Even by my god I swear to thee I will.
First know thou, I begot him on the
press.
O most insatiate and luxurious woman!
Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of
sanctity,
which thou shalt hear of me anon.
her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
but thy sister's tongue and ravish'd her
at her hands and trimm'd her as thou
wast.
O detestable villain! call'st thou that
suing?
Why, she was wash'd and cut and
mmd, and 'twas
sort for them that had the doing of it.
O barbarous, beastly villains, like thy-
selves,
Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
ding spirit had they from their mother,
a card as ever won the set;
100 body mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
a dog as ever fought at head.
my deeds be witness of my worth,
thy brethren to that guileful hole
he dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
the letter that thy father found
the gold within the letter mention'd,
rate with the queen and her two sons:
it not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
I had no stroke of mischief in it;
the charter for thy father's hand,
en I had it, drew myself apart
broke my heart with extreme laughter:
he through the crevice of a wall
pr his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
in mine eyes were rainy like to his:
A I told the empress of this sport,
and almost at my pleasing tale,
your tidings gave me twenty kisses.

What, canst thou say all this, and
er blush?
Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.
Art thou not sorry for these heinous
ds?
Ay, that I had not done a thousand
e.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else devise his death,
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some innocent and forswear myself,
130
Set deadly enmity between two friends,
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.
Aay. 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.

Third Goth. My lord, there is a messenger
from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Luc. Let him come near.

Enter Émiliius.

Welcome, Émiliius: what's the news from Rome?
Émil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the
Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to disarm your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.
First Goth. What says our general?
Luc. Émiliius, let the emperor give his
pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away. [Exeunt.


Enter Tamora, Demetrius, and Chiron, dis-
guised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[They knock.

Enter Titus, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived: for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
Tit. No, not a word; how can I grace my talks,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldest talk with me,

Tit. I am not mad: I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crim-
on lines:
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well.
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the soul 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 wel-
come me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some suance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To kale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is laden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rape and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they
call'd?

Tam. Rape and Murder; therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, now like the empress' sons
they are!
And you, the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [Exit above.

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my the

Enter Titus below.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house:
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor;
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, mis-

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal wit

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have
thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked str
Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like the
Good Murder, stab him: he's a murderer.
Go thou with him: and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him: he's a ravisher.
Go thou with them: and in the emperor's
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own

For up and down she doth resemble thee,
I pray thee, do on them some violent deal.
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; th
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
And bid him come and banquet at thy feast
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 kne
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Tit

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
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
Titus Andronicus

What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches! how I mean to murder you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats.
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust
And with your blood and if I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin I will rear
And make two pasties of your shamefull heads,
And bid that snrumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to, And this the banquet she shall surfeit on:
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged;
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come, [He cuts their throats.]
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small.
And with this hateful liquor temper it; And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
Come, come, be every one officious.
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes. [Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.

Scene III. Court of Titus's house. A banquet set out.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron prisoner.

That I repair to Rome, I am content.

First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. 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.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Emilius, Tribunes, Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parole;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable meal.

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Enter Titus dressed like a Cook, Lavinia veiled, young Lucius, and others. Titus places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen.

Welcome, ye warlike Gods; welcome, Lucius; And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor, 'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it. 29

Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus? Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well, To entertain your highness and your empress. Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus. Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginus
To slay his daughter with his own right hand, Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus. Tit. Your reason, mighty lord? 40

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame, And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual; A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant, For me, most wretched, to perform the like. Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee; [Kills Lavinia. And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginus 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. 'Twill please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue: And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently. Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;

Whereof their mother daintly hath fed, Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred. 'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point. [Kills Tamora. [Kills Titus. Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed! [Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus, and others go up into the balcony. Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts, O, let me teach you how to knit again This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf, These broken limbs again into one body; Lest Rome herself be base unto herself, And save whom mighty kingdoms courser to Like a forlorn and desperate castaway, Do shameful execution on herself, But if my frosty signs and shaps of age, Grace witnesses of true experience, Cannot induce you to attend my words, [To Lucina] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as 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 surprised King Priam's

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 war My heart is not compact of fight 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 my most Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale:

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him. Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known That cursed Chiron and Demetrius Were they that murdered our emperor's brood And they it were that ravished our sister: For their fell faults our brothers were bequeathed Our father's tears despedied, and basely coz'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 me weeping To beg relief among Rome's enemies; Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend I am the turned forth, be it known to you That have preserved her welfare in my bosom And from her bosom took the enemy's point Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body And so you know I am no vacanter, I: My scars can witness, dumb although they 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 child. Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold [Pointing to the Child in the arms] Of this was Tamora delivered; The issue of an irreligious Moor, Chief architect and plotter of these woes: The villain is alive in Titus' house.

And as he is, to witness this is true. Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience, Or more than any living man could bear. Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans? Have we not done aught amiss,—show us when And, from the place where you behold us, The poor remainder of Andronic There will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us do
on the ragged stones beat forth our brains, make a mutual closure of our house.
c. Romans, speak: and if you say we shall, and in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Lucius, for gentle c.
litter jcius, litter it r; litter ast is c, E

Rome, and nature.

Lucius, our Romans, Thanks, Come this matter time Rome's obsequious true aloof in tears and asleep, Go, Came, hale emperor our people, Marcus, ragged hand, sum mutual duties voice nature hither, in infinite, small:

Lucius, his come, tears of his grandson, you give to thy grandsire a

AEm. You said Andronicus, have done with woes: Give sentence on this execrable wretch, That hath been breeder of these dire events. Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him:

There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him, For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

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. See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor, By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state.

Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave; Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.
Young Luc. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants with Aaron.
PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
To Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Verona. A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of that house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runnst away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.
MONTAGUE, heads of two houses at variance.
CAPULET, with each other.
An old man, cousin to Capulet.
ROMEO, son to Montague.
MERCUITIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.
BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAURENCE, ] Francisca.
FRIAR JOHN,
BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.
SAMPSON, {servants to Capulet.

PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.
ABRAHAM, servant to Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.
LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.
LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.
JULIET, daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.
Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women.
Relations to both houses; Maskers, Gentlemen, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: Verona: Mantua.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for weakest goes to the wall.
Sam. True; and therefore women, being weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: before I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our master and their men.
Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show my tyrant; when I have fought with thee, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that fee.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hast been poor John, Draw thy tool, it comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our side them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite thy thumb at them; which is a disgrace to the they bear it.

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [Aside to Gre.] Is the law of our if I say ay?
No.  No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, 
I bite my thumb, sir. 
Do you quarrel, sir?  No, sir. 
If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as 
aman as you. 
No better. 
Well, sir. 
Say 'better:' here comes one of my 
knights.
Yes, better, sir. 
You lie.
Draw, if you be men. Gregory, rest 
your swashing blow. [They fight. 70

Enter Benvelio.
Part, fools! your swords; you know not what you do. 
[Beats down their swords.

Enter Tybalt.
What, art thou drawn among these 
careless hinds? 
see, Benvelio, look upon thy death. 
I do but keep the peace: put up thy 
word, 
and let it part these men with me. 
What, drawn, and talk of peace! I 
the word, 
ate hell, all Montagues, and thee: 
thee, coward! [They fight. 
several of both houses, who join the 
ay; then enter Citizens, with clubs.
[Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! 
gag them down! 
with the Capulets! down with the 
Mongues!
Capulet in his gown, and Lady 
Capulet.
What noise is this? Give me my long 
rod, ho! 
Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you 
y a sword? 
My sword, I say! Old Montague is 
me, 
shines his blade in spite of me.
Montague and Lady Montague.
Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, 
me go.
Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek 
see.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.
Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, 
rs of this neighbour-stained steel,— 
ey not hear? What, ho! you men, you 
at, 
ch the fire of your pernicious rage 
ripe fountains issuing from your veins, 
, of torture, from those bloody hands 
your misremder'd weapons to the ground, 
at the sentence of your moved prince. 
ill brawls, bred of an airy word, 
, Capulet, and Montague, 
price distur'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens 
Cast by their grave beasening ornaments, 100 
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 judgement-place. 
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. 110 
[Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvelio.

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 prepared, 
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears, 
He swung about his head and cut the winds, 
Who nothing hurt withal but his head was scor'd! 119 
While we were interchangeing thrusts and blows, 
Came more and more and fought on part and part, 
Till the prince came, who parted either part. 
La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him 
to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun 
Peered forth the golden window of the east, 
A troubled mind drive me to walk abroad; 
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore 
That westward rooteth from the city's side, 
So early walking did I see your son: 
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me 
And stole into the covert of the wood: 
I, measuring his affections by my own, 
That most are busied when they're most alone, 
Pursued my humour not pursuing his, 
And gladly shamed I gladly fled from me.
Mon. Many a morning hath he there been 
seen, 
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, 
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs; 
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun 
Should in the furthest east begin to draw 
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, 
Away from light steals home my heavy son, 
And private in his chamber pens himself, 
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out 
And makes himself an artificial night: 
Black and portentous must this humour prove, 
Unless good counsel may the cause remove. 
Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause? 
Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.
Ben. Have you importuned him by any means? 
Mon. Both by myself and many other friends: 
But he, his own 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 bad bit with an envious worm, 
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air, 
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. 
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows 
grew, 
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.

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 create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft! I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is some
Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll 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 unmark'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That when she dies with beauty dies her st.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing huge waste,
For beauty starred with her severity.

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of

Rom. O, teach me how I should for

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' br
Being black put us in mind they hide the fi
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forgive.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. A street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said be
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen y
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy m
made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those who
made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she
Is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accumul'd feast,
Whereinto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my n
more.

At my poor house look to behold this high
-treading stars that make dark heaven light;
comfort as do lusty young men feel
up. 

perhaps 

he, 

her 

like her most whose merit most shall be: 

th on more view, of many mine being one 

and in number, though in reckoning none. 

so with me. [To Serv., giving a paper.] 

irrah, trudge about 

fair Verona; find those persons out 

ames are written there, and to them say, 

use and welcome on their pleasure stay. 

Exeunt Capulet and Paris. 

Find them out whose names are written 

It is written, that the shoemaker should 

c with his yard, and the tailor with his last, 

her with his pencil, and the painter with his 

but I am sent to find those persons whose 

are here writ, and can never find what 

the writing person hath here writ. I 

'the learned.—In good time. 

Enter Benvolio and Romeo. 

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's 

urning, 

pain is lessend by another's anguish; 

jidy, and be holp by backward turning: 

desperate grief cures with another's lan-

housome new infection to thy eye, 

50 

rank poison of the old will die. 

Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that. 

For what, I pray thee? 

For your broken shin. 

Why, Romeo, art thou mad? 

Not mad, but bound more out a mad-

ian is; 

pin, except without my food, 

'd and tormented and—God-den, good 

God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you 

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. 60 

Perhaps you have learned it without it, but, I pray, can you read any thing you 

Ay, if I know the letters and the lan-

Ye say honestly: rest you merry! 

Stay, fellow; I can read. [Reads. 

nior Martino and his wife and daughters; 

Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the 

wife of Vitruvio; Signior Placento and 

sienes; Mercutio and his brother Valen-

tine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daugh-

fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Va-

and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively 

assembly: whither should they come? 

Up. 

Whither? 

To supper; to our house. 

Whose house? 

My master's. 

Indeed, I should have ask'd you that 

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! [Exeunt. 

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's 

Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovset, 

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, 

Transparents heretielca, be burnt for liars! 

One fairer than my love! the all-seen sun 

Se'er saw her match since first the world begun. 

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by, 

Herself poised with herself in either eye: 

But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd 

Your lady's love against some other maid 

That I will show you shining at this feast, 

And she shall scant show well that now shows 

best. 

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, 

But to rejoice in splendid of mine own. 

Exeunt. 

Scene III. A room in Capulet's house. 

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse. 

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call 

her forth to me. 

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve 

year 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? 

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give 

leave awhile, 

We must talk in secret,—nurse, come back again; 

I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel. 

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age. 

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour. 

La. Cap. She's not fourteen. 

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,— 

And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but 

four,— 

She is not fourteen. How long is it now 

To Lammas-tide? 

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days. 

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, 

Come Lammas-eye at night shall she be fourteen. 

Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!— 

Were of an age: well, Susan is with God; 

She was too good for me: but, as I said, 

On Lammas-eye 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 30
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
'Shake quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I
row
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: 40
'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 holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he:
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'
La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.
Nurse. Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.'
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?'; it stinted and said 'Ay.'
Jule. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,
say I.
Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
An I might live to see thee married once, 61
I have my wish.
La. Cap. Marry, that 'merry' is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?
Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.
Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.
La. Cap. 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.
La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast; 80
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament
And see how one another lends content,
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Found written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound love
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
For fair without the faim within to hide:
That book in many eyes doth share the gl
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.
Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women by men.
La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of
love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make me.

Enter a Servant.
Serv. Madam, the guests are come, served up, you called, my young lady asks the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you follow straight.
La. Cap. We follow thee. [Exit Serv. Juliet, the county stays.
Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to days.

Scene IV. A street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.
Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke! excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?
Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a sea
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But let them measure us by what they will;
We'll measure them a measure, and be more
Romeo. Give me a torch: I am not for ambling:
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me: you have do
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's
And soor with them above a common bond.
Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his To soar with his light feathers, and so bound
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
Mer. And, to sink in it, should you love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough love;
Prick love for prickung, and you beat love
Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor! what care I
kurious eye doth quote deformities?
are the beetle brows shall blight for me.

Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
very man betake him to his legs.

A torch for me: let wantons light of heart
the senseless rushes with their heels,
an proverb'd with a grand platitude; a

candle-holder, and look on.

game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
is si-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st the ears.

Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Nay, that's not so.

I mean, sir, in delay
aste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
our good meaning, for our judgement sits
ines in that ere once in our five wits.

If we mean well in going to this mask;
is no wit to go.

Why, may one ask?

I dream'd a dream to-night.

And so did I.

Well, what was yours?

That dreamers often lie.

In bed asleep, while they do dream
ings true.

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been
with you.

the fairies' midwife, and she comes
no bigger than an agate-stone
fore-finger of an alderman,
with a team of little atoms
art men's noses as they lie asleep;
agon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
wer of the wings of grasshoppers,
aces of the smallest spider's web,
llars of the moonshine's watery beams,
hip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
aggon a small grey-coated gnat,
if so big as a round little worm
from the lazy finger of a maid;
ariot is an empty hazel-nut
by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
ar o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

this state she gallops night by night
gh lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
ourtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies night;

ty fingers, who straight dream on bees,
dies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
of the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
e their breaths with sweetmeats tainted e:
me she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
en dreams he of smoking out a suit;
me comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
g a parson's nose as a lies asleep,
reams he of another benefice:
me she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
en dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
es, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
the five-fathom deep; and then anon
in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
ing this frightened swears a prayer or two

That this is very Mab

That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul slutish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortunate bodes:
This is the bag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:

This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! Thou talk'st of nothing:

Mer. True, I talk of dreams, Which are the children of an idle brain, Begot of nothing but vain fantasy, Which is as thin of substance as the air And more inconstant than the wind, who woe! Even now the frozen bosom of the north, And, being angered,uff's away from hence, Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves:

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course, Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

Scene V. A hall in Capulet's house.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen, with napkins.

First Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher; he scrape a trencher!

Sec. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

First Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lov'st me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony, and Potpan!

Sec. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

First Serv. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

Sec. Serv. We cannot be here and there too. Cheery, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

Enter Capulet, with Juliet and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes

Unplugged with corn 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.
You are a saucy boy: is 'tis so, indeed?  
This trick may chance to scathe you, I fear.  

You must contrarily marry: 'tis time.  
Well said, my hearts! You are a prince now;  
Be quiet, or—more light, more light! For I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my heart?  

Tyb. Patience performe with willif tongue and meeting.  
Maketh no flesh tremble in their different gait; I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall now seem sweet convert to bitter gall.  

Rom. [To Juliet] If I profane with my worthiest hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this;  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender hand.  

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand much,  
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands enrich,  
And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.  

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmer's?  
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must with a prayer.  
Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what I dare.  
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to toil.  

Jul. Saints do not move, though grand prayers' sake.  

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's in.  
I take.  
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.  
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they did took.  

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass swifter urged!  
Give me my sin again.  


Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.  

Rom. What is her mother?  

Nurse. Marry, bache.  

Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:  
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd with me,  
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 an end.  

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unman.  

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be  
We have a trilling foolish banquet towards  
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;  
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night  
More torches here! Come on then, let's go.  

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:  
I'll to my rest.  

[Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.  

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is your business?  

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tibério.  

Jul. What's he that now is going out of  

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Fi.  

Jul. What's he that follows there, that  

Nurse. I know not.
Go, ask his name: if he be married, 20
ve is like to be my wedding bed.
ev. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
v y son of your great enemy.
My only love sprung from my only hate! ly seen unknown, and known too late! i4z
But birth of love it is to me,
must love a loathed enemy.
. What's this? what's this?
A rhyme I learn'd even now
danced withal. [O'cane calls within 'Juliet.' -
Anon, anon! et's away; the strangers all are gone. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.
Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie, 26
Oung affection gapes to be his heir; 27
For which love groan'd for and would
ender Juliet match'd, is now not fair. 28
meo is beloved and loves again,
bewitched by the charm of looks, 29
's foes supposed he must complain, 30
he steal love's sweet bait from fearful 
k's; 31
'd a foe, he may not have access 32
athe such vows as lovers use to swear; 33
as much in love, her means much less 34
et her now-beloved any where: 35
ion lends them power, time means, to 36
ng extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.

1. A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo.
Can I go forward when my heart is 37
k, dull earth, and find thy centre out. 38
the wall, and leaps down within it. 39
nt Benvenio and Mercutio.
Romeo! my cousin Mercutio! 40
He is wise; 41
my life, hath stol'n him home to bed. 42
he ran this way, and leap'd this orchard ; 43
Mercutio.
Nay, I'll conjure too. 44
humors! madman! passion! lover! 45
ou in the likeness of a sigh: 46
one rhyme, and I am satisfied; 47
' Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 48
my gossip Venus one fair word, 49
name for her purblind son and heir, 50
am Cupid, he that shot so trim, 51
Gophetua loved the beggar-maid! 52
't not, he stireth not, he moveth not; 53
'dead, and I must conjure him. 54
'se by Rosaline's bright eyes, 55
gh forehead and her scarlet lip 56
e foot, straight leg and quivering thigh

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, 20
That in thy likeness thou appear to us! 21
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him. 22
Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle 23
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand 24
Till she had laid it and conjured it down; 25
That were some spice: my invocation 26
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name 27
I conjure only but to raise up him. 28
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees, 29
To be consorted with the humorous night: 30
Blind is his love and best befits the dark. 31
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark. 32
Now will he sit under a medlar tree, 33
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit 34
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone. 35
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were 36
An open et cetera, thou a poperin pear! 37
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed; 38
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep: 39
Come, shall we go? 40
Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain 41
To seek him here that means not to be found. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo.
Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound. [Juliet appears above at a window.
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks? 42
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. 43
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, 44
Who is already sick and pale with grief, 45
That thou her maid art far more fair than she: 46
Be not her maid, since she is envious; 47
Her vestal livery is but sick and green 48
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. 49
It is my lady, O, it is my love! 50
O, that she knew she were! 51
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that? 52
Her eye discourses; I will answer it. 53
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks: 54
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, 55
Having some business, do entreat her eyes 56
To twinkle in their spheres till they return. 57
What if her eyes were there, they in her head? 58
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars, 59
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven 60
Would through the airy region stream so bright. 61
That birds would sing and think it were not night. 62
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand! 63
O, that I were a glove upon that hand, 64
That I might touch that cheek! 65
Jul. Ay me!
Rom. She speaks: O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art 66
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head, 67
As is a winged messenger of heaven 68
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes 69
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him 70
When he bestrides the lary-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I
speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, dodd thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou that thus bescreed'st
in night
So stumbllest on my counsel?

Rom. 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 parks have not yet drunk a hundred
words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and
wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder
thee.

Rom. Allack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from
their sight;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out
this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to
inquire;

He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on
my face,
Else would a maiden blush beaptain my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-
ward I would dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliance
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swe
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perfure
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 na
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the won.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my company
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more tr
Than those that have more cunning to be st
I should have been more strange, I must o
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was are
My true love's passion: therefore pardon
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. I stay, by yonder blessed moon I
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree top
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the stant 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
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 dea
Jul. Well, do not swear: although I thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good,
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

Good night, good nig;st! as sweet repose
Come to thy heart as that within my breast.

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsat
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou not
ight?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faith
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou
quest it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? I purpose, love,

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee
And yet I wish but for the thing I have;
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.

I hear some noise within; dear love, adie
Anon, good nur e! Sweet Montague,

Rom. Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exi

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am in
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, a
night indeed.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Scene III. Friar Laurence's cell.

Fri. L. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning light,
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 suckling 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 use
Revolts from true birth, strumming on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small 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 worse is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Fri. L. Good morrow, father.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. Benedicite!

Rom. What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Fri. L. Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morn to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye;
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemper'd"temper; 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. L. God pardon sin! I wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shift.
Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set.
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine; 59
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where and how
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is 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! 70
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
The 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 ever thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me buy love.
Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
Fri. L. O, she knew well.
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.
Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.
Fri. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.
[Exeunt.

Scene IV. A street.
Enter Benvenio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?
Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.
Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
Mer. A challenge, on my life,
Ben. Romeo will answer it.
Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.
Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dared.
Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead;
stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot
thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin
of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?
Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?
Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell O, he is the courageous captain of complem-He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps up distance, and proportion; rests me his mer-est, one, two, and the third in your bosom very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a list; a gentleman of the very first house, or first and second cause: ah, the immortal pung the punto reverso! the hai!

Enter the what?
Mer. The box of such antic, lisping, affa-fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man very good whore! Why, is not this a for able thing, grandsire, that we should be af-flicted with these strange flies, these fas mongers, these perdona-mi's, who stand so on the new form, that they cannot sit at eas the old bench? O, their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Ro.
Mer. Without his roe, like a dined her O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Let his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry had a better love to be-thyme her: Didio and Cieopatra a gipsy: Helen and Hero hiding harlots; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not purpoe. Signior Romeo, bon jour! then French salutation to your French slop. Yo us the counterfeit fairly last night.
Rom. Good morrow to you both. What terfeit did I give you?
Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you no ceive?
Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my busine great; and in such a case as mine a man stran courtesy.
Mer. That's as much as to say, such a yours contains a man to bow in the hams.
Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.
Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.
Rom. A most courteous exposition.
Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courte
Rom. Pink for flower.
Mer. Right.
Rom. Why, then is my pump well flow
Mer. Well said: follow me this jest no thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the sole of it is worn, the jest may remain all wearing sole singular.
Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singu the singleness!
Mer. Come between us, good Benvenio wits faint.
Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and sp-
Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose I'll cry a match.
Mer. Nay, I have done, for thou hast more of the wild in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have whole five: was I with you there for the g
Rom. Thou wast never with me for an when thou was not there for the goose.
Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that
Rom. 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
pie?

O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches
an inch narrow to an ell broad!

I stretch it out for that word 'broad,'
I added to the goose, proves thee far and
a broad goose.

Why, is not this better now than grocer's
love? now art thou sociable, now art thou
not; now art thou what thou art, by art as
is by nature; for this drivelling love is like
at natural, that runs lolling up and down to
his baulbe in a hole.

Stop there, stop there.

Thou desir' est me to stop in my tale
at the hair.

Thou wouldst else have made thy tale
stop.

O, thou art deceived; I would have made
it: for I was come to the whole depth of my
and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument
iger.

Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

A sail, a sail!

Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Peter! 210

Anon!

My fan, Peter.

Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's
for aught I know.

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Is it good den?

'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy
the dial is now upon the prick of noon. 119
Out upon you! what a man are you!

One, gentlewoman, that God hath made
myself to mar.

By my troth, it is well said; 'for him-
man,' quoth a? Gentlemen, can any of you
where I may find the young Romeo?

I can tell you; but young Romeo will
when you have found him than he was
you sought him: I am the youngest of that
for fault of a worse.

Say you well.

Yea, is the worst well? very well took,
wisely, wisely.

If you be he, sir, I desire some confid-
that you.

She will indite him to some supper.

A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

What hast thou found?

No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a
pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it
[Sing.]

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,
will you come to your father's we'll to
thither
I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [sing-
ing] 'lady, lady, lady.' 151

[Exeunt 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 skins-mates.
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 an-
other 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! I
pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my
young lady bade me inquire you out; what she
bade me say, I will keep to myself; but first let
me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's
paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind
of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman
is young; and, therefore, if you should deal
double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be
offered to any gentlewoman, and very rack
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.

What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou
dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do pro-
test; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Did her devise

Some means to come to shift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall
be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey
wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee, 200
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark
you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er
hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true
as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest
lady—Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating
thing:—O, there is a nobleman in town, one
Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter? 

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mock'er! that's the dog's name; R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, 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.]

Peter! 

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace. [Exit Nurse.]

SCENE V. Capiot's orchard.

Enter JULIET.

JUL. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him; that's not so, 250
O, she is laziest! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over hoving hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highest hill
Of this day's journey, and from mine till twelve 300
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a bali;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
‡But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, and heavy pale as lead.
O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

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 shaminest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-ways, give me leave awhile:
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have
I had!

JUL. I would thou hast my bones, and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay
as see awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JUL. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance;
Let me be satisfied, 'tis good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple ch
you know not how to choose a man: Romeo
not he; though 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
talked on, yet they are past compare: he i
the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant his
gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; 450
God. What, have you dined at home?

JUL. No, no; but all this did I know bet
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! w
head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back
back!
Beshrew, your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and do

JUL. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what
my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest g
man, and a courteous, and a kind, and a
some, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is
another?

JUL. Where is my mother? why, s
within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou rep
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?'

O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JUL. Here's such a coil! come, what
Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to
to-day?

JUL. Then hie you hence to Friar
rence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your c
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is da
I am the drudging and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at high
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

JUL. Hie to high fortune! Honest
farewell. [Exit.]

SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

FRI. L. So smile the heavens upon
holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not?
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy.
That one short minute gives me in her sigh
Do thou but close our hands with holy word
Then love-devouring death do what he dare
It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRI. L. These violent delights have
in their triumph die, like fire and powder, so
ich as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
athome in his own deliciousness.
in the taste confounds the appetite:
refrain, hasting not: long love doth so;
swift arises as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.
e comes the lady: O, so light a foot
er'e wear out the everlasting flint:
ver may bestride the gossamer
illes in the wanton summer air,
yet not fall; so light is vanity.
ul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.
rt. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter,
for us both.
ul. As much to him, else is his thanks too
much.

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
es'p't like mine and that thy skill be more
lazon it, then swiften with thy breath
beighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
old the imagined happiness that both
ive in either by this dear encounter.
ul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in
words, of his substance, not of ornament:
are but beggars that can count their worth;
your true love is grown to such excess
not sum up sum of half my wealth.
ul. L. Come, come with me, and we will
make short work;
by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
y church incorporate two in one.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A public place.

Iter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and
Servants.

i. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
if we meet, we cannot sce a brawl:
now, these hot days, is the mad blood
stirring.

r. Thou art like one of those fellows that
he enters the confines of a tavern claps me
word upon the table and says 'God send me
end of thee!' and by the operation of the
d cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed
is no need.

ii. Am I like such a fellow?

r. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in
ood as any in Italy, and as soon moved
noody, and as soon moody to be moved.

ii. And what to?

r. Nay, an there were two such, we should
one shortly, for one would kill the other.
why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that
hair more, or a hair less, in his beard,
ou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for
not, having no other reason but be-
ou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such
would spy out such a quarrel? Thy
is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of
and yet thy head hath been beaten as
as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quar-

relled 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
for wearing his new doublet before Easter?
other, for thyng his new shoes with old
Ib? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quar-
relling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art,
any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for
an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my hee, I care not.

Enter TYBALT and others.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? cou-
pel 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 with-
out giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou shalt consort with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us min-
lrets? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear
nothing but discords: here's my fiddlecisket; here's
that shall make you dance. 'Round, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let
them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes
my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your
livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting; villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injure thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love;
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Alla stoccata carries it away.

[Draws. Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of
your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal,
and, as thou shalt use me hereafter, dry-beat the
rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out
of his p riches, with the ears I make haste, lest mine
be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.
Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.  
Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.  
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! 90  
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath  
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:  
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!  
[Tybalt under Romeo’s arm stabs Mercutio,  
And flies with his followers.  
Mer. I am hurt.  
A plague o’ both your houses! I am sped.  
Is he gone, and hath nothing?  
Ben. What, art thou hurt?  
Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch; a scratch; marry,  
‘tis enough.  
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [Exit Page.  
Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.  
Mer. No, ’tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide  
as a church-door; but ’tis enough, ’twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find  
me a grave man. I am pepered, I warrant, for this world.  
A plague o’ both your houses! ’Sounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch  
a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain,  
that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the  
devil came you between us? I was hurt under  
your arm.  
Rom. I thought all for the best.  
Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague o’ both your houses!  
They have made worms’ meat of me: I have it,  
And soundly too; your houses!  
[Execut Mercutio and Benvolio.  
Rom. This gentleman, the prince’s near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain’d  
With Tybalt’s slander,—Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate  
And in my temper soften’d valour’s steel!  
Re-enter Benvolio.  
Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio’s dead!  
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.  
Rom. This day’s black fate on more days doth depend;  
This but begins the woe others must end.  
Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back  
again.  
Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!  
Away to heaven, respective livery,  
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!  
Re-enter Tybalt.  
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again, 130  
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio’s soul  
is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company:  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.  
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort  
him here,  
Shalt with him hence.  
Rom. This shall determine that.  
[They fight; Tybalt falls.  
Ben. Romeo away, be gone!  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.  
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom  
death,  
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!  
Rom. O, I am fortune’s fool!  
Ben. Why dost thou stay?  
Enter Citizens, &c.  
First Cit. Which way ran he that kill’d Mercu-  
tio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?  
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.  
First Cit. Up, sir, go with  
I charge thee in the prince’s name, obey.  
Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet  
their Wives, and others.  
Prin. Where are the vile beginners of fray?  
Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl!  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.  
La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother!  
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood  
is spilt  
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin!  
Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody  
Brawl? Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo’s  
did slay?  
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urged without  
Your high displeasure: all this uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees hung  
bow’d,  
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tils  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio’s breast,  
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point.  
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand be  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
Returns it: Romeo he cries aloud,  
‘Hold, friends! friends, part!’ and, swifter  
his tongue,  
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
And ‘twixt them rushes; underneath whose  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;  
But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
Who had but newly entertain’d revenge,  
And to’t they go like lightning, for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt’s  
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.  
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.  
La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montagis  
Affection makes him false: he speaks not true  
Some twenty of them fought in this black streight  
And all those twenty could but kill one life.  
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must gi  
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.  
Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio  
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe  
Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio  
friend;  
His fault concludes but what the law should  
[Act.
We are undone, lady, we are undone! 
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead! 
Jul. Can heaven be so envious? 

Nurse. Romeo can, 40
Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo! 
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo! 
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus? 
This torture in my soul shall be word'd in dismal hell. 
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,' 
And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more. 
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice: 
I am not I, if there be such an I; 
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer 'I.' 
If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no: 50 
Brief sounds determine of my woe or woe. 

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine 
eyes,— 
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast: 
A pitiful corse, a bloody piteous corse; 
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, 
All in gore-blood: I swounded at the sight. 
Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, 
break at once! 
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty! 
Vile earth, to earth resign: end motion here; 
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 60 
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I 
had! 
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman! 
That ever I should live to see thee dead! 
Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary? 
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead? 
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearest lord! 
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom! 
For who is living, if those two are gone? 
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished; 
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished. 70 
Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's 
blood? 
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did! 
Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face! 
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? 
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! 
Dove-feather'd raven! 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, 80 
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! 

Nurse. There's no trust, 
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured, 
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. 
Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua viva: 
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old. 
Shame come to Romeo! 
Jul. Bister'd be thy tongue 90 
For such a wish! he was not born to shame: 
Upon his brow shame's ashamed to sit; 
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd 
Sole monarch of the universal earth, 
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name.
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to 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:
'Thybalt is dead, and Romeo—banish'd!'
That 'banish'd', that one word 'banish'd,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybals. Tybalt's death
Was as the end, 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 moved?
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 walking 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 Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night: 140
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. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. 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 private doom?
That sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand
That I yet know not?
Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Rom. What less than dooms-day is the private doom?
Fri. L. A gentler judgement vanish'd his 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. L. Hence from Verona art thou banish'd,
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banish'd is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then banish'd,
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind pity,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not: more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And call her immortal blessing from her lips.
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin:
But Romeo may not; he is banish'd:
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banish'd.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-grind 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. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me speak a word.
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment,
Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off 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 prevails not: talk no more.
[Knocking within.]

L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

N. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans, like, infold me from the search of eyes.

L. Hark, how they knock! Who's there? omeo, arise; wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;

[Knocking.]

my study. By and by! God's will, semplicity! I come, I come!

[Knocking.]

ocks so hard? whence come you? what's our will?

[Within] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand; from Lady Juliet.

L. Welcome, then. 

Enter Nurse.

O holy friar, O tell me, holy friar, is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

L. There on the ground, with his own arms made drunk.

O, he is even in my mistress' case, her case! O woful sympathy! a predicament! Even so lies she, ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.

[Knocking.]

up, stand up; stand, an you be a man: let's sake, for her sake, rise and stand; would you fall into so deep an O?

N. Nurse! 

Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end all.

Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

O, she think not an old murderer, have stain'd the childhood of our joy, god removed but little from her own? she? and how doth she? and what says our cancel'd love? O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps d weeps;

falls on her bed; and then starts up, balt calls; and then on Romeo cries, down again.

As if that name, the deadly level of a gun, der her; as that name's cursed hand d her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me, vile part of this anatomy name lodge? tell me, that I may suck till mansion. [Drawing his sword.]

Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:

Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast:

Unseemly woman in a seeming man!

Or ill-becoming beast in seeming both!

Thou hast amazed me; by my holy order, I thought thy disposition better temper'd,

Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself? And slay thy lady too that lives in thee, By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rais'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet

In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose. Fie, fie, thou shames thy shape, thy love, thy wit;

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,

And useth 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 favour of a man;

Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,

Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,

Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,

Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,

Set a fire by thine own ignorance,

And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead; There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:

The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend

And turns it to exile; there art thou happy: A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;

Happiness courts thee in her best array,

But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,

Thou pou'st upon thy fortune and thy love:

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,

Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;

But look thou stay not till the watch be set,

For then thou canst not pass to Mantua:

Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back

With twenty hundred thousand times more joy Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.

Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;

And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night

To hear good counsel; O, what learning is! My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir;

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Unscreened. [Exit.]

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this!

Fri. L. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,

Or by the break of day disguised from hence:

Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time 170  
Every good hap to you that chances here:  
Give me thy hand; 'tis late; farewell; good night.  
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.  
Farewell. [Exeunt.  

Scene IV. A room in Capulet's house.  
Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.  
Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter:  
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I:—Well, we were born to die.  
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:  
I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.  
Par. These times of woe afford no time to  
woe.  
Madam, good night; commend me to your  
daughter.  
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-  
morrow:  
To-night she is new'd up to her heaviness.  
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love; I think she will be ruled  
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.  
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—  
But, soft! what day is this?  
Par. Monday, my lord.  
Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is  
too soon,  
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl.  
Will you be ready! do you like this haste?  
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;  
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
Being our kinsman, if we revel much;  
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
And there an end. But what say you to Thurs-  
day?  
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 very late,  
That we may call it early by and by.  
Good night. [Exeunt.  

Scene V. Capulet's orchard.  
Enter Romeo and Juliet above, at the  
window.  
Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.  
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops.  

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.  
Jul. You light is not day-light, I know it.  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:  
Therefore stay yet: thou need'st not to be gone.  
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
I'll say you grey is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow:  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do bear  
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; lie hence, be gone, away  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing shal-  
Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
Some say the lark and loathed toad change  
O, now I would they had changed voices too.  
Since arm from arm that voice doth us afford  
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the dews  
O, now be gone; more light and light it groweth.  
Rom. More light and light; more dark  
dark our woes!  

Enter Nurse, to the chamber.  
Nurse. Madam!  
Jul. Nurse?  
Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to  
chamber;  
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [Exit  
Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let  
out.  
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and  
descend.  
[He goeth.  
Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay,  
band, friend!  
I must hear from thee every day in the hou  
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 the  
Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever  
again?  
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes  
serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.  
Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul  
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb;  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale  
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!  
Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call  
fickle:  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fickle,  
be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
Then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long  
But send him back.  
La. Cap. [Within] Ho, daughter! are you  
Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady me  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?  
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hit?
Enter Lady Capulet.

Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!

Madam, I am not well. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears? thou couldst, thou couldst not make him weep, have done: some grief shows much of ove; such of grief shows still some want of wit. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not be friend you weep for.

Feeling so the loss, or choose but ever weep the friend.

Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much his death, the villain lives which slaughter'd him. 80 What villain, madam? Cap. [Aside] Villain and he be many miles under.— ron him! I do, with all my heart; no man like he doth grieve my heart. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer Ay, madam, from the reach of these my ins: none but I might venge my cousin's death!
ap. We will have vengeance for it, fear ou not: eep no more. I'll send to one in Man: that same banish'd runagate doth live, ve him such an unaccustomed dram, shall soon keep Tybalt company; hope, thou wilt be satisfied. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied Romeo, till I behold him—dead—oor heart so for a kinsman vex'd: if you could find out but a man a poison, I would temper it; me should, upon receipt thereof, ep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors roo him named, and cannot come to him, k the love I bore my cousin s body that hath slaughter'd him! ap. Find thou the means, and I'll find n a man.

I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl, and joy comes well in such a needy time: they, I beseech your ladyship? ap. Well, well, thou hast a careful child, to put thee from thy heaviness, red out a sudden day of joy, expect'st not nor I look'd not for. Madam, in happy time, what day is that? ap. Marry, my child, early next Thurs-morn, ant, young and noble gentleman, nty Paris, at Saint Peter's Church, ply make thee there a joyful bride. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter

He shall not make me there a joyful bride. I wonder at this haste; that I must wed Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo. I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear, It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate, Rather than Paris. These are news indeed! La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself, and see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew:
But for the sunset of my brother's son It rains downright,
How now! a conduit, girl! what, still in tears? Evermore showering? In one little body Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind; For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea, Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is, Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs; Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them, Without a sudden calm, will overset Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife! Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!
ap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife, How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks? Is she not proud? doth she not count her blast, Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought So worthy a gentleman to be her bridgroom? Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have: Proud can I never be of what I hate; But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this? 'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not.' And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion, you, Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds, But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next, To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church, Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad? Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees, Hear me with patience but to speak a word. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday, Or never after look in the face: Speak not, reply not, do not answer me; My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us best

That God had lent us but this only child; But now I see this one is one too much, And that we have a curse in having her: Out on her, hilding! Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so. Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.


Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Uter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad:

1Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been

To have her match'd: and having now provided

A gentleman of noble parentage,

Of fair demeanours, youthful, and nobly train'd,

Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,

Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;

And then to have a wretched puling fool,

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer 't 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, beggar, starve, die in the streets,

For, by my soul, I ne'er acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:

Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.]

JUL. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That send 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.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

JUL. O God! — Nurse, how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;

How shall that faith return again to earth,

Unless that husband send it me from heaven

By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.

Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first: or if it did not,

Your first is dead: or 'twere as good he were,

As living here and you no use of him.

Tell! Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;

Or else beshrew them both.

JUL. Amen!

Nurse. What?

JUL. Well, thou hast comforted me manifold much.

Go in and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeased my father, to Laurence's
to make confession and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done!

JUL. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispair my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath praised him with above compendious many thousand times? Go, counsellor; Thy and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:

If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;

And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. L. You say you do not know the heart of 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 hastens our marriage

To stop the inundation of her tears;

Which, too much minded by herself alone,

May be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. L. [Aside] I would I knew not w' shall be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happy met, my lady and my wife,

JUL. That may be, sir, when I may be a man.

Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday.

JUL. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That's a certain

Par. Come you to make confession to this friar?

JUL. To answer that, I, should confess to

Par. Do not deny to him that you love him,

JUL. I will confess to you that I love him

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love him.

JUL. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused

JUL. The tears have got small victory by

For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrongst it, more than tears;

JUL. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth.

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast der'd it.
It may be so, for it is not mine own. ou at leisure, holy father, now; all I come to you at evening mass? M. My leisure serves me, pensive daugh-ter, now.


[40]

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest; The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade To paly ashes, thy eyes windows fall, Like death, when he shuts up the day of life; Each part, deprived of supple government, Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death: And in this borrow’d likeness of shrunk death Thou shalt continue two and forty hours, And then awake as from a pleasant sleep. Now, when the bridgroom in the morning comes To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead: Then, as the manner of our country is, In thy best robes uncover’d on the bier Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie. In the mean time, against thou shalt awake, Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift, And hither shall he come: and he and I Will watch thy waking, and that very night Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua. And this shall free thee from this present shame; If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear, Abate thy valour in the acting it. Fri. Give me an ear, 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. Friul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford. Farewell, dear father! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Hall in Capulet’s house.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and Two Servingmen.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ. [Exit First Servant. Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Sec. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I’ll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so? Sec. Serv. Marry, sir, ‘tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. [Exit Sec. Servant. We shall be much unfurnished for this time. What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence? Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her: A peevish self-will’d harlotry it is.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter JULIET.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where have I learned me to repel 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 ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this: I’ll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence’ cell; And gave him what became love I might, Not stepping o’er the bounds of modesty.
Cap. Why, I am glad on‘t; this is well: stand up; this is as‘t should be. Let me see the county; Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. 30 
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar, All our whole city is much bound to him. 
Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet, To help me sort such needful ornaments As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow? 
La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough. 
Cap. Go, nurse, go with her; we’ll to church to-morrow. [Exeunt Juliet and Nurse. 
La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision; ’Tis now near night. 
Cap. Tush, I will stir about, And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife: Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her; 47 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 claim’d. [Exeunt. 

SCENE III. Juliet’s chamber. 
Enter Juliet and Nurse. 
Jul. Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse, I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night; For I have need of many orisons To move the heavens to smile upon my state, Which, well thou know’st, is cross and full of sin. 
Enter Lady Capulet. 
La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help? 
Jul. No, madam; we have call’d such necess- 
aries As beovelful for our state to-morrow; So please you, let me now be left alone, And let the nurse this night sit up with you; For, I am sure, you have your hands full all, In this so sudden business. 
La. Cap. Good night; Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need. [Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse. 
Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again. I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins, That almost freezes up the heat of life: I’ll call them back again to comfort me: Nurse! What should she do here? My dismal scene I needs must act alone. Come, vial. What if this mixture do not work at all? Shall I be married then to-morrow morning? No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there. [Laying down her dagger. 
What if it be a poison, which the friar Subtly hath minister’d to have me dead, Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour’d, Because he married me before to Romeo? I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not, For he hath still been tried a lively man. How if, when I am laid into the tomb, I wake before the time that Romeo Come to redeem me? there’s a fearful point! 

 Shall I not then, be stifled in the vault, To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breath, 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 these many hundred years, the Of all my buried ancestors are pack’d: Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in eart Lies festering in his shroud; where, as thee: At some hours in the night spirits resort;— 
20 Alack, alack, is it not like that I, So early waking, what with loathsome smell And shrieks like mandrakes’ torn out of the That living mortals, hearing them, run med 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 sh And, in this rage, with some great kinsman’s As with a club, dash out my desperate bra 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 curt. 

SCENE IV. Hall in Capulet’s house. 
Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse. 
La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and more spices, nurse. 
Nurse. They call for dates and spices in pastry. 
Enter Capulet. 
Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cold crowd, The curfew-bell hath rung, ’tis three o’clock Look to the baked meats, good Angelica: Spare not for cost. 
Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go, Get you to bed; faith, you’ll be sick to-morrow For this night’s watching. 
Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch now All night for lesser cause, and ne’er been sic! 
La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse in your time; But I will watch you from such watching! [Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse. 
Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood! 
Enter three or four Serving men, with spits and baskets. 

What’s there? 
First Serv. Things for the cook, sir; know not what. 
Cap. Make haste, make haste. [Exit Serv.] Sirrah, fetch drier logs: Call Peter, he will show thee where they are. 
See Serv. I have a head, sir, that will fin logs, And never trouble Peter for the matter. 
Cap. Mass, and well said: a merry wench Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, ’tis The county will be here with music straight.
o he said he would: I hear him near.

[Music within.

Re-enter Nurse.

sken Juliet, go and trim her up;
and chat with Paris: hie, make haste;
; the bridgroom he is come already;
haste, I say. [Exeunt.

Scene V. Juliet's chamber.

Enter Nurse.

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:
lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride,
not a word! you take your pennyworths now:
for a week; for the next night, I warrant, Court's Paris hath set up his rest,
shall rest but little. God forgive me,
and amen, how sound is she asleep?
needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
the county take you in your bed: 
fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
Undraws the curtains.
dress’d! and in your clothes! and down again!
needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady! alas!
Help! help! my lady's dead! 
ill-a-day, that ever I was born!
aqua vitae, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is here?

Cap. What is the matter?

Cap. Look, look! O heavy day!

Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only life,
look up, or I will die with thee! 
help! Call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord

come.

Cap. She's dead, deceased, she's dead; 

tack the day!

Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, 

Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's old;
loid is settled, and her joints are stiff;
these lips have long been separated: 
lies on her like an untimely frost 
the sweetest flower of all the field.

Cap. O lamentable day!

Cap. O woful time! 30

Death, that hath ta’n her hence to make 

my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Friar Laurence and Paris, with Musicians.

L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Go to ready, but never to return.

the night before thy wedding-day 
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. 40

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face.
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accursed, 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 woful, woful day!

Most lamentable day, most woful day, 
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain,

Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, 

kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now 60
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure 
lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well: 
She's not well married that lives married long;
But she's best married that died married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment,

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary. 

Fri. L. 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.


First Mun. Faith, we may put up our pipes,
and be gone.
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breathed such life with kisses in my lip?
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, When but love's shadows are so rich in joy! 110

Enter BALTHASAR, booted.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can harm her.
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, petition me for bringing these ill news, Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, sir;
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 deceived: Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
Bal. No, my good lord.
Rom. No matter: get thee And hire those horses; I'll be with thee str.

[Exit Bal.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means: O, mischief, thou art gay!
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—which I late In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brow Culling of simples; meagre were his looks, Sharp misery had worn him to the bones: And in his needy shop a torture hung, An alligator stuff'd, and other skins Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves A beggarly account of empty boxes, Green earthen pots, bladders and musty se Remnants of packthread and old cakes of re Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show. Noting this penury, to myself I said 'An if a man did need a poison now, Whose sale is present death in Mantua, Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him O, this same thought did but forerun my n And this same needy man must sell it me. As I remember, this should be the house. Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. What, ho! I apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud? 139
Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thee poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear As will disperse itself through all the veins That the life-weary taker may fall dead And that the trunk may be discharged of t
Scene III. A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [Aside] I am almost afraid to stand alone.
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones:—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears 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 wonders this way to-night, el
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20
What, with a torch! muzzle me, night, awhile.
[Retires.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt my pace in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face:—
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than emptyigers or the roaring sea. 39

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou see me friendship. Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [Aside] For all this same, I'll hide me hercaboat:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.
[Retires.

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Exit.}
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

[Comes forward.]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague! Can vengeance be pursued further than death? Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Romeo. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man; Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone; Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth, Put not another sin upon my head, By urging me to fury: O, be gone! By heaven, I love thee better than myself; For I come hither arm'd against myself: Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say, A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations, And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Romeo. Why, wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy! [They fight. 70]

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.]

Romeo. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! What said my man, when my betossed soul Did not attend him as we rode? I think He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet?
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand, One writ with me in sour misfortune's book! I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave; A grave? O, no! a lantern, a chastened youth, For here was Juliet, and her beauty makes This vault a feasting presence full of light. Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred. [Laying Paris in the tomb.]

How oft when men are at the point of death Have they been merry! which their keepers call A lightening before death: O, how may I 90
Call this a lightening? O my love! my wife! Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath, Hath 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 twain To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100
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 These here in dark to be his paramour? For fear of that, I still will stay with thee:
And never from this palace of dim night

Depart again: here, here will I remain With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, Will I set up my everlasting rest And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look last! Arms, take your last embracement! and, lips, O The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kis A dateless bargain to engrossing death! Come, bitter conduit, come, resolute guide! Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on To the dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark! Here's to my love! [Drinks.] O true appary! Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I di

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! he to-night Have my old feet stumbled at graves! V them. Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that k you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, my friend, What torch is yond, that vainly lends his lig To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern, It burneth in the Capels' monument. Bal. 'Tis doth so holy sir; and there master, One that you love.


Bal. I dare no 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. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear me not. O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing. Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree I dreamt my master and another fought, And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeo! [Adv.]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stain The stony entrance of this sepulchre? What mean these masterless and gory swor To lie discolor'd by this place of peace? Romeo O, pale! Who else? what, Paris And sleep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind Is guilty of this lamentable chance! The lady stirs. [Juliet enters.]

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my k You, master, you, I do remember well where I should be, And there I am. Where is my Romeo? [Noise within.]

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come that nest Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep: A greater power than we can contradict Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come, Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead.
Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee among a sisterhood of holy nuns: not to question, for the watch is coming; a good Juliet [Noise again], I dare no longer stay.

[juliet] Go, get thee hence, for I will not stay. [Exit Fri. L. [Exit Fri. R.]

It's here? a cup, closed in true love's hand? I, even, hath been his timeless end: url! drunk all, and let it not friend so prove me after? I will kiss thy lips; if some poison yet doth hang on them, make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him. lips are warm.

[watch] [Within] Lead, boy: what way? Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! [Snatching Romeo's dagger, is thy sheath [Stabs herself.]; there rust, and let me die. [Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn. [watch] The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:

some of you, who'eer you find attach. [friar] A sight! here lies the county slain; Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead, here hath lain these two days buried. all the prince: run to the Capulet's: up the Montagues: some others search: ee the ground whereon these woes do lie; he true ground of all these piteous woes 180 annot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar. 

[watch] Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

[watch] Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter others of the Watch, with Friar Laurence.

[watch] Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:

look this mattock and this spade from him, was coming from this churchyard side.

[watch] A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

[page] What misadventure is so early up, calls our person from our morning's rest? 

[capulet, lady capulet, and others] What should it be, that they so shriek abroad? 

[capulet] The people in the street cry Romeo, Juliet, and some Paris; and all run, open outcry, toward our monument.

[page] What fear is this which startles in our ears? 

[watch] Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, 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 heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds! This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house is empty on the back of Montague,— And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom! 

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell, That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art earlyup, To see thy son and heir more early down. 

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath; What further woe conspires against mine age? 

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see. 

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this, To press before thy father to a grave? 

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while, Till we can clear these ambiguities, And know their spring, their head, their true descent; And then will I be general of your woes. 

And lead you even to death: meantime forbear, And let mischance be slave to patience. Bring forth the parties of suspicion. 

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least, Yet most suspected, as the time and place Doth make against me, of this direful murder; And here I stand, both to impeach and purge Myself condemned and myself excused. 

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this. 

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of 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 dooms-day, whose untimely death Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city, For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined. You, to remove that siege of grief from her, Betroth'd and would have married her perforce To County Paris: then comes she to me, 

And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean To rid her from this second marriage, Or in my cell there would she kill herself. Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art, A sleeping potion; which so took effect As I intended, for it wrougfh on her The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo, That he should hither come as this dire night, To help to take her from her borrow'd grave, Being the time the potion's force should cease. But he which bore my letter, Friar John, 

Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight Return'd my letter back. Then all alone At the prefixed hour of her waking, Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth, 260
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.
Prince. We still have known thee for a
270 holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?
Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's
death:
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the
vault,
If I departed not and left him there.
Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.
Where is the county's page, that raised the
watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place? 280
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 fri
words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pochecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lies with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! More
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 punish'd.
Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's li
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
Prince. A glooming peace this morning it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad thin
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, of Athens.
LUCIUS, LUCULLUS } flattering lords.
SEMPRONIUS, VENTIDIIUS, one of Timon's false friends.
ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain.
APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.
FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.
An old Athenian.
LAMINIUS, LOCILUS, SERVILIUS } servitors to Timon.

ACT I.


Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

[To a Merchant.] I am glad you're well.

Merchant. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

Poet. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Merchant. Ay, that's well known: that particular rarity? what strange, a manifold record not matches? See, of bounty! all these spirits thy power conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

Poet. I know them both; 'tis other's a jeweller.

Merchant. O, 'tis a worthy lord.

Poet. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Merchant. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were, to untirable and continue goodness:

Poet. I have a jewel here—

Merchant. O, pray, let's see it: for the Lord Timon, sir?

Poet. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—

[Reciting to himself] 'When we for recompense have praised the vile, as the glory in that happy verse apply sings the good.'

'Tis a good form.

[Looking at the jewel.]

Merchant. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Poet. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some education:

Merchant. A great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. so easy is a gum, which ooze whereas 'tis nourish'd: the fire 'tis the flint not till it be struck; our gentle flame ces itself and like the current flies sound it chafes. What have you there?


PHRYNIA, TIMANDRA, mistressesses to Alcibiades.

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

Scene: Athens, and the neighbouring woods.

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 30

Speaks his own standing! what a mental power

This eye shoots forth! how big imagination

Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch; 'tis good!

Poet. I will say of it,

It tutors nature: artificial strive

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

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 deth embrace and hug

With amplest entertainment: my free drift

Halts not particularly, but moves itself

In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice

Infests one comma in the course I hold;

But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,

Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,

As well of glib and slippery creatures as

Of grave and austere quality, tender down

Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging

Subdues and properties to his love and tendance

All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better

Than to abhor himself; even he drops down

60
The knee before him and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

_Pain._

I saw them speak together.

_Poet._

Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant
hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the
mot
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present graces to present slaves and serv-
ants
Translates his rivals.

_Pain._

'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bow'd his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

_Poet._

Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his hobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

_Pain._

Ay, marry, what of these?

_Poet._

When Fortune in her shift and change
of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

_Pain._

'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show
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.

_Tim._

_Tim._

_Enter Lord Timon, addressing
himself courteously to every suitor; a
Messenger from Ventidius talking with him;
Lucilius and other servants following.

Mess._

Ay, my good lord: five talents is his
debt,
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Perishes his comfort.

_Tim._

Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know
him
A gentleman that well deserves a help:
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free
him.

_Mess._

Your lordship ever binds him.

_Tim._

Commend me to him: I will send his
ransom;
And being enfranchised, bid him come to me.
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

_Mess._

All happiness to your honour! _[Exit._

Enter an old Athenian.

_Old Ath._

Lord Timon, hear me speak.

_Tim._

Freely, good father.

_Old Ath._

Thou hast a servant named Lucilius?

_Tim._

I have so: what of him?

_Old Ath._

Most noble Timon, call the

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 frequent's my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thri
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

_Tim._

Well; what further?

_Old Ath._

One only daughter have I, no

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;
My name have spoke in vain.

_Tim._

The man is honest.

_Old Ath._

Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

_Tim._

Does she love him?

_Old Ath._

She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

_Tim._

_[To Lucilius]_ Love you the maid?

Luc._

Ay, my good lord, and she accepts

_Old Ath._

If in her marriage my consent

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world
And dispossess her all.

_Tim._

How shall she be endow'd
If she be mated with an equal husband?

_Old Ath._

Three talents on the present

_Tim._

This gentleman of mine hath served
long;
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daugh-
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpart,
And make him weigh with her.

_Old Ath._

Most noble lord,

_Poet._

Paw me to this your honour, she is his.

_Tim._

My hand to thee; mine honour or promise.

_Luc._

Humbly I thank your lordship: a

That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

_Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian._

_Poet._

Vouchsafe my labour, and long live

_Tim._

I thank you; you shall hear from

Go not away. What have you there, my frien-

_Paint._

A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

_Tim._

Painting is welcome.
ince dishonour traffics with man's nature, but outside: these pencil'd figures are such as they give out. I like your work; you shall find I like it: wait attendance 161 on me further from me.

The gods preserve ye!

Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;

What, my lord! I dispair?

A mere satiety of commendations, would pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd, old uncle me quite.

My lord, 'tis rated

several which sell would give: but you well

of like value differing in the owners 170
ezized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord, end the jewel by the wearing it.

Well mock'd.

No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue, all men speak with him.

Look, who comes here: will you be hid?

Enter APEMANUS.

We'll bear, with your lordship.

He'll spare none.

Good morrow to thee, gentle Apeamanus! 170

Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow; thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves onest.

Why dost thou call them knaves? thou now'st them not.

Are they not Athenians?

Yes.

Then I repent not.

You know me, Apeamanus?

Thou know'st I do: I call'd thee by name.

Thou art proud, Apeamanus.

Of nothing so much as that I am not mon.

Whiter art going?

To knock out an honest Athenian's

That's a deed thou'll die for.

Right, if doing nothing be death by

How likest thou this picture, Apeamanus-

The best, for the innocence.

Wrought he not well that painted it? 200

He wrought better that made it; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

You're a dog.

Thy mother's of my generation: what's

't be a dog?

Will dine with me, Apeamanus?

No: I eat not lords.

An thou shouldst, thou 'lst anger ladies.

O, they eat lords; so they come by allies.

That's a lascivious apprehension.

So thou apprehendest it: take it for

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apeamanus?

Apeam. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apeam. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apeam. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apeam. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apeam. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apeam. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned; he is so.

Apeam. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apeamanus?

Apeam. 'Ken as Apeamanus does now; hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apeam. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apeam. 'Tis that I had no angry wit to be a lord.

Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apeamanus.

Apeam. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apeam. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us. 251

[Exeunt some Attendants.

You must needs dine with me: go not you hence Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

Apeam. So, so, there! Aches contract and starve your supple joints!

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's breed out

Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have saved 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 except Apeamanus.

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day is't, Apeamanus?

Apeam. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apeam. The more accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.
Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast? Ay, to see meat fill knives and wine heat fools.

Apem. Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well. Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice. Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus? Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none. First Lord. Hang thyself! Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend. Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence! 281 Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. 

First Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in, and taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes The very heart of kindness. Sec. 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. Sec. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in? First Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

Scene II. A banqueting-room 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 pleased 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 derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means, Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love: I gave it freely ever; and there's none Can truly say he gives, if he receives: If our betters play at that game, we must not dare To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair. 

Ven. A noble spirit! Nay, my lords, [They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.]

Ceremony was but devised at first To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes, Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown; But where there is true friendship, there needs none. Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes Than my fortunes to me. [They sit. ]

First Lord. My lord, we always have fess'd it. Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, I you not? Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome. 

You shall not make me welcome: I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl! ye've got a hun there

Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame. They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est;' yond man is ever angry. Go, let him ha table by himself, for he does neither affect pany, nor is he fit for', indeed. Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Tim. I come to observe; I give thee warning on'. I take no heed of thee; thou's Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself w have no power; prithee, let my meat make silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, a number of men eat Timon, and he sees'em It grizes me to see so many dip their me one man's blood; and all the madness is cheers them up too. I wonder men dare trust themselves with me Menthinks they should invite them without kin Good for their meat, and safer for their lives. There's much example for 't: the fellow that next him now, parts bread with him, pledges breath of him in a divided draught, is the rea man to kill him; 't has been proved. If I a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals; Lest they should spy my windpipe's dange notes: Great men should drink with harness on throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the hom go round. Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow keeps his tide well. Those healths will a thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's which is too weak to be a sinner, honest w which ne'er left man i' the mire: This and my food are equals; there's no odd Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the go

Apemantus grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf; I pray for no man but myself; Grant I may never prove so fond, To trust man on his oath or bond; Or a harlot, for her weeping; Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping; Or a keeper with my freedom; Or my friends, if I should need' em. Amen. So fall to 't: Rich men sin, and I eat root. [Eats and dr

Much good t' dich thy good heart, Apemantus Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast enemies than a dinner of friends.
So they were bleeding-new, my lord, 's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best at such a feast.

Would all those flatterers were thine as thou, and then thou mightst kill 'em and eat 'em! 2nd Lord. Might we but have that happy my lord, that thou wouldst use 'em and give to 'em! 2nd Lord. Might we but have that happy

O, no doubt, my good friends, but the themselves have provided that I shall have help from you: how had you been my else? why have you that charitable title thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my I have told more of you to myself than in with modesty speak in your own behalf; as I confirm you. O you gods, think it need we have any friends, if we should have need of 'em? they were the most need-features living, should we ne'er have use for and would most resemble sweet instruments in cases that keep their sounds to them-yes, I have often wished myself poorer, might come nearer to you. We are born benefits: and what better or properer can our own than the riches of our friends? of a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many others, commanding one another's fortunes! 'em made away ere 't can be born! Why, I have often wished myself poorer, might come nearer to you. We are born benefits: and what better or properer can our own than the riches of our friends?

Joy had the like conception in our that instant like a babe sprung up.

Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a 2nd Lord. I promise you, my lord, you oved me much. Much!

What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now? 120

Please you, my lord, there are certain post desirous of admittance. Ladies! what are their wills? There comes with them a forerunner, which bears that office, to signify their 125

I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all his bounties taste! The five best senses lodge thee their patron; and come freely slate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear, touch and smell, pleased from thy table; now come but to feast thine eyes. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind mittance; make their welcome! [Exit Cupid.

Lord. You see, my lord, how ample are beloved.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask 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. We make ourselves fools, to dispot 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 spur to their graves Of their friends' gift? I should fear those that dance before me now Would one day stamp upon me: 'thas been done; Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cose.

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 attends you:

Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord. [Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.

Tim. Flavius.

Flavius. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither. Flavius. Yes, my lord. More jewels yet! [Aside. There is no crossing him in 's humour; Else I should tell him,—well, 't faith, I should, When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could. 'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind, That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [Exit.

First Lord. Where be our men? 171

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. 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 I why then, another time I'll hear thee;  
I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertain- 
ment.  
Flav. [Aside] I scarce know how.  

Enter a second Servant.  
Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,  
Out of his free love, hath presented to you  
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.  
Tim. I shall accept them fairly; let the presents  
Be worthily entertain'd.  

Enter a third Servant.  
How now! what news?  
Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucius, entertains your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.  
Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received,  
Not without fair reward.  
Flav. [Aside] What will this come to?  
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,  
And all out of an empty coffers:  
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,  
To show him what a beggar his heart is,  
Being of no power to make his wishes good:  
His promises fly so beyond his state  
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes  
For every word: he is so kind that he now  
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.  
Well, would I were gently put out of office  
Before I were forced out!  
Happier is he that has no friend to feed  
Than such as do e'en enemies exceed.  
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.  
Tim. You do yourselves  
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:  
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.  
Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks 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 coursers  
I rode on: it is yours, because you liked it.  
Sec. Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my  
lord, in that.  
Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know,  
no man  
Can justly praise but what he does affect:  
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;  
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.  
All Lords.  
Tim. O, none so welcome.  
They take all and your several visitsations  
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;  
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,  
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,  
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;  
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast  
Lie in a pitch'd field.  
Alcib.  
Ay, defiled land, my lord. 231

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound  
Tim. Am I to you.  
Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—  
Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights!  
First Lord. The best of happy  
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Tim.  
Tim. Ready for his friends. [Exit.  
Atem. What a coil's  
Serving of becks and jutting-out of buns!  
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sum  
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of  
Methinks, false hearts should never have s  
legs.  
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court  
Tim. Now, Atemantus, if thou wert not so  
I would be good to thee.  
Atem. Nay, an you begin to rival on so  
once, I am sworn not to give regard to Farewell; and come with better music.  
Atem. So:  
Thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not  
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. A Senator's house.  
Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.  
Sen. And late, five thousand: to Varro  
Isidore  
He owes nine thousand; besides my former  
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in  
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will n  
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,  
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold;  
If I would sell my horses, and buy twenty  
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon  
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straig  
And able horses. No porter at his gate,  
But rather one that smiles and still invites  
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason  
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!  
Caphis, I say!  

Enter Caphis.  
Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleas  
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to  
Timon;  
Importune him for my moneys; be not cen  
With slight denial, nor then silenced when  "Commend me to your master"—and the ca  
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him  
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn  
Out of mine own; his days and times are p  
And my reliances on his fraughted dates  
Have smit my credit; I love and honour h  
But not break my back to heal his fins  
Immediate are my needs, and my relief  
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in war  
But find supply immediate. Get you gone
A most importunate aspect,  

Apem. Canst not read?  

Page. No.  

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou die a bawd.  

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog’s death. Answer not; I am gone.  

[Exit.  

Apem. E’en so thou outrunnest grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon’s.  

Fool. Will you leave me there?

[Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.  

[To Flav.] Come hither: pray you, how goes the world, that I am thus encountered’d with shamorous demands of date-broke bonds, and the detention of long-since due debts, against my honour?  

Flav. Please you, gentlemen, the time is unagreeable to this business: your importunacy cease till after dinner, that I may make his lordship understand wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertained.

[Exit.  

Flav. Pray, draw near.

Enter APEMANTUS AND FOOL.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apeamanus: 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?  

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?  

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, ’tis to thyself. [To the Fool] Come away.

Isid. Serv. There’s the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand’st single, thou’rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where’s the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers’ men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apeamanus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to ’em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

Fool. She’s en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

[Exit Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress’ page.

Page. [To the Fool] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apeamanus?  

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithée, Apeamanus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog’s death. Answer not; I am gone. [Exit.

Apem. E’en so thou outrunnest grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon’s.

Fool. Will you leave me there?
Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?
All Serv. Ay; would they served us!
Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief. 100
Fool. Are you three usurers' men?
All Serv. Ay, fool.
Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason of this?
Var. Serv. I could render one. 109
Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master and a knave; which notwith- standing, 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 'tis appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than'th arti- ficial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.
Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.
Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.
Apem. That answer might have become Ape- mantus.
All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Ti- mon.
Re-enter Timon and Flavius.
Apem. Come with me, fool, come.
Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder bro- ther and woman; sometime the philosopher. 131
[Exeunt Ape- mantus and Fool.
Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.
[Exeunt Servants.
Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?
Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisure I proposed.
Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.
Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and went;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate 150
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
'Though you hear now, too late—yet now's a time—
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.
Tim. Let all my land be sold.
Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and
And what remains will hardly stop the mou- nent:
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?
Tim. To Lacedaemon did my land extend;
Flav. O my good lord, the world is
word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone.
Tim. Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or
hool,
Call me before the exactest auditors
And set me on the proof. So the gods bles
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have
With drunken splith of wine, when every no
Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with
strelsy,
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.
Tim. Flav. Prithie, no more.
Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bound
this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and pe
This night enluggt! Who is not 'Timon's
What heart, head, sword, force, means,
Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this pr
The breath is gone whereof this praise is in
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter sh
These flies are couch'd.
Tim. Come, sermon me no fu
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my he
Unwisely, not ignorably, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the cons-
lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowi
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly us
As I can bid thee speak.
Flav. Assurance bless your thou
Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of
are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by thes
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in
friends.
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other
Servants.
Servants. My lord? my lord?
Tim. I will dispatch you severally; y
Lord Lucius; to Lord Lucullus you: I have
his honour to-day: you, to Sempron commen
me to their loves, and, I am prou
that my occasions have found time to use th
ward a supply of money: let the request b
Flav. As you have said, my lord.
Flav. [Aside] Lord Lucius and Luci
Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators—
Of whom, even to the state's best health,
TIMON OF ATHENS.

[Scene I. A room in Lucullus's house.

NIUS. Waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming soon to you.

NIUS. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

LUCULLUS. Here's my lord.

[Aside] One of Lord Timon's men? a warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt ver basin and ever to-night. Flaminius, Flaminius; you are very respectively wel-in. Fill me some wine. [Exit Servant.]

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucullus. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entertain 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.

Lucullus. La, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't, and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucullus. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucullus. I have observed thee always for a towadly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and cannot use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [To Serv.] Get thee gone, sirrah [Exit Serv.]. Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ? And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee! [Throwing the money back.]

Lucullus. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit.]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scalch thee.

Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, It turns in less than two nights? O you gods, I feel my master's passion! this slave, Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him: Go Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment, When he is turn'd to poison? O, may diseases only work upon't! And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature Which my lord paid for, be of any power To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

Scene II. A public place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Lucius. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stranger. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you
one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for't and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small 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. 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, thickest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me;‡

He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,

I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to dismiss myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unlucky it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say; that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriended 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, Host.

Sec. Stran. Ay, too we.

First Stran. Why, this is the world's 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 fat

And kept his credit with his purse.

Supported his estate: nay, Timon's money

Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er de-

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

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 his

So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,

Men must learn now with pity to dispense

For policy sits above conscience.

[Exeunt.

Scene III. A room in Sempronius' house.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,— above 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:

They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied

Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?

And does he send to me? Three! hum! it

Shows but little love or judgement in him

Must I be his last refuge? His friends

Are physicians,

†Thrive, give him over: must I take the

upon me?

Has much disgraced me in 't; I'm angry

That might have known my place: I see no

for't,

But his occasions might have wou'd me first.

For, in my conscience, I was the first man

That e'er received gift from him:

And does he think so backwardly of me now

That I'll require it last? No:

So it may prove an argument of laughter

To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought

I'd rather than the worth of three times the sum

Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake

I'd such a courage to do him good.

And return,

And with their faint reply this answer join,

Who bates mine honour shall not know my
TIMON OF ATHENS. 751

TIMON. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly
The devil knew not what he did when
de man politic; he crossed himself by 't: cannot think but, in the end, the villains will set him clear. How fairly this lord to appear foul! I takes virtuous copies to be, like those that under hot ardent zeal set whole realms on fire:

as my lord's best hope; now all are fled, nly the gods: now his friends are dead, that were n'er acquainted with their wards a bounteous year, must be employ'd 49 guard sure their master. 40

'tis all a liberal course allows;

not keep his wealth must keep his house. [Exit.

IV. The same. A hall in Timon's house.
two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant ius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and Servants of Timon's creditors, waiting coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius. The like to you, kind Varro. Lucius! do we meet together? Serv. Ay, and I think sinness does command us all; for mine sy. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Good day at once. Serv. Welcome, good brother. o you think the hour? Labouring for nine. Serv. So much? Is not my lord seen yet? Serv. Not yet. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at ven. 10 Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter in him; Ist consider that a prodigal course he's; but not, like his, recoverable. is deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse; one may reach deep enough, and yet tise, I am of your fear for that. I'll show you how to observe a strange ent. rd sends now for money.

Most true, he does. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift, ch I wait for money. 20

It is against my heart. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows, n this pay more than he owes: n as if your lord should wear rich jewels, id for money for 'em.

I'm weary of this charge, the gods can tness; my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth, w ingratitude makes it worse 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. [Exit. 49

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him. Tit. Do you hear, sir? Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,— Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend? Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir. Flav. Ay, If money were as certain as your waiting, 'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills, When your false masters eat of my lord's meat? 50 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 't will not serve, 'tis not so base as you; For you serve knives. [Exit. First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

61 Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable tem- per has forsok him; he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber. Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick.

And, if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods. Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir. Flam. [Within] Servilius, help! My lord! my lord!
Enter Timon, in a rage; Flavius following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed 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, Titius.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Bath Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord.—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. 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,—

Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! 

[Exeunt.]

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.

Creditors? devils!

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius:

All, sirrah, all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord, you only speak from your distraught soul; there is not so much left, to furnish out a moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go, I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide of knaves once more; for my cook and I'll provide.

[Exeunt.]

Scene V. The same. The senate-house.

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter Alcibiades, with Attendants.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

First Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues; for pity is the virtue of the law, and none but tyrants use it cruelly. It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath jumped into the law, which is past deep:

To those that, without heed, do plunge into

He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—

An honour in him which bears out his fault—

But with a noble fury and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a para

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:

Your words have taken such pains as if

the bound

To bring manslaughter into form and set reeling

Upon the head of value; which indeed is

Value misbegot and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born:

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe, and make wrongs

His outsides, to wear them like his raiment,

Carelessly,

And never prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,

What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

First Sen. You cannot make gross

look clear:

To revenge is no value, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, please me,

If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to bat

And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,

And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Without repugnancy? if there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we

Abroad? why then, women are more valiant

That stay at home, if bearing carry it,

And the ass more caption than the lion, the

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good:

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust; but, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.

To be in anger is impetuous; but who is man that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service

At Lacedæmon and Byzantium

Were a sufficient brier for his life.

First Sen. What's that?

Alcib. I say, my lords, he has done fa

And slain in fight many of your enemies:

How full of valour did he bear himself

In the last conflict, and made plebeious w

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plent

sworn rister: he has a sin that often as him, and takes his valour prisoner: 
there were no foes, that were enough
70

accomplish him: in that beastly fury
beaten to commit outrages,

herish factions: 'tis infern'd to us,
you are foul, and his drink dangerous.

Sen. He dies.

b. Hard fate! he might have died in war.

d JS, if not for any parts in him—
h his right arm might purchase his own line
e in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
or I know your reverend ages love

ty, I'll pawn my victories, all
ours to you, upon his good returns.
his crime he owes the law his life,

let the war receive 't in valiant gore;

as strict, and war is nothing more.

Sen. We are for law; he dies; urge it
more,

ight of our displeasure: friend or brother,
feits his own blood that spills another.

But. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,

see you, know me.

Sen. How! 

b. Call me to your remembrances.

d Sen. What!

b. I cannot think but your age has forget
me;
d not else be, I should prove so base,
and be denied such common grace:

ands ache at you.

t Sen. Do you dare our anger?
few words, but spacious in effect;

neth thee for ever.

b. Banish me!
your dotage; banish usury,
takes the senate ugly.

Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens
contain thee,

our weighter judgement. And, not to
well our spirit,

shall be executed presently.
[Exeunt Senators.

b. Now the gods keep you old enough;
at you may live
bone, that none may look on you

of more than mad: I have kept back their foes,
they have told their money and let out

on upon large interest, I myself

ly in large hurts. All those for this?
the balsam that the usurping senate

to captains' wounds! Banishment!

is not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
cause worthy my spleen and fury,

my strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
contented troops, and lay for hearts,

our with most lands to be at odds;

should brook as little wrongs as gods.

[Exit.]

VI. The same. A banqueting-room in
Timon's house.

Tables set out: Servants attending.

r divers Lords, Senators and others, at
d doors.

Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this
honourable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts
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.

Sec. 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 ap-
pear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my
inportunate business, 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.

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would
he have borrowed of you?

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir.—Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both; and
how fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of
your lordship.

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer
more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [Aside] Nor more willingly leaves winter;
such summer-birds are men. Gentlemen, our
dinner will not recompense this long stay:
feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will
fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall
to't presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly
with your lordship that I returned you an empy
messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am
'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.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours be-
fore,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remem-
brance. [The banquet brought in.] Come, bring
in all together.

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the
season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you
of it?

First and Sec. Lord. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How! how!

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's
a noble feast toward.
Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.
Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold? 70
Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—
Third Lord. I do conceive.
Tim. Each man to his stoop, with that spar 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, if your own gifts, make your-
selves 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 leg
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 authorisation. This is Timon's last; 100
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany.
[Throwing the water in their faces. Live loathed and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, treacher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou.
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives
them out.

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords!
Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord
Timon's fury?
Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?
Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown. 120
First Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought
but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other
day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:
did you see my jewel?
Third Lord. Did you see my cap?
Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.
Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.

First Lord. Let's make no stay.
Sec. Lord. Lord Timon's mad.
Third Lord. I feel it upon my bones.
Fourth Lord. One day he gives us dimes
next day stones. [Exe.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Without the walls of Athens

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O
wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the ea
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incen-
tant!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the b
And minister in their steads! to general pill
Convert o' the instant, green virginity,
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold
Rather than render back, out with your kni
And cut your trusters' throats! bound serv
steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters a
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's be
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixty
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping
With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fea
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourbo
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trade
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! Plagues, incident to
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sci
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may
As lamely as their manners! Lust and lib
Creep in the minds and marrows of our yo
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, bl
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their cro
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from
But nakedness, thou destitute town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall fit
The unkindest beast more kinder than man
The gods confound—hear me, you good god
The Athenians both within and out that w
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may
To the whole race of mankind, high and fo

Amen.

SCENE II. Athens. A room in Timon's

Enter Flavius, with two or three Serva

First Serv. Hear you, master steward, w
our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remains
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should to
you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
First Serv. Such a house broke! So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and n
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
Enter other Servants.

Tim. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

Ser. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery; I see 'by our faces; we are fellows still, 

'ting alike in sorrow: leak'd is our dark, 

we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck, 

ring the surges threat: we must all part 

this sea of air.

Tim. Good fellows all, the latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.

We never shall meet, for Timon's sake, 's ye be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say, were a knell unto our master's fortunes, have seen better days.' Let each take some; put out all your hands. Not one word more; 

part we rich in sorrow, parting poor. (Servants embrace, and part several ways.)

A fierce wretchedness that glory brings us! 30 Would not wish to be from wealth exempt, riches point to misery and contempt? would be so mock'd with glory? or live in a dream of friendship? 

ave his pomp and all what state compouns only painted, like his varnish'd friends? honest lord, brought low by his own heart, me by goodness! Strange, unusual blood, a man's worst sin is, he does too much good! 40 then, dares to be half so kind again? county, that makes gods, does still mar men. nearest lord, bless'd, to be most accursed, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord! 
flung in rage from this ingrateful seat 

miserous friends, nor has he with him to 
y his life, or that which can command it. 
allow and inquire him: 
ver serve his mind with my best will; 
I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[Exit.]

III. Woods and cave, near the sea-shore. Enter Timon, from the cave.

o. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth 

Invidious; below thy sister's orb: the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb, e procreation, residence, and birth, e is divident, touch them with several 

straits scorns the lesser: not nature, from all sores lay siege, can bear great 
y contempt of nature. me this beggar, and deny 't that lord; magister 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 grise of fortune Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate Ducks to the golden foil; all is oblique.

There's nothing level in our cursed natures, But direct villany. Therefore, be abhor'd! All feasts, societies, and thrones of men! His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains: Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots! Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate With thy most operant poison! What is here? Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods, I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens! Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,

Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? Why, this 30 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides, Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads: This yellow slave Will knit and break religions, bless the accursed, Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves And give them title, knee and approbation With senators on the bench: this is it That makes the wappen'd widow wed again; She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices 40 To the April day again. Come, damned earth, Thou common whored of mankind, that put'st odds Among the rout of nations, I will make thee Do thy right nature. [March afar off.] Ha! a drum? Thou'rt quick, But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief, When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand. Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold.]

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; Phrynia and Timandra.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart, For showing me again the eyes of man! 50 Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee, That art thyself a man? Tim. I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind. For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog, That I might love thee something. 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, guiles, guiles: Religious canons, civil laws are cruel; Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look, 

Noble Timon, I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns 

To thine own lips again. 

How came the noble Timon to this change? 

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. 

Noble Timon, 

What friendship may I do thee? 

None, but to 70 

Maintain my opinion. 

What is it, Timon? 

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! 

I have heard in some sort of thy miseries. 

Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity. 

I see them now; then was a blessed time. 

As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots. 

Thee is this the Athenian minion, whom I sows the world 80 

Voiced so regardfully? 

Art thou Timandra? 

Yes, 

Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee; 

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust. 

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves for tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth 

To the tub-fast and the diet. 

Hang thee, monster! 

Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits 

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities. 

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90 

The want whereof doth daily make revolt 

In my penurious band: I have heard, and 

Grieved, 

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth, 

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour 

states, 

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them.— 

I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone. 

I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon. 

How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble? 

I had rather be alone. 

Why, fare thee well: 

Here is some gold for thee. 

Keep it, I cannot eat it. 100 

When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,— 

Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens? 

Ay, Timon, and have cause. 

The gods confound them all in thy conquest; 

And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd! 

Why me, Timon?
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bid
welcome.

To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my like-
ness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my-
self.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd
trees,

That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out? will the cold
brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite

Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,

Answer more nature; bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than o'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a callif.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'ldst 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 shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm 250

With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.

Hast thou, like us from our first swath, pro-
ceed

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freedly command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself.

In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary, 260

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
Forr, by storm that blows: I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou
hate men?

They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst not been a knave and flatterer.

Apen. Art thou proud yet?

Apen. 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 them gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this! 281
Thus would I eat it.

Eating a root.

Apen. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[Offering him a root.

Tim. First mend my company, take away
thyself.

Apen. 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.

Apen. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou
wilt,
Tell them there I have gold: so, I have so.

Apen. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apen. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apen. Where my stomach finds meat; or,
rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew
my mind!

Apen. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apen. The middle of humanity thou never
knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when
thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they
mocked thee for too much curiousity; in thy rags
thou knowest none, but art despised for the con-
trary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apen. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apen. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner,
thou shouldst have loved thyself better now.

What man didst thou ever know unfrith that
was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest
of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apen. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some
means to keep a dog.

Apen. What things in the world canst thou
nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the
things themselves. What wouldst thou do with
the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apen. Give it the beasts, to be rid of
men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in
confusion of men, and remain a beast with
beasts?

Apen. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the I
grant thee t' attain to! If thou werst the lion
fox would beguile thee: if thou werst the
fox the wolf would eat thee: if thou werst the ox
lion would suspect thee, when peradventure
were accused by the ass: if thou werst the ass
dueness would torment thee, and still thou liv
but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou werst
wolf, thy greediness would affict thee, and
thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner:
thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would con
make thine own self the conquest. fury;
wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed
by the horse;wert thou a horse, thou would
be seized by the leopard: Wert thou a leopard,
wert german to the lion and the spots of thy
red were jurors on thy life: all thy safety
remotion and thy defence absence. What
couldst thou be, that were not subject
beast? and what a beast art thou already,
sure thy fangs in transformation?

Apen. If thou couldst please me with sp
thing to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here
commonwealth of Athens is become a fore
beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall,
thur art out of the city?

Apen. Yonder comes a poet and a pair
the plague of company light upon thee! I will
catch it and give way: when I know not
else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but
thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a
beast than Apemantus.

Apen. Thou art the cap of all the fools

Tim. Would thou were clean enough to
upon!

Apen. A plague on thee! thou art too

curse.

All villains that do stand by the

Apen. There is no leprosy but what
speaks't.

Tim. If I name thee,

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apen. I would my tongue could rot them

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me that thou art alive;

I swound to see thee.

Apen. Would thou wouldst ban

Tim. Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee.

[Throws a stone at

Tim. Beast!

Apen. Slave!

Tim. Toad!

Apen. Rogue, rogue, rogue.

I am sick of this false world, and will love no
But even the mere necessities upon't.

Tim. I, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light feast of the sea may be.

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph
at death in me at others' lives may laugh.

the gold] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear

dixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
mu every young, fresh, loved and delicate wooer,
ose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
it lies on Dion's lap! thou visible god,
it solder'st close impossibilities,
i make them kiss! that speak'st with every
tongue, every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! 390
thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
them into confounding odds, that beasts
have the world in empire!
Would 'twere so! not till I am dead. I'll say thou'st gold:
it will be thron'd to shortly.

Thron'd to! Ay.

Thy back, I prithee.
Live, and love thy misery.
Long live so, and so die. [Exit Aep- manus]
I am quit.

things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor
them.

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold?
some poor fragment, some slender ort of his
inder: the mere want of gold, and the fall-
rom of his friends, drive him into this melanc-
y.

Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of trea-

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him:
care not for't, he will supply us easily; if
wetously reserve it, how shall'st get it?

Ban. True; for he bears it not about
him, 'tis hid.

red Ban. Is not this he?

Inditti. Where?

Ban. 'Tis his description.

Inditti. He; I know him.

Inditti. Save thee, Timon.

Now, thieves?

Inditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Both too; and women's sons.

Inditti. We are not thieves, but men that
much do want.

Your greatest want is, you want much
meat. Should you want? Behold, the earth hath
roots; in this mile break forth a hundred springs; oaks
bear mast, the briers scarlet hips; bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
her full mess before you. Want! why want?

Banditti. We cannot live on grass, on ber-
ries, water,

N. On the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;

must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con
you are thieves professed, that you work not
for your shapes: for there is boundless theft 430
nited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the
grape,

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
Moe than you rob: take wealth and lives to-
gether;

Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't.

Like workmen, I'll example you with thievish:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Rob's the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief, 440
And her pale fire she snatch's 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:
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. 450
But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever! Amen.

Third Ban. Has almost charmed me from my
profession, by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that
he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our
mystery.

Sec. Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and
give over my trade. 460

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens:
there is no time so miserable but a man may be
true. [Exit Banitti.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!

Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!

What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!

What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!

Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that
do!

Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

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
got thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

[Act V]

**Scene I. The woods. Before Timon's cave.**

**Enter Poet and Painter; Timon watching from his cave.**

**Pain.** As I took note of the place, it can be far where he abides.

**Poet.** What's to be thought of him? does rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold? Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Pher and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise riched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a million.

**Poet.** Then this breaking of his has been a try for his friends.

**Pain.** Nothing else: you shall see him in Athens again, and flourish with the high. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our love him, in this supposed distress of his: it will honestly in us; and is very likely to load purposes with which they travail for, if it be a true report that goes of his having.

**Poet.** What have you now to present unto Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation only I will promise him an excellent piece.

**Poet.** I must serve him so too, tell him that's coming toward him.

**Pain.** Good as the best. Promising is very for o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the droller for his and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of ple, the deed of saying is quite out of use. promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which are a great sickness in his judgement that makes.

**[Timon comes from his cave, bel.**

**Tim.** [Aside] Excellent workman! thou dost not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

**Poet.** I am thinking what I shall say provided for him: it must be a personification himself; a satire against the softness of persons, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that low youth and opulence.

**Tim.** [Aside] Must thou needs stand stands villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip own faults in other men? Do so, I have got thee.

**Pain.** Nay, let's seek him: Then do we sin against our own estate, When we may profit meet, and come too late Pain. True; When the day serves, before black-corner'd Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd d Come.**

**Tim.** [Aside] I'll meet you at the turn. With a god's gold, That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple Than where swine feed! 'Tis thou that rigg'st the bare and plough'st foam, Setting admirable reverence in a slave: To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone owe Fit I meet them.**

**[Coming forth.**

**Poet.** Hail, worthy Timon!**

**Pain.** Our late noble master

**Tim.** Have I once lived to see two honest
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If where thou art two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold,
Ye slaves: [To Painter] You have work'd for me; there's
payment for you: hence!
[To Painter] You are an alchemist; make gold of
that.
Out, rascal dogs! [Beats 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.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: too, 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.

TIMON comes from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak,
and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cautering to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of
Timon.

First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee,
Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them
back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. 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 void lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the 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
That their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heartfelt, and summis of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You wish me in it:
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes, 160
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.  
First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return
with us
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power and thy good name
Live, with authority: so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.
Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.
First Sen. Therefore, Timon.— 170
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir;
thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he seek fair
Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth.
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not, 180
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care
not,
While you have threats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st threat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.
Flap. Stay not, all's in vain.
Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend, 190
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!
First Sen. We speak in vain.
Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.
First Sen. That's well spoke.
Tim. Command me to my loving country-
men,—
First Sen. These words become your lips as
they pass thorough them.
Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great
triumphers
In their applauding gates.
Tim. Command me to them, 200
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them:
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.
First Sen. I like this well; he will return again.
Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my
close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I tell it: tell my friends, 210
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my great
Flaw. Trouble him no further; thus you shall
find him.
Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Ath
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 com
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 g
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his re
[Retires to his
First Sen. His discontents are unremov-
Coupled to nature.
Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us re
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.
First Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exe.
Scene IV. Before the walls of Athens.

Dumps sound. Enter ALCIBIADÉS with his powers.

Lcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town terrible approach. [A parley sounded.

Enter Senators on the walls.

Now you have gone on and fill'd the time
All licentious measure, making your wills
Scope of justice; till now myself and such
Left within the shadow of your power
Saw your hand a wander'd with our traversed arms
Breathed sufferance vainly: now the time is flush,
A crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Of itself. "No more!" now breathless wrong
Sits pant in your great chairs of ease; if
Pursy insolence shall break his wind
Fear and horrid flight.

Sen. Noble and young,
A thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Hast hadst power or we had cause of fear,
Ent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
ipse our ingratitude with loves
e their quantity.

Sen. So did we woo
Formed Timon to our city's love
Imble message and by promised means:
Were not all unkind, nor all deserve
Common stroke of war.

Sen. These walls of ours
Not erected by their hands from whom
ave received your griefs; nor are they such
These great towers, trophies and schools
Should fall
Private faults in them.

Sen. Nor are they living
Were the motives that you first went out;
That they wanted cunning, in excess
Broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
ur city with thy banners spread: 30
Cimination, and a tithed death—
Revenge hunger for that food
A nature loathes—take thou the destined enth,
Y the hazard of the spotted die
E the spotted.

Sen. All have not offended;
But that were, it is not square to take
Use that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Not inherited. Then dear countryman,
In thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Thy Athenian cradle and those kin
In the cluster of thy wrath must fall
Hose that have offended: like a shepherd,

Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

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. [Reads the epigraph] 'Here lies a wretched
corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked
Caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did
hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not
here thy gait.'

These well express in the thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorrest in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets
which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stert war,
Make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike.

[Exeunt.
Caesar.

Death of Julius Caesar.

Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, friends to Brutus and Cassius.

Young Cato, Volumnius, Varro.

Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius.

Lepidus, servants to Brutus.

Pindarus, servant to Cassius.

Calpurnia, wife to Caesar.

Portia, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants.

Scene: Rome: the neighbourhood of Sardonyx.

Scene: the neighbourhood of Philippi.

As ever trod upon neat's leather have gone my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets? Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes to get myself into more work. But, indeed, we make holiday, to see Caesar and to rejoice his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What can bring his home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome, to grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheel? You blocks, you stones, you worse than less things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and hour Have you climbed up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yes, to chimneys—your infants in your arms, and there have seen The live-long day, with patient expectation To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome, And when you saw his chariot and his wheel, 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 pull out a holiday? And do you now strew flowers in his way That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood Be gone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, to a fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort:

JULIUS CAESAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Julius Caesar.
Octavius Caesar,
Marcus Antonius,
M. Aemilius Lepidus,
Cicero,
Pompeius,
Pompeius Lepa,
Marcus Brutus,
Cassius,
Casca,
Trebonius,
Lucius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Flavius and Marcus, tribunes.
Flavius and Marcus, tribunes.

A Soothsayer.
A Soothsayer.
Another Poet.

SCENE I. Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain

Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home; do 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? Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.


Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a member of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl: I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men...
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Brut. Cassius, be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. I vexed 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 grievèd—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brut. No, Cassius; for the eyes seem 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.

Brut. 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 prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of your self which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughor, 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 banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish, and shout.]

Brut. What means this shouting? I do fear,
the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it? I do not.
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brut. 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 I do know your outward favour.
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 bro
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jeal
What you would work to, I have some ai
How I have thought of this and of these time
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high thi
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 much show of fire
Brutus.

Bru. The games are done and Caesar i
running.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sle
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter Caesar and his Train.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a孩童 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 senator

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter i
Ant. Antonius!

Ant. Caesar?
Cas. Let me have men about me that are
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' night
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
He thinks too much: such men are dangero
Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangero
He is a noble Roman and well given.
Cas. Would he were fatter! But I fea
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 mu
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no p
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his sp
That could be moved to smile at any thing
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
While they behold a greater than themselves
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf.
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him

Kneel. Exeunt Caesar and e
Train, but C

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; woul
speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath ch

Julius Caesar.

SE II.

Caesar looks so sad.

Casa. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Cas. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casa. Why, there was a crown offered him: being offered him, he put it by with the back of hand, thus; and then the people fell a-crying.

Casa. What was the second noise for?

Casa. Why, for that too.

Casa. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casa. Ay, marry, was’t, and he put it by, every time gentler than other, and at putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Casa. Who offered him the crown?

Casa. Why, Antony.

Casa. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Caesar can as well be hanged as tell the er of it: it was mere folly; I did not mark saw Mark Antony offer him a crown:—yet not a crown neither, ’twas one of those coronet,—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he by again; but, to my thinking, he was very o’er his fingers off it. And then he offered thrice; he put it the third time by: and he refused it, the rabblement hooted and d clapped their hands and threw up their night-caps and uttered such a deal of breath because Caesar refused the crown had almost choked Caesar; for he swooned down it at: and for mine own part, I not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and bang the bad air.

But, soft, I pray you: what, did Caesar wound?

Caes. He fell down in the market-place, and at mouth, and was speechless.

’Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I ansest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casa. I cannot not what you mean by that; am sure, Caesar fell down. If the rag-rag did not clap him and hiss him, according pleased and displeased them, as they use to players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Casa. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casa. Marry, before he fell down, when he the common herd was glad he refused him, he plucked me ope his doublet and them his throat to cut. An I had been a any occupation, if I would not have taken word, I would I might go to hell among them. And so he fell. When he came to again, he said, If he had done or said any thing, he desired their wishes to think it infirmity. Three or four wenchens, where cried ’Alas, good soul!’ and forgave him their hearts; but there’s no need to be of them; if Caesar had stabbed their throats, they would have done no less.

And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casa. He spake Greek.
Julius Caesar.

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join’d, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain’d unscorch’d.

Besides—I ha’ not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glare’d upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transform’d 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.

Cassius to the Capitol to-morrow?

Cas. He doth; for he did bid Antoarius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed
sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero. 

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who’s there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night
is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full
of faults.

For my part, I have walk’d about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lighting seem’d to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt
The heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks
of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true case
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some a monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself, or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. ’Tis Caesar that you mean; is it?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thaws and limbs like to their ancestors.
But, woe the while! our fathers’ minds are
And we are govern’d with our mothers’ spirit.
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-
row
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 day;
then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most
strong.
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor 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.

Cas. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Caesar be a tyrant
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is R
What rubbish and what offal, when it serve
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar? But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm’d
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such
That is no feather-tell-tale. Hold, my hand,
Be factual for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There’s a bargain made
Now know you, Cassia, I have moved ahead
Some certain of the noblest-minded Roman.
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
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour’s like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here come
In haste.

Cas. ’Tis Cinna; I do know him by his
He is a friend.

Enter Cinna.

Cinna, where haste you so?
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of
Cæsar, I have not known when his affections sway'd;
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
chievous,
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.

[Give him the letter.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter and reads.

'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!'

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee
promise:
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knocking within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody
knocks.

[Exit Lucius.

Since Cassius first did wet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are none with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears, and half their faces buried in their cloaks, that by no means I may discover them by any mark of favour.

Bru. Let em enter. [Exit Lucius.]

They are the faction. O conspiracy, shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night, when evils are most free? O, then by day where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough to mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy; hide it in smiles and affability: For if thou path, thy native semblance on, not Erebus itself were dim enough to hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest: Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night. Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them, and no man here but honours you; and every one doth wish you had but that opinion of yourself which every noble Roman bears of you. This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither. Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too. Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome. What watchful cares do interpose themselves betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [Brutus and Cassius whisper.]

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No. Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray 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 suffrance of our souls, the time's abuse,—if these be motives weak, break off betimes, and every man hence to his idle bed; so by high-sighted tyranny range on, till each man drop by lottery. But if these, as I am sure they do, bear fire enough to kindle cowards and to steel with valour the melting spirits of women, then, countrymen, what need we any spur but our own cause to prick us to redress? what other bond than secret Romans, that have sworn, will we not, And that's not spurred? and what other oath than honesty to honesty engaged, that this shall be, or we will fall for it? Swear priests and cowards and men cured old feeble carrions and such suffering souls that welcome wrongs: unto bad causes as men doubt; but do not the even virtue of our enterprise, nor the insupportive mettle of our spirits, to think that or our cause or our perfomance did need an oath; when every drop of blood that every Roman bears, and nobly bears, is guilty of a several bastardy, if he do break the smallest particle of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we soon I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out. Cin. No, by no means. O, let us have him, for his silver will purchase us a good opinion and buy men's voices to commend our deed. It shall be said, his judgement ruled our youth, our youths and wildness shall no whit apper, but all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break him; for he will never follow any thing that other men begin. Cas. Then leave him out. Casca. Indeed he is not fit. Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but Caesar? Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it meet, Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar, should outlive Caesar: we shall find of his a shrewd contriver; and, you know, his voice, if he improve them, may well stretch it: and we any us all: which to prevent, let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody Cassius, to out the head off and then hack the limb like wrath in death and envy afterwards for Antony is but a limb of Caesar: let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Ca. We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar and in the spirit of men there is no blood, O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit and not dismember Caesar! But, alas, Caesar must bleed for it! and, gentle friar, let's kill him boldly, but not wantonly; let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods, not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds: and let our hearts, as subtle masters do, stir up their servants to an act of rage, and after seem to chide 'em. This shall our purpose necessary and not envious: which so appearing to the common eyes, we shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. And for Mark Antony, think not of him: for he can do no more than Caesar's arm when Caesar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him: for in the ingrafted he bears to Caes
But it is doubtful yet, whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no; he is superstitious grown of late.

From the main opinion he held once untasy, of dreams and ceremonies: ay be, these apparent prodigies, unaccustomed terror of this night, the persuasion of his augurers, hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Never fear that: if he be so resolved, oversway him: for he loves to hear unicorns may be betray'd with trees, bears with glasses, elephants with holes; with toils and men with flatterers; when I tell him he hates flatterers, says he does, being then most flattered.

Ne works: can give his humour the true bent, I will bring him to the Capitol.

Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Be that the uttermost, and fall not then.

Caesars’s doth bear Caesar hard, rated him for speaking well of Pompey: o'er none of you have thought of him.

Now, good Metellus, go along by him: yes me well, and I have given him reasons; him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.

Friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily: at our looks put on our purposes, as it as our Roman actors do, united spirits and formal constancy: a good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.]

Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter; the honey-heavy dew of slumber:

Hast no figures nor any fantasies, busy care draws in the brains of men; fore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Brutus, my lord!

Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

For your health thus to commit weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Nor for yours neither. You've ungentle, Brutus, rom my bed: and yesternight, at supper, oddly arose, and walk'd about, musing and sighing, with your arms across:

And when I ask'd you what the matter was, you stared upon me with ungentle looks: I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head;

And to impatiently stamp'd with your foot; yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not.

But, with an angry waturfe of your hand, Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did; fearing to strengthen that impatience which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal hoping it was but an effect of humour, which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep; And could it work so much upon your shape as it hath much prevail'd on your condition, I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord, Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brutus, I am not well in health, and that is all.

Portia. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health, he would embrace the means to come by it.

Brutus, why, so do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Portia. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical?

To walk unbraced and suck up the humours of the dank morning? what, is Brutus sick, and will he steal out of his wholesome bed, to dare the vile contagion of the night, and tempt the rheumy and unpurged air To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus; you have some sick offence within your mind, which, by the right and virtue of my place, I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, I charm you, by my once-commended beauty, by all your vows of love and that great vow which did incorporate and make us one, that you unfold to me, yourself, your half, why you are heavy, and what men to-night have had resort to you: for here have been some six or seven, who did hide their faces even from darkness.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia. 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? I am myself, 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.

Portia. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal a woman that Lord Brutus talk 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 counsel, 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?
Brut. O ye gods, 
Rend me worthy of this noble wife! 

[Knocking within. 

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile; 
And by and by thy bosom shall partake 
The secrets of my heart. 
All my engagements I will construe to thee, 
All the charactery of my sad brows: 
Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.] Lucius, 
who's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.
Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak 
with you. 

Brut. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. 
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how? 

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble 
tongue. 

Brut. O, what a time have you chose out, 
brave Caius, 
To wear a kerchief? Would you were not sick! 

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand 
Any exploit worthy the name of honour. 

Brut. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius, 
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it. 

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before, 
Here discar my sickness! Soul of Rome! 321 
Brave son, derived from honourable loins! 
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up 
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run, 
And I will strive with things impossible; 
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do? 

Brut. A piece of work that will make sick 
men whole. 

Lig. But are not some whole that we must 
make sick? 

Brut. That must we also. What it is, my 
Caius, 
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 
To whom it must be done. 

Lig. Set on your foot, 
And with a heart new-fired I follow you, 
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth 
That Brutus leads me on. 

Brut. Follow me, then. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Caesar's house. 

Thunder and lightning. Enter Caesar, in 
his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at 
peace to-night: 
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out, 
'Help, ho! they murder Caesar!' Who's within? 

Enter a Servant. 

Serv. My lord? 

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice 
And bring me their opinions of success. 

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit. 

Enter Calpurnia. 

Cæs. What mean you, Caesar? think you to 
walk forth? 
You shall not stir out of your house to-day. 

Cæs. Caesar shall forth: the things that 
All threaten'd me 
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see 
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Cæs. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies, 
Yet now they fright me. There is one with 
Besides the things that we have heard and 
Recounts my horrid sights seen by the wa 
Honest hath helped in the streets; 
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up 
dead; 
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds 
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war 
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol; 
The noise of battle hurled in the air, 
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan 
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about streets. 
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use, 
And I do fear them. 

Cæs. What can be avoided 
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods 
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predi 
Are to the world in general as to Caesar. 

Cæs. When beggars die, there are no 
seen; 
The heavens themselves blaze forth the de 
prizes. 

Cæs. Cowards die many times before 
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 
Seeing that death, a necessary end, 
Will come when it will come. 

Re-enter Servant. 

Serv. They would not have you to stir 
foot. 
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, 
They could not find a heart within the beast. 

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowa 
Cæs. Caesar should be a beast without a heart, 
If he should stay at home to-day for fear. 
No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full we 
That Caesar is more dangerous than he: 
We are two lions litter'd in one day, 
And I the elder and more terrible: 
And Caesar shall go forth. 

Cæs. Alas, my lord, 
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence. 
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear 
That keeps you in the house, and not your 
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house 
And he shall say you are not well to-day: 
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this. 

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not 
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home. 

Enter Decius. 

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so. 

Dec. Caesar, all hail! good morrow, 

Cæs. I come to fetch you to the senate-house. 

Cæs. And you are come in very happy ti 
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, fals 
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius. 

Cæs. Say he is sick. 

Cæs. Shall Caesar send a 
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so
I am to blame to be thus waited for. Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius! I have an hour's task in store for you: Remember that you call on me to-day: Be near me, that I may remember you.

_Treb._ Caesar, I will: [_Aside_] and so near will I be, That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

_Caes._ 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 it! [_Exit._

**SCENE III. A street near the Capitol.**

_Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper._

_Art._ 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Cassa; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover.

'Artemidorus.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this,
My heart lampets that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit._

**SCENE IV. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.**

_Enter Portia and Lucius._

_Por._ I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone,
Why dost thou stay?

_Luc._ To know my errand, madam.

_Por._ I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldest 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? 10
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 buzzing 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's the o'cloclock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
Towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that
I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of prelates, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'II get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. [Exit.]
Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! 'O Brutus, 40
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant. ° O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry to come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[Exeunt severally.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS
and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CAESAR,
BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, MELLUSUS,
TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,
POLIPIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cas. [To the Soothsayer] The idees of March
are come.
Sooth. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Caesar! I 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.
Cas. What touches us ourself shall be last
served.
Art. Delay not, Caesar: read it instantly.
Cas. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place to,

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the
street?

Come to the Capitol.

CAESAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest
following.

Por. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
hated of motion: and that I am he,
me a little show it, even in this:
I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
constant do remain to keep him so.

O Caesar,
Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Great Caesar,—

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Speak, hands, for me! (Casca First, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Caesar.

Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar! [Dies.

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
freedom, and enfranchisement! 81

People and senators, be not affrighted;
not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Where's Publius?
Here, quite confounded with this mutiny,
Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's

Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
i is no harm intended to your person, 90
to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,

Till this age some mischief.
Do so: and let no man abide this deed,
we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Where is Antony?

Fled to his house amazed:
wives and children stare, cry out and run
were doomsday.

Fates, we will know your pleasures:
we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
off so many years of fearing death.

Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
e we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
im of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
et us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
elbows, and besmear our swords:
walk we forth, even to the market-place,
waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!' 110

Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages
this our lofty scene be acted over
its unborn and accents yet unknown!
How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
on Pompey's basis lies along
orther than the dust?

So oft as that shall be,
en shall the knot of us be call'd
then that gave their country liberty.

What, shall we forth?

Ay, every man away:
s shall lead; and we will grace his heels the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.


Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cesar, honour'd him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cesar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cesar 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.

Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place, 140
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart unto'd.

I'll fetch him presently. [Exit.

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.

But here comes Antony.

Re-enter Antony.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

O mighty Cesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, 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 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.

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—
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.
Cas.
Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why 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, Me-
tellius;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Cassa, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say? 190
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceive me,
Either a coward or a freer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave
hurt:
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie?

Cas.  Mark Antony,—

Ant.  Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in 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, 220
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

Bru.  Or else were this a savage speculac;
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant.  That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru.  You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas.  Brutus, a word with you.

[Aside to Bru.]  You know not what you do: do
Why not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter.

Bru.  By your pardon; I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our 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.

Bru.  Mark Antony, here, take you Cassus 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 whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant.  Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru.  Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[Exeunt all but Ant.]  

Ant.  O, pardon me, thou bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butch
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 pipe their ruby
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;
That this foul deed shall smell above the ear
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 R _
Serv.  He did receive his letters, and is com-
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Caesar!—  

[Seeing the body]  Ant.  Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep,
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water.  Is thy master coming?

Serv.  He lies to-night within seven lea-
of Rome.

Ant.  Post back with speed, and tell him
hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rom-
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so.  Yet, stay awhi,
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this co-
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel hands 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 Cas]
SCENE II. The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brut. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Citizens, go you into the other street, I part the numbers.

Cæsar shall be crown’d in Brutus.

First Cit. We’ll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Brut. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho! Brut. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, and, for my sake, stay here with Antony: 61 Do grace to Cæsar’s corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Cæsar’s glories; which Mark Antony, by our permission, is allow’d to make. I do entreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit. First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair; We’ll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus’ sake, I am beholding to you. [Goes into the pulpit. Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus’ sake, He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. T’were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that’s certain: We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.


Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious: If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Cæsar answer’d it. Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest— For Brutus is an honourable man; So are they all, all honourable men—Come I to speak in Cæsar’s funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me: But Brutus says he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honourable man. He hath brought many captives home to Rome, Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious? When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept: Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honourable man. You all did see that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him a kingly crown, Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; And, sure, he is an honourable man. I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke, But here I am to speak what I do know. You all did love him once, not without cause: What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him? O judgement! thou art fied to brutish beasts, And have men lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in
his sayings.
Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would
not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear
abide it.
Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire
with weeping.
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 Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir,
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cæsius wrong.
When all you know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.
Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, 
Mark Antony.
All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's
will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must
not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad: 139
'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, Cæsar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay
awhile?
I have o'er shot myself to tell you of it:
If I err I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.
Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable
men!
All. The will! the testament!
Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the
will! read the will.
Ant. You will 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?

Several Cit. Come down.
Sec. Cit. Descend.
Third Cit. You shall have leave.

[Antony comes down.
Fourth Cit. A ring: stand round.
First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from
the body.
Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Anto
Ant. Nay, press not upon me; stand far
Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed the
now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through
See what a rent the envious Cassca 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 flourishing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved hi
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 sad
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 fe
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 be
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traito
First Cit. O piteous spectacle! 
Sec. Cit. O noble Caesar!
Third Cit. O woful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!
Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Anto
Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him
we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me
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
That made them do it: they are wise and hon
able,
And will not doubt, with reasons answer you,
I come not, friends, to steal away your heart
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
well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of spee
And things unlucky charge my fancy;  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?
Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?
Third Cit. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.
First Cit. Ay, and briefly.
Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.
Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?  
Where do I dwell? Am I a married  
man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man  
directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I  
say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are  
fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that,  
I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.  
First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.

Sec. 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. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.
Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear  
him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna;  
pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn  
him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come,  
brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius';  
burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to  
Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A house in Rome.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names  
are prick'd.
Okt. Your brother too must die; consent you,  
Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent,—

Okt. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I  
damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;  
Petch the will hither, and we shall determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Okt. Or here, or at the Capitol.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Br. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prickt to die,
In our black sentence and prescription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanders loads, 20
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.

Oet. 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 moral motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, oaths and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oet. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Licius, and
Soldiers; Titiarius and Pindarus meeting them.

Brut. Stand, ho!
Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Brut. What now, Lucilius! Is Cassius near?
Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come To do you salutation from his master.

Brut. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Brut. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Luc. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Brut. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettles,
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

Brut. Hark! he is arrived.
[Low march within
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
Brut. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Sec. Stand! First Sol. Stand!
Third Sol. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done us wrong.
Brut. Judge me, you gods! I wrong my enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brothe-
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours I wrongs;
And when you do them—

Brut. Cassius, be content
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you 
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 grief,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus, Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Brut. Lucilius, do you the like; and let
Come to our tent till we have done our confer-
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

Exeunt.

SCENE III. Brutus's tent.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and 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.

Brut. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every one offends should bear his count;

Brut. Let me tell you, Cassius, you your
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm
To sell and mark your offices for gold To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak thir.
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your
Brut. The name of Cassius honours this
ruption,
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash.  
By any indirection: I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me: was that done, like Cassius?  
Should I have answer’d Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To look such rascal counters from his friends, &  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;  
Dash him to pieces!  

Cas. I denied you not.  

But you did.  

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool that brought  
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:  
A friend should bear his friend’s infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.  

Brut. I do not, till you practise them on me.  

Cas. You love me not.  

Brut. I do not like your faults.  

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.  

Brut. A flatterer’s would not, though they do  
appear as high 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; braved by his brother;  
Check’d like a bondman; all his faults observed,  
Set in a note-book, learnt’d, and comm’d by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus’ mine, richer than gold:  
If that thou be’st a Roman, take it forth;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart  
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov’dst  
him better  
Than ever thou lov’dst Cassius.  

Brut. Sheathe thy dagger:  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.  

Cas. Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-temper’d, vexeth him?  

Brut. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper’d too.  

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.  

Brut. And my heart too.  

Cas. O Brutus!  

Brut. What’s the matter?  

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour which my mother gave me  
Makes me forgetful?  

Brut. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over-eas’t with your Brutus,  
He’ll think your mother chides, and leave  
you so.  

Poet. [Within] Let me go in to see the generals;  
There is some grudge between ‘em, ’tis not meet  
They be alone.  

Lucil. [Within] You shall not come to them.  

Poet. [Within] Nothing but death shall stay me.
Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

Cas. How now! what's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean? 130

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?
Companion, hence!
Cas. Away, away, be gone! [Exit Poet.
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 140
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
Immediately to us.
[Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [Exit Lucius.
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scape I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss! 151
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 distracted,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!
Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.
Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl
of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup; 161
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
Bru. Come in, Titinius! [Exit Lucius.
Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.
Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi. 170
Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree:
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one!
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of prescription,
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I
For certain she is dead, and by strange means?
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must
Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses shure endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiery,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give
to better.
The people 'twist Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution;
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother;
Bru. Under your pardon. You must beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serve
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will riggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
No more. Good night.
Early to-morrow we will rise, and hence.
JULIUS CAESAR.

Act III, Scene I

Enter Varro and Cassius.

Varro. Calls my lord?

Cassius. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep; ay be I shall raise you by and by business to my brother Cassius.

Enter Varro and Cassius. I was sure your lordship did not give me leave, my lord, an't please you.

Varro. With me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Cassius. Do hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Varro. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Cassius. It does, my boy; boldly too much, but thou art willing.

Varro. It is my duty, sir.

Cassius. I should not urge thy duty past thy might; now young bloods look a time of rest.

Varro. I have slept, my lord, already.

Cassius. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again, not hold thee long; if I do live, be good to thee. [Music, and a song.]

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

I think it is the weakness of mine eye. That shapes this monstrous apparition. It comes upon me. Art thou any thing? Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil, That makest my blood cold and my hair to stand? Speak to me what thou art. 261

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus. Why comest thou, Ghost? To tell thee how shalt see me at Philippi.

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Brutus. Why, I shall see thee at Philippi, then. [Exit Ghost.]

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 1; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messalas, and others.

Brut. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Brut. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Oct. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Caesar!'

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 single too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you stung.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank your self:
This tongue had not offended so to-day;
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look:

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands.

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!
Scene I. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

CAESAR. [Aside] O Cassius! Cassius, thou art best look'd to. Titinius, look, look, the villains fly! The sun descends. Those my tents where I perceive the fire? They are, my lord.

TITINIUS. Cassius, if thou lov'st me, not thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him, he does will to me turn'd enemy; and so, when I was marching, and did take it from him.

CAESAR. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early; and having some advantage on Octavius, and to him eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil, the same, by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

PIAN. [To Brutus, Ant. and Cass.] Fly further off, my lord, fly further off; Antony is in your tents, my lord; therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius; those my tents where I perceive the fire? They are, my lord.

TITINIUS. Cassius, if thou lov'st me, do not thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him, he will be come to me turn'd enemy; and so, when I was marching, and did take it from him.

CAESAR. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit.

TITINIUS. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; I do see this was ever thought; regard Titinius, tell me what thou notest about the field.

[PIAN. ascends the hill.]

day I breathed first: time is come round, where I did begin, there shall I end; the sun is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

CAESAR. [Aside] O my lord!

PIAN. [Aside] What news?

CAESAR. [Aside] Titinius is enclosed round about my horsemen, that make to him on the spur; and now they are almost on him. Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights 30

PIAN. [Shout.] And, hark! they shout for joy.

CAESAR. Come down, behold no more. I am, to live so long, my best friend ta'en before my face!

Pindarus descends.

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner; and then I swore thee, saving of thy life, that whatsoever I did bid thee do, thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath.

Now be a freeman: and with this good sword, That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts; and, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now, Guide thou the sword. [Pindarus stabs him.]

Caesar, thou art revenged, Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

PIAN. So, I am free; yet would not so have been, Durst I have done my will. O Cassius, Far from this country Pindarus shall run, Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.

Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

MES. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius is overthrown by noble Brutus' power, As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TITI. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MES. Where did you leave him?

TITI. All disconsolate, with Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

MES. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITI. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

MES. Is not that he?

TITI. 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. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed. O hateful error, melancholy's child, Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd, Thou never comest unto a happy birth, But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee! What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

MES. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet The noble Brutus, thrusting this report Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it; For piercing steel and darts envenomed Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus As tidings of this sight.

TITI. He ye, Messala, and I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit Messala.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? So 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: 89
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [Kills himself.

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie? Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In our own proper entrails. [Low alarum.

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these? The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! It is impossible that ever Rome should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears To this dead man than you shall see me pay. I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body: His funerals shall not be in our camp, Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come; And come, young Cato; let us to the field. Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on: 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, o, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field: I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend; I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [Exit.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius; To and mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die: There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight; [Offering money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner! Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

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, But a prize no less in worth: keep this man safe; Give him all kindness; I had rather have Such men my friends than enemies. Go on, And see whether Brutus be alive or dead; And bring us word unto Octavius' tent How every thing is chanced. [Exeunt.

Scene V. Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest this rock.

Cl. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, lord, He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is word; It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [Whisp.

Cl. What, I, my lord? No, not for all world.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill my- [Whisp.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [Whisp

Dar. Shall I do such a de [Whisp.

Cl. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to the lord. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; [Exeunt. this word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me. Two several times by night; at Sardis once, And this last night, here in 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 school together: Even for that our love of old, I prithee, Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it. Vol. That's not an office for a friend, lord. [Alarum's

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarry here.

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
Fly, my lord, fly. 

Hence! I will follow. 

Fly, fly, fly! 

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me? 

Do so, good Messala. 

How died my master, Strato? 

I held the sword, and he did run on it. 

Octavius, then take him to follow thee, 

That did the latest service to my master. 

This was the noblest Roman of them all: 

He only, in a general honest thought 

And common good to all, made one of them. 

His life was gentle, and the elements 

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up 

And say to all the world 'This was a man!' 

According to his virtue let us use him, 

With all respect and rites of burial. 

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie, 

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably. 

So call the field to rest; and let's away, 

To part the glories of this happy day. 

Exeunt. 50—2
MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.
MALCOLM, his sons.
DONALBAIN, Macbeth, generals of the king's army.
BANQUO, noblemen of Scotland.
MACDUFF, Ross, MENTEITH, Angus, CAITHNESS, FLEANCE, son to Banquo.
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.
Young Siward, his son.
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Boy, son to Macduff.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A desert place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Second Witch. When the hastyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won,
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!
Second Witch. Paddock calls.
Third Witch. Anon.

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A camp near Forres.

Alarm within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought 'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend! Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Serp. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles

Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too well
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that man
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Till which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewels
To him,
Till he be seem'd 'm from the nave to the chiel
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman,
Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direfull thunders have
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfit swells. Mark, king of Scotland, m's
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their hand
But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of me
Began a fresh assault.

Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes; As sparrow eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double crack
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wouls
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell,
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee: wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go get help.

Who comes here? [Exit Sergeant, atté
Enter Ross.

Mac. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!

So should he look

at seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king; here the Norwegian banners flout the sky

d fan our people cold. Norway himself, 50

ith terrible numbers, sisted by that most disloyal traitor

e thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
ll that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
fronfed him with self-comparisons,
int against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
n his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
e victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!  

Ross. That now

ew, the Norways' king, craves composition;
r would we deign him burial of his men 60
ll he disburled at Saint Colme's inch
n thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more than thane of Cawdor shall deceive

ar bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
d with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A heath near Forres.

Thuder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?  


Third Witch. Sister, where thou?  

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:—

*Give me,* quoit 1:

point thee, witch! * the rump-fed ronyon cries.

a husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:

in a sieve I'll thatther sail,

like a rat without a tail, to,

I'll do, and I'll do.

See, Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other,

d the very ports they blow, the

quarters that they know he shipman's card.

ill drain him dry as hay:

shall neither night nor day

g upon his penthouse lid;

shall live a man forbid:

ary se'nnights nine times nine

ll he dwindle, peak and pine:

ugh his bark cannot be lost,

it shall be tempest-tost.

I know what I I have.

See, Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [Drum within.

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!  

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about:

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres? What

are these

So wither'd and so wild in their attire,

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth, 40

And yet are not? Live you? or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to under-

stand me,

By each at once her chappy 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 thee,

thane of Glamis!  

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,

thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt

be king hereafter!  

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem
to fear

Things that do sound so fair? I the name of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace and great prediction

Of noble having and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60

Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though

thou be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me

more:

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge

you. [Witches vanish.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them. Whither are they van-

ish'd?  

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal

melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!
Ban. Were such things here as we do speak
about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not
so?
Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's
here?

Enter Ross and Angus.
Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads 90
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest of the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are sent 100
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 Caw-
dor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
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 judgement bears that life 110
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [To Ross and Angus]
Thanks for your pains.
[To Ban.] Do you not hope your children shall
be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor
to me
Promised no less to them?
Ban. That trusted home 120
Macb. [Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
[Aside] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawd.
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 fantastic
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 k i
why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments, cleave not to it
mould
But with the aid of use.
Macb. [Aside] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest d
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon y
leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour: my dull br
was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, y
pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the kin
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at m
time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Forres. The palace.
Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DON
BAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants.
Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are
Those in commission yet return'd?
Ban. My liege, they are not yet come back. But I have spo
With one that saw him die: who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.
Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, AND ANGU
[O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less
served,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part to receive our duties; and our duties to your throne and state children and servants, which do but what they should, by doing every thing, 40

fe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither: we have begun to plant thee, and will labour make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo, that hast no less deserved, nor must be known 30 less to have done so, let me infold thee hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow, to harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys, anton in fulness, seek to hide themselves drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes, if you whose places are the nearest, know will establish our estate upon eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter Prince of Cumberland; which honour must unaccompanied invest him only, 40 signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine all deservers. From hence to Inverness, 45 bid us further to you.

Macc. The rest is labour, which is not used I be myself the harbinger and make joyful hearing of your wife with your approach; humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Caedward! Macc. [Aside] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires; 50 not light see my black and deep desires; eye wink at the hand; yet let that be, hich the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.}

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant, d in his commendations I am fed; is a banquet to me. Let's after him, lose care is gone before to bid us welcome is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. They met me in the day of success: I have learned by the perfectest report, they were more in them than mortal knowledge. When armed in desire to question them further, they de themselves air, into which they vanished. Is it I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came sives from the king, who all-hailed me "Than Cawdor," by which title, before, these weird ers saluted me, and referred me to the coming time, with "Hail, king that shalt be!" am I have thought good to deliver thee, my west-partner of greatness, that thou mightst not e the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of at greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy 60 rest, and farewell."

To thine, Art, and Cawdor; and shall be at thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature; is too full o' the milk of human kindness catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great; not without ambition, but without 20

The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst highly, That wouldst thou holly; wouldst not play false, And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glanis, That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;' And that which rather thou dost fear to do Than wishest should be undone.' Hic thee hither, That I may pour my spirits in thine ear; And chastise with the valour of my tongue All that impedes thee from the golden round, Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem 30 To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it: Is not thy master with him? who, were't so, Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him, Which, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending; He brings great news. [Exit Messenger.]

The raven himself is hoarse That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 40 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood: Stop up the access and passage to remorse, That no compunctious visitings of nature Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts, And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers, Wherever in your sightless substances 50 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night, And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell, That my keen knife see not the wound it makes, Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glanis! worthy Caedward! Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter! Thy letters have transported me beyond This ignorant present, and I feel now The future in the instant.

Macc. My dearest love, Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence? 60 Macc. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never Shall sun that morrow see! Your face, my thane, is as a book where men May read strange matters. To beguile the time, Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye, Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower, But be the serpent under t. He that's coming Must be provided for; and you shall put This night's great business into my dispatch; Which shall to all our nights and days to come 70 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.  
Lady M. Only look up clear;  
To alter favour ever is to fear:  
Leave all the rest to me.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Before Macbeth's castle.

Hauteboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, freize,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess! to
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? 20
We courted him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in prompt,
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. 30
By your leave, hostess.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Macbeth's castle.

Hauteboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trommel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgement 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, I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed; then, as his ho
Who should against his murderer shut the do Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Dun
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, again
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hor
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. How now! what news?
Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why do 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 business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have but
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gl
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept sin
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. To be the same in thine old act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have this
Whom thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. I would, Prithee, peace
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was't, that
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 think'st thou
Didst then adhere, and yet you would make boast
They have made themselves, and that their ness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and k
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
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?
Lady M. We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking-place;
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereeto the rather shall his day's hard jour
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the wader of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
ir drenched nature lie as in a death, cannot you and I perform upon guarded Duncan? what not upon jeery officers, who shall bear the guilt of this own chamber and used their very daggers, they have done't? I am settled, and bend up a corporal agent to this terrible feat; y, and mock thee with what the false heart doth know.

ACT II.

Scene I. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Or Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him.

I. How goes the night, boy? The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
I. And she goes down at twelve. I take 't, 'tis later, sir. I hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven; candles are all out. Take thee that too, thy summons likes lead upon me, yet I would not sleep: merciful powers, rain in me the cursed thoughts that nature's way to in repose!

M. and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

Is there? A friend. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed: ah been in unusual pleasure, and forth great largesse to your offices. diamond he greets your wife withal, the name of most kind hostess; and shut up sureless content.

Being unprepared, will became the servant to defect; else should free have wrou't.

All's well. last night of the three weird sisters: so they have show'd some truth.

I think not of them: when we can entreat an hour to serve, would spend it in some words upon that business, would grant the time.

At your kind'st leisure. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis, I'll make honour for you.

So I lose none kicking to augment it, but still keep firm franchise and allegiance clear,

I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir, the like to you!

[Exit Banquo and Fleance.

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready, She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger which I see before me, The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feeling as to sight? or art thou but A dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? I see thee yet, in form as palpable As this which now I draw. Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going; And such an instrument I was to use. Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses, Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still, And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood, Which was not so before. There's no such thing: It is the bloody business which informs Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse 50 The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder, Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace, With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth, Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear Thy very stones prince of my whereabouts. And take the present horror from the time, Which now suits with it. While I threat, he lives: 60 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

Lady. I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. Hear it not, Duncan: for it is a knell That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [Exit.

Scene II. The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold; What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace! It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman, Which gives the stern'est good-night. He is about it: The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets, That death and nature do contend about them, Whether they live or die.

Macb. [Within] Who's there? what, ho! I am afraid they have awaked, And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready: He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled My father as he slept, I had done't.
Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. Ay, Mac.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Mac. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder'!

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands. Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'

When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce

'Amen'?

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!'

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleave of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore

Cawdor

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think

So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

They must lie there: go carry them; and smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;

For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within.

Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?

What hands are here? ha! they pluck out eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this block

Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will ra.

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,

Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; I

Shame

To wear a heart so white. [Knocking within

hear a knocking

At the south entry: retire we to our chamber.

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it, then! Your constancy.

Hath left you unattended. [Knocking within

more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,

And show us up to be watchers. Be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts. [Knocking within

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would

couldst!

[Exit.

Scene III. The same.

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If I were porter of hell-gate, he should have old

ning the key. [Knocking within

Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the

feet of plenty: come in time; have nap

know about you; here you 'll sweat for't. [Knock-

ing within.

Knock, knock! Who's there?

other devil's name? Faith, here's an equi-

ator, that could swear in both the scales ag

either scale; who committed treason enough

God's sake, yet could not equivocate to hear

O, come in, equivocator. [Knocking out

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? For

an English tailor come hither, for set

out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here

may roast your goose. [Knocking within

Knock, never at quiet! What are you? But

place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter

further: I had thought to have let in some

all professions that go the primrose way to

everlasting bonfire. [Knocking within

A anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

[Opens the

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to

That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till

second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoke?

Macd. What three things does drink espec

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and

lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovo-

kisses the more, but it takes away the

formance: therefore, much drink may be safe

be an equivocator with lechery: it makes

and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes

off; it persuades him, and dishearts him; n
Enter Macbeth,snoring. Macbeth has awaked him; here he comes.

Enter Macduff.

Macbeth. 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.

Lady Macbeth. What's the business, That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macbeth. Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady Macbeth. Woe, alas! What, in our house? Banquo. Too cruel any where. Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, And say it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.

Macbeth. Had I but died an hour before this chance, I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant, There's nothing serious in mortality:

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macbeth. You are, and do not know: The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Malcolm. Your royal father's murder'd.

Lennox. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done it:

Their hands and faces were all badged with blood; So were their daggers, which uniwed we found Upon their pillows:

They stared, and were distracted; no man's life Was to be trusted with them.

Macleod. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,

That I did kill them.

Macleod. Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth. Who can be wise, amased, temperate and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love

Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan, His silver skin laced with his golden blood;

And his gash'st stabs look'd like a breach in nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers, Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers Unnarrowly breach'd with gore: who could retrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make 's love known!

Lady Macbeth. Help me hence, ho! Macbeth. Look to the lady.

Malcolm. [Aside to Don.] Why do we hold our tongues, That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. [Aside to Malcolm.] What should be spoken here, where our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?

Let's away;

Our tears are not yet brewd.

Malcolm. [Aside to Don.] Nor our strong sorrow

Upon the foot of motion.
Look to the lady:  
[ Lady Macbeth is carried out. 
And when we have our naked fruities hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:  
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence  
Against the undivulged pretence I fight  
Of treasonable 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.  
Macb. 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.  
Dow. 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 leaving-take,  
But shift away: there’s warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself, when there’s no mercy left.  
[Exeunt.  

SCENE IV. Outside Macbeth’s castle.  

Enter Ross and an old Man.  
Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:  
Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night  
Hath 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 it night’s predominance, or the day’s shame,  
That darkness doth the face of earth entomb,  
When living light should kiss it?  
Old M. ’Tis unnatural, 10  
Even like the deed that’s done. On Tuesday last,  
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk’d at and 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 M. ’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 bloody deed?  
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.  
Ross. Alas, the  
What good could they pretend?  
Macd. They were subf.  
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king’s two son  
Are stol’n away and fled; which puts upon  
Suspicion of the deed.  
Ross. ’Gainst nature still!  
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up  
Thine own life’s means! Then ’tis most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.  
Macd. He is already named, and go  
Scone  
To be invested.  
Ross. Where is Duncan’s body?  
Macd. Carried to Colnekill,  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones,  
Ross. Will you to See  
Macd. No, cousin, I’ll to Fife.  
Ross. Well, I will  
Macd. Well, may you see things well  
there: adieu!  
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!  
Ross. Farewell, father.  
Old M. God’s benison go with you; and those  
That would make good of bad, and frie  
foes!  

ACT III.  

SCENE I. Forres. The palace.  

Enter BANQUO.  
Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Ca  
Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,  
Thou play’st most foully for ’t: yet it was  
It should not stand in thy posterity,  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from th  
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shi  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me in up hope? But hush! no mo  

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as  
Lady Macbeth, as queen, Lennox,  
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.  
Macb. Here’s our chief guest.  
Lady M. If he had been for  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all-thing unbecoming.  
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supp  
And I’ll request your presence.  
Ban. Let your his  
Command upon me; to the which my duty  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.  
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?  
Ban. Ay, my good lord.  
Macb. We should have else desired you  
advice,  
Which still hath been both grave and pros  
In this day’s council; but we’ll take to-mo  
Is’t far you ride?
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the
instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that
might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so, and went further, which
is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another
So weary with disasters, tug'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord,

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not;
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wait his fall
Who I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night, 
And something from the palace; always thought 
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company, 
Whose absence is no less material to me 
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate 
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart: 
I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord. 
Mach. I'll call upon you straight: abide within. [Exeunt Murderers. 140

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight, 
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.

SCENE II. The palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court? 
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night. 
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his 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: 
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy 
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone, 
Of sorriest fancies your companions making, 
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died 
With them they think on? Things without all remedy 
Should be without regard: what's done is done. 
Mach. 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 
22 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave; 
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well; 
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison, 
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, 
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on; 
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks; 
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night. 
Mach. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you! 
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; 
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue: 
Unsafe the while, that we 
Must love our honours in these flattering streams, 
And make our faces vizards to our hearts, 
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this. 
Mach. 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 seen.
Mach. There's comfort yet; they are as able; 
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown 
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's moons 
The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hum 
Hath rung night's yarning peal, there shall done 
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done? 
Mach. Be innocent of the knowledge, de chuck, 
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeing n 
Scarup 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 
crow 
Makes wing to the rooky wood: 
Good things of day begin to droop and drow 
Whiles night's black agents to their prey rouse. 
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee. 
Things bad begun make strong themselves by so, prithee, go with me. [Exit.

SCENE III. A park near the palace. 

Enter three Murderers. 

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with 
Third Mur. Mac. 
Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust, 
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 
Now spurs the lated traveller apace 
To gain the timely inn; and near approach 
The subject of our watch. 

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses. 
Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: that 
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 
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate 
Make it their walk. 

Sec. Mur. A light, a light! 

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a to. 

Third Mur. Stand to't. 
Ban. It will be rain to-night. 
First Mur. 
Lest it come on 
[They set upon Ban. 
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, 
fly! fly! Thou mayst revenge. O slave! 

[Dies. Fleance ex. 

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light? 
First Mur. Was't not the 
Third Mur. There's but one down; this 
is fled. 
Sec. Mur. 
We have l
MACBETH.

1. 'Tis true. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. scene i. A hall in the palace.

Enter Banquo, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and attendants.

Ban. You know your own degrees; sit down:
at first
last the hearty welcome.

Ross. Thanks to your majesty.

Ban. Ourself will mingle with society,
play the humble host.

Lady Macb. Prithee, let me for you, sir, to all our friends;
your heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer appears at the door.

Ban. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Ross. Sure is there o' er there I'll sit i' the midst: ro we in mirth; an' we'll drink a measure.
[Approaching the door.] There's blood upon thy face.

Ban. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Ban. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
dispatch'd?

Lady Macb. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did or him.

Ban. Thou art the one o' the cut-throats:
so he's good
did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
art the nonpareil.

Most royal sir,

Ross. is 'scape.

Ban. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
as the marble, founded as the rock, ad and general as the casing air:
wh I am cabind, cribb'd, confined, bound in my doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he "ides,
wenty trenched gashes on his head;
as a death to nature.

Ban. Thanks for that:
the grown serpent lies; the worm that's
ture that in time will venom breed, 30 th for the present. Get thee gone: to.

Ross, ourselves, again. [Exit Murderer.

My royal lord,
not give the cheer: the feast is sold
of often vouched, while 'tis a-making;
ven with welcome: to feed were best at one;
hence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
g were bare without it.

Ban. Sweet remembrancer!

Good digestion wait on appetite,
alih on both!

May't please your highness sit.

[The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Wore the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your

To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table's full.

Ross. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Ross. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake

Thy gory looks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

Lady Macb. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep

The fit is momentary: upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

McAb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on

Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff! 60
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If channel-houses and our graves must send 71
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost vanishes.

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly? 80
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the

olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would
die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health

Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avant! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, 100
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hycran tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [Ghost vanishes.

Lady M. I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke
the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, 120
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows
worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health 120
Attend his majesty! [Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will
have blood;

Lords have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and houghs and rooks brought
forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which
is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies
his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house 131
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own
good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hr
Which must be act'd ere they may be scann
Lady M. You lack the season of all nat
sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed.

[Exit.

Scene V. A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate
look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you
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 bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes' b'ove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[Music and a song within: 'Come
come away
Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

First Witch. Come, let's make haste;
soon be back again.

Scene VI. Forres. The palace.

Enter LENNOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but h
thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gre
Duncan
Was pitted of Macbeth: marry, he was de
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too li
Whom, you may say, if' please you, he
kil'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too
Who cannot want the thought how monst
...as for Malcolm and for Donalbain
kill their gracious father? damned fact! 10

it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight
sious rage the two delinquent tears;
they were the slaves of drink and thalls of sleep?
not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
'twould have anger'd any heart alive
near the men deny't. So that, I say,
has borne all things well: and I do think
He had Duncan's sons under his key—
an't please heaven, he shall not—they should
find
it were to kill a father; so should Fleance. 20
peace! for from word tones and 'cause he fail'd
presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
duff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
are he bestows himself?

The son of Duncan,
a whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
is in the English court, and is received
with the most pious Edward with such grace
the malevolence of fortune nothing
is from his high respect: thither Macduff
me to pray the holy king, upon his aid
like Northumberland and warlike Siward:
, by the help of these—with him above
ify the work—we may again
to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
rom our feasts and banquetts bloody knives,
ful honour and receive free honours:
which we pine for now: and this report
so exasperate the king that he
ares for some attempt of war.

Sent he to Macduff?

He did: and with an absolute 'Sir,
cloudy messenger turns me his back,
hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the
clogs me with this answer.'

And that well might
se him to a caution, to hold what distance
vdom can provide. Some holy angel
s the court of England and unfold
message ere he come, that a swift blessing
soon return to this our suffering country
r a hand accused!

I'll send my prayers with him.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

I. A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1st Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2nd Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig
whined.

3rd Witch. Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

1st Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
poison'd entrails throw,
that under cold stone
and nights has thirty one
r'd venom sleeping got,
ou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble; 10
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Filet 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 owllet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble; 20
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, mau and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspemings Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangell'd baby,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the greul thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's cauldron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And e'ry one shall share I the gains: 40
And now about the cauldron sing,
Live elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.

Hec. Retires.

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks;
Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
night hags!
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you pro-
fess,
Hower ever you come to know it, answer me:
Though you unite the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown
down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the

treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou'rst rather hear it
from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em; let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in s'ow's blood, that hath eaten
her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten From the murderer's gibbet throw Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low; Thyself and office defily show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
First Witch. He knows thy thought; Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough. [Descends.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
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.


Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born So shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.


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-placed Macbeth Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this, And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know, Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this? [Hautboys.

First Witch. Show!
Sec. Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass on's hand; Banquo's Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Ban; down! Thy crown does bear mine eye-balls. And 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, e What, will the line stretch out to the crag doom? Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more; And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass Which shows me many more; and some I see That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry. Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true; For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon us And points at them for his. Apparitions van

What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but Stands Macbeth thus amazedly.
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites, And show the best of our delights: I'll charm the air to give a sound, While you perform your antic round; That this great king may kindly say, Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Music. The Witches dance, and vanish, with He.

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this vicious hour Stand aye accused in the calendar! Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What's your grace's
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters? No, my
Len. Came they not by you?
Macb. No, indeed, my
Len. Infected be the air whereon they And damn'd all those that trust them! I did The galloping of horse: who was't came by Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipatest my dream plots: 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 the 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 soul That trace him in his line. No boasting fool;
His deed I'll do before this purpose cool,
It no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
One, 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:
A flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
If 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
Whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
Wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Ten young ones in her nest, against the owl.
The fear and nothing is the love;
Little is the wisdom, where the flight
Runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
Say you, school yourself: but for your husband,
Is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
Fits of the season. I dare not speak much
Further;
Cruel are the times, when we are traitors
I do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour
M what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
Float upon a wild and violent sea.

h way and move. I take my leave of you;
I'll not be long but I'll be here again:
As at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
What they were before. My pretty cousin,
Singing upon you!
L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.
Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
Should be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I may have care at once. 

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead; 30
What will you do now? How will you live?
As birds do, mother.
L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?
With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
Pitfall nor the gin.
Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
Father is not dead, for all your saying.
L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do
For a father?
Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet,
'T is faith,
Wit enough for thee.
Was my father a traitor, mother?
L. Macd. Ay, that he was.
What is a traitor?
L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?
L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.
Son. And must they all be hanged that swear
L. Macd. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
L. Macd. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools,
For there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang them up.
L. Macd. Nay, 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 prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect,
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage: 70
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. 

[Exit. L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime.
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?
First Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsacrilified
Where such as thou mayst find him.
First Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!
First Mur. What, you egg?
L. Macd. Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! 
[Dies.
L. Macd. Lord Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder'
[Exeunt Murderers, following her.

SCENE III. England. Before the King's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade,
And there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our downfall'd birthdorn: each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrow
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolor.
Mal. What I believe I'll wait,
What know believe, and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance. This tyrant, whose sole name blusters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you have loved him well.

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macc. I am not treacherous.

But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;

That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macc. I have lost my hopes.

Mai. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macc. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy
wrongs;
The title is after'd. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not to be villain that thou thinkest
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mai. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke:
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
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.

Macc. What should he be?

Mai. It is myself I mean: in whom I know 50
All the particulars of vice so graft'd
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confined harms.

Macc. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mai. I grant him bloody,

Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none, 60
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'bearear
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macc. 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 hoo'd
We have willing dames enough; there cannot
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mai. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more: that I should forget
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macc. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicous root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
And your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mai. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, for to him,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I shot
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Upwar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macc. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mai. If such a one be fit to govern, speak
I am as I have spoken.

Macc. Fit to govern!

Mai. No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shall thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since in this our time the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accused,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal fest
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself.
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Macc. Macduff, this noble passion
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thought
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-creul'd haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspayc mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blame I laid upon myself,
For straoggers to my nature, I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcey have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Stood at a point, was setting forth.
How we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Let our warranted quarrel! Why are you
silent?
Mac. Such welcome and unwelcome things
at once
Is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.
Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
I pray you?
Doc. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched
souls
that stay his cure: their malady convinces
he great assay of art; but at his touch—
such sanctity hath heaven given his hand—
they presently amend.
Mal. I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.
Mac. What's the disease he means?
Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
most miraculous work in this good king;
hich often, since my here-remain in England,
have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
myself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
I swoon and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
and mere despair of surgery, he cures,
ang a golden stamp about their necks,
and with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
the succeeding royalty he leaves
in healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
that sundry blessings hang about his throne,
at speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.
Mac. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him
not.
Mac. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes
remove
the means that makes us strangers!
Sir, amen.
Mac. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country! most afraid to know itself. It cannot
call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing
who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
eer sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the
air
made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
seems
modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
here scarce ask'd for who; and good men's
life
here before the flowers in their caps,
ng ever they sicken.
Mac. O, relation
nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What's the newest grief?
or. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker:

Each minute teems a new one.

Mac. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.

A.Mac. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.

Mac. The tyrant has not b batter'd at their
peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did
leave 'em.

Mac. Be not a niggard of your speech: how
goes't?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190
An elder and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be how'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Mac. What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breath?
Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Mac. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Mac. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and
babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mac. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-sought heart and bids it break.
Mac. My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all 211
That could be found.

Mac. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Ross. I have said.

Mac. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Mac. He has no children. All my pretty
ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Mac. I shall do so; 220
But I must also feel it as a man:
ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumber agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

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; stand 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 action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her to continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell-murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afear'd! What need we fear who knows it, when none 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: who is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more!—that you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not. I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still on all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten that little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

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 holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale. I tell you, again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed! there's knock at the gate: come, come, come, come, give it your hand. What's done cannot be undone. [Exeunt.]

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secret More needs she the divine than the physician. God, God forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night. My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good Doctor.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The country near Dunsinane.

Drum and colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Menteith. 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
MACBETH.

Near Birnam wood we call all 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 the gentry: there is Siward's son, and many unrough youths that even now otest their first of manhood.

**Ment.** What does the tyrant? **Caith.** Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies: he say's he's mad; others that lesser hate him call it valiant fury: but, for certain, cannot buckler his distemper'd cause thin the belt of rule.

**Ang.** Now does he feel secret murders sticking on his hands; minutely revolt upbrain his faith-breach; as he commands move only in command, thing in love: now does he feel his title singing loose about him, like a giant's robe on a dwarfish thief.

**Ment.** Who then shall blame s'pester'd senses to recoil and start, ten all that is within him does condemn all for being there? **Caith.** Well, march we on, give obedience where 'tis truly owed: set we the medicine of the sickly weal, d with him pour we in our country's purge ch drop of us. **Len.** Or so much as it needs, dwe the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. oke we our march towards Birnam. [Exeunt, marching.

**Sey.** Tis not needed yet. **Macb.** I'll put it on. Send out more horses; skirr the country round; Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour. How does your patient, doctor? **Dol.** Not so sick, my lord, As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, That keep her from her rest. **Macb.** Cure her of that. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, Pluck out the written troubles of the brain And with some sweet oblivions antidote Cleanse the stub'd bosom of that perilous stuff Which weighs upon the heart? **Dol.** Therein the patient Must minister to himself. **Macb.** Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it. Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff. Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me. **Dol.** Come, sit, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast The water of my land, find her disease, And purge it to a sound and pristine health, I would applaud thee to the very echo, That should applaud again. — Pull't off, I say. — What rhubarb, fysing, or what purgative drug, Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them? **Dol.** Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation Makes us hear something. **Macb.** Bring it after me. I will not be afraid of death and base, Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. **Dol.** [Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear, Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exeunt.}
Scene IV. Country near Birnam wood.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siv. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear’t before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siv. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before’t.

Mal. ’Tis his main hope: 10
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siv. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: 20
Towards which advance the war.

[Exeunt, marching.

Scene V. Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with Drum and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come!' our castle's strength
Will laugh a sieve to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up;
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them careful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

[An entrance within.

Macb. What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[Exit.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool’d
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in’t: I have supp’d full with horrors;
D ireness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Sey. Wherefore was that cry?

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a woman.
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, brief candle!
Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage;
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quick.

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
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
not so.

Macb. Within this three mile may you see it coming
I say, a moving grove.

Mess. If thou speak’st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend.

That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane,' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and o’er
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is not flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o’ the world were now done.

Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! I come, 16
At least we’ll die with harness on our back.

[Exeunt.

Scene VI. Dunsinane. Before the castle.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with banners.

Mal. Now near enough: your leafy spears
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 you,
Shall take upon’s what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siv. Fare you well.

Macd. Do we but find the tyrant’s power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macb. Make all our trumpets speak; them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and des
Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Mac. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name than any in hell.

[They fight and young Siward is slain.]

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword I prove the lie thou speak'st.

Mac. Thou wast born of woman. I swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, and 'd by man's of a woman born.

[Exit.]

Alarums. Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Yo. Siw. This way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face! ho! be'st slain and with no stroke of mine, wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still; not strike at wretched kerns, whose arms are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth, else my sword with an unbatter'd edge beateth again undeserved. There thou shouldst be; this great clatter, one of greatest note bruises. Let me find him, fortune! I more I beg not.

[Exit. Alarums.

Yo. Siw. Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Yo. Siw. This way my lord; the castle's gently render'd:

'trant's people on both sides do fight;

noble thanes do bravely in the war;

day almost itself professes yours,

little is to do.

fal. We have met with foes it strike beside us.

Yo. Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarums.

Scene VIII. Another part of the field.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn! Macd. Of all men else I have avoided thee: But get thee back; my soul is too much charged With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words; My voice is in my sword: thon bloody villain Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.]

Mac. Thou lostest labour: As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed: Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; I bear a charmed life, which must not yield To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm; And let the angel whom thou still hast served Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb Untimely ripp'd. Macd. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so, For it hath cow'd my better part of man! And be these juggling fiends no more believed, That palter with us in a double sense; That keep the word of promise to our ear, And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee. Macd. Then yield thee, coward, And live to be the show and gaze o' the time: We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, Painted upon a pole, and underwrit, 'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Mac. I will not yield, To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, And to be baited with the rabble's curse. Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 39 And thou opposed, being of no woman born, Yet I will try the last. Before my body I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff, And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, e-nough!' [Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.]

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SiWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived. Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see, So great a day as this is cheaply bought. Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son. Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:

He only lived but till he was a man; The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd In the unshrinking station where he fought, But like a man he died. Siw. Then he is dead? Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow Must not be measured by his worth, for then It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before? Ross. Ay, on the front. Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he! Had I as many sons as I have hairs, I would not wish them to a fairer death: And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow, 50 And that I'll spend for him. Siw. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer
comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold,
where stands
The usurper's 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. We shall not spend a large expense of
time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes a
kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scots
In such an honour named. What's more to d
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place;
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]
AMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Claudius, king of Denmark.
Hamlet, son to the late, and nephew to the present king.
Polonius, lord chamberlain.
Horatio, friend to Hamlet.
Laertes, son to Polonius.

VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, OSRIC, A Gentleman, A Priest.

Marcellus, Bernardo, Francisco, a soldier.

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.
Players.
Two Clowns, grave-diggers.
FORTINBRAS, prince of Norway.
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.

OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE: Denmark.

ACT I.

NE I. Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

SCOSCA at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.
r. Who's there?
am. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.
r. Long live the king!
am. Bernardo?
r. He.
am. You come most carefully upon your hour.
r. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
am. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, I am sick at heart.
r. Have you had quiet guard?
am. Not a mouse stirring, 10
r. Well, good night.

u do meet Horatio and Marcellus, rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
am. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
r. Friends to this ground.
ar. And liegenmen to the Dane.
am. Give you good night.
ar. Holla! Bernardo! Say, tis Horatio there?
r. A piece of him.
r. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy, And will not let belief take hold of him Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us: Therefore I have entreated him along With us to watch the minutes of this night; That if again this apparition come, He may approve our eyes and speak to it. Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear. Ber. Sit down awhile; 30 And let us once again assail your ears, That are so fortified against our story What we have two nights seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down, And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all, When yond same star that's westward from the pole Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself, The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again! 40
Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio. Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio. Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio. Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night, Together with that fair and warlike form In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!  
\[Mar.\] It is offended.  
\[Ber.\] See, it stalks away! so  
\[Hor.\] 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 splendid 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 sore task  
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;  
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:  
Who is 't that can inform me?  
\[Hor.\] That can I;  
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,  
Whose image even now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Therto pricked on by a mere emulate pride,  
Dare make 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 which, a moity competent  
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd  
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,  
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,  
And carriage of the article design'd,  
His 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 resolutes,  For food and diet, to some enterprise  
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other—  
As it doth well appear unto our state—  
But to recover of us, by strong hand  
And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands  
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,  
Is the main motive of our preparations,  
The source of this our watch and the chief  
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 portentious figure  
Comes armed through our watch; so like a king  
That was and is the question of these wars.  
\[Hor.\] A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye:  
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman street.  
As stars with trains of fire and dew of blood  
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire sat  
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:  
And even the like precursor of fierce events,  
As harbingers preceding still the fates  
And prologue to the omen coming on,  
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—  
But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!  
\[Re-enter Ghost.\]  
I'll cross it, though it blast me.  
\[Hor.\] Stay, illustrious!  
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
Speak to me:  
If there be any good thing to be done,  
To thee do ease and grace to me,  
Speak to me:  
\[Cock cries.\]  
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,  
O, speak!  
Or if thou hast upbraided in thy life  
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,  
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in  
Speak of it: stay, and speak!  
\[Mar.\] Shall I strike at it with my partizan?  
\[Hor.\] Do, if it will not stand.  
\[Exit Ghost.\]  
\[Hor.\] 'Tis gone!  
\[Ber.\] Do we do it wrong, being so majestic,  
To offer it the show of violence;  
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,  
And our vain blows malicious mockery.  
\[Ber.\] It was about to speak, when the 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 throats  
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine; and of the truth herein  
This present object made probation.  
\[Mar.\] It faded on the crowing of the cock.  
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:  
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;  
The trips of darkness are wholesome; then no planets show;  
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,  
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill—
HAMLET.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer.

My dread lord, 50
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [Aside] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nightly 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 forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persever
In obstinate condolence is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd: whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first cough till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us.
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend to you remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers.

Hamlet. I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

Queen. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply: 130
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heavens shall burst again,
Re-speaking earthy thunder. Come away.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.]

Ham. O, that this too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew! 130
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king: that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother 140
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't—Frazily, thy name is woman!

A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she— 149
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with my

My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month:
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to inconstant 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! 160
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?
Scene II.

HAMLET.

Let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me. Do you the watch to-night?

Laer. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Laer. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Laer. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Laer. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beard up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Laer. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Laer. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Laer. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Laer. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Laer. While one with moderate haste might count a hundred.

Ham. Longer, longer.

Laer. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no? 240

Laer. It was, as I have seen it in his life, silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night; chance 'twill walk again.

Laer. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person, speak to it, though hell itself should gape and bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, have hitherto conceal'd this sight; it be tenable in your silence still; whatsoever else shall hap to-night, let it be an understanding, but no tongue: 250

Ham. I require your loves. So, fare you well: in the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve, visit you.

Laer. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell. [Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Laer. Father's spirit in arms! all is not well; sub'th some foul play; whether the night were come? then sit still, my soul! foul deeds will rise, 260
guh all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

Laer. Think it no more: 20

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs, 30
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
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 calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blamstems are most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

Laer. O, fear me not.

I stay too long: but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with thee!

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act. 60
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell! my blessing season this in thee!

_Laer._ Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
_Pol._ The time invites you; go; your servants tend.
_Laer._ Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

_Oph._ Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

_Laer._ Farewell. [Exit.]

_Pol._ What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

_Oph._ So please you, something touching the
Lord Hamlet.

_Pol._ Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and 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 behooves 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 lady;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.

_Oph._ My lord, he hath importuned me with
love.

In honourable fashion.

_Pol._ Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

_Oph._ And hath given countenance to his
speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

_Pol._ Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do
know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be somewhat scatter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreaties 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 tither may he walk
'Tan may be given you: in few, Ophelia,

Do not believe his vows; for they are broke.
Not of that dye which their investments shew;
But mere importators 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
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.

_SCENE IV._ The platform.

_Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcell._

_Ham._ The air bites shrewdly; it is very

_Hor._ It is a nipping and an eager air.

_Ham._ What hour now?

_Hor._ I think it lacks of two

_Ham._ No, it is struck.

_Hor._ Indeed? I heard it not: then it is

near the season.

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[A flourish of trumpets, and ordn

light off, etc.

What does this mean, my lord?

_Ham._ The king doth wake to-night and
to his rouse.

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spr

reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish do

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 observ
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nation
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish pl

Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd
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-leavens
The form of plausible manners, that these men
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace;
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of teale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

_Hor._ Look, my lord, it comes

_Enter Ghost._

_Ham._ Angels and ministers of grace do us

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts
dell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
HAMLET.

[Scene IV.]

HAMLET. 817

You comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
Over father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
'Tis me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Thy thou canopied hearses, hearsed in death,
Thr burst their cements; why the sepulchre,
Herein we saw thee quietly inter'd,
Thy oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
Cast thee up again. What may this mean,
At thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Visit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Sinking night hideous; and we fools of nature
Horridly to shake our disposition
That thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls
Yet, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
[Ghost beckons Hamlet.]

For. It beckons you to go away with it,
If some impartialment did desire
You alone.

Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground;
Do not go with it.

No, by no means.

It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Do not, my lord.

Why, what should be the fear?
Thou dost not set my life at a pin's fee;
For, my soul, what can it do to that
An thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again; I'll follow it.

What if it tempt you toward the flood,
My lord?
To the dreadful summit of the cliff
It beetles over his base into the sea,
I there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
Draw you into too madness? think of it:
Very place puts toys of desperation,
Hurst more motive, into every brain,
It looks so many fathoms to the sea
I hears it roar beneath.

It waves me still.

O; I'll follow thee.

You shall not go, my lord.

Hold off your hands. 80

Be ruled; you shall not go.

My fate cries out,
I makes each petty artery in this body
Hardy as the Neaman lion's nerve.

I am call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.
Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!
Away! Go on: I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.

Or. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey
him.

Have after. To what issue will this come?

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Or. Heaven will direct it.

Nay, let's follow him. [Exeunt."

GHOST. 50

I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak: I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit.

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away,

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Ham. Hasten me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,

I hear:

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rake'dly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul! 40

My uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate

With witchcraft of his wits, with traitorous gifts,—O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,

And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;  
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,  
My custom always of the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial.  
And in the porches of my ears did pour  
The leprous distillment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man  
That swift as quicksilver it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body,  
And with a sudden vigour it doth possess  
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;  
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,  
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
All my smooth body.  
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:  
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head:  
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!  
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!  
The glow-worm shows the main to be near,  
And, to bear a nosegay to his unfeatural 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 any commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!  
O most pernicious woman!  
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!  
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:  
[Writing.]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'  

I have sworn 't.

Mar. [Within] My lord, my lord,—  
Hor. [Within] Lord Hamlet,—  
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'st, my noble lord?  
Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!  
Hor. Good my lord, tell it  
Ham. No; you'll reveal it.  
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.  
Mar. Nor I, my lord.  
Ham. How say you, then; would hear  
man once think it?  
But you'll be secret?  
Hor.  
Mar.  
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in  
Denmark  
But he's an arrant knave.  
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, or  
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 y  
For every man has business and desire,  
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,  
Look you, I'll go pray.  
Hor. These are but wild and whirling wo  
by 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  
Horatio,  
And much offence too. Touching this vision b  
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:  
For your desire to know what is between us,  
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good frie  
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,  
Give me one poor request.  
Hor. What's t, my lord? we will.  
Ham. Never make known what you have  
seen to-night.  
Hor.  
Mar. [Exit.]

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.  
Hor. In faith.  
My lord, not I.  
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.  
Ham. Upon my sword.  
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.  
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.  
Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.  
Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art t  
there, truepenny?  
Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellar  
Consent to swear.  
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.  
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have  
seen,  
Swear by my sword.  
Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.  
Ham. Hic et ubique? then we'll shift  
ground.  
Come hither, gentlemen,  
And lay your hands again upon my sword;  
Never to speak of this that you have heard,  
Swear by my sword.  
Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.  
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i  
earth so fast?  
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, g  
friends.
HAMLET.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome,
there are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,

than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

I这就 come,
ere, as before, never, so help mercy,
this strange or odd soe'rr I bear myself.
I perchance hereafter shall think meet
put an antic disposition on,
att you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
itth arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if we
would.'

'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they
might,'
such ambiguous giving out, to note
at you know aught of: this not to do,
grace and mercy to your most need help you,
war.

GHOST. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [They swear.] So, gentlemen,
ith all my love I do commend me to you:
d so poor a man as Hamlet is
y to, to express his love and friend to you,
ning, shall not lack.
their;
dst your fingers on your lips, I pray.
e time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
et ever I was born to set it right!
y, come, let's go together. [Exeunt. 190

ACT II.

SCENE I. A room in Polonius' house.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes,
Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good
Reynaldo,
for you visit him, to make inquire
his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look
you, sir,
quire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
how, and who, and what, and where they
keep,
at company, at what expense; and finding
this encompassment and drift of question
at they do know my son, come you more nearer
in your particular demands will touch it:
se, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of
him;
thus, 'I know his father and his friends,
I am part him:' do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. 'And in part him; but' you may say
'not well:
if 't be he I mean, he's very wild;
lied so and so:' and there put on him
at forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing: you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the
charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,
that is open to incontinency;

That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults 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.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of wit:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured
He closes with you in this consequence;
'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this—he does—
what was I about to say? By the mass, I was
about to say something: where did I leave? 51
Rey. At 'closes in the consequence,' at 'friend
or so,' and 'gentleman.'

Pol. At 'closes in the consequence,' ay, marry:
He closes 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 'rouse;
There falling out at tennis:' or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'
Videlicit, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirects find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord!

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell! [Exit Reynaldo.

Enter Ophelia.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
HAMLET.

Pol. With what, 'tis the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced;

No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle; 80

Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;

And with a look so piteous in purport

As if he had been loosed out of hell

To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;

But truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;

And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face

As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;

At last, a little shaking of mine arm

And thrice his head thus waving up and down,

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound

As it did seem to shatter all his bulk

And end his being: that done, he lets me go:

And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;

For out o' doors he went without their help,

And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the

king.

This is the very ecstasy of love,

Whose violent property fordoes itself

And leads the will to desperate undertakings

As oft as any passion under heaven

That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.

What have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord, but, as you did command,

I did repel his letters and denied

His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad. I am sorry that with better heed and judgement

I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle,

And meant to wrench thee; but, beshrew my jeal-

ousy!

By heaven, it is as proper to our age

To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions

As it is common for the younger sort

To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:

This must be known: which, being kept close,

might move

More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guilden-

stern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guilden-

stern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,

The need we have to use you did provoke

Our hasty sending. Something have you heard

Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it,

Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man

Resembles that it was. What it should be,

More than his father's death, that thus hath put

him

So much from the understanding of himself,

I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,

That, being of so young days brought up with him

And sit by his youth and havion

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court

Some little time: so by your companions

To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,

So much as from occasion you may glean,

Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thou

That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk of

you;

And sure I am two men there are not living

To whom he more adheres. If it will please ye,

To show us so much gentry and good will

As to expend your time with us awhile,

For the supply and profit of our hope,

Your visitation shall receive such thanks

As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. But we both obey,

And here give up ourselves, in the full bent

To lay our service freely at your feet,

To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guil-

sencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit

My too much changed son. Go, some of you,

And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and o

practices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, a

some Attendan

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good

lord,

Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of go

news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? I assure my go

liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,

Both to my God and to my gracious king:

And I do think, or else this brain of mine

Hunts not the trail of policy so sure

As it hath used to do, that I have found

The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to he

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassador

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bri

them in.

[Exit Polonius.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and

Cornelius.

Welcome, my good friends.

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norw

Voll. Most fair return of greetings and desir
pon him first, he sent out to suppress his nephew's levies; which to him appear'd to be a preparation 'gainst the Polack; yet, better look'd into, he truly found was against your highness: whereat grieved, in so his sickness, age and impotence, as falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests a Fortinbras: which he, in brief, obeys; receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine aches now before his uncle never more do give the assay of arms against your majesty. Hereon old Norway, overcome with joy, gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee, and his command to employ those soldiers, levied as before, against the Polack: Thus an entreaty, herein further shown, [Giving a paper. that it might please you to give quiet pass through your dominions for this enterprise, with such regards of safety and allowance as therein are set down. King. It likes us well; at our more consider'd time we'll read, answer, and think upon this business. Elsinore we thank you for your well-look'd labour: to your rest; at night we'll feast together: oost welcome home! [Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius. Pol. This business is well ended. y liege, and madam, to expostulate hat majesty should be, what duty is, by day is day, night night, and time is time, ere nothing but to waste night, day and time. Wherefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, will be brief: your noble son is mad: ad call I it; for, to define true madness, hat is't but to be nothing else but mad? Let let that go. Queen. More matter, with less art. Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all. hat he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis a foolish figure; at farewell it, for I will use no art. ad let us grant him, then; and now remains that we find out the cause of this effect, for either say, the cause of this defect, or this effect defective comes by cause: hus it remains, and the remainder thus. and. have a daughter—have while she is mine—be, in her duty and obedience, mark, ath given me this: now gather, and surprise. [Reads. To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most augustified Ophelia,— hat's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus: [Reads. a her excellent white bosom, these, &c. Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her? Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful. [Reads. 'Doubt thou the stars are fire; Doubt that the sun doth move; Doubt truth to be a liar; But never doubt I love. 'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu. 'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.' This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me, And more above, hath his solicitings, As they fell out by time, by means and place, All given to mine ear. King. But how hath she Received his love? Pol. What do you think of me? King. As of a man faithful and honourable. Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think, When I had seen this hot love on the wing— As I perceived it, I must tell you that, Before my daughter told me—what might you, Or my dear majesty your queen here, think, If I had play'd the desk or table-book, Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb, Or look'd upon this love with idle sight; What might you think? No, I went round to work, And my young mistress thus I did bespeak: 'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star; This must not be;' and then I precepts gave her, That she should lock herself from his resort, Admit no messengers, receive no tokens; Which done, she took the fruits of my advice; And he, 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 now he raves, And all we mourn for time. Do you think 'tis this? Queen. It may be, very likely. Pol. Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know that— That I have positively said 'Tis so,' When it proved otherwise? King. Not that I know. Pol. [Pointing to his head and shoulder] Take this from this, if this be otherwise: If circumstances lead me, I will find Where truth is hid, though it were hid: indeed Within the centre. King. How may we try it further? Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together Here in the lobby. Queen. So he does indeed. Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him: Be you and I behind an arras then; Mark the encounter: if he love her not And be not from his reason fall thereon, Let me be no assistant for a state, But keep a farm and carters. King. We will try it. Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch a comes reading. Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away: I'll board him presently. [Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants. Enter Hamlet, reading. O, give me leave: How does my good Lord Hamlet? Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my lord?
Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.
Pol. Not I, my lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest, my lord!
Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.
Pol. That's very true, my lord. 150
Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?
Pol. I have my lord.
Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to 't.
Pol. [Aside] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my lord?
Ham. Words, words, words.
Pol. What is the matter, my lord?
Ham. Between who?
Pol. Mean, the matter that you read, my lord.
Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes perceiving thick amber and plum-tree gum and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.
Pol. [Aside] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?
Ham. Into my grave. 210
Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. [Aside] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.
Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life. 222
Pol. Fare you well, my lord.
Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.
Ros. [To Polonius] God save you, sir!
[Exit Polonius.

Guil. My honoured lord!
Ros. My most dear lord!
Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?
Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.
Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.
Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?
Ros. Nor her, my lord.
Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?
the king and queen mould no feather. I have of
— but wherefore I I lost all my mirth,
as one all custom of exercises; and indeed it
so heavily with my disposition that this
ony frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile
onty, this most excellent canopy, the air,

Ros. I, your brave or'hering firmament, this
stiffest roof fretted with golden fire, why, it
po no other thing to me than a foul and
haent congregation of vapours. What a piece
work is a man! how noble in reason! how infi-
ience in faculty! in form and moving how ex-#
admirable! in action how like an angel!
prehension how like a god! the beauty of
world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to
what is this quintessence of dust? man delights
me: no, nor woman neither, though by your
iling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my
ights.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said
an delights not me?—

To think on, my lord, if you delight not in
a, what lenten entertainment the players shall
give you: we cotred them on the way; if
hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome;
royalty shall have tribute of me; the adven-
ous knight shall use his foil and target; the
shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man
ll end his part in peace; the clown shall make
see laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere;
I, the lady shall say her mind freely, or the
n verse shall halt for't. What players are

this. Even those you were wont to take delight
the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their resi-
ence, both in reputation and profit, was better
by ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the
ams of the late innovation.

Do they hold the same estimation they
when I was in the city? are they so fol-

Ros. No, indeed, are they not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?—
Ros. Nay, their endeavours keeps in the
ied pace: but there is, sir, an aery of chil-
little eyases, that cry out on the top of
ation, and are most tyrannically clapped for't:
ere are now the fashion, and so berattle the
mamon stages—so they call them—that many
ing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and
c scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who main-
are 'em? how are they escoted? Will they
use the quality no longer than they can sing?
not they say afterwards, if they should grow
se themselves to common players—as it is most like,
ir means are no better—their writers do them
ong, to make them exclain against their own
mission?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on
sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre
m to controversy: there was, for a while, no
ey bid for argument, unless the poet and the
year went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about
of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules
and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for mine uncle
king of Denmark, and those that would make
s at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty,
fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture
little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more
natural, if philosophy could find it out.

Flourish of trumpets within.

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsa-
ore. Your hands, come then: the appurten-
ace of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me
omply with you in this garb, lest my extent to
the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly
ward, should more appear like entertainment
than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-
father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when
the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a

der.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too;
at each ear a hearer; that great baby you
see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come
to them; for they say an old man is twice a
child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of
the players; mark it. You say right, sir! o'Mon-
day morning: 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.

When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for
tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-
comical, history-pastoral, tragical-historical,
tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivi-
dable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too
heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of
and the liberty, these are the only men. 42x

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a
treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'One fair daughter, and no more,
Which he loved passing well.'—

Pol. [Aside] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not 't the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I
have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why

'As by lot, God wot,'—
and then, you know,

'IT came to pass, as most like it was,—'
the first row of the pious chanson will show you
more; for look, where my abridgement con-

[Aside]
Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: comest thou to hear me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By' th' lady, thy ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallies in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affecation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I could not love: 'twas End of Doe: and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see—

'The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,'—it is not so: it begins with Pyrrhus:

'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms, Black as his purpose, did the night resemble When he lay couched in the ominous horse, Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard With heraldry more dismal: head to foot Now is he total gules; horribly trick'd With blood of fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, Pyrrhus was impast with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous and damned light To their lord's murderers: roasting in wrath and fire, And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore, With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus Old grand sire Priam seek.'s.

So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Torrude, 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 mach'd, Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide; But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilion, Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash Takes prisoner Pyrrhus: so ear; for, lo! his sword, Which was declining on the milky head Of reverend Priam, seem'd: the air to stick: So, as a painted tyrant, Priamus stood, And like a neutral to his will and matter, Did nothing. But, as we often see, against some storm, A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still, The bold winds speechless and the orb below As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder Doth rend the region, so, after Pyrrhus' parts Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work; And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall On Mars' armour forged for proof etern With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding swoon Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All ye gods, In general synod, take away her power; Break all the spokes and stellies from her wheels And bow the round have down the hill heaven, As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long. First Play. 'Tis too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard Frithee, say, on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdy or sleep: say on: come to Hecuba.

First Play. But who, O, who, that had seen the mobled queen—

Ham. 'The mobled queen?'

Pol. That's good: 'mobled queen' is good.

First Play. Run barefoot up and down theremoing the flames With bisson rheum: a clout upon that head Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins, A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up! Who this had seen, with tongue in vein steep'd, 'Gainst Fortune's state would reason have pronounced:

But if the gods themselves did see her then When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious spore In mincing with his sword her husband's limb The instant burst of clamour that she made, Unless things mortal move them not at all. Would have made milch the burning eyes heaven, And passion in the gods.'

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned the colour and has tears in his eyes. Pray you, more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out at rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let the be well used; for they are the abstract and chronicles of the time: after your death you will better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live. Pol. My lord, I will use them according their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. [Exit Polonius with all the Play but the First.] Dost thou hear me, old friar? can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha' t to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some do
To assume a pleasing shape: yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, 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 be sounded,
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.
Queen. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Niggar'd of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.
Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-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 inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Ros. We shall, my lord.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us two;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'were by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers.
Queen. I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen.

HAMEL'T.

SCENE II.

HAMLET.

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.
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you.
We will be brief ourselves. [To Ophelia] Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
King. [Aside] O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plaiting art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word;
O heavy burthen!
Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[Exeunt King and Polonius.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The tempests and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep; 60
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 wished. To die; to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
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 yield you; well, well, well.
Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.
Ham. No, not I; I never gave you aught.
Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfumes 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, you 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 bawd than the force of honesty can transplant
beauty into his likeness: this was sometime paradox,
but now the time gives it proof. I do love you once.
Oph. [Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so;
but 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 in different honest; but yet I could accuse me
such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, an
bitterious, with more offences at my beck than 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 an
heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe
none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where
your father?
Oph. At home, my lord.
Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house.
Farewell.
Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!
Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee the 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 the
wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men
know well enough what monsters you make
them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly to Farewell.
Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!
Ham. I have heard of your paintings to well enough; God has given you one face, at
make you yourselves another: you jig, ye
amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's cre
tures, and make your wantonness your ignorance.
Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad.
I say, we will have no more marriages: those
that are married already, all but one, shall live
the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunner
Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue;
The expectation and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
ow see that noble and most sovereign reason, like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh; that unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth; austed with ecstasy: O, woe is me, have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend; or what he spake, though it lack'd form a little, as not like madness. There's something in his soul, er which his melancholy sits on brood; id if I do doubt the hatch and the disclose ill be some danger: which for to prevent, save in quick determination.

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe the origin and commencement of his grief rung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia! u need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said; heard it all. My lord, do as you please; if you hold it fit, after the play his question all alone entertain him show his grief: let her be round with him; I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear all their conference. If she find him not, England send him, or confine him where ur wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so: illness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I anointed it to you, trippingly on the tongue: if you mouth it, as many of your players do, as the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor not saw the air too much with your hand, s but use all; for in the very torrent, set, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of action, you must acquire and beget a temper that may give it smoothness. O, it offends to the soul to hear a robustus periwig-pated o'er a passion to tatters, to very rags, to the ears of the groundlings, who for the most of are capable of nothing but inexplicable mu-shows and noise: I would have such a ow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant: it outwits Heron: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this spec-observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty nature: for any thing so overdone is from the pose of playing, whose end, both at the first now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror to nature; to show virtue her own feature, ru her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutt'd and bellow'd that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that differently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [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. Bid the players make haste. [Exit Polonius.] Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. 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 e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter; For what advancement may I hope from thee That no revenue hast but thy good spirits, To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absolute pomp, And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice And could of men distinguish, her election Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing, A man that fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled, That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger To sound what stop she please. Give me that man That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, As I do thee.—Something too much of this.— There is a play to-night before the king; One scene of it comes near the circumstance Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,  
Even with the very comment of thy soul  
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt  
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,  
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,  
And my imaginations are as foul  
As Vulcan’s stithy. Give him heedful note;  
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,  
And after we will both our judgements join  
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. I prithee, well, my lord:  
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,  
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.  
Ham. They are coming to the play; I must  
be idle:  
Get you a place.

Danish March. A Flourish. Enter King, Queen,  
Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i’ faith; of the chameleon’s dish: I cat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [To Polonius] My lord, you played once i’ the university, you say?  
Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Caesar: I was killed i’ the Capitol: Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?  

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here’s metal more attractive.

Pol. [To the King] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?  
[Lying down on Ophelia’s feet.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Nay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That’s a fair thought to lie between maids’ legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?  

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, ‘tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I’ll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there’s hope a great man’s memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by’r lady, he must build churches, that, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is ‘For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse forgot.’

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly;  
Queen embracing him, and he her. He kneels, and makes show of protestation in him. He takes her up, and declines his headset her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King’s ear and exits. The Queen returns; finds King dead, and makes passionate action. I Poisoner, with some two or three Mutineers in again, seeming to lament with her.  
The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner vows the Queen with gifts: she seems both unwilling and unwilling, but in the end accedes his love.

[Exeunt]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is michting mallecho; means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: players cannot keep counsel; they’ll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show; for he is ashamed to show, he’ll not shame tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently.  

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. ’Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman’s love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus’ chariot gone round.

Neptune, bathe wash and Tellus’ orbred gown.

And thirty dozen moons with borrow’d shee.

About the world have times twelve thirties be.

Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hand.

Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon.

Make us again count o’er ere love be done.

But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,

So far from cheer and from your former state.

That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,

Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must.

For women’s fear and love holds quantity;

In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you

know;

And as my love is sized, my fear is so:

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are

Where little fears grow great, great love grows

there.

P. King. ’Faith, I must leave thee, lady, and shortly too;

My operant powers their functions leave to
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind, Honour'd, beloved: and haply one as kind For shalst thou—

_P. Queen._ O, confound the rest! Such love must needs be treason in my breast: in second husband let me be accurst! 189 None wed the second but who kill'd the first._


_P. Queen._ The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love: a second time I must 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.

_P. Queen._ Purpose is but the slave to memory, Of violent birth, but poor validity: Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree; But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be. Just 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

_Teat._ Their own enacts with themselves destroy: Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament; Brief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

_P. Queen._ His world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

_P. Queen._ Or 'tis a question left us yet to prove, Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love. He great man down, you mark his favourite flies; The poor advanced makes friends of enemies. And hither doth love fortune on tender; Or who not needs shall never lack a friend, And who in want a hollow friend doth try, Directly seasons him his enemy. But, orderly to end where I begun, Your words and fates do so contrary, That our devices still are overthrown; Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:

_P. Queen._ Think thou wilt no second husband wed; But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

_P. Queen._ Nor earth to me give food, nor

_P. King._ Heavenly light! Port and repose lock from me day and night! O desperation turn my trust and hope! An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope! Each opposite that blanks the face of joy 230 Feet what I would have well and it destroy! With here and hence pursue me lasting strife, If once a widow, ever I be wise.

_P. Queen._ If she should break it now!

_P. King._ 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile; My spirits grow dull, and faint I would beguile The tedious day with sleep._

_P. Queen._ Sleep rock thy brain; and never come mischance between us twain! [Exit._

_P. Queen._ Madam, how like you this play? 239 O. The lady protests too much, methinks.

_P. Queen._ O, but she'll keep her word.

_P. King._ That you heard the argument? Is he no offence in't?

_Ham._ No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence in't the world.

_King._ What do you call the play?

_Ham._ The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Bapista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what of that? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our widers are unwrung.

_Enter Lucianus._

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king._

_Oph._ You are as good as a chorus, my lord._

_Ham._ I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying._

_Oph._ You are keen, my lord, you are keen._

_Ham._ It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge._

_Oph._ Still better, and worse._

_Ham._ So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer: pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: 'the craking raven doth bellow for revenge.'

_Luc._ Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing; Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected, With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected, Thy natural magic and dire property, On wholesome life usurp immediately._

_P. Queen._ Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears._

_Ham._ He poisons him i' the garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife._

_Oph._ The king rises._

_Ham._ What, frightened with false fire!_ All._ Give me some light: away! 280

_Luc._ Give me some light: a light! 280

_Ham._ Why, let the stricken deer go weep, The hart ungalled play; For some much watch, while some must sleep._

So runs the world away._

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?_ 290

_Ham._ A whole one, I._

_For thou dost know, O Damon dear, This realm dismantled was._

_Ham._ Of love himself; and now reigns here._

_A very, very—pajock._

_Ham._ You might have rhymed._

_Ham._ O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?_ 300

_Hor._ Very well, my lord._

_Ham._ Upon the talk of the poisoning._

_Hor._ I did very well note him._

_Ham._ Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders! For if the king like not the comedy, Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy. Come, some music!
Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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 distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer 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 some frame and start not so wildly from my affair.

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 wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impact.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, but sir, 'While the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Ham. I know no touch of it, my lord.
Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying.
And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven;
And so am I revenge'd. That would be scannd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then revenge'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.]
King. [Rising] My words fly up, my thoughts
remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
[Exit.]

Scene IV. The Queen's closet.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear
with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betwixt
Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [Within] Mother, mother, mother! Queen.

Fear me not: withdraw, I hear him coming.
[Polonius hides behind the arras.]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so: You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
HAMLET.

[ACT III]

Queen. Nay, then, I’ll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you. 20

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not mur-

Ham. [Drawing] How now! a rat? Dead,

[Makes a pass through the arras.]


Ham. [Drawing] Where is he now? [Falls and dies]

Pol. [Behind] O, I am slain! [Drops and dies]

Ham. O, me, what hast thou done?

Queen. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good

Pol. As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, ’twas my word. 30

[Raises up the arras and discovers Polonius.]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! I
Took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find’st to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall, If
It be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not brass’d it so That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act 40

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty, Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose From the fair forehead of an innocent love And sets a bluster there, makes marriage-vows As false as dicsers’ oaths: O, such a deed As from the body of contraction plucks The very soul, and sweet religion makes A rhapsody of words: heaven’s face doth glow; Yea, this solidity and compound mass, With tristful visage, as against the doom, Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act, That roars so loud, and thunders in the index? 50

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers. See, what a grace was seated on this brow; Hyperion’s curls; the front of Jove himself; An eye like Mars, to threaten and command; A station like the herald Mercury New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill; A combination and a form indeed, Where every god did seem to set his seal, To give the world assurance of a man: This was your husband. Look you now, what follows: Here is your husband; like a mildew’d ear, Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes? Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed, And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes? You cannot call it love; for at your age The hey-day in the blood is tame, it’s humble, And waits upon the judgement: and what judg-

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, yo have, Else could you not have motion; but sure, the case Is apoplex’d; for madness would not err, Nor sense to ecstasy was ne’er so thrall’d But it reserved some quantity of choice, To serve in such a difference. What devil was 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 other fire: proclaim no shame When the compulsive ardour gives the charge, Since frost itself as actively doth burn And reason ponders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more.

Ham. Thou turnst mine eyes into my very soul; And there I see such black and grained spots As will not leave their tinct.

Queen. Nay, but to live In the rank sweat of an enseamed 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;

Ham. No more, sweet Hamlet!

A murderer and a villain A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings; A cutpurse of the empire and the rule, That from a shelf the precious diadem stole, And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more! 20

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 chide, That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by The important acting of your dread command O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose. But, look, amazement on thy mother sits; O, step between her and her fighting soul: Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works: Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is’t with you, That you do bend your eye on vacancy And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse? Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep; And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm, Your bedded hair, like life in excrements, Starts up, and stands an end. O gentle son, Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look
HAMLET.

1am. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!

form and cause conjoint'd, preaching to stones,
uld make them capable. Do not look upon me;
with this piteous action you convert
 stern effects: then what I have to do 129
I want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

queen. To whom do you speak this?

am. Do you see nothing there?
queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

am. Nor did you nothing hear?
queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

am. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
father, in his habit as he lived!
, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [Exit Ghost.

queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
bedless creation ecstasy
ry cunning in.

am. Ecstasy! 139
pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
males as healthful music: it is not madness
I have uttered: bring me to the test,
the matter will re-word: which madness
ld gammad from. Mother, for love of grace, not
that flattering uncion to your soul,
not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
Il but skin and film the ulcerous place,
rank corruption, mining all within,
is unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
ent what's past; avoid what is to come; 150
do not spread the compost on the weeds,
ake them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
the fatness of these pursy times
yself of vice must pardon beg,
curb and woo for leave to do him good.

O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

m. O, throw away the worser part of it,
ive the purer with the other half.
igh: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
ne a virtue, if you have it not.

160
monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
habits devil, is angel yet in this;
to the use of actions fair and good
wise gives a frisk or livery, aptly
put is on. Refrain to-night,
hat shall lend a kind of easiness
next abstinence: the next more easy;
it almost can change the stamp of nature,
either . . . the devil, or throw him out 169
wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
hen you are desirous to be bless'd,
sing beg of you. For this same lord,
[Pointing to Polonius.]

spent: but heaven hath pleased it so,
nish me with this and this with me,
must be their scourge and minister,
strew him, and will answer well
ath I gave him. So, again, good night.
be cruel, only to be kind:
and begins and worse remains behind.
And more, good lady,

n. What shall I do? 180
ot this, by no means, that I bid you do:
bleat king tempt you again to bed;
want on your cheek; call you his mouse;
t him, for a pair of reechy kisses,

Or puddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise, 189
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.
Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England; you know that?
Queen. Alack, 200
I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.
Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must swept my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet.

When in one line two crafts directly meet. 210
This man shall set me packing;
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed this councillor
Is now most still, most secret and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.

[Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and

Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet? Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both
contend

Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat, a rat!'

And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

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And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
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King. O heavy deed!
HAMLET.

Scene II. Another room in the castle.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you. And, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where body is, and go with us to the king:

Ham. The body is with the king, but king is not with the body. The king is a thing

Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. If fox, and all after.

Scene III. Another room in the castle.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him:

He's loved of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgement, but their eye

And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge weighs.

But never the offence. To bear all smo and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem

Deliberate pause; diseases desperate grown

By desperate appliance are relieved,

Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz.

Ros. Where now! what hath befal'n him?

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to keep your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he hath eaten: a certain conviction of politic we are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your 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 hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a man may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send hither to see: if I messenger find him not there, seek him i' other place yourself. But indeed, if you find not within this month, you shall nose him as go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine own safety—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
HAMLET

Act V, Scene III

HAMLET.

or that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
'th' fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
he bark is ready, and the wind at help,
he associates tend, and every thing is bent

10

for England?

Ay, Hamlet.

Good.

So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

I see a cherub that sees them. But, me; for England! Farewell, dear mother. 5

Thy loving father, Hamlet.

My mother; father and mother is man
d wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my
other. Come, for England! 10

Ham. Follow him at foot; tempt him with
speed aboard;
lay it not; I'll have him from me to-night:
way! for every thing is seal'd and done
at else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, d, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—
my great power thereof may give thee sense,
we yet thy citiace looks raw and red
in the Danish sword, and thy free awe
ys homage to us—you must not coldly set
a sovereign process; which imports at full,
letters congruing to that effect,
the present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
like the hectic in my blood he rages,
d thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
I'll, my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. 70

[Exit.

SCENE IV. A plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, a Captain, and Soldiers,

marching.

Go, captain, from me enchant the Danish
him that, by his license, Fortinbras
ves the conveyance of a promised march
his kingdom. You know the rendezvous,
that his majesty would aught with us,
shall express our duty in his eye;
let him know so.

I will not, my lord.

Go softly on.

[Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.

HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.

Good sir, whose powers are these?
They are of Norway, sir.
How purposed, sir, I pray you?
Against some part of Poland.
Who commands them, sir?
The nephews to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Go you against the main of Poland, sir,
or some frontier?
Truly to speak, and with no addition,
go to gain a little patch of ground
t hath it in no profit but the name.
say five ducats, five, I would not farm it: 20
shall yield to Norway or the Pole
rate, should it be sold in fee.
Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand

will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposition 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. 30

[Exit. Ros. Will't please you go, my lord? 30
Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little

[Exeunt all except Hamlet.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part

And ever three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do,'
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army of such mass and charge
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and une.
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,

Not to find quarell in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men, 60
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[Exit.

SCENE V. Elsinore. A room in the castle.

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate, indeed distress'd:

Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says
she hears
There 's tricks i' the world; and mens, and beats
her heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unsheathed use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
them,

Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strue

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [Exit Horatio.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia! [Sings] How should I your true love know
From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?


[Sings] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [Sings] Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl
Was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are,
But know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this;
But when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[Sings] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

[Sings] By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hast 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.
HAMLET.

That treason can but peep to what it would, lets little of his will. Tell me, Laertes, why thou art thus incensed? Let him go, Gertrude.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:

O hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil! conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit! damnation. To this point I stand, that both the worlds I give to negligence, yet comes what comes; only I'll be revenged out thoroughly for my father.

Who shall stay you? Laer. My will, not all the world; for my means, I'll husband them so well, they shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes, you desire to know the certainty your dear father's death, 'tis writ in your revenge, at swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe, nearer and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. To his good friends thus wise I'll ope my arms; like the kind life-rendering pelican, past them with my blood.

Why, now you speak as a good child and a true gentleman.

I am guiltless of your father's death, I am most sensible in grief for it, as level to your judgement pierce day does to your eye.

[Within] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter Ophelia.

Laer. Eat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt, out the sense and virtue of mine eye! heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight, our scale turn the beam. O rose of May! a maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia! saves! is't possible, a young maid's wits should be as mortal as an old man's life? pure is fine in love, and where 'tis fine, and some precious instance of itself the thing it loves.

[Sings]

They bore him barefaced on the bier; Hey non, nonny, nonny; And in his grave rain'd many a tear— you well, my dove! Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge, did not move thus.

[Sings] You must sing a-down a-down, An you call him a-down-a. ow the wheel becomes it! It is the false ward, that stole his master's daughter.

This nothing's more than matter.

There's rosemary, that's for remem-

brance; pray, love, remember; and there is pan-
sies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and cumbles; there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays; O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died: they say he made a good end,— [Sings] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself.

She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. [Sings] And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead; Go to thy death-bed;

He never will come again.

His bear was as white as snow, All flaxen was his poll; He is gone, he is gone, And we cast away moan:

God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' yee. [Exit. 200

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart, Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,

And they shall hear and judge twixt you and me: If by direct or by collateral hand They find us 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.

Laer. Let this be so;

His means of death, his obscure funeral— No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones, No noble rite nor formal ostentation— Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth, That I must call in question.

King. So you shall;

And where the offence is let the great axe fall. I pray you, go with me. [Exit.]

SCENE VI. Another room in the castle.

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

Hor. What are thy that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir: they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [Exit Servant. I do not know from what part of the world I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the
ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am told, you call it.  

Hor. [Reads] Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

'He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet,'  

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;  

And do't the speedier, that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Another room in the castle.  

Enter King and Laertes.  

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,  
And you must put me in your heart for friend, Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear, That he which hath your noble father slain Pursued my life.  

Laer. It well appears: but tell me Why you proceeded not against these feats, So criminal and so capital in nature, As by your wisdom, wisdom, all things else, You mainly were stir'd up.  

King. O, for two special reasons;  
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd, But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother  
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself— My virtue or my plague, be it either which— She's so conjunctive to my life and soul, That, as the star moves not but in his sphere, I could not but by her. The other motive, Why to a public count I might not go, Is the great love the general gender bear him; Who, dipp'd all his faults in their affection, Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone, Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows, Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind, Would have reverted to my 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 you are made of stuff so flat and dull That we can let our beard be shook with danger And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:

I loved your father, and we love 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 the not: They were given me by Claudio; he receiveth  
Of him that brought them.  

King. Laertes, you shall hear then Leave us. [Exit Messenger.]

[Reads] 'High and mighty, You shall know am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: wh I shall, first asking your pardon therunto, count the occasion of my sudden and no strange return.  

'Hamlet.'  

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?  

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?  

Laer. Know you the hand?  

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked And in a postscript here, he says 'alone.'  

Can you advise me?  

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let I come; It warms the very sickness in my heart, That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, 'Thus didest thou.'  

King. If it be so, Laertes—  

As how should it be so? how otherwise?—  

Will you be ruled by me?  

Laer. Ay, my lord;  
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.  

King. To thine own peace. If he be not turn'd,  

As checking at his voyage, and that he means No more to undertake it, I will work him To an exploit, now ripe in my device, Under the which he shall not choose but fall: And for his death no wind of blame shall bear. But even his mother shall uncharge the price And call it accident.  

My lord, I will be ruled;  

The rather, if you could devise it so That I might be the organ.  

King. It falls right.  

You have been talk'd of since your travel much And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts Did not together pluck such envy from him As did that one, and that, in my regard, Of the unworthiest siege.  

Laer. What part is that, my lord?  

King. A very riband in the cap of youth, Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes The light and careless livery that it wears Than settled age his sables and his weeds, Importing health and graveness. Two mo since,  

Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—  

I've seen myself, and served against, the Fre And they can well on horseback: but this ga Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unctuous of a mountebank,
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal! I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this; 149
Weight what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape; if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere 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 cunnings:
I ha's:
When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bolts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stick,
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter Queen.

Queen. How now, sweet queen!

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd,
Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeps
Cambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and induned
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord: 150
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it.

[Exit.

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow.

[Exeunt.]
Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

First Cl. Cudgel thy brains no more at it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace-beating; and, when you are asked this quest, next, say 'a grave-maker;' the houses that makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee

Exit Sec. Clo. [Vile digs, and so on]

Ham. {Vaughan: fetch me a stoup of liquor.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my beho
O, methought, there was nothing mee

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his mee
ness, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a prop of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little emp
ment hath the daintier sense.

First Cl. [Sings]

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me till the land,
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a spade.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and o
sing once: how the jaw knaws it to the gro
as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the murder! It might be the pate of a politi
which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that w
Court of God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost
well? This might be my lord such a one
that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, who
meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Worm's: chipless, and knocked about the
ward with a sexton's spade: here's fine revol
we had the trick to see 't. Did these cost no more the breeding, but to play at lo
with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

First Cl. [Sings]

A pick-axe, and a spade, a
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another spade.

Ham. There's another: why not be the skul of a lawyer? Where be his quid
now, his quills, his cases, his tenures, or tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave
to knock him about the sconce with a dirty
and will not tell him of his action of bust
Ham! This fellow might be in's time a
buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognize
his fines, his double vouchers, his recover
this the fine of his fines, and the recovery
recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine
will his vouchers vouch him no more of his chases, and double ones too, than the length
breath of a pair of indentures! The very ey
vancies of his lands will hardly lie in this
and must the inheritor himself have no more

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-
HAMLET.

1. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

2. They're sheep and calves which seek assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.

3. What grave's this, sirrah?


5. A pit of clay to be made for such a guest is meet.

6. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou art not.

7. Thou dost lie in, to be in and say is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; refore thou liest.

8. Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away anon, from me to you.

9. What man dost thou dig it for?

10. For no man, sir.

11. What woman, then?

12. For none, neither.

13. Who is to be buried in't?

14. One that was a woman, sir; but, her soul, she's dead.

15. How absolute the knave is! we must ask by the card, or equivocation will undo us.

16. the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have en a note of it; the age is grown so picked at the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-breaker?

17. Of all the days! the year, I came at that day that our last king Hamlet overcame the rinbras.

18. How long is that since?

19. Cannot you tell that? every fool tells that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he is mad, and sent into gland.

20. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

21. Why, because he was mad: he recovered his wits there; or, if he do not, it's great matter there.

22. Why?

23. 'Twill not be seen in him there; the men are as mad as he.

24. How came he mad?

25. Very strangely, they say.

26. How strangely?

27. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

28. Upon what ground?

29. Why, here in Denmark: I have a sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

30. How long will a man lie i' the earth he rot?

31. A fate, if he be not rotten before die—as we have many pocky horses now-a's, that will scarce hold the laying in— he will you some eight year or nine year: a Tanner last you nine year.

32. Why he more than another?

33. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned to his trade, that he will keep out water a great good; and your water is a sore decayer of your reson dead body. Here's a skull now; this it has lain in the earth three and twenty

34. Whose was it?
Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Lae. Must there no more be done?
First Priest. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Lae. Lay her: the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!
Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have stirr'd thy grave.

Lae. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:—

Ham. [Advancing] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps into the grave.

Lae. The devil take thy soul!

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pritchet, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear: hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia; forty thousand bro-
thers
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 weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't
Of thee thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them thro
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mot
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couples are disclosed,
His sense will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day. [Exit.

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait up
him. 

[To Laertes] Strengthen your patience in last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[Exit Horatio.

SCENE II. A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other:
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall: and that shou
 teach us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,—

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabinet,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them: had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, in

O royal knavery!—an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons
Importing Denmark's health and England's to
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: read it at my leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play—I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statistio do,
Ay, good my lord.  

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.  

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.  

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.  

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.  

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere,—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his 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, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his denomination suffers no perturbation in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yawn neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of exotomology, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such earthy and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernments, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Ham. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Osr. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Ham. Of Laertes?

Osr. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfollowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has imposed, as I take it, six French rapiers and shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.
poniards, 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?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margin ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imposed,' as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer 'no'?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial. 179

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 waiting, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [Exit Osr. ] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus he— and many more of the same bevy that I know the crossage 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 fford and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commanded him to you by young Osr, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whenever, provided I be so able as now. 211

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 fail to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord. ]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a wiser.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, 137

Ham. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Osr. That's the matter, what is 't to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osr. and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take hand from me.

[They draw.] You are Laertes' hand into Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've you wrong; But pardon't, as you are a gentleman. This presence knows, And you must needs 'ave heard, how I am ish'd With such distraction. What I have done, That might your nature, honour and excep Roughly awake, I here proclaim was mad. Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Ha. If Hamlet from himself be't, or away, And when he's not himself does wrong Laet Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it. Who does it, then? His madness: 'tis be Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd; His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience, Let my declining from a purposed evil Free me so far in your most generous thoughts That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature Whose motive, in this case, should stir me To my revenge: but in my terms of honour I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation, Till by some elder masters, of known honor I have a voice and precedent of peace. To keep my name ungored. But till that I do receive your offer'd love like love, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely; And will this brother's wager frankly play. Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in middle Your skill shall, like a star the darkest night Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osr. Osr. Ham. You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord; Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker Be'st. I do not fear it; I have seen you But since he is better'd, we have therefore Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another Ham. This likes me well. These foils all a length? [They prepare to

Osr. Ay, my good lord.
Ham. O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! Seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd:
I can no more: the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point's—envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work.

[Stabs the King.

All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?
Follow my mother.

[King dies.

Laer. He is justly served;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me!

[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 livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left—

Ham. As thou'rt a man, Give me the cup: letgo; by heaven, I'll have't.

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

[March afar off, and shot within.

What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrences, more and less,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence.

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.

Fort. Where is this sight?
HAMLET.

Hor. What is it ye would see?

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death,

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

So bloodily hast struck?

First Amb. The sight is dismal;

And our affairs from England come too late:

To 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:

He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody question,

That thou so many princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck?

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,

That thou so many princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck?

First Amb. The sight is dismal;

And our affairs from England come too late:

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He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody question,

That thou so many princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck?
KING LEAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, king of Britain.  
King of France.  
Duke of Burgundy.  
Duke of Cornwall.  
Duke of Albany.  
Earl of Kent.  
Earl of Gloucester.  
Edgar, son to Gloucester.  
Edmund, bastard son to Gloucester.  
Curan, a courtier.  
Old Man, tenant to Gloucester.  
Doctor.  
Fool.  

Oswald, steward to Goneril.  
A Captain employed by Edmund.  
Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.  
A Herald.  
Servants to Cornwall.  
Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, daughters to Lear.  
Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene: Britain.

ACT I.

Scene I. King Lear's palace.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Doth. It did always seem so to us: but now, the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make vice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is this not thy son, my lord?

Doth. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Doth. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: creopon she grew round-wombed, and had, red, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a hand for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the sight of it being so proper.

Doth. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, three year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in account: though this knave came something silly into the world, before he was sent for, yet his mother fair; there was good sport at his birth, and the whoreson must be acknowledged, you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Doth. No, my lord.

Kent. My lord of Kent: remember him here as my honourable friend.

Doth. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you ever.

Doth. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Doth. He hath been out nine years, and away shall again. The king is coming.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Kent, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.  

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

Doth. I shall, my liege.  

[Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund.  

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.  
Give me the map there. Know that we have divided In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; and Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall, And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy, Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,— Since now we will divest us, both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state,— Which of you shall we say doth love us most? That we our largest bounty may extend Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril, Our eldest-born, speak first.

Cor. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter; Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour; As much as child e'er loved, or father found; A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable; Beyond all manner of so much I love you.


Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this, With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd, With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter, Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. Sir, I am made Of the self-same metal that my sister is, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I do invest you jointly with my power, Pre-eminence, and all the large effects That troop with majesty. Ourself, by mont course, With reservation of an hundred knights, By you to be sustaine'd, shall our abode Make with you by due turns. Only we still ret The name, and all the additions to a king; The sway, revenue, execution of the rest, Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm, This coronet part betwixt you. [Giving the crown] Royal Lear, Whom I have ever honour'd as my king, Loved as my father, as my master follow'd, As my great patron thought on in my prayers Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make firm the shaft. Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork inv The region of my heart: be Kent unmanly. When Lear is mad. What wilt thou do, old man? Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to spe When power to flattery bows? To plain honour's bound, When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy do And, in thy best consideration, check This hideous rashness: answer my life my judment. Thy youngest daughter does not love thee Lear. Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound Reverbs no hollowness. Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more To wage against thy enemies; nor fear to lose Thy safety being the motive. Lear. Out of my sight! Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still rem The true blink of thine eye. Lear. Now, by Apollo, Kent. Thou swear'st thy gods in vain. Lear. [Laying his hand on his sword] O, vassall! misconstrued Alb. Dear sir, forbear. Corn. Lear. Kent. Do; Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow Upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy doom: O, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat, I'll tell thee thou dost evil. Lear. Hear me, recreant On thine allegiance, hear me! Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow Which we durst never yet, and with strait pride To come between our sentence and our power Which nor our nature nor our place can bear, Our potency made good, take thy reward. Five days we do allot thee, for provision To shield thee from diseases of the world; And on the sixth to turn thy hated back Upon our kingdom! lo, on the tenth day follow! Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominion! The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupito This shall not be revoked. Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou appear, Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here. [To Cornwall] The gods to their dear shelter thee, maid,
KING LEAR

[Exeunt all but France, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters. 270

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd

eyes.

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And like a sister am most loath to call

Your faults as they are named. Use well our

father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study 279

Be to content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scant,
And well are worth the want that you have

wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning

hides:
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say of

Hath lost me in your liking.

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'd
That it intends to do? My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love 241
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Burg. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Burg. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a

father
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy! 250
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despis'd!
This and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away,
Gods, gods! this strange that from their cold'st

neglect

My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my

chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France: 260
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be

thine; for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.

Come, noble Burgundy.

[Flourish. Exeunt all but France, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters. 270

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd

eyes.

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And like a sister am most loath to call

Your faults as they are named. Use well our

father:
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Gon. Let your study 279

Be to content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scant,
And well are worth the want that you have

wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning

hides:
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say of
what most nearly appertain to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgement he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let's hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think on't.

Gon. We must do something, and 'tis the heat. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Earl of Gloucester’s castle.

Enter Edmund, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moons
Shines Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base? base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land;
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscribed his power!
Confined to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?
Edm. So please your lordship, none.

Glou. Why so earnestly seek you to put up
My what letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glou. What paper were you reading?
KING LEAR.

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?
Edg. Why, the night gone by.
Edm. Spake you with him?
Edg. Ay, two hours together.
Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?
Edg. None at all.
Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.
Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong. Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower: and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray ye, go; there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go armed.
Edg. Armed, brother!
Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: go armed: I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you that 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.

Enter Edgar.

EDM. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: if we were villains by necessity; foes by hea-

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Who now, brother Edmund! what se-

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction ad this other day, what should follow these, Edg. Do you busy yourself about that?
Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of need unhappily; as of unnaturalness between child and the parent; death, death, dishonos of ancient amities; divisions in state, me-

Edg. How long have you been a sectary as-

Edm. There these late eclipses in the sun and moon tend no good to us: though the wisdom of na-

Edm. Enter Edgar, and Oswald, her steward.

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

Edm. Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question: If he dislike it, let him to our sister, Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one, Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities That he hath given away! Now, by my life, Old foils are babes again; and must be used With checks as flatteries,—when they are seen abused.
Remember what I tell you.

Osw. Well, madam.

Edm. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak: I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A hall in the same.

Enter Kent, disguised.

KENT. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I razed my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand con-
demn'd,
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

LEAR. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get
it ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How now!
What art thou?
KENT. A man, sir.
LEAR. What dost thou profess? what wouldst
thou with us?
KENT. I do profess to be no less than I seem;
to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to
love him that is honest; to converse with him
that is wise, and says little; to fear judgement;
to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.
LEAR. What art thou?
KENT. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as
poor as the king.
LEAR. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is
for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst
thou?
KENT. Service.
LEAR. Who wouldst thou serve?
KENT. You.
LEAR. Dost thou know me, fellow?
KENT. No, sir; but you have that in your
consequence which I would fain call master. 30
LEAR. What's that?
KENT. Authority.
LEAR. What services canst thou do?
KENT. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run,
mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain
message bluntly; that which ordinary men are
fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is
diligence.
LEAR. How old art thou?
KENT. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for
singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing:
I have years on my back forty eight.
LEAR. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I
like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part
from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's
my knife? my fool? Go you, and call my fool
hither. [Exit an Attendant.

Enter Oswald.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?
OSWALD. So please you. 39
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
not well.
LEAR. Why came not the slave back to
when I called him.
KNIGHT. Sir, he answered me in the round
manner, he would not.
LEAR. He would not!
KNIGHT. My lord, I know not what the
matter is; but, to my judgement, your highness
not entertained with that ceremonious affect
as you were wont; there's a great abatement
kindness appears as well in the general depre-
cants as in the duke himself also and your
daugther.
LEAR. Ha! sayest thou so?
KNIGHT. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be sil
when I think your highness wronged.
LEAR. Thou but rememberest me of mine o
conception: I have perceived a most faint ne
of late; which I have rather blamed as mine o
jealous curiosity than as a very pretense and po
pose of unkindness: I will look further into
but where's my fool? I have not seen him two
days.
KNIGHT. Since my young lady's going in
France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.
LEAR. No more of that; I have noted it w
Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak w
her. [Exit an Attendant.] Go you, call hit
my fool. [Exit an Attendant.

"Re-enter Oswald."

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who an
sir?
OSWALD. My lady's father.
LEAR. 'My lady's father!' my lord's kma
you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!
OSWALD. I am none of these, my lord; I bes
your pardon.
LEAR. Do you bandy looks with me, rascal?
[Striking him.]
OSWALD. I'll not be struck, my lord.
LEAR. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-
player.
[Tripping up his heel.]
OSWALD. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me
and I'll love thee.
LEAR. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach y
differences: away, away! If you will make
your lubber's length again, tarry: but away!
to: have you wisdom? so. 40
[Words Oswald.]
LEAR. Now, my friendly knave, I thank th
there's earnest of thy service.
[Giving Kent money.

Enter Fool.

FOOL. Let me hire him too: here's my ex
comb.
LEAR. How now, my pretty knave! how do
thou?
FOOL. Sirrah, you were best take my cocc

KENT. Why, fool?
FOOL. Why, for taking one's part that's our
favour: nay, an thou canst not smile as the s
sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly: there, take
fool: why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against is will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear- 
y coxcomb. How now, nuncle! Would I had 
no coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy? 119

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep 
my hands myself. There's mine; beg another 
thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whips.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must 
whipped out, when Lady the brach may stand 
the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall me to!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:

Have more than thou showest, 
Speak less than thou knowest, 
Lend less than thou owest, 
Ride more than thou goest, 
Learn more than thou knowest, 
Set less than thou showest: 
Leave thy drink and thy whore, 
And keep in-a-door, 
And thou shalt have more 
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfe'd 
yer; you gave me nothing for't. Can you 
like no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made 
t of nothing.

Fool. [To Kent] Prithee, tell him, so much 
rent of his land comes to; he will not believe 
fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, 
when a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsel'd thee 
To give away thy land, 
Come place him here by me, 
Do thou for him stand: 
The sweet and bitter fool 
Will presently appear; 
The one in money here, 
The other found out there.

Fool. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

All thy other titles thou hast given away; 
'thou wast born with,

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not 
me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have 
t'ont; and laddies too, they will not let me 
'el fool to myself; they'll be snatching, 
me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two 

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the 
idle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of 
idle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest 
ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little 
in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy 
men one away. If I speak like myself in this, 
I'm whipped that first finds it so.

Fool. [singing] Fools had ne'er less wit in a year; 
For wise men are grown foppish,

They know not how their wits to wear, 
Their manners are so aspish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of 
songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou 
middest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou 
gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own 
breeches, [singing] Then they for sudden joy did weep, 
And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep, 
And go the fools among.

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 daugh-
ters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking 
true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and 
sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace.

I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and 
yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared 
thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the 
midle: here comes one o' the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that 
frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late 
i'the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou 
hadst no need to care for her frowning: now thou 
art an O without a figure: I am better than thou 
art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. [To Go.] 
Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your 
face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, 
mum, He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.

[Pointing to Lear] That's a sheathed peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool, 
But other of your insolent retainers, 221 
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth 
In rank and not-to-be endured riots. Sir, 
I had thought, by making this well known unto you, 
To have found a safe redress; but now grow 
fearful, 
By what yourself too late have spoke and done, 
That you protect this course, and put it on 
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault 
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep, 
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, 230 
Might in their working do you that offence, 
Which else were shame, that then necessity 
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you trow, nuncle, 
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long, 
That it's had it head bit off by it young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, 
I would you would make use of that good wisdom, 
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away 
These dispositions, that of late transform you 
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart 
draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Doth any here know me? This is not
Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, his discernings Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'tis not so. Who is it that can tell me who I am? 250

Foot. Lear's shadow. Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters. Foot. Which they will make an obedient father. Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman? Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aight: 260 As you are old and reverend, you should be wise. Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires; Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold, That this our court, infected with their manners, Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust Make it more like a tavern or a brothel Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak For instant remedy: be then desired By her, that else will take the thing she begs, A little to disquinty your train: 270 And the remainder, that shall still depend, To be such men as may befit your age, And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils! Saddle my horses; call my train together. Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee: Yet have I left a daughter. Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repent,—[To Alb.] O sir, are you come? Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my horses. Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend, 281 More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child Than the sea-monster! Alb. Pray, sir, be patient. Lear. [To Gon.] Detested kite! thou liest: My train are men of choice and rarest parts, That all particulars of duty know, And in the most exact regard support The worships of their name. O most small fault, How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show! 289 That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature From the fix'd place; drew from me 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 judgement out! Go, go, my people. Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant Of what hath moved you. Lear. It may be so, my lord. Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend To make this creature fruitful! Into her womb convey sterility! 300 Dry up in her the organs of increase; And from her derogate body never spring A babe to honour her! If she must teem, Create her child of spleen; that it may live, And be a thwart dismated 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! [Ex Aib. Now, gods that we adore, whereof con this? Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause, But let his disposition have that scope That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap Within a fortnight! Alb. What's the matter, sir? Lear. I'll tell thee: [To Gon.] Life a death! I am ashamed That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus That these hot tears, which break from me p force, Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fe Make thee! 319 The untended woundings of a father's curse Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eye Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out, And cast you, with the waters that you lose, To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this? Let it be so: yet have I left a daughter, Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable: When she shall hear this of thee, with her nail She'll play thy volvish visage. Thou shalt find That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think I have cast off for ever: thou shalt, I warrant thee. [Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants. Gon. Do you mark that, my lord? Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneral, To the great love I bear you,— Gon. Pray you, content. What, Oswald, [To the Fool] You, sir, more knave than knave, after your master. Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, take the fool with thee. A fox, when one has caught her, And such a daughter, Should sure to the slaughter, If my cap would buy a halter: So the fool follows after. [Ex Gon. This man hath had good counsel: hundred knights! 'Tis politic and safe to let him keep At point a hundred knights: yes, that, on ev' dream, Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislikes He may enguarnd his dotage with their powers And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say! Alb. Well, you may fear too far. Gon. Safer than trust too far: Let me still take away the harms I fear, Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart. What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister: If she sustain him and his hundred knights, When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter Oswald.

How now, Osw What, have you writ that letter to my sister? Osw. Yes, madam.
KING LEAR.

Get. Take you some company, and away to horse: 360
form her full of my particular fear; I thereto add such reasons of your own may compact it more. Get you gone; d hasten your return. [Exit Oswald.] No, no, my lord, is milky gentleness and course of yours ough I condemn not, yet, under pardon, are much more attack'd for want of wisdom an praised for harmful mildness. 44

148. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
ing to better, oft we mar what's well. 370

149. Nay, then—

150. Well, well; the event. [Exit.]

SCENE V. Court before the same. Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these ers. Acquaint my daughter no further with thing you know than comes from her demand of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, full be there afore you. Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have vered your letter. [Exit. Fool. If a man's brains were in's heels, were't in danger of kibes? Lear. Ay, boy. Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall er go slip-shod. Lear. Ha, ha, ha! Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use kindly; for though she's as like this as a p's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell. Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy? Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands middle on's face? Lear. No. Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's; that what a man cannot smell out, he may into. Lear. I did her wrong— Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his 39

10. No. Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail house. Lear. Why? Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it y to his daughters, and leave his horns with-
a case. Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a art Be my horses ready? 40 Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The on why the seven stars are no more than seven pretty reason. Lear. Because they are not eight? Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good 41 Lear. To take 't again perforce! Monster attitude! Fool. If thou wert my fool, uncle, I'd have beaten for being old before thy time. Lear. How 's that? Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! 50 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. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Earl of Gloucester's castle. Enter Edmund, and Curan meets him.

Edm. Save thee, Curan. Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that? Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispers of, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they? Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word. Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [Exit. Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! best! This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a quasy question, Which I must act: briefness and fortune, work! Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say! 21

Enter Edgar.

My father watches: O sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are and hid; You have now the good advantage of the night: Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste, And Regan with him: have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word. Edm. I hear my father coming; pardon me; In cunning I must draw my sword upon you: 32 Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well. Yield: come before my father. Light, ho, here! Fly, brother. Torches, torches! So, farewell. [Exit Edgar. Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [Wounds his arm. Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards Do more than this in sport. Father, father! Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches.

Glou. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?
Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress,—
Glo. But where is he?
Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?
Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—
Glo. Pursue him, ho! Go after. [Exeunt
some Servants.] By no means what?
Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; sir, in fine, 50
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.
Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—dispatch. The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night: 61
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.
Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee?
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,—
As this I would: ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,—I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.'
Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter? I never got him. 80
[Tucket within.
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.
All parts 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 him 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, lord?
Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, 90
Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it he
Reg. Was he not companion with the riot
knight?
That tend upon my father?
Glo. I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, bad.
Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.
Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill
felected: 'Tis they have put him on the old man's death
To have the expense and waste of his revenue
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well to sojourn at my house, I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.
Edmund; I hear that you have shown your fat
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.
Glo. He did bewray his practice; and ceased
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he pursued?
Glo. Ay, my good lord.
Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purp
How in my strength you please. For you, my
mound,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need You we first seize on.
Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
Glo. For him I thank your grace.
Corn. You know not why we came to you,—
Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-e
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 least thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several mess
ers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old frien
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.
Glo. I serve you, madam: Your
Your graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Before Gloucester's castle.

Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.
Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: at this house?
Kent. Ay.
Osw. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I' the mire.
Osw. Prithee, if thou lovst me, tell me.

KING LEAR. [Act 4]
KING LEAR.

KENT. I love thee not.

Is. Why, then, I care not for thee, Kent. If I had thee in Lipsry pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Is. Why dost thou use me thus? I know

KENT. Fellow, I know thee.

Is. What dost thou know me for?

KENT. A knife; a rascal; an eater of broken ats: a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, threefed, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking

Is. A lily-ivered, action-taking knave, an oren, glass-gazing, superservicable, finical

KENT. One whom I will beat into

Is. Why a monstrous fellow art thou

KENT. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Is. Draw, thou rascal: thou comest with let-

KENT. Strike, thou slave; stand, rogue; stand;

Is. Help, ho! murder! help!

KENT. How now! What's the matter?

Is. With you, goodman boy, an you please:

KENT. Weapons! arms! What's the matter

Is. Keep peace, upon your lives:

KENT. The messengers from our sister and the

Is. What is your difference? speak.

KENT. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Is. No marvel, you have so bestirred your

KENT. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims

Is. A tailor made thee, Go

KENT. Thou art a strange tailor: a tailor

Is. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a

KENT. This accident then, sir, whose life I

Is. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary!

KENT. My lord, if you will give me leave, I will

Edmund, with his rapier drawn, Cornall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.

KENT. No marvel, you have so bestirred your

Edmund, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.

KENT. How now! What's the matter?

Is. With you, goodman boy, an you please:

KENT. weapons! arms! What's the matter

Is. Keep peace, upon your lives:

KENT. The messengers from our sister and the

Is. What is your difference? speak.

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KENT. Thou art a strange tailor: a tailor

Is. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a

KENT. This accident then, sir, whose life I

Is. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary!

KENT. My lord, if you will give me leave, I will

the walls of a yokes with him. Spare my gray

Corn. Peace, sirrah! You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

KENT. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

KENT. That such a slave as this should wear a

Corn. Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as

KENT. Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain Which are too intrinsic t' unloose; smooth every

Corn. That in the natures of their lords rebel:

KENT. To drive ye cackling home to Camelot.


KENT. No contraries hold more antipathy

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's

KENT. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor

KENT. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:

Corn. I have seen better faces in my time

KENT. Than stands on any shoulder that I see

Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow, Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth

KENT. A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb

Corn. Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,

KENT. An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!

Corn. And they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.

KENT. These kind of knaves I know, which in this

Corn. Harbour morb craft and more corruptor ends

KENT. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,

Corn. Under the allowance of your great aspect,

KENT. Whose influence, like the wreathe of radiant fire

Corn. On flickering Phoebus' front.

KENT. What mean'st by this?

KENT. To go out of my dialect, which you
discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no

KENT. He that beguiled you in a plain accent

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Osw. I never gave him any:

KENT. It pleased the king his master very late

To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;

KENT. When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,

Osw. I never gave him any:

KENT. Yes, yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This accident then, sir, whose life I

KENT. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary!

Osw. My lord, if you will give me leave, I will

Drew on me here again.
KING LEAR.

[Act III.]

Scene III. A wood.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd; And by the happy hollow of a tree Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place, That guard, and most unusual vigilance, Does not attend my taking. While I mean to escape, I will preserve myself; and am on both sides To take the basest and most poorest shape That ever penury, in contempt of man, Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth; Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots; And with presented nakedness out-face The winds and persecutions of the sky. The country gives me proof and precedent Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices, Strike in their mumbled and mortified bare Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary And with this horrible object, from low farms, Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills, Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime in prayers, Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod! Poor Tom! That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.

Scene IV. Before Gloucester's castle. A wood in the stocks.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so deal from home, And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd the night before there was no purpose in the Of this remove.

Lear. Hail to thee, noble master! Hal! Makest thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord. Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. He are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the nether-legs, 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 pleasure? Mistook To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she; your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not order.

They could not, would not do it; 'tis worse for murder, To do upon respect such violent outrage: Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this us Coming from us.
KING LEAR.

KENT. My lord, when at their home
I commend your highness' letters to them,
I was risen from the place that show'd
duty kneeling, came there in a reeking post, 30
'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
a General his mistress salutations;
'er letters, spite of interpolation,
'mently they read: on whose contents,
'summon'd their meiny, straight took horse;
manded me to follow, and attend
leisure of their service; gave me cold looks:
meeting here the other messenger,
welcome, I perceived, had poison'd mine,—
the very fellow that of late
lay'd so saucily against your highness,—
more man than wit about me, drew:
ised the house with loud and coward cries.
son and daughter found this trespass worth
hame which here it suffers.
't Winter's not gone yet, and the wild-goose
away.
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.
for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours
y daughters as thou canst tell in a year.
. O, how this mother swells up toward
my heart!
ica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
lement's below! Where is this daughter?
With the earl, sir, here within.
. Follow me not; here.
. Made you no more offence but what
peak of?
. None.
chance the king comes with so small a train?
. An thou hast been set't the stocks for
estion, thou hadst well deserved it.
. Why, fool.
. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to
thee there's no labouring in the winter.
at follow their noses are led by your eyes
'd men; and there's not a nose among
but can smell him that's stinking. Let
old when a great wheel runs down a hill,
break thy neck with following it; but the
one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee
When a wise man gives thee better coun-
e me mine again: I would have none but
ollow it, since a fool gives it.
which serves and seeks for gain,
and follows but for form,
'll pack when it begins to rain,
and leave thee in the storm.
't I will tarry; the fool will stay,
and let the wise man fly:
't a knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy,
. Where learned you this, fool?
't I the stocks, fool.

RE-ENTER LEAR, WITH GLOUCESTER.

: Deny to speak with me? They are
ck they are weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off.
Forth me a better answer.

GLOU. 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, Glou-
cester,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his
wife.

GLOU. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd
them so.

LEAR. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand
me, man?

GLOU. Ay, my good lord.

LEAR. The king would speak with Cornwall;
the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her
service:
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!
Fiery? the fiery duke? Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet: may be he is not well:
Infamy doth still neglect all office
Whereeto our health is bound; we are not our-
selves.
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the
mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear:
Am and fall'n out with my more header will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man. Death on my state! where-
fore
[Looking on Kent.]
Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth,
Go tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear
me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

GLOU. I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.
LEAR. O me, my heart, my rising heart! but,
down!

POOL. Cry to it, uncle, as the cockney did to
the eels when she put 'em in the paste alive; she
knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and
cried 'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her bro-
ther that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered
his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and
Servants.

LEAR. Good morrow to you both.
CORN. Hail to your grace! [Kent is set at liberty.
LEAR. Am I glad to see your highness.
LEAR. Regan, I think you are; I know what
reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adulteress. [To Kent] O, are you
free?

Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here:
[Points to his heart.
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe
With how depraved a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope

You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be ruled and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
'Dear daughter, I confess I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you 'vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.'

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear. [Rising] Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:
All the stored vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingratitude! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blindness
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?

[Thick within.

Corn. What trumpeter's that?

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.

Enter Oswald.

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-born pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
O, varlet, from my sight! I,
Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan
have good hope
Thou didst not know on. Who comes I
O heavens,

Enter Goneril.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take part!

[To Gon.] Art not ashamed to look upon
heard? O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, are you too tough
Will you yet hold? How came my man in stocks?
Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own orders
Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did y
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, see
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 provis
Which shall be needful for your entertain'ment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss.
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 dowserless
Our youngest born, I could as well be brough
To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, peniso
To keep base life afoot. Return with her?
Nor shall I return but to be slave and suptum
To this detested groom. [Pointing at OsI
Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not mak
mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child: farewell!
We'll no more meet, no more see one anoth
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daug
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a b
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle.
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide th
Let shame come when it will, I do not call an
Do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; but be better at thy les
I can be patient; I can stay with, Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my s
For those that mingle reason with your pas
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well sp
KING LEAR.

Scene IV.

KING. I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty followers? not well? What should you need of more? or so many, sith that both charge and danger gain so great a number? How, in one house, did many people, under two commands, dandle? 'Tis hard; almost impossible. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance on those that she calls servants or from mine? Why not, my lord? If they then chanced to slack you, could control them. If you will come to me,— now I spy a danger,—I entreat you ring but five and twenty: to no more I give place or notice.

AR. I gave you all—

KING. And in good time you gave it. AR. Made you my guardians, my depositaries; kept a reservation to be follow'd in such a number. What, must I come to you five and twenty, Regan? said you so? And speak'ant again, my lord; no more with me.

AR. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd, others are more wicked; not being the worst in some rank of praise. [To Gon.] I'll go with thee: fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty, thou art twice her love.

AR. Hear me, my lord: need you five and twenty, ten, or five, shall bow in a house where twice so many a command to tend you?

KING. What need one? AR. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars n the poorest thing superfluous: v not nature more than nature needs, l's life's as cheap as beast's: thou art a lady; ly to go warm were gorgeous, 271 nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st, h scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—heavens, give me that patience, patience I need! see me here, you gods, a poor old man, ll of grief as age; wretched in both! ye you that stir these daughters' hearts ust their father, fool me not so much ar it tamely; touch me with noble anger, et not women's weapons, water-drops, 280 my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags, have such revenges on you both, all the world shall—I will do such things,— they are, yet I know not; but they shall be errors of the earth. You think I'll weep; 'll not weep: full cause of weeping; but this heart break into a hundred thousand flaws, I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!

Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.

Storm and tempest.

Gon. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm. 290 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 purposed. Where is my lord of Gloucester? Corn. Follow'd the old man forth: he is return'd.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. The king is in high rage. 300 Corn. Whither is he going? Glou. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither. Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself. Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glou. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men, The injuries that they themselves procure Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors: He is attended with a desperate train: And what they may incense him to, being apt To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear. 310 Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night: My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

Scene I. A heath.

Storm still. Enter Kent and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather? Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly. Kent. I know you. Where's the king? Gent. Contending with the frettful element; Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea, Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main, That things might change or cease; tears his white hair, Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage, Catch in their fury, and make nothing of; Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn 2 The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch, The lion and the belly-pinched wolf Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs, And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him? Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you; And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division, 
Although as yet the face of it be cover’d
With mutual cunning, ‘twixt Albany and Corn-
wall; 
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars 
Throned and set high?—servants, who seem no 
less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations 
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen, 
Either in 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 
Into this scatter’d kingdom; who already, 
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet 
In some of our best ports, and are at point 
To show their open banner. Now to you: 
If on my credit you dare build so far 
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find 
Some that will thank you, making just report 
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow 
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer 
This office to you.
Gent. I will talk further with you.
Kent.
For confirmation that I am much more 
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take 
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring; 
And she will tell you who your fellow is 
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm! 
I will go seek the king.
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! bow! 
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout 
Till you have drench’d our steeples, drown’d the 
rocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires, 
Vaint-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts, 
Sing of my white head! And thou, all-shaking 
thunder, 
Smite 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 daughters’ blessing: 
here’s a night pits neither wise man nor fool.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! 
sput, 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 sl.
A poor, infrink, weak, and desipied old man: 
But yet I call you servile ministers, 
That have with two pernicious daughters join 
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 heat 
has a good head-piece.
The cod-piece that will house 
Before the head has any, 
The head and he shall louse; 
So beggars marry many. 
The man that makes his toe 
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry wee, 
And turn his sleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman but she 
mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience. 
I will say nothing.

Enter Kent.

Kent. Who’s there?

Fool. Marry, here’s grace and a cod-piece that’s a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things 
love night.

Lear. And love not such nights as these; the wrathful 
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, 
And make them keep their caves: since I was 
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thun 
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never 
Remember to have heard: man’s nature ca 
cary
The affection nor the fear.

Lear. Let the good gods 
That keep this dreadful pother o’er our head 
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, 

wretch, 
That hast within thee undivulged crimes, 
Unwipp’d of justice: hide thou, thou bloody h 
Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virt 
That art incestuous: caiffit, to pieces shake, 
That under covert and convenient seeming 
Hast practis’d on man’s life: close pent-up! 
Rive your concealing continents, and cry 
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a 
More sin’d against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed! 
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hol 
Some friendship will it lend you ‘gainst tempest:

Repose you there: while I to this hard hou 
More harder than the stones whereof’tis rai 
Which even but now, demanding after you, 
Denied me to come in—return, and force 
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn 
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art o 
I am cold myself. Where’s this straw, my fel. 
The art of our necessities is strange, 
That can make vile things precious. Come, 

A noble 
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my 
That’s sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [Singing] He that has and a little 

wit—
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain—

Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.
Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us
to this hovel. [Exeunt Lear and Kent.
Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtisan.
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' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurse come not to throats;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build: 90
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be used with feet.
Lear. Prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live
Before his time.

SCENE III. Gloucester's castle.

Enter Gloucester and Edmund.
Glouce. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not
this natural dealing. When I desired their leave
I might pity them, they took from me the use
mine own house; charged me, on pain of their
petual displeasure, neither to speak of him,
seat for him, nor any way sustain him.
Edm. Most savage and unnatural!
Glouce. Go to; say you nothing. There's a
vision betwixt the dukes; and a worse mater-
ial that: I have received a letter this night:
dangerous to be spoken; I have locked the
mer in my closet: these injuries the king now
will be revenged home; there's part of a
mer already footed: we must incline to the
G. I will seek him, and privately relieve him:
you and maintain talk with the duke, that my
rity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me,
ill, and gone to bed. Though I die for it,
less is threatened me, the king my old master
be relieved. There is some strange thing
Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit. At
Edmund. This courtesy, forbide thee, shall the duke
ently know; and of that letter too:
s seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
which my father loses; no less than all;
younger rises when the old doth fall. [Exit.

SCENE IV. The heath. Before a hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.
Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my
lord, enter:
tyranny of the open night's too rough
ature to endure. [Storm still.
 Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Will break my heart?
I had rather break mine own. Good
my lord, enter.
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this
contensive storm
bes us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'ldst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'ldst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free.
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else.
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't? But I will punish home:
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Prithhee, go in thyself; seek thine own
ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.
[To the Fool] In, boy; go first. You houseless
poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.
[Fool goes in.
Poor naked wretches, where so' er ye are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd d and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.
Edg. [Within] Fathom and half, fathom and
half! Poor Tom! [The Fool runs out from the hovel.
Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!
Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there?
Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's
poor Tom.
Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there?
I the straw? Come forth.

Enter Edgar disguised as a madman.
Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!
Through the sharp hathorn blows the cold wind.
Hum! I go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.
Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?
Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom?
whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and
through flame, and through ford and whirlpool,
o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives
under his pillow, and halters in his paw; set rats-
bane by his porridge: made him proud of heart,
to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch'd
bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.
Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold,—O, do de,
do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds,
star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity,
whom the foul fiend vexes; there could I have
him now,—and there,—and there again, and
there.
[Storm still.
Lear. What, have his daughters brought him
to this pass?
Couldst thou save nothing? 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 pestilential air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
to such a lowness but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:
Hallow, hallow, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools
and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents;
keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not
with man's sworn spouse; set not thy
sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou bower? Meditate a serving-man, proud in heart and mind;
that curled 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 spake words, and broke them in the sweet face
of heaven; one that slept in the contriving of lust,
and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice
dearly; and in woman out-paramour'd the Turk:
false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand;
frog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog
in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of
shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thine poor
heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels,
thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books,
and defy the foul fiend.

Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind:
Says suum, mun, ha, no, nonny.
Dolphin my boy, my boy, sesse! let him trot by.

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 thing? Con-
sider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk,
the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no
perfume. Ha! here's three on 's are sophisti-
cated! Thou art the thing itself: unaccommo-
dated man is no more but such a poor, bare,
forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings!
come, unbutter me here. [Tearing off his clothes.

Fool. Prithree, nuncle, be contented: 'tis a
naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a
wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small
spark, all the rest on 's body cold. Look, here
comes a walking fire.

Enter Gloucester, with a torch.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Fibbertigibbet:
he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock:
he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and
makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat,
and hurts the poor creature of earth.
S. Withold footed thrice the old; he
meets the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, araint thee, witch, araint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Lear. What's he? What is you seek?

Glou. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming from
the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and
water; that in the fury of his heart, when
foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallies; swallo
the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the gre
mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped for
thieving to thievery, and stock-punished, and
prisoned; who hath had three suits to his bas
six shirts to his horse, horse to ride, and weap
to wear;

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin: pe
thou fiend!

Glou. What, hath your grace no better co
pany?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentle
Modo, call'd, and Mahu.

Glou. Our flesh and blood is grown so vi
my lord,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glou. Go in with me: my duty cannot suf
To obey in all your daughters' hard command
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And live, this tyrannous night take hold upon y
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is rea

Lear. First let me talk with this philosoph
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go i
the house,

I'll talk a word with this same lean
Theban.

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to
vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my
lord;

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glou. Canst thou blame him? [Storm still
His daughters seek his death: ah, that good Ke
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!
Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell the
friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my
But lately, very late: I loved him, friend;
No father his son dearer; truth to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night
this!

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, noble

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glou. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: ke
thear 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
take the fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.
KING LEAR.

KENT. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

LEAR. Come, good Athenian.

GLO. No words, no words; hush.

EDG. Child Rowland to the dark tower came, His word was still,—Fie, foih, and furm, I smell the blood of a British man.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. Gloucester’s castle.

ENTER CORNWALL and EDMUND.

CORN. I will have my revenge ere I depart this place.

EDM. How, my lord, I may be censured, that urge thus gives way to loyalty, something fears to think of.

CORN. I now perceive, it was not altogether a brother’s evil disposition made him seek his wealth; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a recevable badness in himself.

EDM. How malicious is my fortune, that I repent to be just! This is the latter he cause which approves him an intelligent party to the antagons of France. O heavens! that these were not, or not I the detecor!

CORN. Go with me to the duchess.

EDM. If the matter of this paper be certain, have mighty business in hand.

CORN. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that may be ready for our apprehension.

[Aside] If I find him comforting the sheath, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. I will drive in my course of loyalty, though the list 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.

O, here is better than the open air; take care, I will piece out the comfort with addition I can: I will not be long from you. All the power of his wits have given him to his impatience: the gods reward your seals!

FRATRETTO calls me; and tells me Nero angler in the lake of darkness. Pry, innocrum and beware the foul fiend.

PRITHIE, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

A king, a king!

No, he’s a yeoman that has a gentleman son; for he’s a mad yeoman that sees his gentleman before him.

To have a thousand with red burning spits hissing in upon ‘em,

The foul fiend bites my back.

He’s mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse’s health, a boy’s love, or a man’s oath.

It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.

[Aside] Come, sit thou here, most learned 

[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?

LEAR. Come o’er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—

FOOL. Her boat hath a leak. And she must not speak Why she drinks not come over to thee.

EDG. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopedance cries in Tom’s belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

LEAR. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

FOOL. I’ll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.

[To Edgar] Thou robèd man of justice, take thy place;

[To the Fool] And thou, his yeo-village of equity, Bench by his side: [To Kent] you are o’ the commission,

SIT you too.

EDG. Let us deal justly. Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd? Thy sheep be in the corn; and for one blast of thy minikin mouth, Thy sheep shall take no harm.

PUR! the cat is gray.

LEAR. Arraign her first; ’tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, She kissed the poor king her father.

FOOL. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

LEAR. She cannot deny it.

FOOL. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

LEAR. And here’s another’s, whose warp’d looks proclaim What store her heart is made on. Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place! False justicer, why hast thou let her’scape?

EDG. Bless thy five wits!

LEAR. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

EDG. [Aside] My tears begin to take his part so much, They’ll mar my counterfeiting.

LEAR. The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

EDG. Tom will throw his head at them. Avant, you curs! Be thy mouth or black or white, Tooth that poisons if it bite; Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim, Hound or spaniel, brach or lyn, Or bobtail like or trundle-tail, Tom will make them weep and wail: For, with throwing thus my head, Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

LEAR. Then let them anathematize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? [To Edgar] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments;
you will say they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We’ll go to supper i’ the morning. So, so, so.

Foot. 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 it, and drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master: If thou shouldst daily half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss: take up, take up; And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps: This rest might yet have balm’d thy broken senses, Which, if convenience will not allow, Stand in hard cure. [To the Foot] Come, help to bear thy master; Thou must not stay behind.

Glou. Come, come, away. [Exeunt all but Edgar.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i’ the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much suffereth doth o’erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow,
He childed as I father’d! Tom, away!
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee. What will have more to-night, safe scape the king! Lurk, lurk. [Exit.

Scene VII. Gloucester’s castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: the army of France is landed. Seek out the villain Gloucester. [Exeunt some of the Servants.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate prepara-

-tion: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell dear sister: farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter Oswald.

How now! where’s the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloucester hath conve

hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questers after him, met him at gate; Who, with some other of the lords dependant Are gone with him towards Dover; where I boast To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Corn. Edmund; farewell.

[Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald. G"d seek the traitor Gloucester Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us. 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? traitor?

Enter Gloucester, brought in by two or th

Reg. Ingrateful fox! ’tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glou. What mean your graces? Good friends, consider You are my guests: do me no foul play, frien


Glou. Unmerciful lady as you are, I’m noCorn. To this chair bind him. Villain, I shalt find— [Regan plucks his beard.

Glou. By the kind gods, ’tis most ignobly old To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor! Naughtly hair These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin, Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your hand With robbers’ hands my hospitable favours You should not ruffle thus. What will you do Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you from France?

Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you the traitors Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the insidious king?

Speak.

Glou. I have a letter guessingly set down Which came from one that’s of a neutral head And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cuning.

Reg. And false Omn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glou. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou charged at peril— Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.
KING LEAR.

Scene VII.

Glou. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover, sir?
Glou. Because I would not see thy cruel nails thrust out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister snip his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

Corn. See'st shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.

Glou. He that will think to live till he be old, give me some help! O cruel! O you gods! Go to him now to bid you hold.
Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—
First Serv. Hold your hand, my lord: have served you ever since I was a child; if 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 your chin, I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My villain! [They draw and fight.
First Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!

[Goes a sword, and runs at him behind.
First Serv. O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left.]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly! here is thy lustre now?

Glou. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund?

Reg. Out, treacherous villain! ou call'st on him, that hates thee: it was he made the overture of thy treasons to us; so is too good to pity thee.

Glou. O my fellows! then Edgar was abused.

Reg. And gods, forgive me that, and prosper him! Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell the way to Dover. [Exit one with Gloucester.]

Reg. How is't, my lord? how look you?

Glou. I have received a hurt; follow me, lady. I must that yeless villain; throw this slave on the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace: timely comes this hurt; give me your arm.

[Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.
Sec. Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam.
To lead him where he would: his rougish madness Allows itself to any thing.
Third Serv. Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs.
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! [Exeunt severally.

ACT IV.

Scene I. The heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be content'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:

The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,

Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!

The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here?

Enter Gloucester, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,

Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glou. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone;

Thy comforts can do me no good at all;

Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:

I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Form our commodities. O dear son Edgar,

The food of thy abused father's wrath!

Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [Aside] O gods! Who's it can say 'I am at the worst'?

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [Aside] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not

So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glou. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glou. 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
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind

Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,

They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [Aside] How should this be?

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow, To angering itself and others,—Bless thee, master! Glou. Is that the naked fellow? Old Man. Ay, my lord.

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KING LEAR.

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.

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so changed.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was 'The worse.' of Gloucester's treachery:
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:

What most he should dislike seems pleasant
him.

What like, offensive.

Gon. [To Edm.] Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowardish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrong
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes
the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to tis
brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the dist
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are li
to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare spee

Decline your head; this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester.

Enter the Duke of Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril.

You are not worth the dust which the ru
wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition;
That nature, which contains its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile se

Filths savour but themselves. What have y
done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd be
would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have y
maddened.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefitted!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences
It will come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head

Wrong:
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's th

France spreads his banners in our noiseless lan

† With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
While's thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest
Alack, why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
O horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou chang'd and self-cover'd thing,
For shame, e-monster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness
O let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
My flesh and bones; how'er thou art a fiend,
Woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, thy manhood now—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Corn-
wall's dead;
Ain by his servant, going to put out
His other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with
remorse,
Pos'd against the act, bending his sword
On his great master; who, theret' enraged,
Sw Tai on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
It not without that harmful stroke, which since
Athe pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,

In justicers, that these our nether crimes
Speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!
Is he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord. I
his letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
's from your sister.

Gon. [Aside] One way I like this well;
It being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
By all the building in my fancy pluck
Son my hateful life: another way,
On news is not so tart.—'Tll read, and answer.

[Exeunt. 41b. Where was his son when they did take
his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here. 90

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back
again.

Alb. Knows he the wretchedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd
against him;
D quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
ment
Ght have the free course.

Gloucester, I live
Thank thee for the love thou show'd'st the king,
D revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend;
I me what more thou know'st. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The French camp near Dover.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly
Back know you the reason?

Kent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Ch since his coming forth is thought of; ch
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and
danger, that his personal return was most re-
quired and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to
any demonstration of grief?

Kent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in
my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Kent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow
Strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better way; those happy smiles, 21
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence.
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Kent. 'Faith, once or twice she heaved the
name of 'father;
Panitingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i'
the night?
Let pity not be believed!' There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her
since?

Kent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's i'
the town;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Kent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his
own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters, these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Dwell'st him from Cordelia.

Kent. Alack, poor gentleman! Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you
heard not?

Kent. 'Tis so, they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aight, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [Exeunt.
SCENE IV. The same. A tent.

Enter, with drum and colours, Cordelia, Doctor, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now As mad as the vex’d sea: singing aloud; Crown’d with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds, With bur-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers, Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow In our sustaining corn. A century send forth; Search every acre in the high-grown field, And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer.]

What can man’s wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth. 10
Do’t. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish’d virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aldent and remit; In the good man’s distress! Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern’d rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam: 20
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. ’Tis known before: our preparation stands In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father’s right: Soon may I hear and see him! [Exit.]

SCENE V. Gloucester’s castle.

Enter Regan and Oswald.

Reg. But are my brother’s powers set forth?
Osw. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself in person there?
Osw. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
Osw. No, madam.
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 to All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life: moreover, to descry
The strength o’ the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam:
My lady charged my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund
Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what: I’ll love the much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love I husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here She gave strange oëïllades and most speaking look 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;
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 fr your part,
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! should show
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [Exit.

SCENE VI. Fields near Dover.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar dressed like a peasant.

Glou. When shall we come to the top of that hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how labour.

Glou. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible ste
Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glou. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then, your other senses are imperfect
By your eyes’ anguish.

Glou. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks thy voice is alter’d: and thou speak In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You’re much deceived: in nothing I changed
But in my garments.

Glou. Methinks you’re better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here’s the place: sit still. How fearful
And dizzy’tis, to cast one’s eyes so low! The crows and crows that wing the midway Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful train Methinks he seems no bigger than his head: The fishermen, that walk upon the beach, Appears like mice; and yond tall anchoring be
Diminish’d to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Most too small for sight: the murmuring surge That on the unnumber’d idle pebbles chafes, Cannot be heard so high. I’ll look no more: Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Enter Lear, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.
The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coinage; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.

There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.
Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace: this piece of toasted cheese will do't. There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird! 'tis the clout, 'tis. the clout: hewgh! Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneral, with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say 'ay' and 'no' to every thing that I said—'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter: when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not age-proof.

Glou. The trick of that voice I do well remember:

Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes. I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause? Adultery?

Thou shalt not die; die for adultery! No: The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard son Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, poll-mell! for I lack soldiers.
Behold yond simpering dame, Whose face between her fork presages snow; That minces virtue, and does shake the head To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are Contours, Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fends';
There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sul
dace pit; Burning, scalding, stench, consumption: fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill! 1

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is: lay hand upon his
Sir. Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am
even

The natural fool of fortune. Use me well; I
shall have ransom. Let me have surgeon
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. 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 bridegroorn
professional

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 yo
Lear. Then there's life in't. Nay, if you g
it, you shall get it with running. Sa, sa, sa, sa
[Exit running; Attendants follow.]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest
wretched.

Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast o
daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse 2
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your wi
Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a buttoward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar: every one hea
that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favor,

How near's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the ma
descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's a

Gent. Though that the queen on special ca
is here,
Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. 2

[Exit Gen

Glow. You ever-gentle gods, take my brea
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 fe

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your han
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Oswald.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy! 2
That eyeless head of thine was first framed fles
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traito
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
KING LEAR.

Scene VI.

KING LEAR. 

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.  

[Exeunt.

Scene VII. A tent in the French camp. Lear on a bed asleep; soft music playing; Gentleman, and others attending.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Doctor.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is d'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I prithee, put them on.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then let's be so, my good lord. [To the Doctor] How does the king?

Doct. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doct. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

Doct. Be by, good madam, when we do awake
him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Doct. Please you, draw near. Louder the music there!

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hung
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these
white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor

Perdu!

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog?
Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to
him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty? 
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out of the grave: 

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead. 
Cor. Sir, do you know me? 
Lear. You are a spirit; I know: when did you die? 
Cor. Still, still, far wide! 50
Do't: He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile. 
Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight? I am mightily abused. 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 assured
Of my condition! 
Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:
No, sir, you must not kneel. 
Lear. Pray, do not mock me: I am a very foolish fond old man, 60
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man:
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me:
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia. 
Cor. And so I am, I am. 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. 
Kent. 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. 

[Exeunt all but Kent and Gentleman. 

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?
Kent. Most certain, sir. 
Gent. Who is conductor of his people? 
Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester. 
Gent. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany. 
Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The British camp, near Dover

Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Gentlemen, and Soldiers. 

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purport hold, 
Or whether since he is advised by augury To change the course: he's full of alteration
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure 

[To a Gentleman, who goes o

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried. 
Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Now, sweet lady, 
Reg. 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 
way To the forfended place? 
Edm. That thought abuses you.
Reg. I am doubtful that you have been 

junct 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 lady 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 beloved, 
Sir, this I hear; the king is come to his daught With others whom the rigour of our state Forced to cry out. Where I could not be before I never yet was valiant: for this business, It toucheth us, as France invades our land, Not holds the king, with others, whom, I feare Most just and heavy causes make oppose. 
Edm. Sir, you speak nobly. 
Reg. Why is this reason? 
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 proceedings. 
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your 
Reg. Sister, you'll go with us? 
Gon. No. 
Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you with us. 
Gon. [Aside] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I will
As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised
Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with so poor,
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. 

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, 
EDMUND: Lear and Cordelia, prisoners; 
Captain, Soldiers, &c. 

Edm. Some officers take them away: good 

guard, 

Until their greater pleasures first be known 
That are to censure them. 

Cor. We are not the first 

Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the worst. 

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down; 

Myself could else out-frown false fortune’s frown. 

Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters? 

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let’s away to 

prison: 

We two alone will sing like birds i’ the cage: 

When thou dost ask me blessing, I’ll kneel down, 

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we’ll live, xi 

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh 

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues 

Talk of court news; and we’ll talk with them too, 

Who loses and who wins; who’s in, who’s out; 

And take upon the mystery of things, 

As if we were God’s spies: and we’ll wear out, 

In a wall’d prison, packs and sects of great ones, 

That ebb and flow by the moon. 

Edm. Take them away. 

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, 20 

The gods themselves throw incense. Have I 

caught thee? 

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven, 

And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes; 

The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell, 

Ere they shall make us weep: we’ll see ‘em starve 

first. 

Come. [Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded. 

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark. 

Take thou this note [giving a paper]; go follow 

them to prison: 

One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost 

As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way 

To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men 30 

Are as the time is: to be tender-minded 

Does not become a sword: thy great employment 

Will not bear question; either say thou’lt do’t, 

Or thrive by other means. 

Capt. I’ll do’t, my lord. 

Edm. About it; and write happy when thou 

hast done. 

Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so 

As I have set it down. 

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats; 

If it be man’s work, I’ll do’t. [Exit. 

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, 
another Captain, and Soldiers. 

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant 

strain, 

And fortune led you well: you have the captives 

That were the opposites of this day’s strife: 

We do require them of you, so to use them 

As we shall find their merits and our safety 

May equally determine. 

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress’d lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen:
My reason all the same: and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his
friend:
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness:
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That’s as we list to grace him.
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.

Con. 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.

Con. That were the most, if he should husband you.


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.

Con. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. [To Edmund] Half-blooded fellow, yes. 80

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thine attaint,
This gilded serpent [pointing to Gons.]. 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 thy bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoken.

Con. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm’d, Gloucester: let the trump
sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy head
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [throwing down a glove];
I’ll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaimed thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Con. [Aside] If not, I’ll ne’er trust medicine.

Edm. There’s my exchange [throwing down a
glove]: what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies;
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldie
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my te

[Exit Regan, &c.]

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound
And read out this.

Cpt. Sound, trumpet! [A trumpet sound

Her. [Reads] ‘If any man of quality or deg
within the lists of the army will maintain up
Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is
a manifold traitor, let him appear by the th
sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defen

Edm. Sound! [First trumpet

Her. Again!

[Second trumpet

Her. Again!

[Third trumpet

[Trumpet answers with

Enter EDGAR, at the third sound, armed, w
a trumpet before him.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appear
Upon this call o’ the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer

This present summons?

Edg. I know, my name is lost
By treason’s tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What’s he that speaks for Edmund I
of Gloucester?

Edm. Himself: what sayst thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and emine:
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 fathe
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
To prove upon thy heart, whereeto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warly
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breach
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o’erwhelm thy heart;
Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bro
This sword of mine shall give them instant w
To amplify too much, would make much more, And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour came there in a man, Who, having seen me in my worst estate, Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father; Told the most pitious tale of Lear and him That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded, And there I left him tranced.

But who was this?

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

What kind of help?

Speak, man.

What means that bloody knife?

'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

Who dead? speak, man.

Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

I was contrac't to them both: all three

Now marry in an instant.

Here comes Kent. Produce their bodies, bet they alive or dead:

This judgement of the heavens, that makes us tremble.

Touches us not with pity. [Exit Gentleman.

Enter Kent.

O, is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment

Which very manners urges.

I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night:

Is he not here?

Great thing of us forgot!

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?

Seest thou this object, Kent?

The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.

Iack, why thus?

Yet Edmund was beloved:

The one the other poison'd for my sake, And after slew herself.

Even so. Cover their faces.

I pant for life: some good I mean to do, Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send, Be brief in it, to the castle: for my writ Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia: Nay, send in time.

Run, run, O, run!

To who, my lord? Who hath the office?

Thy token of reprieve.

Well thought on: take my sword, Give it the captain.

Haste thee, for thy life. [Exit Edgar. He hath commission from thy wife and me To hang Cordelia in the prison, and To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.

[Edmund is borne off.

Re-enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms; Edgar, Captain, and others following.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs: she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. [Kneeling] O my good master!

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Capt. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she loved and hated,

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same.

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that:
He'll strike, and quickly too: he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man,—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hitherto.

Kent. Nor no man else: all's cheerless, daft and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says: and vain

That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle he tells 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

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more

Never, never, never, never, never!

Pray you, undo this button; thank you, sir.

Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,

Look there, look there!

Edg. He faints! My lord, my lord.

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass

That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so long

He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present business

Is general woe. [To Kent and Edgar] Friar of my soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the gored state susta.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;

My master calls me, I must not stay no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must o'er

Speak what we have borne, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we that are young

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt, with a dead man]
OTHELLO,
THE MOOR OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a senator.

OTHER SENSORS.

GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.

CASSIO, his lieutenant.

IAGO, his ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.

MONTANO, Othello’s predecessor in the government of Cyprus.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A street.

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Rod. Tush! never tell me; I take it much unkindly at thou, Iago, who hast had my purse if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this, Iago: 'Sblood, but you will not hear me: "ver I did dream of such a matter, nor me.

Iago. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despair me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city, personal suit to make me his lieutenant, capp’d to him; and, by the faith of man, 10 now my price, I am worth no worse a place: he, as loving his own pride and purposes, ides them, with a bombast circumstance cribly stuff’d with epithets of war; 15 in conclusion, suits my mediations: for, 'Certes,' says he, 20 I have already chose my officer.'

Iago. What was he?

sooth, a great arithmetician, Michael Cassio, a Florentine, fellow almost damn’d in a fair wife: it never set a squadron in the field, the division of a battle knows re than a spinner; unless the bookish theorist, erein the toged consuls can propose masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice, lhis soldiership. But he, sir, had the election: 1, of whom his eyes had seen the proof Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds istian and heathen, must be be-lee’d and calm’d 30 debtor and creditor: this counter-caster, in good time, must his lieutenant be, 31 God bless the mark!—his Moorship’s ancient.

 Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

BIANCA, mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE: Venice: A Sea-port in Cyprus.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, 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 affined To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then, 40 Iago. O, sir, content you; I follow him to serve my turn upon him: We cannot all be masters, nor all masters Cannot be truly follow’d. You shall mark Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave, That, doting on his own obsequious bondage, Wears out his time, much like his master’s ass, For nought but provender, and when he’s old, cashier’d:

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are Who, trimm’d in forms and visages of duty, 50 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves, And, throwing but shows of service on their lords, Do well thrive by them and when they have lined their coats Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;

And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir, It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:

In following him, I follow but myself;

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty, But seeming so, for my peculiar end: 60 For when my outward action doth demonstrate The native act and figure of my heart In compliment extern, 'tis not long after But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,

If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight, 
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen, 
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell, 
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy, 
Yet throw such changes of vexation on’t, 
As it may lose some colour. 
Rod. Here is her father’s house; I’ll call aloud. 
Iago. Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell 
As when, by night and negligence, the fire 
Is spied in populous cities. 
Rod. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, 
ho! 
Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! 
thieves! thieves! 
Look to your house, your daughter and your bags! 
Thieves! thieves! 
Brabantio appears above, at a window. 
Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons? 
What is the matter there? 
Rod. Signior, is all your family within? 
Iago. Are your doors lock’d? 
Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this? 
Iago. ‘Zounds, sir, you’re robb’d; for shame, 
put on your gown; 
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul; 
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram 
is tipping your white ewe. Arise, arise; 
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, 
or else the devil will make a grandsire of you: 
Arise, I say. 
Bra. What, have you lost your wits? 
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice? 
Bra. Not I: what are you? 
Rod. My name is Roderigo. 
Bra. The worser welcome: I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors: 
in honest plainness thou hast heard me say 
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness, 
Being full of supper and distempering draughts, 
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come to start my quiet. 
Rod. Sir, sir, sir,— 
Bra. But thou must needs be sure 
My spirit and my place have in them power 
To make this bitter to thee. 
Rod. Patience, good sir. 
Bra. What tell’st thou me of robbing? this is 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 near 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. 
Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator 
Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know the 
Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But, I see
If’t be your pleasure and most wise consent, 
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter, 
At this odd-even and dull watch of the night, 
Transported, with no worse nor better guard 
But with a knave 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 wrong 
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 reverend 
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. Straightforward you do 
If she be in her chamber or your house, 
Let loose on me the justice of the state 
For thus deluding you. 
Bra. Strike on the tinder, he 
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! 
Farewell; for I must leave you. 
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place 
To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall— 
Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state, 
However this may gall him with some check, 
Cannot with safety cast him, for he’s embark’d 
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, 
Which even now stand in act, that, for their so 
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 need’d but sign. That you shall sur 
find him, 
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search; 
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. 

Enter, below, Brabantio, and Servants with torches. 
Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is; 
And what’s to come of my despaired time 
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo, 
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl! 
With the Moor, say’st thou? Who would be 
father! 
How didst thou know ’twas she? O, she dece 
past thought! What said she to you? Get no 
tapers; 
Raise all my kindred. Are they married, tell 
you? 
Rod. Truly, I think they are. 
Bra. O heaven! How got she out? O tre 
of the blood! 
Fathers, from hence trust not your daugh 
minds
OTHELLO

Yes, Holla stand Ancient.

What I put Not r^th. ill lie lat, bad tmtimes here u r iy hall t m.

Scene I. Another street.
Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men, do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience do no contrived 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, id spoke such scurvy and provoking terms against your honour, with the little godliness I have, hid full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir, if you fast married? Be assured of this, at the magnifico is much beloved, id hath in his effect a voice potential 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, will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite; y services which I have done the signiory all out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,—

Bra. Call up my brother. O, would you had her! one way, some another. Do you know where we may apprehend her and the Moor.

Oth. I think I can discover him, if you please o' get good guard and go along with me. Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call; may command at most. Get weapons, ho! and raise some special officers of night.

v, good Roderigo: I'll deserve your pains.

[Exeunt.

Scene II. Another street.
Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. 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? Iago. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine: It is a business of some heat; the galleys Have sent a dozen sequent messengers This very night at one another's heels, And many of the consuls, raised and met, Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly call'd for:

When, being not at your lodging to be found, The senate hath sent about three several quests To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you. I will but spend a word here in the house, And go with you. [Exit. Iago. 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. Oth. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Oth. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you. Iago. Here comes another troop to seek for you. Iago. It is Brabantio, General, be advised; He comes to bad intent.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers with torches and weapons.

Oth. Holla! stand there! Iago. Signior, it is the Moor. Oth. Down with him, thief! [They draw on both sides.

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you. Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter? Dam'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 practised on her with foul charms, Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals That weaken motion: I'll have 't disputed on; 'Tis probable and palpable to thinking I therefore apprehend and do attach thee For an abuser of the world, a practiser Of arts inhibited and out of warrant. Lay hold upon him: if he do resist, Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands, Both you of my inclining, and the rest: Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it Without a prompter. Where will you that I go To answer this your charge?
To prison, till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied, Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?

First Off. '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.

Sec. 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 judge:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

First Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now, what's the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

First Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is 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.

Mest. The Ottomites, reverend and graciously
Steering with due course towards the isle
Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

First Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many,
you guess?

Mest. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stie
Their backward course, bearing with frank a
pearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montan
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 Luccios, is not he in town?

First Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-has dispatch.

First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the
valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO,
Roderigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight en-
ploy 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, publish
don me;
Neither my place nor ought I heard of business
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general
care
Take hold on me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Duke and Sen. Dead? Ay, to m

She was abused, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebank.
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense, yea, though our proper
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems
Your special mandate for the state-affairs
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for't.

Duke. [To Othello] What, in your own person,
can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend sen-
nors,
My worthy noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech.
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charged withal,
Won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
If spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Hush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
If, years of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
Tis a judgment main'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
And with some dram conjured to this effect,
I wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wide and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak: the dread
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Abuse and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request and such fair questions
To soul to soul afforded?

Oth. I do beseech you,
End for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
He trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Von fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither. Ancient, conduct them: you best know
The place. [Exeunt Iago and Attendants.
And till she come, as truly as to heaven
do confess the vices of my blood,
Justly to your grave ears I'll present
Now I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Till question'd me the story of my life,
Rom year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd,
Ran it through, even from my boyish days,
The very moment that he bade me tell it:
In this I spake of most disastrous chances,
Moving accidents by flood and field,
Hair-breadth escapes; the imminent deadly breach,
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 thence:
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse, which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
to draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not 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 sights:
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 loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
Spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.

Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

Enter report. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the woeer,
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, do 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 wi' you! I have done.
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor.

I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,

Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes de-
pended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the
thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief. 209

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 thee he hears,
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs
Of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty prepara-
tion makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude
of the place is best known to you; and though
we have there a substitute of most allowed suffi-
ciency, 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 bois-
terous 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 agrinize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find no hardness, and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please, 240

Be't at her father's.

Bra. 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 unfoldng lend your prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with
him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him. 260

Oth. Let her have your voices.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind;
And heaven defend your good souls, that you
think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me: no, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dullness 270
My speculative and officed instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: the affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

First Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet
again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. So please your grace, my ancient
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.

Good night to every one. [To Brab. And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eye
to see;
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.

Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

Rod. Iago,—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinknest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinent drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love the
after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is to
suffer; and then have we a prescription to
die when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the
world for four times seven years; and since
I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury,
Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Rodrigo?
Rod. What say you?
Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?
Rod. I am changed: I'll go sell all my land.

[Exit.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my pursuè: For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane, If I would time expend with such a snipe, But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor; And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets He has done my office: I know not if it be true; But I, for mere suspicion in that kind, Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now:
To get his place and to plume up my will
In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see:
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected, framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.
I have't. It is engender'd. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

Mont. 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.

Mont. 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 mortar? What shall we hear of this?

Sec. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds:
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixèd pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchaufed flood.

Mont. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not ensheathing and embay'd, they are drown'd:
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designation halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.
Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well ship'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[A cry within 'A sail, a sail, a sail!']

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

Fourth Gent. The town is empty; on the brow of the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Sec. 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 arrived.

Sec. Gent. I shall. [Exeunt Cassio and Mon.]

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. Has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks and congregated sands,—
Travers' ensteel'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit

Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spoke of, our great captain's wife,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renewed fire to our extinct'd spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo and Attendants.

Des. O, behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arrived: nor know I where
But that he's well and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship—But, hark! a sail.

[Within 'A sail, a sail!' Guns heard.

Sec. Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel.

This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news. [Exeunt Gentleman and Des.]
Good ancient, you are welcome. [To Emilia]
Welcome, mistress:
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Iago. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much:
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are picture out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchen,
Saints in your injuries, devils been offending,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. Iago. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!
Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me no.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if the shouldst praise me?
Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, and not critical.

Des. Come on, assay. There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.
Othello.

[i.e.]

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile the thing I am, by seeming otherwise. Come, how wouldst thou praise me? - Iago. I am about it; but indeed my invention comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize; it plucks out brains and all: but my Muse labours, and thus she is deliver'd. - [Aside] If she be fair and wise, and fairness and wit, O, she then is use, the other useth it. - Des. Well praised! How if she be black and witty? - Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit, she'll find a white that shall her blackness fit. - Des. Worse and worse. - Emil. How if fair and foolish? - Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair; for even her folly help'd her to an heir. - Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh 't the alehouse. What miserable praise ast thou for that's foul and foolish? - [Aside] Iago. There's none so foul and foolish thereunto, those foul pranks which fair and wise ones do. - Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisesst the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed, one that, in the bestowal of her merit, did justly put on the vouch I very malice itself? - Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud, had tongue at will and yet was never loud, 160 150 lever lack'd gold and yet went never gay, led from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,' he that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh, e'd her wrong stay and her displeasure fly, he that in wisdom never was so frail to change the old's head for the salmon's tail, he that could think and ne'er disclose her mind, e' suitors following and not look behind, he was a wight, if ever such wight were, - Des. To do what? - Iago. To suckle fools and chronic small beer. - Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! To do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a 150 160 lost profane and liberal counsellor? - Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar. - Iago. [Aside] He takes her by the palm: ay, all said, whisper: with as little a web as this till I am made great a fly and a dog. Ay, smile pon her, do; I will gibe thee in thine own court-rap. You say true; 'tis so, indeed; if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenant, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers oft, which now again you are most apt to play to sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent sporty! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for our sake! [Trumpet within.] The Moor! I now his trumpet. - [Aside] '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 see you here before me. O my soul's joy! after every tempest come such calms,
feit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave. Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion, Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay it 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 happy may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displasing of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by 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 I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore.

Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [Exit.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it:
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature.
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
I stand account for as great a sin,
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgement 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 reward me.
For making him egregiously an ass
And practical upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused;
Knavey's plain face is never seen till used. [Exit.

Scene II. A street.

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble an
valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdicion of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addition leads him to, besides these beneficial news, it is the celo
bration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, as there is full liberty of feasting from this preser
hour to the bell the have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general
Othello! [Exeunt.

Scene III. A hall in the castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.
Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night; to-morrow with your ea
liest
Let me have speech with you. [To Desdemona
Come, my dear love,
The refresh'd, made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night. [Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendant.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not y
ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus ear
for the love of his Desdemona; who let us n
therefore blame; he hath not yet made wa
the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.
Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.
Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.
Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delica
creature.
Iago. What an eye she has! methinks sounds a parley of provocation.
Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks rig
modest.
Iago. And when she speaks, is it not a
alarm to love?
Cas. She is indeed perfection.
Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Com
lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and her
without are a brace of Cyprus gallants the
He was a wight of high renown
And thou art but of low degree;
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho! 39

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved. 111

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. — Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left: I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough. 120

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 Cesar And give direction; and do but see his vice; 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox, The one as long as the other; 'tis pity of him. 130 I fear the trust Othello puts him in, On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep: He'll watch the horologe a double set, If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well

The general were put in mind of it.

Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true? 140

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 ingrate 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, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty! 151

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle. Rod. Beat me!
Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[Striking Roderigo.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; [Staying him.

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
Cas. Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [They fight.


Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen:—Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch indeed!

Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo, ho! The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold! You will be shamed for ever.

Re-enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.

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 arisest this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that Which heaven hath forbid the Otomites? 171

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:—
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know: friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devosting them for bed; and then, but now— 181

As if some planet had unwitted men.

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody, I cannot speak.

Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter, That you unlace your reputation thus
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—

Of all that I do know: nor know I ought
By me that's said or done amiss this night;

Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,

And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven, My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgement collied
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a bir:

Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety
'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began 't?

Mon. If partially affined, or leagued in offi

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,

Mon. And myself being in speech, In speech,

There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determined swif

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:

Myself the crying fellow did pursue

Lost by his glamour—as it so fell out—

The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot, Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rat

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night I ne'er might say before. When I came back For this was brief—I found them close together

Iago. I know, Iago,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee,

But never more be officer of mine.

Re-enter Desdemona, attended.

Oth. Look, if my gentle love be not raised up! I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come a bed.

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon

Lead him off. [To Montano, who is lead

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distress,

Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life,

To have their balmy slumbers waked with care:

[Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cassio. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Des. Reputation, reputation, reputation!

Cas. I have lost my reputation! I have lost the
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 framed as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor—were't to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, His soul is so enfeeter'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blacklist sins put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly shows, As I do now: for his honest fool Flies Desdemona to repair his fortunes
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, That she repeats him for her body's lust; And by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch, And out of her own goodness make the net That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo! 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? Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft; And wit depends on dilatory time. Doesn't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio: Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe: Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning; Pleasure and action make the hours seem short. Retire thee; go where thou art billeted: Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Roderigo.] Two things are to be done: My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress; I'll set her on; Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way:
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before the castle.

Enter Cassio 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? 9
Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument
that I know. But, masters, here's money for
you: and the general so likes your music, that he
desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise
with it.
First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.
Clo. If you have any music that may not be
heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music
the general does not greatly care.
First Mus. We have none such, sir.
Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for
I'll away: go; vanish into air; away! 21 [Exit Musicians.
Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend? Clo.
No, I hear not your honest friend; I
hear you.
Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's
a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman
that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her
there's one Cassio entertains her a little favour of
speech: wilt thou do this?
Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir lither,
I shall seem to notify unto her.
Cas. Do, good my friend. [Exit Clown.

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?
Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.
Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. 41
Cas. I humbly thank you for't. [Exit Iago.
I 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 affivity and that in wholesome wise
He might not but refuse you, but he protests
loves you
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the safest occasion by the front
To bring you in again.
Cas. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.
Clo. 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 d
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall
't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The garden of the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves
my husband,
As if the case were his.
Des. O, that's an honest fellow. Do not do
Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.
Des. I know't; I thank you. You do love
lord.
You have known him long; and be you wel
sured
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.
Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.
Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia he
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it.
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience.
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shri
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio.
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.
Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.
Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.
Enter Othello and Iago.

Oth. Ha! like not that.

Iago. What dost thou say?

Oth. Nothing, my lord: or— I know not what.

Iago. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Oth. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it, if he would steal away so guilty-like, ing you coming.

Iago. I do believe 'twas he.

Oth. How now, my lord! I've been talking with a suitor here, that languishes in your displeasure. Who is 't you mean?

Iago. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord, have any grace or power to move you, present reconciliation take;

if be not one that truly loves you,

errors in ignorance and not in cunning

you have in an honest face: come, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Iago. Ay, sooth; so humbled
the hath left part of his grief with me,
suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Iago. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

Iago. No, not to-night.

Oth. To-morrow dinner, then?

Iago. I shall not dine at home; see the captains at the citadel.

Oth. Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morning;

Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morning: time, the name, the time; but let it not

ed three days: in faith, he's penitent:

et, in our common reason—

that, they say, the wars must make examples

of their best—is not almost a fault

nur a private check. When shall he come?

me, Othello: I wonder in my soul, at you would ask me, that I should deny,

stand so maimering on. What! Michael Cassio,

came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,
in I have spoke of you disparingly,

has en your part; to have so much to do

him in? Trust me, I could do much,—

Prithie, no more: let him come when he will;

I'll deny thee nothing.

Iago. Why, this is not a boon;

as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

don nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,

your own person: nay, when I have a suit so

me I mean to touch your love indeed,

All 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.


Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.

Iago. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

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,—

Iago. 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

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 some-

thing:

I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,

When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst

'Indeed!' And didst contract and pursue thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;

And, for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty,

And weight's thy words before thou givest them

breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:

For such things in a false disloyal knife

Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just

They are close delations, working from the heart

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;

Or those that be not, would they might seem none.

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of
thoughts

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 makest his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. Though I chance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.

It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Not for my mankind, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robbs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. Y'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 strongly
loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich and rich enough,
But riches faincless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is peace to be resolved: exchange me for a 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 has eyes, and choose 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
reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proo
Look to your wife; observe her well with Ca:
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abused: look to't;
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their conscience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown
Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marry you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear you,
She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to th' She that, so young, could give out such a sorrow
To seel her father's eyes up close as oak—
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much blamed
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your sp

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. I faith, I fear it
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're mo
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my wo
friend—
My lord, I see you're moved.

Oth. No, not much mo
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live yo
think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from i
Iago. Ay, there's the point: as—to be
with you—
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereeto we see in all things nature tends—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most ran
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinguish speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,
May fail to match you with her country for
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell;
more thou dost perceive, let me know more; thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago. 240
Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless es and knows more, much more, than he unfolds. 250
Iago. [Returning] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
I scan this thing no further; leave it to time: enough it be fit that Cassio have his place, s, sure, he fills it up with great ability, if, you please to hold him off awhile, you shall by that perceive him and his means: if, your lady strain his entertainment th' any strong or vehement importunity; ich shall be seen in that. In the mean time, me be thought too little in my fears—worthy cause I have to fear am—d hold her free, I do beseech your honour. 270
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.
Iago. This fellow's of exceeding honesty, d knows all qualities, with a learned spirit, 290
Iago. 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. Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona:
Iago. That which so often you did bid me steal. 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 fetch it?
Iago. [Snatching it] Why, what's that to you? 320
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 avaricious: I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [Exit Emilia. 330
Oth. I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin, And let him find it. Trifles light as air Are to the jealous confirmations strong As proofs of holy writ: this may do something. The Moor already changes with my poison; Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons, Which at the first are scarce found to distaste, But with a little act upon the blood, Burn like the sulphur of sulphur. I did say so: Look, where he comes!

Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Othello.

Not poppy, nor mandrake, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep Which thou owest to 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 abused Than but to know 't a little.
Iago. How now, my lord!
Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust? I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me: I slept the next night well, was free and merry; I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n, Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all. 341
Iago. I am sorry to hear this.
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp, Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body, So 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!
Othello. 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,

will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;

And, being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;

One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves:

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring his hand,

Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots

That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg

Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then

Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor'

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken the proofs

That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'II tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see noth done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief

Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my lady's gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief—

I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day

See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,

It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thou's lives!

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.

'Tis gone.

Arose, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell

Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with

fraught,

For 'tis of aspies' tongues!

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind peril.

may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea

Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on

To the Propontic and the Hellespont,

Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble low

Till that a capable and wide revenge

Swallow them up. Now, by yond vast

heaven,

[Kneels] In the due reverence of a sacred vow

I here engage my words.

Iago.

[Kneels] Witness, you ever-burning lights at
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:

Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, 40
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief. 50

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault.

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her; I did so: and take heed on't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is 't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to God that I had never seen 't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is it 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 received again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind
misgives.

Des. Come, come; You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shared dangers with you,—

Oth. The handkerchief.
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [Exit.

Emil. Is this not this man jealous?
Des. 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 Cassio and Iago.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news
with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you
That by your most 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,
Not purposed merit in futurity,
Can range me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forced content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! you must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

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.

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 a
Our other heathful members even to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods.
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am.
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception nor any jealous
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause
But jealous souls will not be answer'd:
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
mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk we
about:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship. [Exit Desdemona and Emil.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from here?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cas.
What, keep a week away? seven days and night?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours?
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with ledens thoughts brawled:
But I'll hang, in a more continuance time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.

Take me this work out:

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Isn't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman! Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jea
now
That this is from some mistress, some rem
brance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

* Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in

chamber.
I like the work well: ere it be demanded—
As like enough it will—I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
ACT IV.

SCENE I. Cyprus. Before the castle.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago.

Iago. What, o kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthorized kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed a hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!—Is't hypocrisy against the devil! huy that meanvirtuously, and yet do so, he devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip; if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers, he may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too; ay she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen; ney have it very oft that have it not; it, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.

Iago. That's not so good now.

Oth. What, I had said I had seen him do you wrong? 'heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad, he having, by their own importunate suit, voluntary dotage of some mistress, avinced or supplied them, cannot choose t they must blab—

Iago. Hath he said any thing?

Oth. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured, more than he 'll unswear.

Iago. What hath he said?

Oth. 'Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.

Iago. What? what?

Oth. Lie—

Iago. With her?

Oth. With her, on her; what you will.

Iago. Lie with her! lie on her! We say lie on, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's some—Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour; must, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I mille at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus. Fish! Noses, ears, and lips.—Is't possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—O devil!

Iago. Work on, My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught; And many worthy and chaste dames even thus, All guileless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord! My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter Cassio.

Cass. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy: This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cass. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear; The lethargy must have his quiet course: If not, he foams at mouth and by and by Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs: Do you withdraw yourself a little while, He will recover straight: when he is gone, I would on great occasion speak with you.

[Exit Cassio.

Iago. How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.

Oth. Would you would bear your fortune like a man! Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man; Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked May draw with you: there's millions now alive That nightly lie in those unproper beds Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart; Confine yourself but in a patient list. Whilst you were here d'ermelwed with your grief——

A passion most unsuiting such a man— Cassio came hither: I shifted him away, And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy, Bade him anon return and here speak with me; The which he promised. 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?

Iago. I will be found most cunning in my patience; But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss; But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[Othello retires.
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguiled by one: 99
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? 110
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 lower] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's
power,
How quickly should you speed!
Cas. Alas, poor caithiff! 120
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 importunes him
To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.
Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry
her:
Do you intend it?
Cas. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you tri-
umph?
Cas. I marry her! what? a customer! Pri-
thee, 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. Priethee, say true.
Iago. I am a very villain else.
Oth. Have you scored me? Well.
Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out:
she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own
love and flattery, not out of my promise.
Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the
story.
Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me
in every place. I was the other day talking on
the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither
comes the bauble, 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 rolls, and weeps upon me;
so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!
Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to
my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but
not that dog I shall throw it to.
Cas. Well, I must leave her company.
Iago. 'Before me I look, where she comes.
Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a per-
fumed 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 handkerchie-
you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to tak-
it. I must take out the work?—A likely piece of
work, that you should find it in your chamber
and not know who left it there! This is some
minx's token, and I must take out the work
There; give it your hobby-horse: whereas you
had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Oth. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now
how now!
Oth. By heaven, that should be my hand-
kercief!
Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, yo-
may; an you will not, come when you are not
prepared for.

[Exit Iago.]

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
weet very fast speak with you.
Cas. Prithree, come; will you?
Iago. Go to; say no more.

[Exit Cassi.]

Oth. [Advancing] How shall I murder him
when Iago?
Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed:
his vice?
Oth. O Iago!
Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?
Oth. Was that mine?
Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how
prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave
him, and he hath given it his whore.
Iago. I would have him nine years a-killin
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!
Iago. Nay, you must forget that.
Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and
I am damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my
heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurt
my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter cre-
ture: she might lie by an emperor's side as
companion and task.
Iago. Nay, that's not your way.
Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is;
delicately with her needle: an admirable music
O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear:
high and plenteous wit and invention—
Iago. She's the worse for all this.
Oth. O, a thousand thousand times; and the
so gentle a condition!
Iago. Ay, too gentle.
Oth. Nay, that's certain: but yet the pit
of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!
Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity,
give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not yo,
it comes near nobody.
Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuck
me!
Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.
Oth. With mine officer!
Iago. That's fouler.
Get me some poison, Iago: this night
I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body a
beauty unprovidence my mind again: this night
Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her
her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.
Scene I.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his under-taker: you shall hear more by midnight.

Oth. Excellent good. [A trumpet within.] What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Opens the letter, and reads.]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; welcome, Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. [Reads] 'This fail you not to do, as you ill.'—

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper. There division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much to stone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone! My lord?

Des. Are you wise?

Oth. What, is he angry?

Lod. May the letter moved him; or, as I think, they do command him home, supposing Cassio in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed! My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello,—

Oth. [Striking her] Devil! I have not deserved this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice, though I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much like her amends; she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil! that the earth could teem with woman's tears, and drop she falls would prove a crocodile. ut of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady: 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:

And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep; And she's obedient, as you say, obedient, Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.

Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—I am commanded home. Get you away: I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate, And will return to Venice. Hence, avaunt! [Exit Desdemona.]

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night, I do entreat that we may sup together;

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys! [Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate

Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,

Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure:

What he might be: if what he might he is not, I would to heaven he were!

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew

That stroke would prove the worst!

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas! It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so

That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him. [Exeunt.]

Scene II. A room in the castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard

Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor 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 have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!

For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither: go. [Exit Emilia.

She says enough; yet she’s a simple bawd That cannot say as much. This is a subtle where, A closet lock and key of villainous secrets: And yet she’ll kneel and pray; I have seen her do.

Enter Desdemona with Emilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy’s this?

Oth. [To Emilia] Some of your function, mistress;

Leave procrants alone and shut the door;

Cough, or cry ‘hem,’ if any body come:

Your mystery; your mystery: nay, dispatch.

[Exit Emilia.

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true

And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils them-

selves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double

damn’d:

Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false

as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how

am I fake?

Oth. O Desdemona! Away! away! away! 

Des. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased heaven

To try me with affliction; had they rain’d
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steep’d me in poverty to the very lips,

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,

I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me

A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:

But there, where I have Garner’d up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain from which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads

To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp’d cherubin,—

Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the sham-

bles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair and smell’st so sweet

That the sense aches at thee, would thou had

never been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I com-

mitted?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most good

book,

Made to write ‘whore’ upon? What committee

Committed! O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,

That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!

Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks

The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets

Is hush’d within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it. What committed!

Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christia

If to preserve this vessel for my lord

From any other foul unlawful touch

Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be save

Oth. Is’t possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, the

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice

That married with Othello. [Raising his voi

You, mistress,

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,

And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter Emilia.

We, you, ay, you!

We have done our course; there’s money in your pains;

I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel.

[Ex

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my go-

lady?

Des. ’Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what’s the matter with

my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia. I cannot weep; nor answer have I none, But what should go by water. Prithhee, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember

And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here’s a change indeed! [Ex

Des. ’Tis meet I should be used so, very me.

How have I been behaved, that he might stick

The smallest opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter Emilia with Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? If it

is’t with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do test

young babbles

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith, I

am a child to chiding.
Othello.  

Scene II.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Desdemona. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her, thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her, as true hearts cannot bear.

Iago. Am I that name, Iago?

Desdemona. What name, fair lady?

Iago. Such as she says my lord did say I was. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so?

Desdemona. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

Desdemona. Hath she forsook so many noble matches, her father and her country and her friends, to be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Iago. It is my wretched fortune. Beshrew him for't!

Desdemona. How comes this trick upon him?

Iago. Nay, heaven doth know.

Desdemona. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain, some busy and insinuating rogue, some coggling, cozening slave, to get some office, have not devised this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Desdemona. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Iago. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!

Desdemona. Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?


Desdemona. Heaven, that such companions thou'lyst unfold, and put in every honest hand a whip to lash the rascals naked through the world even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Desdemona. O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was that turn'd your wit the seamy side without, and made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Desdemona. O good Iago, what shall I do to win my lord again?

Iago. Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven, I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel! if ever 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 forewear me! Unkindness may do much: and his unkindness may defeat my life, but never taint my love. I cannot say 'where? It doth 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.

Desdemona. 'Tis but so, I warrant.

Trumpets within. Hark, how these instruments summon to supper! The messengers of Venice stay the meat; go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

Exit Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Rodrigo.

Desdemona. How now, Rodrigo?

Rodrigo. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Desdemona. What in the contrary?

Rodrigo. Every day thou dauest me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all convenience than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Desdemona. Will you hear me, Rodrigo?

Rodrigo. 'Faith, I have heard too much, for your words and performances are no kin together.

Desdemona. You charge me most unjustly.

Rodrigo. 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.

Desdemona. Well; go to; very well.

Rodrigo. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Desdemona. Very well.

Rodrigo. 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.

Desdemona. You have said now.

Rodrigo. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intention of doing.

Desdemona. 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, Rodrigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affairs.

Rodrigo. I hath not appeared.

Desdemona. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Rodrigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valour, this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and davise engines for my life.

Rodrigo. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Desdemona. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rodrigo. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Desdemona. 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 re-
moving of Cassio.
Rod. How do you mean, removing of him?
Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of
Othello's place; knocking out his brains.
Rod. And that you would have me to do?
Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and
a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and
thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of
his honourable fortune. If you will watch his
going'thence, which I will fashion to fall out
between twelve and one, you may take him at
your pleasure: I will be near to second your
attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come,
stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I
will show you such a necessity in his death that
you shall think yourself bound to put it on him.
It is now high-supper-time, and the night grows
to waste; about it.
250 Rod. I will hear further reason for this.
Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Another room in the castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona,
Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself
no further.
Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.
Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank
your ladyship.
Emil. Your honour is most welcome.
Oth. Will you walk, sir?
O.—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?
Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be
returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there:
look it be done.
Des. I will, my lord.
[Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than
he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent:
he hath commanded me to go to bed,
and bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding: therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu;
we must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve
him;
that even his stubbornness, his checks, his
frowns,—

Prithée, unpin me,—have grace and favour in
them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me
on the bed.

Des. All's one. Good faith, how foolish are
our minds!

If I do die before thee, prithée, shroud me
in one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow';

An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind: I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithée, disput

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have
walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of
her lips.

Des. [Singing] The poor soul sat sighing by
sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured
her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd th'stones;

—Lay by these:—

[Singing] Sing willow, willow, willow;
Prithée, lie thee; he'll come anon:—

[Singing] Sing all a green willow must be in
garland.

Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is that
knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

Des. [Singing] I call'd my love false love
—and what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court moe women, you'll couche with me.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. It is neither here nor there;

Des. I have heard it said so. O, these men
these men!
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light
Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
world?

Emil. The world's a huge thing: it is a great
price

For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a
thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of law
nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty
exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who
would not make her husband a cuckold to make
him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wron
For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the
world; and having the world for your labour, 't
I will make proof of thine.

[Drum, and wounds Roderigo.]

Rod. O, I am slain!

[Exeunt.]

Scene III. Othello. Enter Iago and Lodovico and Gratiano.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:

ear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:

lock, quick; fear nothing; I'll beat thy elbow:

makes us, or it mars us; think on that,

d fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand be; hold, and take thy stand.

[Retires.]

Iago. I have no great devotion to the deed;

yet he hath given me satisfying reasons; 9

but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quill almost to the sense,

he grows angry. Now, whether he kill

Cassio, or else do kill the other,

ever makes my gain: live Roderigo,

calls me to a restitution large

gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
gifts to Desdemona:

must not be: if Cassio do remain,

hath a daily beauty in his life:

it makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor 20

 unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril;

he must die. But so: I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Iago. I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest!

[Makes a pass at Cassio.]

As that thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

that my coat is better than thou know'st:
OTHELLO.

What may you be? are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.
Gra. Cassio!
Iago. How is't, brother?
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Light, gentlemen: I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

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. Send 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. No.
Iago. Know him! ay.
Gra. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair!
Gra. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 'tis he. [A chair brought in.]
O, that's well said; the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [To Bianca]
For you, mistress,
Save you your labour. He that lies slain here,
Cassio,
Was my dear friend: what malice was between us?
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
[Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gastness 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 will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo and fellows that are scape:
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good C- sio!
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Prith.
Emil. 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 the fore shake not.
Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.
Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!
Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as hon
As you that thus abuse me.
Emil. As I! foh! fie upon the
Iago. Kind gentlewomen, let's g'o see poor C- sio dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell thy lord and lady what hath happ'ld.
Will you go out? I pray. [Aside] This is night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

Scene II. A bedchamber in the castle: Démona in bed asleep: a light burning.

Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me: but once put out thy lig
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have plunged
The rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It must needs wither: 'twill smelt it on the tree.
[Kissing]
Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more,
See how thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and this the last.
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heaven
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Ay, my lord, what do you mean by it?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No; heaven forfend! I would not kill thy son.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Enter Iago.

[Aside] Then hear...
OTHELLO

It is too late. [He stiles her.

Emil. [Within] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, 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.

Emil. [Within] What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [Within] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!

Oth. Yes: 'tis Emilia. By and by. She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.—
The noise was here. Ha! no more moving? Still as the grave. Shall she come in? weren't it 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! Menthinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [Within] I do beseech you 101

That I may speak with you, O, good my lord! Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:

Soft: by and by. Let me the curtains draw.

Where art thou?

[Unlocks the door.]

Enter Emilia.

What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murderers 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, hath kill'd a young Venetian,

Call'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, 130

And you the blacker devil!
Act IV, Scene 2

Othello. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie 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 top her; ask thy husband else.

Oth. I, I, I was damn'd beneath all depth in hell, But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband! 140

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! Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy husband;

Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!

My husband say that she was false!

Oth. He, woman; I say thy husband: dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven 160
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O do it!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword: I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mom. What is the matter? How now, general!

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter? 171

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.

She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I a bound to speak:

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—

All. O heavens forfend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder o

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Montano. A monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy! I think upon't, I think; I smell' t: O villain!

I thought so then:—I'll kill myself for grief:

O villain, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, go home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [He falls on the bed.

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and rest

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That ever did lift up eye.

Oth. [Rising] O, she was foul! 2 I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have new stopt:

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father dead:

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now, This sight would make him do a desperate turn Yea, curse his better angel from his side, And fall to reprobation.

Emil. Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows That she with Cassio hath the act of shame A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd And she did gratify his amorous works With that recognizance and pledge of love Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand: It was a handkerchief, an antique token My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out: I peal No, I will speak as liberal as the north:

Let heaven and men and devils, let them all, All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

Gra. [Iago offers to stab Emil.]

Iago. Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gen

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a for

Do with so good a woman?

Oth. Are there no stones in her
Otello. That's he that was Otello: here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.
Otello. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[Wounds Iago.
Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
Otello. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Otello, that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Otello. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany;
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Otello. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Otello. I do believe it, and I ask you pardon.

Lod. Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What, not to pray?

Otello. Torments will ope your lips.

Lod. Well, thou dost best.

Otello. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Otello. 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.

Otello. O the pernicious caustic! How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd but even now
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
Which wont to his design.

Otello. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraiding Iago, that he made
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,
In Iago's name: Iago, Iago, Iago!

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go
with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know't. 339
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus. [Stabs himself]
Lod. O bloody period!
Gra. All that's spoke is marred:
Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no weapon but this:
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had none.
For he was great of heart.
Lod. [To Iago] O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture: O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and to the state 37
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt]
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARK ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CAESAR, M. AEMILII LEPIDUS, Sextus Pompeius, Domitius Enobarbus, ventidius, eros, scarus, Dercetas, Demetrius, Philo, Mecenas, Agrippa, Dolabella, Proculeius, Thyrus, Gallus, Menas, Menecrates, Varrius, {friends to Antony.}


CLEOPATRA, queen of Egypt. Octavia, sister to Caesar and wife to Antony. Charmian, {attendants on Cleopatra.} Ira, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene: In several parts of the Roman empire.

ACT I.

GENE I. Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's erstows the measure: those his goodly eyes, that o'er the files and musters of the war have glowed like plated Mars, now bend, now turn, the office and devotion of their view on a tauntly front: his captain's heart, which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst like buckles on his breast, reneges all temper, and is become the bellows and the fan of cool a gipsy's lust.

Owards. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Look, where they come: to like but good note, and you shall see in him the triple pillar of the world transfund'd to 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 beloved.
Ant. Then must thot 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: diva perchanse is angry; or, who knows the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent the powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or that, like in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;

Perform', or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like: You must not stay here longer, your disposition Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony. Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's I would say? both?
Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen, Thou bluest, Antony; and that blood of thine Is Caesar's hommage: else so thy cheek pays shame.
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tibris melt, and the wide arch Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space. Kingdoms are clay: our dumpy earth alike Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair Embracing. And such a twain can do't, in which I bind, On pain of punishment, the world to weet We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood! Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her? I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony Will be himself.
Ant. But stir'st by Cleopatra. Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours, Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassador.
Att. Fie, wrangling queen! Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh, To weep; whose every passion fully strives To make itself, in thee, fair and admired! No messenger, but thine; and all alone
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

[ACT II]

To-night we'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire to speak with us.
[Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.

Dem. Is Caesar with Antonius prized 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!
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. Another room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexis, sweet Alexis, most any thing Alexis, almost most absolute Alexis, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand. 10

[Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush! 21

Sooth. You shall be more beloving than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistresse.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have no names; pri thee, 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. 40

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presages famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pri thee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how! I give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend Alexis,—come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knife uncuckolded; there fore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they 'd do't!


Char. Not he; the queen

[Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus.

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexis?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us.

[Exeunt.

[Enter ANTONY with a Messenger and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state Made friends of them, joining their force 'gains Caesar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
ANONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Scene II.

Upon the first encounter, close them.


Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. On: "hims that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus; who tells me true, though in his tale lie death, hear him as he flatter'd."

Mess. Labienus—his is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force, extended Asia from Euphrates; his conquering banner shook from Syria to Lydia and to Ionia; whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord! Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue; ame Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome; all thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults with such full license as both truth and malice have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds, then our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us as our earning. 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?

Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear. These strong Egyptian fetters I must break; lose myself in dodging.

Enter another Messenger.

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where did she?

Sec. Mess. In Sicyon: length of sickness, with what else more serious porteth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a letter. Ant. Forbear me.

[Exit Sec. Messenger.]

Ant. 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it: at our contempl doth often hurl from us, wish it ours again; the present pleasure, revolution lowering, does become opposite of itself: she's good, being gone: hand could pluck her back that shoved her on. From this enchanting queen break off: thousand harms, more than the ills I know, idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

no. What's your pleasure, sir? nt. I must with haste from hence. no. Why, then, we kill all our women: we now mortal an unkindness is to them; if they in our departure, death's the word. re. I must be gone. no. Under a compelling occasion, let women it were pity to cast them away for nothing; gh, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought. Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her! Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel. Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia! Ant. Dead! Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedition to the queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people, Whose love is never link'd to the deserer Till his deserts are past, begin to throw Pompey the Great and all his dignities Upon his son: who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger: much is breeding, Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't. [Exeunt.]

Scene III. The same. Another room.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?
I did not see him since.
Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:
I did not send you: if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.
[Exit Alexas.
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What should I do, I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him.
Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Enter Antony.
Cleo. I am sick and sullen.
Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—
Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will you sustain it.
Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—
Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman? You may go: 20
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, 30
Which break themselves in swearing!
Ant. Most sweet queen,—
Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.
Ant. How now, lady!
Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown strong,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apiece!
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: my more particular,
And that which most with you should safe m
going,
Is Fulvia's death.
Cleo. Though age from folly could not give
me freedom,
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?
Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awaked; at the last, best:
See when and where she died.
Cleo. O most false love
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared
know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.
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 starts
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 beat my blood: no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this
meetly.
Ant. Now, by my sword,—
Cleo. And target. Still he me
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Ch-
mian.
How this Herculane Roman does become
The carriage of his chaise.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one wo
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.
Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Say my becomings kill me, when they do not.
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence.
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
and all the gods go with you! upon your sword
a laurel victory! and smooth success
slew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come; a separation so abides, and flies,
that thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
and I, hence fleeing, here remain with thee.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter Octavius Cæsar, reading a letter,
Lepidus, and their Train.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
his great competitor: from Alexandria
is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
e lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
an Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
uncalled to think he had partners: you shall
find there
man who is the abstract of all faults
at all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are to
his enow to darken all his goodness:
 faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
we carry by night's blackness; hereditary,
ther than purchased; what he cannot change,
an what he chooses.

Lep. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
iss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
 keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
 reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
knives that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,—
his composure must be rare indeed
on these things cannot blemish,—yet must
Antony,
way excuse his soils, when we do bear
great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
vacency with his voluptuousness,
surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
on him for't: but to confound such time,
it drums him from his sport, and speaks as
loud
his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid
we rate boys, who, being mature in know-
lledge,
their experience to their present pleasure,
so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Cleopatra. Here's more news.

Less. Thy biddings have been done; and
every hour,
 most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
it appears he is beloved of those
only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
discontents repair, and men's reports
him much wrong'd.

Less. I should have known no less.
ath been taught us from the primal state, 41
he which is was wish'd until he were;

And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth
love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common
body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and
wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy: the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Was beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel!
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though dauntly brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then
did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Vea, 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.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know
meanwhile
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Ips, 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.

58—2
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, 10
That, being unseem'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed! 20
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? 30
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for 'tost thou whom thou movest!
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me: now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted Caesar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was 40
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! 50
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony?
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his touch gildeth thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen, 39
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 the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was heardly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry? 50
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between 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; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes, 60
So does it no man else. Meet'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who's born that dies?
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 choky with such another empha
Say, the brave Antony,
Char. The valiant Caesar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teet
If thou with Caesar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgement: cold in blo
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.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Messina. Pompey's house.

Enter POMPEY, MENCrates, and MEN in warlike manner.
Pom. If the great gods be just, they assist
The deeds of justest men.
Menc. Know, worthy Pom
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their th decays
The thing we sue for.
Menc. We, ignorant of ourselves
Beg often our own harms, which the wise po
deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are creasent, and my auguring;
Says it will come to the fall. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Caesar gets money.
He loses hearts; Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatt'er'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Menc. Caesar and Lepidus
Are in the field: a mighty strength they can
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Menc. From Silvius.
Pom. He dreams: I know they are in togeth
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wani'd lip! Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with b Tice up the liberate in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming: Epicurean cooks Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite; That sleep and feeding may prorogue his h
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter Varrius.

Var. This how, Varr
Antony is every hour in Rome

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

ef. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

And yonder, Caesar.

Enter Caesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

nt. If we compose well here, to Parthia:


Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

'Tis spoken well.

Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

[Flourish.

Cas. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cas. Sit.

Ant. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,

Or being, concern you not.

Cas. I must be laugh'd at, 30

If, or for nothing 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.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Caesar,

What was't to you? 40

Cas. No more than my residing here at Rome

Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there

Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt

Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd? 50

Cas. You may be pleased to catch at mine

intent

By what did here befal me. Your wife and brother

Made wars upon me; and their contestation

Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother 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, 50

Having alike your cause? Of this my letters

Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,

As matter while you have not to make it with,

It must not be with this.

Cas. You praise yourself

By laying defects of judgement to me; but

You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,

Very necessity of this thought, that I,

Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,

Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars 60

Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,

I would you had her spirit in such another:

The third o' the world is yours; which with a

snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the

men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils,

Caesar,

Made out of her impatience, which not wanted

Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant

Did you too much disquiet; for that you must

But say, I could not help it.

Cas. I wrote to you

When rioting in Alexandria: you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i’ the morning: but next day
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask’d him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cas. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Caesar!

Ant. No,
Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack’d it. But, on, Caesar;
The article of my oath.

Cas. To lend me arms and aid when I required
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then when poison’d hours had bound me up 90
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I’ll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. ’Tis noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no
further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite 100
Wore to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another’s love
For the instant, you may, when you hear no more
Words of Pompey, return it again: you shall
Have time to wrangle in when you have nothing
else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost
forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore
Speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

Cas. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for’t cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to
edge
O’ the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother’s side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cas. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproach
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Caesar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this a
riage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import

dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tale
Where now half tales be truths; her love to
Would, each to other and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For ’tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Caesar speak?

Cas. Not till he hears how Antony is touch’d
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agri

If I would say, ‘Agrippa, be it so,’
To make this good?

Cas. The power of Caesar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of importunity? Let me have thy help:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

Cas. There is my ha
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did in love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my s
against Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon’s:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cas. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cas. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we f
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch
The business we have talk’d of.

Cas. With most glad h
And do invite you to my sister’s view,
Whither straight I’ll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepid
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.


Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy M
mas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that ma
are so well digested. You stayed well by
Egypt.
ScENE II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte
ence, and made the night light with drinking.

Mer. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a
calfeast, and but twelve persons there; is this 
talk?  

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we
did much more monstrous matter of feast, which
ruthlessly desired noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report
square to her.  

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she
used up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my re-
ter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
m'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
ople the sails, and so perfumed that
winds were love-sick with them; the oars
were silver, scheme to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made a
water which they beat to follow faster, 201
most of the strokes. For her own person, she
eggar'd all description: she did lie
her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
picturing that Venus where we see
fancy outwork nature: on each side her
od pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
ith divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
and what they undid did.

Sooth. O, rare for Antony! 210

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
many mermaids, tender'd her the eyes,
I made their bonds adorning; at the helm
emming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
ill with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
it yarely frame the office. From the barge
range invisible perfume hits the sense
the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
people out upon her; and Antony,
rowned the market-place, did sit alone, 220
thing to the air; which, but for vacancy,
gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
made a gap in nature.

gr. Rare Egyptian!  

no. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
ited her to supper; she replied,
ould be better he became her guest;
ich she entertained; our courteous Antony,
om ne'er the word of 'No' woman speak,
rberg'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
his ordinary pays his heart
what his eyes eat only.

Royal wench!  

made great Caesar lay his sword to bed:
ough'd her, and she crop'd.

I saw her once
forty paces through the public street;
aving lost her breath, she spoke, and pant,
and she make defect perfection,
 breathless, power breathe forth.

Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Never; he will not:
cannot wither her, nor custom stale
finite variety: other women cley
appetites they feed: but she makes hungry
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, Cleopatra 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. [Exit.

ScENE III. The same. Caesar's house.

Enter Antony, Caesar, Octavia between them,
and Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will some-
times
Divide me from your bosom.

Oct. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my mumbles 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.

Cae. Good night. [Exit Caesar and Octavia.

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah; do you wish yourself in
Egypt?  

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence,
nor you
This night.

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.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or mine?

Sooth. Caesar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Let him, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 250
Where Caesar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when
to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone: 30

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:

[Exit Soothsayer.

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning fails
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speedeth;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius, 40
You must to Parthia: your commission’s ready:
Follow me, and receive’t. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. The same. A street.
Enter LEPIDUS, MECENAS, and AGrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,
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. Sir, good success! [Exeunt. 10

Scene V. Alexandria. Cleopatra’s palace.
Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, Moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend.

The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone; let’s to billiards: come,
Charman.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an ennuch play’d
As with a woman. Come, you’ll play with me, sir.

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show’d, though ’t
come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I’ll none now:
Give me mine angle; we’ll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn’d fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I’ll think them every one an Antony,
And say ‘Ah, ha! you’re caught.’

Char. I was merry when you wager’d on your angling: when your dver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time,—O times! —
I laugh’d him out of patience; and that night
I laugh’d him into patience: and next morn, ere
The ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—
Cleo. Antonius dead!—If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill’st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp’d, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there’s more gold
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will
But there’s no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favor,
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown’d wi’

Not like a formal man.

Cleo. Will’t please you hear me
I have a mind to strike thee ere the

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,
I’ll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he’s well.
Cleo. Well sa
Mess. And friends with Caesar.

Cleo. Thou’rt an honest man,
Mess. Caesar and he are greater friends th
ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,
Cleo. I do not like ‘But yet,’ it does allay
The good precedence; be upon ‘But yet’!
‘But yet’ is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous, malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he’s friends w
Cesar;
In state of health thou say’st; and thou say
free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no su
report:
He’s bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn’t the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmin
Mess. Madam, he’s married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence up
thee! [Strikes him Dow
Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hen
[Strikes him again

Horrible villain! or I’ll spurn thine eyes.
Like balls before me; I’ll unhair thy head: [She hales him up and Dow
Thou shalt be whip’d with wire, and Stewart

Smarting in lingering pickel.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.
Cleo. Say ‘tis not so, a province I will give
thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow I
hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage:
CENE V.]

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 921

...and I will boot thee with what gift beside thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

[Draws a knife.

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself; he man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents'scaped not the thunderbolt. Left Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures turn all to serpents! Call the slave again: hough I am mad, I will not bite him: call. 80 Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him. [Exit Charmian.

hese 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 a host of tongues: but let ill tidings tell themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

Mess. Cannot hate thee worse than I do, you then say 'Yes.'

Cleo. He's married.

Mess. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst, half my Egypt were submerged and made eistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence: adst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me how wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness's pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you; I punish me for what you make me do. 100 eens much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knife of thee, that art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence; he merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have displeased Caesar.

Char. Many times, madam, I am paid for't now, and me from hence: faint! O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter. 120 To the fellow, good Alexas: bid him report the feature of Octavia, her years, her inclination, let him not leave me colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.

[Exit Alexas.]

I him for ever go: let him not—Charmian, though he be painted one way like a Gorgon, the other way's a Mars. Did you Alexas?

Cleo. Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian, but do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber. [Exit.}

SCENE VI. Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter Pompey and Menas at one side, with drum and trumpet; at another, Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, Enobarbus, Macedon, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine; and we shall talk before we fight.

Cas. Most meet that first we come to words; and therefore have we Our written purposes before us sent; Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know if 'twill tie up thy discontented sword, and carry back to Sicily much tall youth. That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three, the senators alone of this great world, Chief factors for the gods, I do not know Wherefore my father should revengers want, Having a son and friends; since Julius Caesar, who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted, there saw you labouring for him. What was 't That moved pale Cassius to conspire; and what Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus, with the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom, to drench the Capitol; but that they would have one man but a man? And that is Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen the anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant to scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome cast on my noble father.

Cas. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails; we'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st how much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed, thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house; but, since the cuckoo builds not for himself, remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us—For this is from the present—how you take the offers we have sent you.

Cas. There's the point. And which do not be entreated to, but weigh what it is worth embraced.

Ant. And what may follow,

To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon, To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back Our targes undinted.

Cas. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then, I came before you here a man prepared To take this offer; but Mark Antony Put me to some impatience; though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,  
When Caesar and your brother were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily and did find  
Her welcome friendly.  

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks  
Which I do owe you.  
Pom. Let me have your hand:  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.  

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.  

Cæs. Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.  
Pom. Well, I know not  
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;  
But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.  

Lep. Well met here.  
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are  
agreed:  
I crave our composition may be written,  
And seal’d between us.  

Caes. That’s the next to do.  
Pom. We’ll feast each other ere we part;  
and let’s  
Draw lots who shall begin.  

Ant. That will I, Pompey.  
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first  
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius  
Cæsar  
Grew fat with feasting there.  

Ant. You have heard much.  
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.  
Ant. And fair words to them.  
Pom. Then so much have I heard:  
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—  

Eno. No more of that: he did so.  
Pom. What, I pray you?  

Eno. A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress.  
Pom. I know thee now: how fairest thou,  
soldier?  

Eno. Well;  
And well am I like to do: for, I perceive,  
Four feasts are toward.  
Pom. Let me shake thy hand;  
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.  

Eno. Sir,  
I never loved you much; but I ha’ praised ye,  
When you have well deserved ten times as much  
As I have said you did.  
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness, 80  
It nothing ill becomes thee.  
Aboard my galley I invite you all:  
Will you lead, lords?  

Caes. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.  
Pom. Come.  

[Exeunt all but Menæas and Enoharus.  

Men. [Aside] Thy father, Pompey, would  
ever have made this treaty.—You and I have  
known, sir.  

Eno. At sea, I think.  

Men. We have, sir.  

Eno. You have done well by water.  

Men. And you by land.  

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have do  
by land.  

Men. Nor what I have done by water.  

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for yo  
own safety: you have been a great thief by se  

Men. And you by land.  

Eno. There I deny my land service. I  
give me your hand, Menæas: if our eyes h  
authority, here they might take two thie  

kissing.  

Men. All men’s faces are true, whatso  
them their hands are.  

Eno. But there is never a fair woman ha  
true face.  

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.  

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.  

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned  
a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh aw  
his fortune.  

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep’t be  
again.  

Men. You’ve said, sir. We looked not  
Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married  

Cleopatra?  

Eno. Caesar’s sister is called Octavia.  

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Ca  
Marcellus.  

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antoni  

Men. Pray ye, sir?  

Eno. ’Tis true.  

Men. Then is Caesar and he for ever knit  
gather.  

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this un  
I would not prophesy so.  

Men. I think the policy of that purpose m  
more in the marriage than the love of the part  

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find  
band that seems to tie their friendship toge  
will be the very stranger of their amity: Octa  
is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.  

Men. Who would not have his wife so?  

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which  
Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian o  
again: then, shall the sighs of Octavia blow  
fire up in Caesar; and, as I said before, that w  
it the strength of their amity shall prove the  
mediator author of their variance. Antony  
use his affection where it is: he married bu  
ocasion here.  

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, w  
you aboard? I have a health for you.  

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used  
threats in Egypt.  

Men. Come, let’s away.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE VII. On board Pompey’s galley, of  
Misenium.  

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants a  
banquet.  

First Serv. Here they’ll be, man. Some  
their plants are ill-rooted already; the least w  
i the world will blow them down.  

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.  

First Serv. They have made him drink al  
drink.  

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by  
disposition, he cries out ‘No more;’ reconc  
them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink
Antony and Cleopatra

Scene VII.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed hat will do me no service as a partisan I could do of heave.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitiful disaster he checks.

1 senet sounded. Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, Pompey, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.

Ant. [To Caesar] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile by certain scales i' the pyramid; they know, by the height, the lowness, or the mean, if death or foison follow: the higher Nius swells, he more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsmen upon the slime and oze scatters his grain, and shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of our mud by the operation of your sun: so is your coxcomb.

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 e'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll e in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemy's pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [Aside to Pom.] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Say in mine ear: what is it?

Men. [Aside to Pom.] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, and hear me speak a word.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Forbear me till anon. His wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner 's thing is your crocodile? Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as road as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by mort, 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.

Caes. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, he is a very epicure.


Pom. [Aside to Men.] I think thou'rt mad. What's the matter? [Rises, and walks aside. Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith. What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. [Aside] 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, 69 And, though thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthy Jove: What'er the ocean pales, or sky inclins, Is thine, if thou wilt ha' it.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors, Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable; And, when we are put off, fall to their throats: All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done, And not have spoke on 't! In me 'tis villany; In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know, 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour: Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown, I should have found it afterwards well done; But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [Aside] For this, I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more. Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offered, Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus! 90

Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus. Men. Why?

Eno. A bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all, That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels. 100 Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!

Here is to Caesar!

Caes. 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.

Caes. Possess it, I'll make answer: But I had rather fast from all four days Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To Antony. Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink!

*Pom.* Let’s ha’t, good soldier. [Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.]

*Ant.* Come, let’s all take hands, till that the conquering wine hath steep’d our sense in soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands. Make battery to our ears with the loud music: the while I’ll place you: then the boy shall sing; the holding every man shall bear as loud as his strong sides can volley.

[Music plays. *Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*]

**The Song.**

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy farts our cares be drown’d,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown’d:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

*Cæs.* What would you more? Pompey, good night. Good brother, let me request you off: our graver business frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let’s part; you see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbus is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost Antick’d us all. What needs more words? Good night.

Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* And shall, sir; give’s your hand.

*Ant.* You have my father’s house.—But, what? we are friends.

Come, down into the boat.

*Eno.* [Exeunt all but *Enobarbus* and *Menas*.]

*Menas.* I’ll not on shore.

*Men.* No, to my cabin. These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what! Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell! To these great fellows: sound and be hang’d, sound out! [Sound a flourish, with drums]*

*Eno.* Ho! says a’. There’s my cap.

*Men.* Ho! Noble captain, come. [Exeunt.]

**ACT III.**

**SCENE I. A plain in Syria.**

*Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of Paccorus borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus’ death make me revenger. Bear the king’s son’s body before our army. Thy Paccorus, Orodés, pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Silius.* Noble Ventidius, whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm, the fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media, Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither the routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony shall set thee on triumphant chariots and put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.* O Silius, Silius, I have done enough; a lower place, note well, may make too great an act: for learn this, Silius better to leave undone, than by our deed acquire too high a fame when he we 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 achieved by the minute, lost his favour. Who does it the wars more than his captain can becomes his captain’s captain: and ambition, the soldier’s virtue, rather makes choice of less 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.

*Silius.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that Without the which a soldier, and his sword, grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write it

*Ven.* I’ll humbly signify what in his name, that Magical word of war, we have effected; how, with his banners and his well-paid ranks, the ne’er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia we have jaded out of the field.

Silius. Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste the weight we must convey with’s will permit, we shall appear before him. On, there; par along! [Exeunt.]

**SCENE II. Rome. An ante-chamber in Caesar’s house.**

*Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.*

*Agr.* What are the brothers parted?

*Eno.* They have dispatch’d with Pompey, I am gone;
the other they are sealing. Octavia weeps to part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus since Pompey’s feast, as Menas says, is troubled with the green sickness.

*Agr.* Tis a noble Lepidus. *Eno.* A very fine one: O, how he loves Caesar!

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Marc Antony!

*Eno.* Cæsar? Why, he’s the Jupiter of me.

*Agr.* What’s Antony? The god of Jupiter.

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar? How! the no parell?

*Agr.* O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

*Eno.* Would you praise Caesar, say ‘Cæsar go no further."

*Agr.* Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Caesar best; yet he loves Antony:

*Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bard poets, cannot think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho! His love to Antony. But as for Caesar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

_Agr._ Both he loves.

_Eno._ They are his shards, and he their beetle. 
_Trompets within._ So; 20

This is horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

_Agr._ Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

_Enter_ Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia._

_Ant._ No further, sir.

_Cas._ You take from me a great part of myself; Jee me well in. Sister, prove such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my fairest band Will pass on thy approach. Most noble Antony, Let not the piece of virtue, which is set Betwixt us as the cement of our love, To keep it builded, be the ram to batter the fortress of it; for better might we have loved without this mean, if on both parts this be not cherished. 
_Make me not offended in your distrust._

_Cas._ I have said. 

_Ant._ You shall not find, 

Though you be therein curious, the least cause for what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you, and make the hearts of Romans serve your ends! We will here part.

_Cas._ Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well: 

The elements be kind to thee, and make Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

_Eolf._ My noble brother!

_Ant._ The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring, And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful. 

_Eolf._ Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

_Cas._ What, Octavia?

_Cas._ I'll tell you in your ear.

_Ant._ Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down- feather, That stands upon the swell at full of tide, and never way inclines.

_Will Caesar weep?_ 

_Agr._ [Aside to Eno.] He has a cloud in's face.

_Eno._ [Aside to Agr.] He were the worse for that, were he a horse; 

So is he, being a man. 

_Agr._ [Aside to Eno.] Why, Enobarbus, when Antony found Julius Caesar dead, he cried almost to roaring; and he went when at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

_Eno._ [Aside to Agr.] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum; 

What willingly he did confound he wail'd, believe't, till I wept too. 

No, sweet Octavia, you shall hear from me still; the time shall not put my thinking on you.

_Come, sir, come;_ 60 

'I will wrestle with you in my strength of love: look, here I have you; thus I let you go, and give you to the gods.'

_Cas._ Adieu; be happy!

Scene II. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

_Enter_ Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas._

_Cleo._ Where is the fellow? 

_Alex._ Half asleep to come. 

_Cleo._ Go to, go to.

Enter the Messenger as before.

_Cleo._ Come hither, sir.

_Alex._ Good majesty, Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you But when you are well pleased.

_Cleo._ That Herod's head I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone 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, 20 If 'er thou look'dst on majesty.

_Mess._ She creeps: 

Her motion and her station are one; She shows a body rather than a life, 
A stature than a breather.

_Cleo._ Is this certain? 

_Mess._ Or I have no observance. 

_Char._ Three in Egypt Cannot make better note.

_Cleo._ He's very knowing; I do perceive 't: there's nothing in her yet: The fellow has good judgement.

_Char._ Excellent. 

_Cleo._ Guess at her years, I prithee. 

_Mess._ Madam, 

She was a widow,—

_Cleo._ Widow! Charmian, hark. 30 

_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 faultlessness.

_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; 40 Our letters are prepared. [Exit Messenger.  
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him, This creature's no such thing.  
Char. Nothing, madam.  
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.  
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend, And serving you so long!  
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmanian: But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me Where I will write. All may be well enough. 50 Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Athens. A room in Antony's house.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Oclavia, not only that,— That were excusable, that, and thousands more Of semblable import,—but he hath waged New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it To public ear: Spoke scantily of me: when 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.  
Oct. O my good lord, 10 Believe not all; or, if you must believe, Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady, If this division chance, ne'er stood between, Praying for both parts: The good gods will mock me presently, When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'  
undo that prayer, by crying out as loud, 'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother, Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway 'Twixt these extremes at all.  
Ant. Gentle Oclavia, 20 Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour, I lose myself: better I were not yours Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested, Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady, I'll raise the preparation of a war Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste; So your desires are yours.  
Oct. Thanks to my lord.  
The jove of power make me most weak, most weak. Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be As if the world should cleave, and that slain men 32 Should solder up the rift.  
Ant. When it appears to you where this begins, Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults Can never be so equal, that your love Can equally move with them. Provide you going; Choose your own company, and command what cost Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. The same. Another room.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros!  
Eros. There 's strange news come, sir.  
Eno. What, man?  
Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.  
Eno. This is old: what is the success?  
Eros. Caesar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.  
Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more; And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'1l grind the one the other. Where's Antony?  
Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool Lepidus!' And threats the throat of that his officer That murder'd Pompey.  
Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd. 20  
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. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Rome. Caesar's house.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Mecenas.

Cas. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more, In Alexandria: here's the manner of't: I, in market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat Caesarion, whom they call my father's son, And all the unlawful issue that their lust Since then hath made between them. Unto her He gave the establishment of Egypt; made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10 Absolute queen.  
Mec. This in the public eye?  
Cas. I' the common show-place, where they exercise. His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings: Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia, He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia: she In the habiliments of the goddess Isis That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience, As 'tis reported, so.  
Mec. Let Rome be thus Infor'm'd.  
W. Who, queasy with his insolence Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
ACT VI.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now received
is accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
xus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
is part o' the isle: then do's he say, he lent me
me shipping unrestored: lastly, he freis
at Lepidus of the triumvirate
ould be deposed; and, being, that we detain
his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd. 30

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
Save told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
hat he his high authority abused,
I did deserve his change: for what I have
conquer'd,
grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
mand the like.

Cæs. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her train.

70. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most
dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway!

75. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
come not
Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
ould have an army for an usher, and
enies of horse to tell of her approach
ng ere she did appear; the trees by the way
ould have borne men; and expecftion fainted,
ing for what it had not; nay, the dust
ould have ascended to the roof of heaven, 49
ised by your populous troops: but you are come
market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
often left unloved: we should have met you
sea and land; supplying every stage
th an augmented greeting.

97. Good my lord, come thus was I not constrain'd, but did
my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
sing that you prepared for war, accustomed
grieved ear withal; whereas, I beg'd
's pardon for return.

Iæs. Which soon he granted, 60
ing an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

102. Do not say so, my lord.

Iæs. I have eyes upon him,
d his affairs come to me on the wind.
here is he now?

107. My lord, in Athens.

Iæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
hodden him to her. He hath given his
empire
to a whore; who now are levying
e kings the earth for war: he hath assembled
chus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Cappodocia; Philadelphia, king
Phœbogonia; the Thracian king, Adallas; 70
Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
ord of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Comrene; Polemon and Amyntas, e
kings of Mede and Lycaonia,

With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth; 79
Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
Do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort:
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Near Actium. Antony's camp.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cle. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cle. Thou hast forspoke my being in these
wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not denounced against us, why should
not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [Aside] Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say? 10

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony:
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's

What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the
war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done. 20

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 admired
Than by the negligent.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. [Act

Ant. A good rebuke, Which might have well became 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't. 30

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight. Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia, Where Caesar fought with Pompey: but these offers, Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off; And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well man'd; Your mariners are mullets, 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, 40

Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away The absolute soldiership you have by land; Distraught your army, which doth most consist Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego The way which promises assurance; and Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard, From arm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Caesar none better. 50

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn; And, with the rest full-man'd, from the head of Actium Beat the approaching Caesar. But if we fail, We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is des- cried:

Cesar has taken Torsyne.

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 Theseus!

Enter a 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 the right. Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows Not in the power on't: so our leader's led, And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole, do you not? Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius, Publicola, and Caius, are for sea:

But we keep whole by land. This speed Caesar's Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rom His power went out in such distractions as Boggled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear ye 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, a throses forth,

Each minute, some. [Exeunt

SCENE VIII. A plain near Actium.

Enter Caesar, and Taurus, with his arm marching.

Ces. Taurus! Taur. My lord? Ces. Strike not by land; keep whole: pro- voke not battle, Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies Upon this jump. [Exeunt

SCENE IX. Another part of the plain.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side the hill, In eye of Caesar's battle: from which place We may the number of the ships behold, And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt

SCENE X. Another part of the plain.

Canidius marcheth with his land army a way over the stage; and Taurus, the lie- tenant of Caesar, the other way. After they going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

A larum. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:

The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral, With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder: To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and goddesses, All the whole synod of them! Eno. What's thy passion? Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight? Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilent Where death is sure. You ribaudred nag Egypt— Whom leprosy o'er'ertake!—'tis the midst of the fig When vantage like a pair of twins appear’d, Both as the same, or rather ours the elder, The breeze upon her, like a cow in June, Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Scene X. Antony and Cleopatra.

Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof’d, the noble ruin of her magic, Antony, laps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard, leaving the fight in height, flies after her: 21 never saw an action of such shame; experience, manhood, honour, ne’er before had violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANDIDUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath, and sinks most lamentably. Had our general seen what he knew himself, it had gone well: 30 he has given example for our flight, lost grossly, by his own!

Eno. Ay, are you thereabout? I, then, good night indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. ’Tis easy to’t; and there we will attend what further comes.

Can. To Caesar will I render my legions and my horse: six kings already how me the way of yielding.

Eno. ’Twill yet follow he wounded chance of Antony, though my reason gives me. in the wind against me.

[Exeunt.

Scene XI. Alexandria. Cleopatra’s palace.

Enter Antony with Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon it: 10 is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come hither: I am so lamented in the world, that I ave lost my way for ever: I have a ship aden with gold; take that, divide it; fly, and make your peace with Caesar.

All. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards 15 run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone; have myself resolved upon a course which has no need of you; be gone: y treasure’s in the harbour, take it. O, I follow’d that I blush to look upon; y hairs do mutiny; for the white prove the brown for rashness, and they them or fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall ave letters from me to some friends that will keep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad, or make replies of loathness: take the hint hich my despair proclaims; let that be left hich leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway: will possess you of that ship and treasure. 21 I give me, I pray, a little: pray you now: sy, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command, therefore I pray you: I’ll see you by and by.

[Sits down.

Cleopatra, Charmian and Iras; Eros following.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius, ambassador from Antony.

Ces. Name, and speak.  
Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:  
I was of late as petty to his ends  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf  
To his grand sea.  
Ces. Bet'st thou to declare thine office.  
And requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,  
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
A private man in Athens: this for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;  
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves  
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazardous to thy grace.  
Ces. For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen  
Of audience nor desire shall, so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,  
Or take his life there: this if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.  
Euph. Fortune pursue thee!  
Ces. Bring him through the bands.  
[Exit Euphronius.]

[To Thyreus] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch;  
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,  
And in our name, what she requires; add more,  
From thine invention, offers: women are not  
In their best fortunes strong; but want will  
perjure  
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.  
Thyr. Cesar, I go.  
Ces. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.  
Thyr. Cesar, I shall. [Exeunt.

Scene XIII. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,  
and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?  
Eno. Think, and die.  
Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?  
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What though you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
Frighted each other? why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,  
When half to half the world opposed, he being  
The jmeered question: 'twas a shame no less  
Than his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.  
Cleo. Prithee, peace.
Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.
Cleo. He is a god, and knows .
Thyr. What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
Eno. [Aside] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit.
Thyr. Shall I say to Caesar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
I'd be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
I'd hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.
Cleo. What's your name?
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.
Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Caesar this: in deputation
Kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:
'Ell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
Thyr. Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortunate combattng together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
Chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your Caesar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
estow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
is it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.
Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!
Thyr. What art thou, fellow?
Ant. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
Eno. [Aside] You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now,
Gods and devils!
Eno. But pity melts from me: of late, when I cried
'Ho!' like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
nd cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am
tony yet.

Enter Attendants.
Ant. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
Eno. [Aside] 'Tis better playing with a lion's
whelp
han with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!
ship him. Were't twenty of the greatest tribun-
taries
that do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them
saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her
name,
ce she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
ill, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, too
nd whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.
Cleo. Mark Antony!
Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
ding 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 abused
By one that looks on feeders?
Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a bogger ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—
O misery on't—the wise gods see our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgements;
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 Clelius Pompey's; besides that hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to roar
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: hence-
forth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Caesar.
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their
Ice into the abyss of hell. If he mislike
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 quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [Exit Thyreus.
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!
Cleo. I must stay his time.
Ant. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so, From my cold heart let heaven 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 Cassarion smite! Till by degrees the memory of my womb, Together with my brave Egyptians all, By the discandying of this pellet storm, Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied. Caesar sits down in Alexandria; where I will oppose his fate. Our force by land Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too Have knit again, and, fleet, threatening most 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; And my sword will earn our chronicle: There's hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord! Ant. I will be treble-swind'd, hearted, breathed, And fight maliciously: for when mine hours Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth, And send to darkness all that stop me. Come, Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more; Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day: I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force

The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen;

There's sap in it yet. The next time I do fight, I'll make death love me; for I will contend Even with his pestilent scythe. [Exit.]

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 Caesar, Agrippa, and Mecenas, with his Army; Caesar reading a letter.

Cas. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat.

Cesar to Antony: let the old Russian know I have many other ways to die; meantime Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Caesar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunt'd Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now Make boot of his distraction; never anger Made good guard for itself.

Ces. Let our best heads Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles We mean to fight: within our files there are, Of those that served Mark Antony but late, Enough to fetch him in. See it done:

And feast the army; we have store to do't, And they have ear'd the waste. Poor Antony [Exit.

SCENE II. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. Why should he not?

Ant. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune, He is twenty men to one.

Eno. To-morrow, soldier, By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live, Or bathe my dying honour in the blood Shall make it live again. Wo'thout fight well

Eno. I'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'

Well said; come or Call forth my household servants: let's to-night Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand, Thou hast been rightly honest:—so hast thou:—Thou, and thou:—and thou:—you have serve me well, And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [Aside to Eno.] What means this?

Eno. [Aside to Cleo.] 'Tis one of those old tricks which sorrow shoots Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too. I wish I could be made so many men, And all of you clapp'd up together in, An Antony, that I might do you service So good as you have done.

All. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: Scant not my cups; and make as much of me As when mine empire was your fellow too, And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [Aside to Eno.] What does he mean?

Eno. [Aside to Cleo.] To make his follow weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night; May be it is the period of your duty: Haply you shall not see me more; or if, A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow You'll serve another master. I look on you As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friend I turn you not away; but, like a master Married to your good service, stay till death: Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more, And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. Enough that I have served Mark Antony. What mean you, sir, To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant.  No, no, no! Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus! Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends, You take me in too dolorous a sense; For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you To burn this night with torches; know, my hearts, I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you Where rather I’ll expect victorious life Than death and honour. Let’s to supper, come, And drown consideration.  [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. Before the palace.

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

First Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

First Sold. Nothing. What news?

Sec. Sold. Believe ‘tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch. Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night.  [They place themselves in every corner of the stage.

Fourth Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope our landmen will stand up.

Third Sold. ‘Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[Music of the hautboys as under the stage.

Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?

First Sold. List, list!

Sec. Sold. Hark!

First Sold. Music ’tis the air.

Third Sold. Under the earth.

Fourth Sold. It signs well, does it not?

Third Sold. No.

First Sold. Peace, I say! What should this mean?

Sec. Sold. ‘Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved, now leaves him.

First Sold. Walk; let’s see if other watchmen Jo hear what we do.

Sec. Sold. How now, masters!  [Speaking together] How now! How now! do you hear this?

First Sold. Ay; is’t not strange?

Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter; let’s see how it will go.

All. Content. ‘Tis strange.  [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The same. A room in the palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Charmian, and others attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.  

Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

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, la, I’ll help: thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well; We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow? Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely: He that unbucks this, till we do please To daft for our repose, shall hear a storm. Thou funblest, Eros; and my queen’s a squire More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love, That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew’st The royal occupation! thou shouldst see A workman in’t.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome: Thou look’st like him that knows a warlike charge: To business that we love we rise betime, And go to’t with delight.

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: rebukeable [Kisses her. And worthy shameful check it were, to stand 32 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.  [Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That heand Caesar might Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—but now.—Well, on.  [Exeunt.

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 Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee: or from Caesar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'

Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir, He is with Caesar.

Eros. Sir, his 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.—Enobarbus!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. Alexandria. Caesar's camp.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and others.

Ces. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known. [Exeunt all but Enobarbus.

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Candidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

[Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony 20
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.
Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [Exeunt.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth, 30
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude

Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my
heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will not, I
feel.
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.  [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Field of battle between the camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa
and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too
far;
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scærus
wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought in-
deed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a 'l
But now 'tis made an H.  [Exeunt.

Agr. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into trench-holes: I have
yet
Room for six scotches more.  [Exeunt.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advan-
tage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind
'Tis sport to maull a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony, in a march; Scærus
with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: run on
before,
And let the queen know of our gists. To-morrow
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all
Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful
tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and
kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. [To Scærus] Give
me thy hand;

Enter Cleopatra, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. [To Cleo.] O thou
day o' the world,
Scene VIII.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Cleo. Lord of lords!

First Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks

May concern Caesar.

Third Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer

as his

Was never yet for sleep.

Sec. Sold. Go we to him.

Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?

First Sold. The hand of death hath fraught

him. [Drums afar off.] Hark! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him

To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour

Is fully out.

Third Sold. Come on, then;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.

Scene X. Between the two camps.

Enter Antony and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;

We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot

Upon the hills adjoining to the city

Shall stay with us; order for sea is given;

They have put forth the haven;

Where their appointment we may best discover,

And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.]

Scene IX. Caesar's camp.

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not relieved within this

e must return to the court of guard: the night

shiny; and they say we shall embattel

the second hour i' the morn.

Sec. Sold. This last day was

shrewd one to's.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

Third Sold. What man is this?

Sec. Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,

men revolting shall upon record
ar hatefull memory, poor Enobarbus did
lore they face repent!

First Sold. Enobarbus!

Enobarbus! Peace! 10

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,

e poisonous damp of night dispone upon me,
at life, a very rebel to my will,

give me in thine own particular;

let the world rank me in register

master-leaver and a fugitive:

Antony! O Antony! [Dies.

Sec. Sold. Let's speak

To him.

First Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks

May concern Caesar.

Third Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer

as his

Was never yet for sleep.

Sec. Sold. Go we to him.

Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?

First Sold. The hand of death hath fraught

him. [Drums afar off.] Hark! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him

To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour

Is fully out.

Third Sold. Come on, then;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.

Scene XI. Another part of the same.

Enter Caesar, and his Army.

Cas. But being charged, we will be still by

land,

Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vailes,

And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.

Scene XII. Another part of the same.

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where yond

pine does stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word

Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.]

Scar. Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers

Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony

Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,

His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,

Of what he has, and has not.

[Alarm afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost!

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:

My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder

They cast their caps up and carouse together

Like friends long lost, Triple-turn'd where! 'tis thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart

Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,  
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.  
[Exit Scarpin.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:  
Fortune and Antony part here; even here  
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts  
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discardy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is bark'd;  
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:  
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;  
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—  
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.  
What, Eros, Eros!  

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avault! 30  
Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?  
Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown  
For poor'st diminutives, for doits: and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails.  
[Exit Cleopatra.

'Tis well thou'rt gone,  
If it be well to live; but better 'twere  
Thou fell'lt into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage;  
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns of the moon:  
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,  
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and  
I fall  
Under this plot; she dies for't. Eros, ho!  
[Exit.

Scene XIII. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.  

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iris, and Mardian.

Cleo. Helpme, my women! O, he is more mad  
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly  
Was never so emboss'd.  
Char.  
To the monument!  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are  
dead  
The soul and body rive not more in parting  
Than greatness going off.  
Cleo.  
To the monument!  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say, that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'  
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,  
And bring me how he takes my death. To the monument!  
[Exeunt.  

Scene XIV. The same. Another room.  

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?  
Eros.  
Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragon  
ish:  
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 the signs:  
They are black vespers' pageants.

Eros.  
Ay, my lord.  
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with  
thought  
The rack dislimbs, 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.

O, thy vile lady!  
She has robb'd me of my sword.  
Mar. No, Antony;  
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingle  
With thine entirely.  
Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch: peace  
Mar.  
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.  
Ant. Death of one person can be paid but once  
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst  
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spoke  
Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!'  
Then in the midst a tearing gout did break  
The name of Antony: it was divided  
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.  
Ant.  
Mar.  
Dead, then?  
Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done  
And we must sleep. [To Mar.] That thou dost  
part'st hence safe,  
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [Exit Mardian.  

Off, pluck off:  
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my side  
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,  
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace,  
No more a soldier; bruised pieces, go;  
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.  
[Exit Eros.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is torture: since the torch is out,  
Lie down, and stay no farther: now all labour  
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles  
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.  
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me  
Where souls do cough on flowers, we'll hand  
hand,  
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaz
Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died, have lived in such dishonour, that the gods etest my baseness. I, that with my sword quarter’d the world, and o’er green Neptune’s back, i’th ships made cities, condemn myself to lack he courage of a woman; less noble mind 60 han she which by her death our Caesar tells am conqueror of myself.” Thou art sworn, Eros, hat, when the exigent should come, which now come indeed, when I should see behind me, he inevitable prosecution of disgrace and horror, that, on my command, “I then wouldst kill me; ‘tis the time is come: hou strikest not me, ‘tis Caesar thou defeat’st, ut colour in thy cheek. Eros. The gods withholt me! All I do that which all the Parthian darts, 70 hough enemy, lost aim, and could not. Ant. Eros, o’dst thou be window’d in great Rome and see thy master thus with pleas’d arms, bending down is corrigible shame, whilst the wheel’d seat f fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded is baseness that ensued? Eros. I would not see’t.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound must I be cured.

raw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn, lost useful for thy country. Eros. O, sir, pardon me! 80 When I did make thee free, sworest thou not then o do this when I bade thee? Do it at once; thy precedent services are all ut accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come. Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance, which the vain the pride of the world whole lies. Ant. Lo thee! [Turning from him. Eros. My sword is drawn. Ant. Then let it do at once.

he thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master, my captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90 ere I strike this bloody stroke, farewell. Ant. ’Tis said, man; and farewell. Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now? Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow of Antony’s death. [Kills himself. Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself! hou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros have by their brave instruction got upon me nobleness in record: but I will be bridgroom in my death, and run into’t 300 s to a lover’s bed. Come, then; and, Eros, thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus [Falling on his sword.

I learn’d of thee. How! not dead? not dead? The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter Dercetas and Guard.

First Guard. What’s the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end.

Of what I have begun.

Sec. Guard. The star is fall’n.

First Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe! Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

First Guard. Not I.

Sec. Guard. Nor I.

Third Guard. Nor any one. [Exeunt Guard.

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly. This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tidings, Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where’s Antony?

Der. Here, Diomed there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit Dercetas.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock’d in her monument. She had a prophesying fear Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw— Which never shall be found—you did suspect She had disposed with Caesar, and that your rage Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead; But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come, I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I prithee.

Dio. What, ho, the emperor’s guard! The guard, what, ho! Come, your lord calls!

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;

’Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. ’Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends, And have my thanks for all.

[Exeunt, bearing Antony.]
ACT IV.

SCENE XV. The same. A monument.

Enter Cleopatra, and her maids aloft, with Charmian and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence. Charm. Be comforted, dear madam. Cleo. No, I will not: All strange and terrible events are welcome, but comforts we despise; our size of sorrow, Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great As that which makes it.

Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun, Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand The varying shore o' the world. O Antony, Antony! Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help: Help, friends below; let's draw him hither. Ant. Peace! Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony, But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself. Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so! Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying: only I here importune death awhile, until Of many thousand kisses the poor last I lay upon thy lips. Cleo. I dare not, dear,— Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not, lest I be taken: not the imperious show Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe: Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes And still accasion, shall acquire no honour Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,— Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up: Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone. Cleo. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord! Our strength is all gone into heaviness, That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power, The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up, And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,— Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come; [They leave Antony aloft to Cleopatra. And welcome, welcome! I die where thou hast lived: Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power, Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight! Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying: Give me some wine, and let me speak a little. Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high, That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel, Provoked by my offence.

[ACT V.


Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mechanas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others, to council of war.

Ces. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield: Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A room in the monastery.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Ces. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Caesar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egypt. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.]

Ces. Come hither, Proculius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Caesar, I shall. [Exit.

Ces. Gallus, go you along. [Exit Gallus.

Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculius?

All. Dolabella!

Ces. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Alexandria. A room in the monastery.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Caesar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents and bolt's up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, Proculius, 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 Proculius.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He 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.
Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune’s vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him in the face.

Pro. This I’ll report, dear lady.

Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised;

[Here Proculius and two of the Guard
ascend the monument by a ladder placed
against a window, and, having descended,
come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.

[To Proculius and the Guard] Guard her till
Cæsar come.

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a dagger.] Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray’d.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master’s bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen.
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I’ll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I’ll not sleep neither: this mortal house I’ll ruin,
O Cæsar what he can.

Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion’d at your master’s court;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shining varlety
Of censoring 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 Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I’ll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.

[To Cleo.] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall
please,
If you’ll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[Exeunt Proculius 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
known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dream?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream’d there was an Emperor Anto
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;

therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, ill
lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature

Cleo. His legs besmirch the ocean: his rear’d
Crested the world: his voice was proportion’d
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the earth
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in’t; an autumn twas
That gave the more by reap’d; his delights
Were dolphin-like: they show’d his back abo
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walk’d crowns and crownets; realms and isles
were
As plates dropp’d from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra!

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, s
man
As this I dream’d of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It’s past the size of dreaming: nature wants
To vie strange forms with fancy: yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature’s piece ‘gainst fancy
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam. Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear
As answering to the weight: who would I might no
O’ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would
know.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable.

Cleo. He’ll lead me on, then, in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will: I know’t.

Flourish, and shout within. ‘Make way for

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculius, Menas, Seleucus, and others of his Train.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

Cleopatra knows

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember,
As things but done by chance.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world, canst thou project mine own cause so well as to make it clear; but dost thou confess I have been laden with like frailties which before we have often shamed our sex.

Cas. Cleopatra, know, e will extenuate rather than enforce: you apply yourself to our intents, high towards you are most gentle, you shall find benefit in this change: but if you seek to lay on me a cruelty, by taking Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself my good purposes, and put your children to 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.

Cas. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels, I possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued; it petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord, on his peril, that I have reserved myself nothing. I speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam, had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril, speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back? Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cas. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Caesar! O, behold, my pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours; and, should we shift estates, yours would be mine. egratitude of this Seleucus does en me make me wild: O slave, of no more trust an love that's hired! What, goest thou back? thou shalt back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes, though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog! rarely base!

Cleo. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this, at thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, taking the honour of thy lordliness one so meek, that mine own servant should reel the sum of my disgraces by dition of his envy! Say, good Caesar, at I some lady trifles have reserved, moment toys, things of such dignity we greet modern friends withal; and say, me nobler token I have kept apart: Livia and Octavia, to induce their mediation; must I be unfolded? one that I have bred! The gods! it smites meneath the fall I have. [To Seleucus] Prithee, I shall show the cinders of my spirits

Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man, Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cas. Forbear, Seleucus. [Exit Seleucus.

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mithought For things that others do; and, when we fail, We answer others' merits in our name, Are therefore to be pitied.

Cas. Cleopatra, Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged, Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours, Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe, Caesar's mercies, that make prize with you Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd; Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen; For we intend so to dispose you as Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep: Our care and pity is so much upon you, What we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cas. Not so. Adieu. [Flourish. Exeunt Caesar and his train.]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done, And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again;
I have spoke already, and it is provided; Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will,

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [Exit.]

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command, Which my love makes religion to obey, I tell you this: Caesar through Syria (attends his journey; and within three days You with your children will be send before; Make your best use of this: I have perform'd Your pleasure and my promise. 

Dol. I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Caesar. 

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit Dolabella.

Iras. Now, Iras, what think'st thou? Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths, Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclosed, And forced to drink their vapours.

Iras. The gods forbid! 

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy factors Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymer
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians, Extemporally will stage us, and present.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness 220
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see 't; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [Exit Guardsman.

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon 240
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in
a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.

[Exit Guardsman.

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him: but I would not
be the party that should desire you to touch him,
for his biting 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 of the worm:
but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that
they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm. [Setting down his 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.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heede

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you,
for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so sim
but I know the devil himself will not eat
woman: I know that a woman is a dish for
gods, if the devil dress her not. But, true
these same whoreson devils do the gods great
harm in their women; for in every ten that ten
make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy of

Cleo. [A guardsman, crown &c.

Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown
I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip
Yare, yare, good Iras, quick. Methinks I h
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 life.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell

[Exeunt. Clouds.

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 dost vanish, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; the
may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me bad
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mis
tal wretch,

[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou scape
That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
Unkindled!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucketh the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air,

[Applying another asp to her arm.

gentle,—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[Exeunt.

What should I stay—

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A last unparalleled. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.
Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen?  
Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Caesar hath sent—  
Char. Too slow a messenger.  
[Applies an asp.

come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well:—  
Caesar's beguiled.

Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from  
Caesar; call him.

First Guard. What work is here! Charmian,  
is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a  
princess  
sceded of so many royal kings.  
330  
soldier!  
[Dies.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Caesar, thy thoughts  
uch their effects in this; thyself art coming  
see perform'd the dreaded act which thou  
sought'st to hinder.

[Within 'A way there, a way for Caesar!'

e-enter Caesar and all his train, marching.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;  
at you did fear is done.

Ces. Bravest at the last,  
I level'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
ok her own way. The manner of their deaths? 
nt see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that  
brought her figs:

This was his basket.

Ces. Poison'd, then.

First Guard. O Caesar,  
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and  
spoke:

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: 'tis she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
350  
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,  
There is a vent of blood and something blown:  
The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and  
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 pursued conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;  
And bear her women from the monument:  
360  
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 PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.
CLODEN, 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, under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan.
PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, Italian.
CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.
PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, a physician.
A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.
A Frenchman, friend to Philario.
Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.
Two Gentlemen of the same.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a fair queen.
HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribune, Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Micians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE: Britain; Rome.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but twains; our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

Sec. Gent. But what's the matter?
First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He supposed to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—that refer'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

Sec. Gent. None but the king? to
First Gent. He that hath lost her too; so is the queen,
That most desired the match; but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Sec. Gent. And why so?
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!
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent. You speak him far.
First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

Sec. Gent. What's his name and birth
First Gent. I cannot delve to the root
his father,
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelen,
But had his titles by Tenantius whom
He served with glory and admired success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars of the time
Died with their swords in hand; for which the father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he too
As we do air, fast 'as twas minister'd,
And in's spring became a harvest, lived in course
Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

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

First Gent. His only child.
He had two sons: if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it: the eldest of them at three years old
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their infancy
Wore to 's stool, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.
Scene I.

Cymbeline.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago?
First Gent. Some twenty years.
Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd, so slackly guarded, and the search so slow, that could not trace them!
First Gent. Howsoever 'tis strange, or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at, 'tis it true, sir.
Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.
First Gent. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman, the queen, and princess. [Exeunt.

Enter Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter, after the slander of most stepmothers, will-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but our gaoler shall deliver you the keys that lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus, o soon as I can win the offended king, will be known your advocate: marry, yet he fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good ou 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, 80 If fetch a turn about the garden, pitying he pangs of barr'd affection, though the king ath charged you should not speak together. [Exit.

Imo. O assembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant in tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband, something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—ways reserved my holy duty—what is rage can do on me: you must be gone; ad I shall here abide the hourly shot angry eyes, not comforted to live, 90 that there is this jewel in the world at may I see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress! lady, weep no more, lest I give cause be suspected of more tenderness an doth become a man. I will remain e loyalst husband that did e'er plight troth: residence in Rome at one Philario's, to my father was a friend, to me own but by letter: thither write, my queen, d with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send, ou ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you: 101 he king come, I shall incur I know not w much of his displeasure. [Aside] Yet I'll move him walk this way: I never do him wrong, he does buy my injuries, to be friends; 110 dears for my offences. [Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave long a term as yet we have to live, loathness to depart would grow. Adieu! 120

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

Post. How, how! another? You gentle gods, give me but this I have, And sear up my embracings 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 120 I still win of you: for my sake wear this; It is a manacle of love: I'll place it Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a bracelet upon her arm.

Imo. O the gods! 129

When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

If after this command thou fraught the court With thy unworthiness, thou diest away: Thou'rt poison to my blood.

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

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death 130 More sharp than this.

Cym. O disloyal thing, That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir, Harm not yourself with your vexation; I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience? Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle, And did avoid a puttock. 140

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

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

Cym. Thou o vile one!

Imo. Sir, It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus: You bred him as my playfellow, and he is A man worth any woman, overbears me Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What, art thou mad? Imo. Almost, sir; heaven restore me! Would I were A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Cym. Thou foolish thing! 150

Re-enter Queen.

They were again together: you have done Not after our command. Away with her, And pen her up.

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

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

Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter Pisanio.

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. 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. Imo. Your son’s my father’s friend; he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in 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
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When’t pleased you to employ me.

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

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence, I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.

[Exeunt.

Scene II. 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?

Sec. Lord. [Aside] No,’t 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 throughfare for
steel, if it be not hurt.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] His steel was in debt; it went o’ the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] No; but he fled forward
still, toward your face.

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

Sec. Lord. [Aside] As many inches as you
have oceans. Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] So would I, till you had
measured how long a fool you were upon the
ground.
Enter a Lady.
Lady. The queen, madam, Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [Exeunt. 40

Scene IV. Rome. Philario's house.
Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within, 10

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

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

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. 30

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 my own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you or courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet 40

Phi. still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did lone my countryman and you; but 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 ravereller, rather shunned to go even with what I had rather 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 ill likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

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

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable 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 had been before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outshines many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

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

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or 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 unprized 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.

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, o'rvalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold
a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly: 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 assault?

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 hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and 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 huggeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours: provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

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

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

Post. Agreed.

[Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em.

Scene V. Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: who has the note of them?

First Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch. [Exeunt Ladies.

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [Presenting a small box.

But I beseech your grace, without offence,— My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death; But though slow, deadly!

Queen. I wonder, doctor, 10 Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learned me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,— Unless thou think'st me devilish—is't not meet That I did amplify my judgement in Our 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 21 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; 30 Take your own way.

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

Queen. [To Pisanio] Hark thee, a word. Cor. [Aside] I do not like her. She doth think she has Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has Will stupify and dull the sense awhile; Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs, Then afterward up higher: but there is No danger in what show of death it makes, 40 More than the locking up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd With a most false effect: and I the truer, So to be false with her.

Queen. 41 No further service, doctor, Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit. Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time? She will not quench and let instructions enter Where folly now possesses? Do thou work: When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son, I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then As great as thy master, greater, for His fortunes all lie speechless and his name Is at last grasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is; to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shall thou expect,
To be depended on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him? [The Queen drops the box: Pisanio takes it up.] Thou takest up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do's 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'st 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 shaked: the agent for his master
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.
So, so: 'tis well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [Exit 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 IMOGEN.

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

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 10
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam? The worthy Leonatus is in safety
And greets your highness dearly.

Imo. [Presents a letter.] Thanks, good sir:
You're kindly welcome. [Received.] All of her that is out of door
most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight; 20
Rather, directly fly.

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

Leonatus.
So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is 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 30
In all that I can do.

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

Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be 't the eye, for apes and monkeys;
'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and
Contemn with mowers the other; nor i' the judgement,
For idiots in this case of favour would
Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery to such neat excellence opposed
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What, dear sir, 41
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks, madam; well. [To Pisanio]
Beseech you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.
Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveiller.

Imo. 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,
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whilst the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from his free lungs,
cries 'O, Can my sides hold, to think that man, who
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?

Iamo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter;
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Iamo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all talents, so
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Iamo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Iamo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; what reck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I* the dungeon by a snuff?

Iamo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do—
I was about to say—enjoy your—but
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Iamo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,
Sincere estimating things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
With labour; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Iamo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Iamo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike
my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double,—to be
partner'd
With tomboys hired with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be revenged;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Iamo. Revenged!

Iach. How should I be revenged? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me live,
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
While he is vauluting variable rumps,
In your despite, upon your purse? 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.

Iamo. What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Iamo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdain's
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
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The true manner'd; such a holy witch
That he enchant'st societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Iamo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits'tmongst men like a descended god
He hath a kind of honour sets him of,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment.
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err: the love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Iamo. All's well, sir; take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To express your grace but in a small request, and
Yet of moment too, for it concerns
Cymbeline.

Your lord; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

I. Pray, what is't?
Jach. Some dozen Romans of us and your

lord.

The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange, 191
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Ino. Willingly:
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Jach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Ino. O, no, no.
Jach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia 201
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

Ino. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

Jach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstayed my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Ino. I will write,
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept, 209
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Scene I. Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck!
When I kissed the jack, upon an up-const to be
hit away! I had a hundred pound on't; and
then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for
wearing; as if I borrowed mine oats of him
and might not spend them at my pleasure.

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

Sec. Lord. [Aside] If his wit had been like
him that broke it, it would have run all out. 10
Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear,
it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oats,
ha?

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

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

Sec. Lord. [Aside] To have smelt like a fool.
Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the
earth: a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble
as I am; they dare not fight with me, because
of my son my mother; every Jack-slave hath his
bellow of fighting, and I must go up and down
like a cock that nobody can match.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] You are cock and capon
and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Scene II. Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace: a trunk in one corner of it.

Imogen in bed, reading; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then; mine eyes
are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods.
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye. 19

[Sleeps. Iachne comes from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense.
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, and he wak'd
The chastity he wounded: Cytherea,
How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame of the
tapers
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure laced.
With blue of 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 of the
story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument.
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:

[Taking off her bracelet.
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I the bottom of a cowslip; here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late.
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that
dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this is a heavenly angel, hell is here.

One, two, three; time, time!

[Clock strikes.

Scene III. An ante-chamber adjoining Iomo-
gen's apartments.

Enter Clooten and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient
man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up
acc.
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, is't not?

First Lord. Day, my lord.
Clo. I would this music would come: I am
advised to give her music o' mornings; they say
it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

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

Song.

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

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

[Exeunt Musicians.

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the
reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but
take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious
mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our sten
daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she
vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her spirit is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Que. You are most bound to the king
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obby her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

[Exeunt all but Clooten.

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Ay, I am there. I am Cymbeline. This. That's [Exit You A]. You 'Twill say. Still, your

Enter a Lady.
Lady. Who's there that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That's more than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours, an utterly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?
Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?
Lady. Ay, keep her chamber.

Enter Imogen.

Clo. 'Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand. [Exit Lady.
Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
or purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
saying you that I am poor of thanks
of scarce can spare them.
Clo. Still, I swear I love you.
Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
you swear still, your recompense is still
I regard it not.

This is no answer.
Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being silent,
could not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
hall unfold equal discountseyour best kindness: one of your great knowing
cold learn, being taught, forborne.
Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere
my sin:
will not.
Imo. Fools are not mad folks.
Clo. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad, I do:
you'll be patient: I'll no more be mad:
at cues us both. I am much sorry, sir,
put me to forget a lady's manners,
being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
at I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
the very truth of it, I care not for you,
dan so near the lack of charity—

To accuse myself—I hate you; which I had rather
You than 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 beggars, in self-figured knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A 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 grooms: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being prefer'd so well.
Imo. The south-fog rot him! Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisano?

Enter Pisano.

Clo. 'His garment!' Now the devil—
Imo. To, Dorothy my woman he thee presently—

Clo. 'His garment!'
Imo. I am sprited with a fool,
Frighted, and anger'd worse: go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's:'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw it 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 Pisano.

Clo. You have abused me:

'I his meanest garment!'

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

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent.

Clo. I'll be revenged: Well.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. Rome. Philario's house.
Enter Posthumus and Philario.

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

Phil. 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 sar'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love: they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company
O'er pass all I can do. By this, your king to
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly: and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrerages;
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 20
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds all of the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope the brefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady 31
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 tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

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

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not 40
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold,
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

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 too near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strong
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In manliness and value: which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—

This is true; And this you might have heard of here, by me
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andiron
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour
Let it be granted you have seen all this—and pray
Be given to your remembrance— the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[Showing the broad]
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; so
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. The roof,
The room the charm
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
[Shows it]
Cymbeline

Scene IV.

Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door, and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?

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 uncender'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

must be half-workers? we are all bastards;

And that most venerable man which I

Did call my father, was I know not where

When I was stamp'd. some coiner with his tools

Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd

The Dian of that time: so doth my wife

The nonparell of this. O, vengeance, vengeance! me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd

And pray'd me off forbearance; did it with

A pudenty so rosy the sweet view on't

Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I

thought her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!

This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?

Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,

Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,

Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition

But what he look'd for should oppose and she

Should from encounter guard. Could I find out

The woman's part in me! For there's no motion

That tends to vice in man, but I affirm

It is the woman's part: be it, note it,

The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;

Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers, re venge,

hers;

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,

Nice longing, slander's, mutability,

All faults that may be named, nay, that hell

knows,

Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;

For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still

One vice, but of a minute old, for one

Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,

Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill

In a true hate, to pray they have their will:

The very devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit.

Scene V. Another room in Philarid's house.

Enter Posthumus.

Is there no way for men to be but women

s a basilisk unto mine eye,

Is me to look on't. Let there be no honour

here there is beauty; truth, where semblance;

here there's another man: the vows of women

no more bondage be, to where they are made,

as they are to their virtues; which is nothing,

above measure false!

'kst. Have patience, sir, I'll take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:

may be probable she lost it; or

knows if one of her women, being corrupted,

sth to' it from her?

'kst. Very true;

so, I hope, he came by't. Back my ring:

der to me some corporal sign about her,

ere evident than this; for this was stolen. 120

'kst. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

'kst. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he

swears.

true:—nay, keep the ring:—'tis true: I am sure

would not lose it: her attendants are

shamed and honourable:—they induced to steal

it!

by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:

cognizance of her incontinency

his: she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.

't is not strong enough to be believed

one persuaded well of—

'kst. Never talk on't;

hath been coltied by him.

if you seek

further satisfying, under her breast—

thy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud

that most delicate lodging: by my life, ss'd it; and it gave me present hunger

feed again, though full. You do remember

's stain upon her?

Ay, and it doth confirm

other stain, as big as hell can hold,

ere there no more but it.

'kst. Will you hear more?

'kst. Spare your arithmetik: never count the

turns;

's, and a million!

'kst. I'll be sworn—

No swearing. You will swear you have not done't, you lie;

I will kill thee, if thou dost deny

't made me cuckold.

'kst. I'll deny nothing.

'kst. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb

meal!

'll go there and do't, i' the court, before

'll do something—

Quite besides

government of patience! You have won: 150
's follow him, and pervert the present wrath

hath against himself.

With all my heart. [Exit. 

V. Another room in Philarid's house.

Enter Posthumus.

Is there no way for men to be but women

Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;

And that most venerable man which I
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, 20
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of
conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of 'Come' and 'saw' and 'overcame:' with
shame—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his
shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily gainst our rocks: for joy thereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword, 31
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

CLO. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more tribute yet Cæsar, or other of them may have crook'd noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

CYN. Son, let your mother end.

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

CYN. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Caesar's am-
bition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost
stretch
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

CLO. and LORDS. We do.

CYN. Say, then, to Caesar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Caesar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and
franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry: Mulmius
made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put 60
His brows within a golden crown and call'd
Himself a king.

LUC. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy;
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

CYN. Thou art welcome, Cauis.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent 70
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, performe,
Justice, whose Hail,
Hail, trudls

Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As a wonder livers do.

Guil. Hail, heaven!

Avr. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill;
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con-

Cymbeline.

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 shaded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Guil. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor
unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor
know not
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known: well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To strike a limit.

Avr. 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, sublime as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat;
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling: the till 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,
Deth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I a true 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.
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If 't were summer news,
Smile to't before; if wintery, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband
That drug-dam'd it Italy hath out-crafted him
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man;
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 thin
The most disdain'd of fortune.
Imo. [Reads] 'Thy mistress, Pisano, I
played the strumpet in my bed; the testimony
whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not on
weak surmises, but from proof as strong as
and as certain as I expect my reprobation. That part thou, Pisano, must act for me, if
faith be not tainted with the breach of hers:
I thine own hands take away her life: I shall,
thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She
my letter for the purpose: where, if thou for
strike and to make me certain it is done, thou
the pandar to her dishonour and equally to
disport.'

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sw
the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slandered
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, w
Outvomets all the worms of Nile, whose breed
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens
States, Maids, matrons, may, the secrets of the grave.
This viperous slander enters. What ch
madam?

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

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachi
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now meth
Thy favour's good enough. Some yaj of Italy
Whose mother was her painting, hath betroth
him;
Poor I am stable, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the wall,
I must be ripp'd—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All gen
seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.
Pis. Good madam, hear

Imo. True honest men being heard, like Aneas,
Were in his time thought false, and Sin
weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Post

Will lay the leaven on all proper men;
Why, I must die; and if I do not by thy hand, thou art a servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter here is a prohibition so divine that cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart.

Posth. If you'll back to the court—

I. No court, no father; nor no more ado

With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,

That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me as fearful as a sieve.

Pis. If not at court,

Then not in Britain must you bide.

I. 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 In the residence of Posthumus; so night at least That though his actions were not visible, yet Report should render him hourly to your ear As truly as he moves.

I. 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: feint and niceness— The handmaids of all women, or, more truly, Woman its pretty self—into a waggish courage Read in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and As quarrelous as the wascel; 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.

I. Nay, be brief: I see into thy end, and am almost A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one. Fore-thinking this, I have already fit— 'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all That answer to them; would you in their serving, And with what imitation you can borrow From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius Present yourself, desire his service, tell him Wherein you're happy,—which you'll make him know, If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless

But if I were as wise as honest, then

My purpose would prove well. It cannot be

But that my master is abused:

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,

Hath done you both this cursed injury.

I. Some Roman courtesan.

But do not you yet; for this is not

An idle matter: to the chief of these

Hath done you both this cursed injury.

I. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life, I'll give but notice you are dead and send him Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court, And that will well confirm it.

I. Why, good fellow, 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.

Pis. Why, good fellow, 130

What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am Dead to my husband?

I. If you'll back to the court—

Pis. If you'll back to the court—

I. No court, no father; nor no more ado

With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,

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With joy he will embrace you, for he's honourable
And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away;
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Piz. Well, madam, we must take a short farewel,
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: 191
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [Exeunt, severally.

Scene V. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius,
Lords, and Attendants.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appeare unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir: I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befal your grace!

Queen. And you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that

office;

The due of honour in no point omit.

So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time

I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!
[Exeunt Lucius and Lords.

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it
honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better:
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it. Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferrance.

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

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

Att. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answeer
That will be given to the loudest noise we make.

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

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

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. [Exit Cloten
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine: I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Happly, despair hath seiz'd
her,
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son!

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

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

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

Shall—
Enter Pisano.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah? 
Come hither: ah, you precious pandar! Villain, 
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else 
That art straightway with the fiends. 

Pis. O, good my lord! 
Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter, 
I will not ask again. Close villain, 
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus? 
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot 
A dram of worth be drawn. 

Pis. Alas, my lord, 89 
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd? 
He is in Rome. 

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer; 
No further halting: satisfy me home 
What is become of her. 

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord! 
Clo. All-worthy villain! 
Discover where thy mistress is at once, 
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!' 
Speak, or thy silence on the instant 
Thy condemnation and thy death. 

Then, sir, 
This paper is the history of my knowledge 90 
Touching her flight. [Presenting a letter. 

Clo. Let's see't. I will pursue her 
Even to Augustus' throne. 

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

Clo. Hum! 

Pis. [Aside] I'll write to my lord she's dead. 

O Imogen, 
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again! 

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true? 

Pis. Sir, as I think. 

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. 
Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me 
rue service, undergo those employments wherein 
should have cause to use thee with a serious 
industry, that is, what villain soc'er I bid thee 
so, to perform it directly and truly, I would 
think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither 
by my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy 
reform. 

Pis. Well, my good lord. 

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently 
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune 
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. 
fast any of thy late master's garments in thy 
possessions? 

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same 
it he wore when he took leave of my lady and 
mistress. 

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that 
out hither; let it be thy first service; 

Pis. I shall, my lord. 

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot 
to ask him one thing; I'll remember anon:— 
weep there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill 
thee. I would these garments were come. She 
laid upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch

from my heart—that she held the very garment 
of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and 
natural person, together with the adornment of 
my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will 
I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there 
shall she see my valour, which will then be a 
torrent 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 rejoicing, 
and I'll be merry in my revenge. 150

Re-enter Pisano, with the clothes. 

Be those the garments? 

Pis. Ay, my noble lord. 

Clo. How long is't since you 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 muse 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. [Exit. 

Pis. Thou bidst me to my loss: for true to 
thee 
Were to prove false, which I will never be, 
To him that is most true. To Milford go, 
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, 
flow, 
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's 
speech 
Be cross'd with slowness: labour be his need! 

[Exit. 

Scene VI. Wales. Before the cave of Belarius. 

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes. 

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one: 
I have tired myself, and for two nights together 
Have made the ground my bed. I should be 
sick, 
But that my resolution helps me. Milford, 
When from the mountain-top Pisano show'd thee, 
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think 
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, 
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars 
told me 
I could not miss my way; will poor folks lie, 
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis 
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder, 
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in 
fulness 
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood 
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord! 
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on 
thee, 
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was 
At point to sink for food. But what is this? 
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold: 
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine, 
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. 20 
Plenty and peace breeds cowards: hardness ever 
hardiness is mother. Ho! who's here? 
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [Exit, to the cave.
Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.
Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best wood-
man and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant: 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!
Gui. I am thoroughly weary.
Arv. I am weak with till, yet strong in appre-
tite.
Gui. There is cold meat in 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: 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 I
had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my
meat:
50 I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.
Gui. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckond, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To Milford-Haven.
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.
Bel. Prithce, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.
Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In
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 welcome
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
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.
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—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me
Gods!
I'll change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus's false
Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth
come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have sup'd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
Gui. Pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the
lark less welcome.
Imo. Thanks, sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near.
[Exeunt]
Scene VII. Rome. A public place.
Enter two Senators and Tribunes.
First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's
writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full bold to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar! a
First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?
See. Sen. Ay
First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
First Sen. With those legion:
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.
First Tri. We will discharge our duty.
[Exeunt]
ACT IV.
Scene I. Wales: near the cave of Belarius.
Enter Cloten.
Clo. I am near to the place where they should
meet, if Pisianio have mapped it truly. How f
his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe; out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their 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.
Arv. [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.
Gu. 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 wan as To seem to die e'er sick: suppose 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.
Gu. 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! Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me a my good brother's fault: I know not why love this youth; and I have heard you say, love's reason without reason: the bier at door, And a demand who is it shall die, I'd say My father, not this youth.'
Bel. [Aside] O noble strain! worthiness of nature! breed of greatness! towards father cowards and base things sire base: nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace: 'tis not their father; yet who this should be, Unmiracle itself, loved before me. It is the ninth hour o' the morning for me.
Arv. Brother, farewell.}

Imo. I wish ye sport.
Imo. [Aside] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard! Our courtiers say all's savage but at court: Experience, O, thou disprovet report! The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish. I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisiano, I'll now taste of thy drug. [Swallow some.
Gu. I could not stir him: He said he was gentle, but unfortunate; Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter I might know more.
Bel. To the field, to the field! We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick, Imo. Well or ill, I am bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ever. [Exit Imogen, to the cave. This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath had Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Gu. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots In characters, And sauced our broth's, as Juno had been sick And he her dieter. Arv. Nobly he yokes A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh Was that it was, for not being such a smile: The smile mocking the sigh, that it would sty From so divine a temple, to commix With winds that sailors rail at.
Gu. I do note That grief and patience, rooted in him both, Mingled their spurs together.
Arv. Grow, patience!
Bel. And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine His perishing root with the increasing vine! It is great morning. Come, away! Who's there?

Enter Clooten.
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 Clooten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush: I saw him not these many years, and yet I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws; hence! Gu. He is but one: you and my brother search What companies are near: pray you, away; Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.

Clo. Soft! What are you? That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers? I have heard of such. What slave art thou?
Gu. 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, so
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 bear thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder,
Spider, 'twould move me sooner.

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

Gui. I am sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afraid?

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

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

Re-enter Belarius and Avragus.

Bel. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blur'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

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

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

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report:
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he 'ld take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they grow,
And set them on Lud's-town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law.

Bel. Protecs not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul. Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

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

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [Exit]

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

Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would see us through
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

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

Bel. O thou goddess, if
Thou divine Nature, how thou thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagg'd his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood encharfed, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valor
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 180
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn music.]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!
Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my
dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for.

Re-enter Arviragus, with Imogen, as dead,
bearing her in her arms.

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my jeaping-time into a crutch, 200
Than have seen this

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou gress'th thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The oozes, to show what coast thy sluggish care
Might easliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made;
but I,
Thou diest, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see; 209
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right
Cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers

Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele, 219
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglandine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweet'en'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and fur'd moss besides, when flowers are none.

To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithhee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him, 231
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euiphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the munnish crack, sing him to the
ground.
As once our mother: use like note and words,
Save that Euiphile 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 241
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less;
For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty,
Rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither. 251
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.


Song.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou that nightly task hast done, 260
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.
Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash, 270
Arr. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arr. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must Consign to thee, and come to dust.
Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arr. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unslain forbear thee!
Arr. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have; And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitst for graves. Upon their faces.
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herbets 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. 290
[Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.
Imo. [Awaking!] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far that thistle?
'Os pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—
I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedellow — O gods and goddesses! [Seeing the body of Cloten.
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, 300
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; 310
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone. Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irregular devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous! Damned Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damm'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas, 320
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them

Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-
nant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious;
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 330
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
[Exit.

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

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

Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confederate
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 340
Scipio'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 pur-
pose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a
vision—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends—
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that something
It was a worthy building. How! a page!
Or dead, or this sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body
Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy in-
terest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be worse. This was my master
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas! 370
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth! Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
Scene ii.

Cymbeline.

Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [Aside] If I do lie
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first an' 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 daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is premier'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[Exeunt.]

Scene III. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio, and

Attendants.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.

[Exit an Attendant.]

A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life's in danger. Hea-
vens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present daisied plot we can,
They strike me, past the hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and post
So-seem ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Sir, my life is yours; humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
Nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Or when she purposes return. Beseech your
Highness, fold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
Dare be bound he's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection joyously. For Cotten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,

And will, no doubt, be found. Cymb.
The time is troublesome.

[To Pisanio] We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and
queen!
I am amazed with matter.

First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can afford no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more
you're ready:
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here. Away!

[Exeunt all but Pisanio.]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him. Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be
true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[Exit.]

Scene IV. Wales: before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to
lock it
From action and adventure?

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 lived, 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.

Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so clay'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note, to
known from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not
Wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

**Gu.**

Than be so

**Arv.**

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.

By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

**Gu.**

By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

**Arv.**

So say I: amen.

**Bel.**

No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,
boys!

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead. [Aside] The time seems long; their
blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

[Exeunt.]

**ACT V.**

**Scene I.**  Britain.  The Roman camp.

**Enter Posthumus, 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 should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little! O Pisano!

Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's
love.

To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough

That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll discourse me
Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More value in me than my habits show.

Gods, put the strength of the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise of the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. [Exit]

**Scene II.**  Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.

**Enter, from one side, Lucius, Iachimo, and
the Roman Army; from the other side, the
British Army; Leonatus Posthumus for
lowing, like a poor soldier. They march on
and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish
Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquished
disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my
bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengeth enfeebleth me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Kindships and honours
borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.

If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he excels our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods.

[Exit]

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline
is taken; then enter, to his rescue
Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

**Bel.**

Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground:
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

**Gui.**

Stand, stand, and fight!

[Enter Posthumus, and, and seconds the Britons
they rescue Cymbeline, and exspect. Then
Re-enter Lucius, and Iachimo, with Imogen.

**Luc.**

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

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly.

[Exeunt.]

**Scene III.**  Another part of the field.

**Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

**Lord.**

Camest thou from where they made the stand?

**Post.**

I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

**Lord.**

I did.
Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.
Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Lord. Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend; so
For if he'll do as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.
Lord. Farewell; you're angry.
Post. Still going? [Exit Lord.] This is a
lord! O noble misery,
To be I the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcasses I took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly
monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will
find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in: fight I will no more.
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the 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 Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.
First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius
is taken.
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.
Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly
habit,
That gave the affront with them.
First Cap. 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.
Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog! 91
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags
his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Fisando, Soldiers, Attendants, and
Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over
to a Gaoler: then exeunt omnes.

Scene IV. A British prison.

Enter Posthumus and two Gaolers.
First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you
have locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.
Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.
[Exeunt Gaolers.
Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art
a way,
I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had
rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter’d
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10
Then, free for ever! Is’t enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease:
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired more than constraint’d: to satisfy,
If of my freedom ’tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again:
On their abatement: that’s not my desire:
For Imogen’s dear life take mine: and though ’tis
not so dear, yet ’tis a life; you coin’d it:
’Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure’s sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I’ll speak to thee in silence.

[Sleeps.

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition,
Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in
his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and
mother to Posthumus, with music before them:
then, after other music, follow the two young
Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Post-
humus round, as he lies sleeping.

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

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

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o’ 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.

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock’d,
To be exiled, and thrown:
From Leonati seat, and cast
From her he dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Tachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O’th’ other’s villany?

Sec. Bro. For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That striking in our country’s cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius’ right
With honour to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform’d;
That, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn’d
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn’d?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning,
sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder
bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jupiter. No more, you petty spirits of region low
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted batters all rebellions coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is; you know ’tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay’d, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign’d at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[Sicilius passes.

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
toop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
fore sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
runes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
as when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sir. The marble pavement closes, he is
enter'd

Tis radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
et us with care perform his great behest.

[The Ghosts vanish.

Post. [Waking] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-
sire, and begot
father to me; and thou hast created
mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!
one! they went hence so soon as they were
born:
nd so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
in greatness' favour dream as I have done,
ake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
any dream not to find, neither deserve,
nd yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
have this golden chance and know not why,
hat faires haunt this ground? A book? O
rare one!
e not, as is our fangled world, a garment
older than that it covers: let thy effects
follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
s good as promise.

[Reads] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
known, without seeking find, and be embraced
of a piece of tender air; and when from a stately
star shall be lopped branches, which, being
and many years, shall after revive, be jointed
the old stock and freshly grow; then shall
stormus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate
flourish in peace and plenty;
's still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
onge and brain not; either both or nothing;
se sense speaking or a speaking such
sense cannot unite. Be what it is,
he action of my life is like it, which
'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaoler.

First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for
ath?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

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

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

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir.
the comfort is, you shall be called to no
re payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which
often the sadness of parting, as the procuring
mirth; you come in faint for want of meat,
part reeling with too much drink; sorry that
have paid too much, and sorry that you are
id too much; purse and brain both empty:
brain the heavier for being too light, the
re too light, being drawn of heaviness: of
contradiction you shall now be quit. O,
ery of a penny cord! it sums up thou-
s in a truce; you have no true debitor and
editor but it; of what's past, is, and to come,
danger: your neck, sir, is pen, book and
ners; so the acquittance follows.

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

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

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head
then; I have not seen him so piqu'ture: you
must either be directed by some that take upon
them to 'know, or do 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 Gaol. What an infinite mock is this,
that a man should have the best use of eyes to
see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's
the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am called
to be made free.

First Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

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

[Exeunt all but the First Gaoler.

First Gaoler. Unless a man would marry a
gallows and beget young giblets, I never saw
one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are
verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a
Roman; and there be some of them too that die
against their wills; so should I, if I were one.
I would we were all of one mind, and one mind
good: O, there were desolation of gaolers and
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, Ar-
viragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers, and
Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods
have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked
breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him? to

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead
and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; [To Belarius, Guiderius,
and Arviragus] which I will add
To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are. Report it. Bel. Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen: Further to boast were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest. Cym. Bow your knees. Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you 20 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
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she? 30 Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithie, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this; 40
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!

Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?
Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took, 50 Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'come you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown;
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so 60 Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
First Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been
vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!

That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and
other Roman Prisoners, guarded; POSTUMUS
behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made
suit
That their good souls may be appeased with
slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have grant'd.
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the good
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: suffice thee
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold you
highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

I have surely seen him
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, wherefor
To say 'tis, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

I'mo. I humbly thank your highness. 130

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

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

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

I'mo. What wouldst thou, boy,
I love thee more and more: think more and more:
What's best to ask. Know'st him look' on't,
Don't speak,
Will he have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

I'mo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to thy highness; who, being born you
vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyest him so?
I'mo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please.
To know me hearing.

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

I'mo. Fidele, sir.
Cymbeline. Thou’rt my good youth, my page; I’ll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely. [Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

One sand another 120
Not more resembles that sweet rosie lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further: he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were’t he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let’s see further.

Pis. [Aside] It is my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on
to good or bad.

[Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.]

Bel. Come, stand thou by my side; take thy demand aloud. [To Iachino] Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to

Imo. My boos is, that this gentleman may
render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [Aside] What’s that to him? To

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
low came it yours?

Iach. Thou’lt torture me to leave unspoken
that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me? 140

Iach. I am glad to be constrain’d to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villany
got this ring; ’twas Leonatos’ jewel;
Thom whom didst banish; and—which more may
grieve thee,
s doth me—a nobler sir ne’er lived
Wixk sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more,
my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

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

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew
thy strength:
150
Had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
But 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,—ac-
cursed
He mansion where!—twas at a feast,—O, would
ur viands had been poison’d, or at least
How which I heaved to head:—the good Post-
humus
That should I say? he was too good to be
there ill men were; and was the best of all
mongst the rarest of good ones,—sitting sadly,
Leaving us praise our loves of Italy 160
For beauty that made barren the swell’d boast
That best could speak; for nature, laying
Imagine Venus’ ring, or straight-right Minerva,
Estures beyond brief nature, for condition,
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 Post-
humus,
Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not disposing whom we praised,—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
Proved 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, 180
And she alone were cold; whereas I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise: and wager’d with him
Pieces of gold ’gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour’d finger, to attain
In suit the place of’s bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident,
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle 189
Of Phoebus’ wheel, and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of’er’s car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
’Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus
quench’d
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
’Gan in thy duller 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 Leonatos mad;
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; availing 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. [Advancing] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Ay me, most cedulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That’s due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
some upright justice! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o’ the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill’d thy daughter,—villain-like, I lie—
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
Sacredly to, to do’ the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Sip, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
Of the dogs o’ the street to bawl me: every villain
Be call’d Posthumus Leonatos; and
Be villainy less than twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—
Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,  

There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.  
Pis. O, gentlemen, help!  

Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!  

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!  

Mine honour'd lady!  

Cym. Does the world go round?  

Post. How come these staggers on me?  
Pis. Wake, my mistress!  

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me  

To death with mortal joy.  
Pis. How fares my mistress?  

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;  

Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!  

Breathe not where princes are.  

Cym. The tune of Imogen!  

Pis. Lady,  

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if  

That box I gave you was not thought by me  

A precious thing: I had it from the queen.  

Cym. New matter still?  

Imo. It poison'd me.  

Pis. O gods!  

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,  

Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio  

Have ' said she 'given his mistress that confecion  

Which I gave him for cordial, she is served  

As I would serve a rat.'  

Cym. Sir, what's this, Cornelius?  

Imo. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me  
To temper poisons for her, still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge only  
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,  
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose  

Was of more danger, did compound for her  

A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  

The present power of life, but in short time  

All offices of nature should again  

Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?  

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

Bel. My boys,  

There was our error.  

Guil. This is sure, Fidele.  

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady  

from you?  

Think that you are upon a rock; and now  

Throw me again. [Embracing him.  

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,  

Till the tree die!  

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!  

What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?  

Wilt thou not speak to me?  

Imo. [Kneeling] Your blessing, sir.  

Bel. [To Guiderius and Avrileagus] Though  

you did love this youth, I blame ye not;  

You had a motive for't.  

Cym. My tears that fall  

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,  

Thy mother's dead.  

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.  

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was  

That we meet here so strangely: but her son  

Is gone, we know not how nor where.  

Pis. My lord,  

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,  

Upon my lady's missing, came to me  

With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,  

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  

It was my instant death. By accident,  

I had a feigned letter of my master's  

Then in my pocket; which directed him.  

To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;  

Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,  

Which he enforced from me, away he posts  

With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate  

My lady's honour: what became of him  

I further know not.  

Guil. Let me end the story:  

I slew him there.  

Cym. Marry, the gods forswear!  

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips  

Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,  

Deny't again.  

Guil. I have spoke it, and I did it.  

Cym. He was a prince.  

Guil. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me  

Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me  

With language that would make me spurn the sea:  

If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;  

And am right glad he is not standing here  

To tell this tale of mine.  

Cym. I am sorry for thee;  

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, an must  

Endure our law: thou'rt dead.  

Imo. That headless man  

I thought had been my lord.  

Cym. And take him from our presence.  

Bel. Stay, sir king;  

This man is better than the man he slew,  

As well descended as thyself; and hath  

More of thee meriteth than a band of Cloten  

Had ever scar for. [To the Guard] Let his arm alone;  

They were not born for bondage.  

Cym. Why, old soldier,  

What's thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,  

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent  

As good as we?  

Avr. In that he spoake too far.  

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.  

Bel. We will die all three:  

But I will prove that two on's are as good  

As I have given out him. My sons, I must,  

For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,  

Though, haply, well for you.  

Avr. Your danger's our.  

Guil. And our good his.  

Bel. Have at it then, by leave  

Thou hast'd, great king, a subject who  

Was call'd Belarius.  

Cym. What of him? he is  

A banish'd traitor.  

Bel. He it is that hath  

Assumed this age; indeed a banish'd man:  

I know not how a traitor.  

Cym. Take him hence:  

The whole world shall not save him.  

Bel. Not too hot.  

First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;  

And let it be confiscate all, so soon  

As I have received it.
Cymbeline.

Scene v.

Cym. Nursing of my sons! * 

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee: 

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons; 

Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir, 

These two young gentlemen, that call me father 

And think they are my sons, are none of mine; 

They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 339 

And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue! 

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan, 

Am that Belarius whom you sometime banished: 

Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment 

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd 

Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes— 

For such and so they are—these twenty years 

Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I 

Could put into them: my breeding was, sir, as 

Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile, 

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children 

Upon my banishment: I moved her to't, 

Having received the punishment before, 

For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty 

Excited me to treason: their dear loss, 

The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped 

Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir, 

Here are your sons again; and I must lose 

Two of the sweet'st companions in the world. 

The benediction of these covering heavens 350 

Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy 

To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st. 

The service that you three have done is more 

Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children: 

If these be they, I know not how to wish 

A pair of wortlier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile. 

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore, 

Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius: 

This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, 359 

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 

can with ease produce. 

Cym. Guiderius had 

Jouph his neck a mole, a sanguine star; 

t was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he; 

Who hath upon him still that natural stamp: 

I was wise nature's end in the donation, 

o be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I 

mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother 365 

ejaculated deliverance more. Blest pray you be, 

hat, after this strange starting from your orbs, 

ou may reign in them now! O Imogen, 

hou hast lost by this a kingdom; 

Imo. No, my lord; 

have got two worlds by't. O my gentle brothers, 

ave we thus met? O, never say hereafter 

int I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother, 

hen I was but your sister; I you brothers, 

hen ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet? 

Arv. Ay, my good lord. 

And at first meeting loved; 

ontinued so, until we thought he died. 380 

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd. 

Cym. O rare instinct! 

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment 

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which 

Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived 

you? 

And when came you to serve our Roman captive? 

How parted with your brothers? how first met 

them? 

Why fled you from the court? and whither? 

These, 

And your three motives to the battle, with 

I know not how much more, should be demanded; 

And all the other by-dependencies, 390 

From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place 

Will serve our long inter'gations. 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.

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve 

me, 400 

To see this gracious season. 

Cym. All o'ercous'd, 

Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too, 

For they shall taste our comfort. 

Luc. My good master, 

I will yet do you service. 

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought, 

He would have well become this place, and 

graced 

The thankings of a king. 

Post. I am, sir, 

The soldier that did company these three 

In poor beseeming: 'twas a fitment for 

The purpose I then follow'd. That I was, 410 

Speak, Iachimo: I had you down and might 

Have made you finish. 

Iach. [Kneeling] I am down again: 

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee; 

As then your force did. Take that life, beseech 

you, 

Which I so often owe: but your ring first; 

And here the bracelet of the truest princess 

That ever swore her faith. 

Post. Kneel not to me: 

The power that I have on you is to spare you; 

The malice towards you to forgive you: live, 

And deal with others better. 

Cym. Nobly doom'd! 420 

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law: 

Pardon's the word to all. 

Arv. 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, 

Appeard to me, with other sprightly shows 

Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found 

This label on my bosom: whose containing 430
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!
Sooth. Here, my good lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.
Sooth. [Reads] 'When as a lion's whelp shall,
to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be
embraced by a piece of tender air; and when
from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches,
which, being dead many years, shall after revive,
be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow:
then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be
fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
[To Cymbeline] The piece of tender air, thy
virtuous daughter,
Which we call 'mollis aer;' and 'mollis aer'
We term it 'mulier:' which 'mulier' I divine
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well;
My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers
Have laid most heavy hand.
Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do
tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams of the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle
The imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.
Cym. Laud we the gods
And let our crooked smokes climb to their
nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's-town march
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace

[Exeunt]
PERICLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Antiochus, king of Antioch.
Pericles, prince of Tyre.
Helicanus, two lords of Tyre.
Escanes, Simonides, king of Pentapolis.
Cleon, governor of Tarsus.
Lysimachus, governor of Mytilene.
Cerimon, a lord of Ephesus.
Thaliard, a lord of Antioch.
Philemon, servant to Cerimon.
Leonine, servant to Dionyza.
Marshals.
A Pandar.
Boult, his servant.

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 gladly your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eyes and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.

If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria,
I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So 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 bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still, and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:

So for her many a wight did die,
As you grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I. Antioch. A room in the palace.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Emboldened with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, andesty 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 your 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 afoot thou shouldst:

Scene: Dispersely in various countries.
PERICLES.

[Act V, Scene 1]

And that yon Thus for so Which but Nor sharp If were fair You who, but Hell for 'll either going 8 Ant. this I all being then that's read an play'd of antiochus. Of the hand of the Princess. Was not this glorious casket stored 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. So 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, to hearken; But being play'd upon before your time, Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime. Good sooth, I care not for you. Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life, For that's an article within our law, As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired: Either expound now, or receive your sentence. 90

Per. Great king, Few love to hear the sins they love to ait: 'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it. Who has a book of all that monarchs do, He's more secure to keep it shut than shown: For vice repeated is like the wandering wind, Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself; And yet the end of all is sought thus dear, The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts 100 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 then 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 smoother 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 gloze 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 repulse 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. 120 [Exeunt all but Pericles]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin, When what is done is like an hypocrite, The which is good in nothing but in sight! If it be true that I interpret false, Then were it certain you were not so bad As with foul incest to abuse your soul; Where now you're both a father and a son, By your untimely casplings with your child, Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father; And she an eater of her mother's flesh, 130 In the shedding of her parent's bed; And both like serpents are, who though they feed On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed. Antioch, farewell! For wisdom sees, those men Blush not in actions blacker than the night, Will shun no course to keep them from the light. One sin, I know, another doth provoke; Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke: Poison and treason are the hands of sin, Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame: 140 Then, lest my life be copp'd to keep you clear, By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which we mean To have his head. Blow dust in others' eyes, to spread itself; In such a loathed manner:

And therefore instantly this prince must die:
Scene I.

PERICLES.

For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highness call? 150
Ant. Thaliard, you are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you,
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill
him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord, 'Tis done.

Ant. Enough. 160

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [Exit.

Ant. As thou wilt, live fly after: and like an arrow shot
From a well-experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou'nest er'er return
Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead."

Thal. My lord, If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your
Highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [Exit Thal.] Till
Pericles be dead, 170
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.

Scene II. Tyre. A room in the palace.

Enter Pericles.

Per. [To Lords without] Let none disturb
us.—Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes
Shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me,
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Sows elder now and cares it be not done.
And so with me: the great Antiochus,
Gains whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll overspread the land,
And with the wont of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects perish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,

Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend
them,
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter Helicanus, with other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing which is flatter'd, but a spark, 40
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares
o'erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [Exeunt Lords.] Helicanus,

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks? 50
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:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults
hid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself,
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
Where as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Arms are to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder:
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou
know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.

Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Further to question me of your king's departure;
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. [Aside] How! the king gone!
Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.

Being at Antioch—

Thal. [Aside] What from Antioch?
Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—

Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens 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's seas must please:
He 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea.
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!
Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is wel-

Come.

Thal. [Aside] 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.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon, the governor of Tarsus, with Dionyza, and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets:
Scene iv.  

PERICLES.  

Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,  
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;  
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,  
Like one another's glass to trim them by:  
Their tables were stored full, to gild the sight,  
And not so much to feed on as delight;  
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
The name of help grew odious to repeat.


Cle.  But see what heaven can do! By this our change,  
These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and air,  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are defiled for want of use,  
They are now starved for want of exercise:  
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,  
Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:  
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,  
Thought nought too curious, are ready now  
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.  
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:  
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall  
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
Is not this true?

Dio.  Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle.  O, let those cities that of plenty's cup  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!  
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord.  Where's the lord governor?

Cle.  Here.

Speak out thy sorrow which thou bring'st in haste,  
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord.  We have descried, upon our neighbour-  
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle.  I thought as much.  
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor;  
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,  
To beat us down, the which are down already:  
And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord.  That's the least fear; for, by the semblance  
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle.  Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat.

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.  
But bring they what they will and what they can,  
What need we fear?  
The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.  
Go tell their general we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
And what he comes so hasty.

Lord.  I go, my lord.  

[Exit.

Cle.  Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES with Attendants.

Per.  Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men  
Be like a beacon fire to amaze your eyes.  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets:  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
But to relieve them of their heavy load;  
And these our ships, you happily may think  
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within  
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,  
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,  
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

All.  The gods of Greece protect you!

And we'll pray for you.

Per.  Arise, I pray you, rise:

We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
And harhourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle.  The which when any shall not gratify, rot  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!  
Till when,—the which I hope shall never be seen,—  
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per.  Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,  
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter Gower.

Gow.  Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I wis, to incest bring;  
A better prince and benign lord,  
That will prove awful both in deed and word.  
Be quiet then as men should be,  
Till he hath pass'd necessity.  
I'll show you those in troubles reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
The good in conversation,  
To whom I give my benison,  
Is still at Tarsus, where each man  
Thinks all is writ he spoken can;  
And, to remember what he does,  
Build his statue to make him glorious:  
But tidings to the contrary  
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Show.

Enter at one door PERICLES talking with  
CLEON; all the train with them. Enter at  
another door a Gentleman, with a letter to  
PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter to  
CLEON; gives the Messenger a reward, and  
knights him. Exit PERICLES at one door, and  
CLEON at another.

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,  
Not to eat honey like a drone  
From others' labours; for though he strive  
To killen bad, keep good alive;  
And to fulfil his prince's desire,  
Sends word of all that hap's 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 waves from coast to coast is lost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escape him but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text.

[Exit.]

SCENE I. Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch!
Sec. 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 wanion.
Third Fish. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounded and tumbled? they say they're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on 'er land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Sec. Fish. And in the houses of the sea.

First Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?
Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [Aside] Simonides!
Third Fish. We would provide the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.
Per. [Aside] How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.
Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that?
If it be a day fits you, 'tsearch out of the calendar,
and nobody look after it.
Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea
to cast thee in our way?
Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?
Per. I never practised it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then wilt starve, sure:
for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know:
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid!
I have known here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, a-farse, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have fish for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and more or less puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I'll turn craver
and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[Exit with Third Fisherman.

Per. [Aside] How well this honest mirth
becomes their humour!

First Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called
Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.
Scene [.] PERICLES.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore? 111

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and tomorrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul. 121

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 'tis come last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses, Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself; And though it was mine own, part of my heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me. 130

With this strict charge, even as he left his life, 'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield Twixt me and death;'—and pointed to this brace:

For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—may defend thee.

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd have given't again; I thank thee for't: my shipwreck now's no ill, Since I have here my father's gift in's will. 140

First Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth, For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly, And for his sake I wish the having of it; And that you'll guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with it I may appear a gentleman; And that ever my low fortune's better, I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms. First Fish. Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condiments, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe 't, I will. By your furtherance I am clothed in steel; 160 And, spite of all the rapture of the sea, This jewel holds his building on my arm: Unto thy value I will mount myself Upon a courser, whose delightful steps Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread. Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will, This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.

Scene II. The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege; And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter, In honour of whose birth these triumphs are, Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [Exit a Lord.

Thaisa. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. It's fit it should be so; for princes are to A model, which heaven makes like to itself: As jewels lose their glory if neglected, So princes their renown if not respected. 'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain The labour of each knight in his device.

Thaisa. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thaisa. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun; 20 The word, 'Lux tua vita mini.'

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you. [The Second Knight passes over.

Thaisa. A prince of Macedon, my royal father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady; The motto thus, in Spanish, 'Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.'

[The Third Knight passes over.

Sim. And what's the third?

Thaisa. The third of Antioch; And his device, a wreath of chivalry; The word, 'Me Pompei proxemit apex.' 30 [The Fourth Knight passes over.

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thaisa. A burning torch that's turned upside down; The word, 'Quod me alt, me extinguuit.'

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will, Which can as well inflame as it can kill. [The Fifth Knight passes over.

Thaisa. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds, Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried; The motto thus, 'Sic spectanda fides.'
Pericles. [Act IV.

[The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes over.

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd? 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 you his fortunes yet may flourish.

First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For by his rusty outside he appears To have practis'd more the whipspool than the lance.

Sec. 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 will withdraw
Into the gallery.

[Exeunt.

[Great shouts within, and all cry 'The mean knight!'

Scene III. The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, Attendants, and Knights, from tilting.

Sim. Knights, To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds, As in a title-page, your worth in arms, Were more than you expect, or more than's fit, Since every worth in show commend's 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 are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'th feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place: Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshall. Sir, wonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen of marriage, 30
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. You king's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was:
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence:
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
When as I see that Time's the king of men,
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the grim—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile:

You knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter: Princes in this should live like gods above, Who freely give to every one that comes To honour them;
And princes not doing so are like to gnats, Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet, Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. [Aside] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;

My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,  
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore:  
That he thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,  
A gentleman of Tyre,  
Who only by misfortune of the seas  
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.  

Sirm. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.  
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,  
Will very well become a soldier's dance.  
I will not have excuse, with saying this  
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,  
Since they love men in arms as well as in beds.  

[The Knights dance.

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.  
Come, sir;  
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:  
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies trip;  
And that their measure are as excellent.  
Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.  
Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied Of your fair courtesy.  

[The Knights and Ladies dance.  

Unclasp, unclasp:  
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
[To Per.] But you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct  
These knights unto their several lodgings!  

[To Per.] Yours, sir,

We have given order to be next our own.  
Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love;  
And that's the mark I know you level at:  
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
To-morrow all for speeding do their best.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,  
Antiochus from incest live not free;  
For which, the most high gods not minding longer To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,  
Due to this heinous capital offence.  
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
When he was seated in a chariot  
Of anestimable value, and his daughter with him,  
A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up  
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,  
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.  
Esca. 'Twas very strange.  
Hel. And yet but justice; for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.  
Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference  
Or council has respect with him but he.

Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

Third Lord. And cursed be he that will not second it.  

First Lord. Follow me, then. Lord Helicanus, 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 your prince you love.  

First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicanus;  
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.  
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;  
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;  
And be resolved he lives to govern us,  
Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leave us to our free election.  

Sec. Lord. Whose death indeed's the strongest  
in our censure;  
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—  
Like goodly buildings left without a roof  
Soon fall to ruin,—your noble self,  
That best know how to rule and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.  

All. Live, noble Helicanus!  

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 ease.  
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you to  
Forbear the absence of your king;  
If in which time expired, he not return,  
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
But if I cannot win you to this love,  
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,  
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;  
Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.  

First Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;  
And since Lord Helicanus enjoineth us,  
We with our travels will endeavour us.  

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clap hands:  
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a letter, at one door:  
The Knights meet him.

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,  
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake  
A married life.  
Her reason to herself is only known,  
Which yet from her by no means can I get.  

Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her,  
my lord?  

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied
PERICLES.

[Act II.

Her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

Third Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [Exeunt Knights.

Sim. So,
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well: nay, how absolute she's in,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to command;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask you one thing:
What do you think of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.
Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore lend to it.
Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing clerk.

Per. [Aside] What's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life,
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. [Aside] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.
Sim. No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

That. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[Aside] I am glad on't with all my heart.—
I'll tune 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 aided by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife:
Nor, 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?

That. Yes, if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.
Sim. What, are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, if it please your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then with what haste you can get you to bed.
[Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath 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 fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attend,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly echo;
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

Enter, Pericles and Simonides, at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter: Pericles shows it Simonides; the Lords kneel to him. Then enter Thaisa with child, with Lychorida a nurse. The King shows her the letter; she rejoices; she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart with Lychorida and their Attendants. Then exit Simonides and the rest.

By many a derr and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
PERICLES.

By the four opposing coigns,
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead:
The men of Tyre on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twelve six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
‘Our heir-apparent is a king!’
Who dreamd, who thought of such a thing?”
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire—
Which who shall cross?—along to go:
Omit we all their dole and woes:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grisled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I will relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea.toSt Pericles appears to speak. [ExiL

Scene I.

Enter Pericles, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke
these surges,
hich wash both heaven and hell; and thou,
that hast
pon the winds command, bind them in brass,
aving call'd them from the deep! O, still
ly deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench
ly nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
how doth my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
lt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
as a whisper in the ears of death,
heard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O
nest patroness, and midwife gentle
those that cry by night, convey thy deity
board our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
my queen's travails!

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Now, Lychorida!

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such
a place.
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!
Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the
storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.
Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustering birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudest welcome to this world
That ever was prince's child. Happy what
follows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good
 gods
Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt
not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and
cloudy 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
lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

First Sail. Pardon us, sir: with us at sea it
hath been still observed: and we are strong in
custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she
must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched
queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my
dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And e'er-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner. Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Sec. 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 Tyre: there I’ll leave it so 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, 10 Gentlemen.

Cer. 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-at-tips: pure surprise and fear Made me to quit the house.

Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
’Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well. 20 First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having Rich tire about you, should at these early hours Shake off the golden slumber of repose. ’Tis most strange, Nature should be so conversant with pain, Being thereto not compell’d!

Cer. I hold it ever, Virtue and cunning were endowments greater Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs May the two latter darken and expend; But immortality attains the former, Making a man a god. ’Tis known, I ever Have studied physic, through which secret art, By turning o’er authorities, I have, Together with my practice, made familiar To me and to my aid the blest infusions

That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones; And I can speak of the disturbances That nature works, and of her cures; which do give me A more content in course of true delight Than to be thirsty after tolerating honour, Or tie my treasure up in silken bags, To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephes pour’d forth Your charity, and hundreds call themselves Your creatures, who by you have been restored And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon Such strong renown as time shall ne’er decay.

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

First Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

First Serv. Sir, even no
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest: ’Tis of some wreck.

Cer. ’Tis set down, let’s look upon
Sec. 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’ercharged with gold, ’Tis a good constraint of fortune it behoves upon
Sec. Gent. ’Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close ’tis caulk’d and bitum’d Did the sea cast it up? First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, As toss’d it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open; Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it O you most potent gods! what’s here? a coarse First Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm’d and entresoured With full bags of spices! a passport too! Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

[Reads from a scrawl.

‘Here I give to understand, If e’er this coffin drive a-land, I, King Pericles, have lost This queen, worth all our mundane cost. Who finds her, give her bursing: She was the daughter of a king: Besides this treasure for a fee, The gods requite his charity!’
If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart That even cracks for woe! This changed to night.

Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night.

For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

[Exit a Servant.

Death may usurp on nature many hours, And yet the fire of life kindle again The o’erpress’d spirits. ’tis heard of an Egyptian That had nine hours lien dead, Who was by good appliance recovered.
Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Vell said, well said; the fire and cloths. The rough and woeful music that we have, 'Ause it to sound, beseech you. He viol once more: how thou stir'st, thou block! He 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 entranced. Give her a little: see how she gins 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; he diamonds of a most praised water to appear, to make the world twice rich. Live, and make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature, are as you seem to be. [She moves.

That. O dear Diana, Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?

First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours! Send me your hands; to the next chamber bear her. What! now this matter must be look'd to, or her relapse is mortal. Come, come; [Exeunt, carrying her away.

Scene II. Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.

Enter PERICLES,CLEON,DIONYZA, and LYCHO-KIDA with MARINA in her arms.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone; my twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands a litigious peace. You, and your lady, ake from my heart all thankfulness! The gods take up the rest upon you! Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally, et glance full wanderingly on us. Dion. O your sweet queen! hat the strictest fates had pleased you had brought her hither, have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey her powers above us. Could I rage and roar so doth the sea she lies in, yet the end I just be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom, or she was born at sea, I have named so, here charge your charity withal, leaving her he infant of your care; beseeching you give her princely training, that she may be answer'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think our grace, that fed my country with your corn, or which the people's prayers still fall upon you, not in your child be thought on. If neglection would therein make me vile, the common body, By you relieved, would force me to my duty; But if to that my nature need a spur, The gods revenge it upon me and mine, To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you: Your honour and your goodness teach me to't, Without your vows. Till she be married, madam, By bright Diana, whom we honour, all Unsissar'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 even to the edge of the shore, Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears, Lychorida, no tears: Look to your little mistress, on whose grace you may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels, Lay with you in your coffers: which are now At your command. Know you the character? Tha. It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember, Even on my eaning time; but whether there Deliver'd, by the holy gods, I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles, My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again, A vestal livery will I take me to, And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this 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.

Tha. My recompense is thanks, that's all; Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre, Welcome and settled to his own desire. His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus, Unto Diana there a votaress. Now to Marina bend your mind, Whom our fast-growing scene must find At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd In music, letters; who hath gain'd Of education all the grace, Which makes her both the heart and place of general wonder. But, alack, That monster envy, of the wrack Of earned praise, Marina's life Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
PERICLES.

ACT IV.

Scene I. Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.

Enter Dionyzia and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it; 'tis but a blow, which never shall be known. Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon, to yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience, which is but cold, inflaming love i' th bosom, inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which even women have cast off, melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will 'tis; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her. Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death. Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed, to strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues, the purple violets, and marigolds, shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave. While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid, born in a tempest, when my mother died, this world to me is like a lasting storm, whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you kneel alone? How change my daughter is not with you? Do not consume your blood with sorrowing: you have a nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's change. With this unprofitable woe!

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it. Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there, and it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her. Mar. No, I pray you; I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come; I love the king your father, and yourself, with more than foreign heart. We every day expect him here: when he shall come and find our paragon to all reports thus blasted, he will repent the breadth of his great voyage; blame both my lord and me, that we have taken no care to your best courses. Go, I pray you, walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve that excellent complexion, which did steal the eyes of young and old. Care not for me; I'll 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 while:

Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:

What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.

[Exit Dionyzia.

Is this 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 king's hands, haling ropes; and, clapping to the mast, endured a sea that almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:

Never was waves nor wind more violent;

And from the ladder-tackle washes off a canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out!' And with a dropping industry they skip from stem to stern: the boatswain whistle, and the master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, for the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn to do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth, I never did her hurt in all my life; I never gave her bad word, nor did ill turn to any living creature: believe me, 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,
Scene I.

PERICLES.

Wherein my death might yield her any profit, 
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.

You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow 
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately, 
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought: 
Good sooth, it shou'd well in you: do so now: 
Your lady seeks my life; come you between, 90
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn, 
And will dispatch.

Enter Pirates.

First Pirate. Hold, villain!

[Leonine runs away.

Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!

Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.

Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[Exeunt Pirates with Marina.

Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These rogueing thieves serve the great 
pirate Valdes: 9
And they have seized Marina. Let her go: 
There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's dead, 
And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further: too 
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her, 
Not carry her aboard. If she remain, 
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.  [Exit.

Scene II. 

Mytilene. A room in a brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Boult!

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene 
is full of gallants. We lost too much money this 
marry 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 con-
science to be used in every trade, we shall never 
prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing 
up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought 
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 unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is 
dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made 
him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the 
market.  [Exit.

Pand. Three or four thousand 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 sore terms 
we stand upon with the gods will be strong with 
us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we 
offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; 
it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter Boult, with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. [To Marina] Come your ways. My 
masters, you say she's a virgin?

Pand. First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this 
piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have 
lost my 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 thou-
sand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall 
have your money presently. Wife, take her in; 
instruct her what she has to do, that she may not 
be raw in her entertainment.

[Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.

Pand. 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.  [Exit.

Mar. Alack! that Leonine was so slack, so 
slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these 
pirates, Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown 

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. 80

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gen-
tlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you 
shall have the difference of all complexions. What! 
do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be 
not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, why then, getting: 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. Boult's returned.

**Re-enter Boult.**

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

**Boult.** 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?

**Boult.** 'Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

**Bawd.** We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

**Boult.** To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers 'tis hams?

**Bawd.** Who, Monsieur Veroles?

**Boult.** Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

**Bawd.** Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

**Boult.** Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

**Bawd.** [To Mar.] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

**Mar.** I understand you not.

**Boult.** O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

**Bawd.** Thou sayest true, 'tis faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

**Boult.** 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

**Bawd.** Thou maist cut a morsel off the spit.

**Boult.** I may so.

**Bawd.** Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

**Boult.** Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

**Bawd.** Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

**Boult.** I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

**Bawd.** Come your ways; follow me.

**Mar.** If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. 160

Diana, aid my purpose!

**Bawd.** What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us?

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.

**Enter Cleon and Dionyza.**

**Dion.** Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

**Cle.** O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter

The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

**Dion.** I think you'll turn a child again.

**Cle.** Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,

Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess

To equal any single crown of the earth

I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!

Whom thou hast poison'd too:

If thou hadst drunk to him, 'twas been a kindness

Beginning well thy fact: what canst thou say

When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

**Dion.** That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve,

She died at night: I'll say so. Who can cross it?

Unless you play the pious innocent,

And for an honest attribute cry out

'She died by foul play,'

**Cle.** O, go to. Well, well,

Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods

Do like this worst.

**Dion.** Be one of those that think

The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,

And open this to Pericles. I do shame

To think of what a noble strain you are,

And of how coward a spirit.

**Cle.** To such proceeding

Who ever but his approbation added,

Though not his prime consent, he did not flow

From honourable sources.

**Dion.** Be it so, then:

Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,

Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.

She did detain 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 blunted at and held a malkin

Not worth the time of day. It pierced me

thorough;

And though you call my course unnatural,

You not your child well loving, yet I find

It greets me as an enterprise of kindness

Perform'd to your sole daughter.

**Cle.** Heavens forgive it!

**Dion.** And as for Pericles,

What should he say? We wept after her hearse,

And yet we mourn: her monument

Is almost finish'd, and her epitaph

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 49
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.
Enter Gower, before the monument of MARINA
at Tarsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest
leagues make short:
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't;
Making, to take your imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the swallowed seas, 10
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you 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 steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter PERICLES, at one door, with all his train:
CLEON and DIONYZA, at the other. CLEON
shows PERICLES the tomb; solemnly PERICLES
makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in
a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt CLEON
and DIONYZA.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
shower'd,
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears:
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyz.

[Reads the inscription on Marina's
monument.

The fairest, sweet'est, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallowed some part of
the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd, 40
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens be-
stow'd:

Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never
stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'
No visor does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy patience. Patience, then, 50
And think you now are all in Mytilene. [Exit.

SCENE V. Mytilene. A street before the brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.
First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?
Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a
place as this, she being once gone.
First Gent. But to have divinity preached
there! did you ever dream of such a thing?
Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more
bawdy-houses: shall's go hear the vestibals sing?
First Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous;
but I am out of the road of rutting
for ever.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boul't.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth
of her she had ne'er come here.
Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze
the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation.
We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her.
When she should do for clients her fitment, and
do me the kindness of our profession, she has me
her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her
prayers, her knees; that she would make a puri-
tant of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.
Boul't. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll
disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make us
swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness
for me!
Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't
but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord
Lysimachus disguised.
Boul't. We should have both lord and lown,
if the peevish baggage would but give way to
customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginites?
Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!
Boul't. I am glad to see your honour in good
health.
Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that
your ressorters stand upon sound legs. How now!
wholesome iniquity have you that a man may
deal withal, and defy the surgeon?
Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but
there never came her like in Mytilene. 37
Lys. If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou
would'st say.
Bawl'd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say
well enough.
Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.
Boul't. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red,
PERICLES.

If thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thee couldst.

I did not think that flies I the purer air!

I have not heard thee, thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.

Hold, here's more gold for thee:

Thou hast done thy goodness.

And the gods strengthen thee!

The good gods preserve you.

That I came with no ill intent; for to me The very doors and windows savour vilely.

Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble. Hold, here's more gold for thee.

A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

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. Go thy ways.

[Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Bawt.

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend. Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade.

Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession? Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to 't so young? Were you a gamester alive or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious woe. 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 judgement good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.

Boult. 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'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [To Marina] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

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Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgement good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it, Would sink and overwhelm you. Away! [Exit Boult.

Lys. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentle men driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter? 14

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at the pleasure; crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thorner 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 her up! 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.
Scene VI.

PERICLES.

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prishee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

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Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hast'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every Coistril that comesquiring for his Tib; To the choleric fistiny of every rogue Thy ear is liable; thy food is such As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs. 179

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do anything but this thou dost. Empty Old receptacles, or common shores, of fish; Serve by indenture to the common hangman: Any of these ways are yet better than this; For thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods Would safely deliver me from this place! 191

Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me, Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance, With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast; And I will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, And prostitute me to the basest groom That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: If I can place thee, I will.


Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances into an honest house, our story says, she sings like one immortal, and she dances as goddess-like to her admired lays; keep clerks she dumbs; and with her needles composes Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry, that even her art sisters the natural roses; her inkle, silk, twin with the rubbed cherry: that pupils lacks she none of noble race,

Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place: And to her father turn our thoughts again, Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies, His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense; And to him in his barge with fervour hies. In your supposing once more put your sight Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:

Where what is done in action, more, if might, Shall be discover'd; please you, sit and hark.

Scene I. On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene.

A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. [To the Sailor of Mytilene]

Where is lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.

O, here he is.

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene, 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.

[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.]

Enter, from hence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would, Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am, And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs, Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir, Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king:

A man who for this three months hath not spoken To any one, nor taken sustenance

But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;

But the main grief springs from the loss

Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

63-2
PERICLES.

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! 40

Hel.  It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

First Lord.  Sir,

We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys.  'Tis well bethought.

She questionless with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:

She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon

The leafy shelter that abuts against

The island's side.

[Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the

targe of Lysimachus.

Hel.  Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll
omit

That bears recovery's name. But, since your
kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,

Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys.  O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods

For every graff would send a caterpillar,

And so affict our province. Yet once more

Let me entreat to know at large the cause

Of your king's sorrow.

Hel.  Sir, sir, I will recount it to you:

But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with MARINA,

and a young Lady.

Lys.  O, here is

The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!

Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel.  She's a gallant lady.

Lys.  She's such a one, that, were I well assured

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,

I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty

Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:

If that thy prosperous and artificial feat

Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,

Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay

As thy desires can wish.

Mar.  Sir, I will use

My utmost skill in his recovery,

Provided

That none but I and my companion maid

Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys.  Come, let us leave her;

And the gods make her prosperous! 80

[Marina sings.

Lys.  Mark'd he your music?

Mar.  No, nor look'd on us.

Lys.  See, she will speak to him.

Mar.  Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per.  Hum, ha!

Mar.  I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,

But have been gaze'd on like a comet: she speaks,

My lord, that may be, hath endured a grief

Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.

Though wayward fortune did malign my state, 90

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 parentage—

To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar.  I said, my lord, if you did know my

parentage,

You would not do me violence.

Per.  I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes

upon me.

You are like something that—What country-

woman?

Here of these shores?

Mar.  No, nor of any shores:

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am

No other than I appear.

Per.  I am great with woe, and shall deliver

weeping

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such

a one

My daughter might have been: my queen's

square brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;

As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like

And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them

hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do

you live?

Mar.  Where I am but a stranger: from the

dock

You may discern the place.

Per.  Where were you bred?

And how achieved you these endowments, which

You make more rich to owe?

Mar.  If I should tell my history, it would

seem

Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per.  Prithhee, speak: 120

Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou

look'st

Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace

For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe

thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation

To points that seem impossible: for thou look'st

Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?

Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—

Which was when I perceived thee—that thou

camest

From good descending?

Mar.  So indeed I did.

Per.  Report thy parentage. I think thou

said'st
Scene 1.

PERICLES

Thee hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open. Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely. Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gaz'ning on kings' graves, and smiling
Extemity out of act. What were thy friends? 140
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me. Mar. My name is Marina.
Per. O, I am mock'd, and thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me. Per. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease. Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina. Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power, 150
My father, and a king. Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina? Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here. Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
Per. I was born at sea. Mar. At sea! what mother?
Per. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born, 160
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping. Per. What! stop there a little!
Axed] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull
Sleep did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter's buried. Well: where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you. Mar. You scorn: 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: 170
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me:
I'll cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having wo'd
Villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
Crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?
It may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be. Per. Ho, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my lord? Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep? Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her. Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that, 190
She would sit still and weep. Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come
hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep. Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title? Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,
The heir of kingdoms and another like
To Pericles thy father. Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisia?
Thaisia 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? 220
Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you. Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens, bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?
Hel. My lord, I hear none. Per. None! The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?
Scene III. The temple of Diana at Ephesus; Thaisa standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thais. Voice and favour! You are, you are—O royal Pericles! [Faints.]
Per. What means the nun? she dies! help, 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. 29
Cer. Look to the lady; O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to your house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is recovered.

Thais. 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 spake,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thais. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thais. Now I know you better.

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.

[Shows a ring.]

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to Thaisa]
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa:
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.
Tha. Blest, and mine own! I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.
Tha. Twas Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa: this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
Tha. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power:
That can From first to last resolve you.
Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
Crr. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa;
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.
Tha. 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 80
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.
[Exit.]

Enter Gower.

Gov. In Antiochus and his daughter you
have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well desery
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Hadh 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, 100
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
[Exit.]
VENUS AND ADONIS.

‘Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.’

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WROITHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart’s content; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world’s hopeful expectation.

Your honour’s in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Even as the sun with purple-colour’d face
Had ta’en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek’d Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh’d to scorn;
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor ’gins to woo him.

’Thrice-fairer than myself,’ thus she began,
‘The field’s chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;’
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

‘Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I’ll smoother thee with kisses;

‘And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather furnish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer’s day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.’

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth’s sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser’s rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,

Who blush’d and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to joy;
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 stilled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push’d him, as she would be thrust,
And govern’d him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips;
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And ’gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
‘If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.’

He burns with bashful shame: she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks;
He saith she is immodest, blames her ’miss;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff’d or prey be gone;
Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face:
VENUS AND ADONIS.

She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were d'ew'd with such distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes: 70
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ash-y pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
So from his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way. 90

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She batters in water, yet her fire must burn:
'0, pity,'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow
When conquerors 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,
His bateen'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 his arms his field, his tent the bed.

Thus he that overruled I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain: 110
Strong-tempered steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head:

Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again, 120
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 wherein we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted: 130
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-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, 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 narrow 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 dishervell'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. 150

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself forsook, 161
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 breethed beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed? 170
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsaken them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eyes did hotly overlook them:
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus' side. 180

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks cries 'Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Ah, me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses maketh thou to be gone?
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun: 190
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

'What am I, that thou shouldst content me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute;
Give me some kiss, I'll give it thee again, 209
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone.
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's 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,
221
And now her sobs do her intenments 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 dale:
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough;
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park; 239
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.'

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple;
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love lived and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
'Fifty,' she cries, 'some favour, some remorse!' Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud, 250
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 reins, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow wound resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was consulted with. 270

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he bears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say 'Lo, thus my strength is tried,
And this I do to captivate the eye.' 281
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say?'
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.
Venus and Adonis

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion’d steed,
His art with nature’s workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof’d, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off and there he stakes;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whether he run or fly they know not whether:
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather’d wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Sipurs at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He veils his tail that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback’d breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her he goes, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strife to over-fly them.

All sworn 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 trouble wrong
When it is barr’d the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp’d, or river stay’d,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage;
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love’s fire doth assuage:
But when the heart’s attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!

To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash’d forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heave up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand’s print,
As apt as new-fall’n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing:
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them:
Her eyes woo’d still, his eyes disdain’d the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With teas’d, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison’d in a gall of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show’d like two silver doves that sit a-billing,

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
‘O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou were as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body’s bane would cure thee.’

‘Give me my hand,’ saith he, ‘why dost thou feel it?’
‘Give me my heart,’ saith she, ‘and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel’d, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love’s deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis’ heart hath made mine hard.’

‘For shame,’ he cries, ‘let go, and let me go;
My day’s delight is past, my horse is gone,
And tis your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone:
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.’

Thus she replies: ‘Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool’d;
Else, suffer’d, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none:
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

‘How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master’d with a leather 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 gluton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?’
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee;
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again,'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it.'
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinished
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young
Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery:
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'last thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.'

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much:
For from the stillyre of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfumed that breethed love by smelling.

'But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield:
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woes 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 stainteth,
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 amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,

Which cunning love did wittily prevent;
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she was slain,
Till his breath breathed life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness mad'd:
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth;
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye:
Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;

But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I? quoth she, 'in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire,
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me! kill me once again;
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson livres wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set 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? 520
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck’d is sour to taste.

'Look, the world’s comforter, with weary gait,
His day’s hot task hath ended in the west: 530
The owl, night’s herald, shrieks, ’Tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven’s light
Do summon us to part and bid good night.

'Now let me say ’Good night,’’ and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
'Good night,’ quoth she, and, ere he says ’Adieu,’
The honey 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 insulter willeth: 550
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 tamed with too much handling, 560
Or as the fleet-foot roe that’s tired with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still’d with dangling;
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 commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woss best when most his choice is froward. 570

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 resolved no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart, 580
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, 591
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws;
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus is her annoy,
To clip Elysium and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mischaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay’d as much as may be proved;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She’s Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
’Fie, fie,’ he says, ’you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.’

’Thou hadst been gone,’ quoth she, ’sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told’st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advised! thou know’st not what it is
With Javelin’s point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheathed 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; 620
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret:
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tusks say.

* 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 irreful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brames and embracing bushes,
Are fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

*Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine, 631
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 boding heartbeats, 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; 650
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, discriminant 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: 660

*And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

*But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

*And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles
How he outruns the wind and with what care 681
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musets through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell.
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer;
Danger devousht shifts; wit waits on fear: 690

*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,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

*Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

*Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise: 710
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Untill thyself 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. 720

*But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dion cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

*Now of this dark night I perceive the reason;
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason, 739
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she framed thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities.

And pure perfection with impure defecture,
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzy's wood.
The narrow-eating sickness, whose attendant
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:
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swelling 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 thyselfst 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-cancerling rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets:

Nay, then, quoth Adon, 'twill fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme.
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream:
For, by this black-faced night, desire's soul 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 now, 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 bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no: my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embraces unto every stranger.

You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame:
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun:
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a 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.' 610

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace,
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark ould runs's pace;
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 amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans:
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
'Amy! she cries, and twenty times 'Woe, woe!'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them begins a wailing note
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty:
How love makes young men thrall and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
Their copious stories oftentimes begun
End without audience and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal
But idle sounds resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call, 850
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, 860
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.'

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 coaeth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay:
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart; 890
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numb each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstacy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:
899

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 muturer.

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.
910
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kenne'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff 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; 920
Another and another answer him.
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
When men with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath
And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,—thus chides she Death,—
Grirm-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
When he who lived, his beauty and set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead.—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it:—
O yes, it may: thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit. 940
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then had he spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provokest such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee? 950
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 dropt;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silvery rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well;
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being pris'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 slutish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous;
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unkindly,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to naught;
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She eleps 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
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe:
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
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 twain his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grievances.'

Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;

Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again:
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head.

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of their troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes:

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus nooth
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes aremad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

VENUS AND ADONIS.
Venus and Adonis.

Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty rob'd of his effect:
'Tis worth the viewing, that's worthy the viewing,
Whose tongue is music? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear:
The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth kiss you:
But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:
And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him:
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kiss'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his: the more am I accurst.'

'With this, she fellath in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.
She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;
Two thousand times, and now no more reflect:

Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty rob'd of his effect:
'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy:
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It hath wait on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his wo.

'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 dum and teach the fool to speak.

'Shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The starving ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'Shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'Shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is rest from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow 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.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY Wriothesly,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' 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 stealth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning spedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,—
The niggard prodigal that praised her so,—
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong, 80
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 earthily saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest, 90
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plights of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save some too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks
Nor read the subtle-shining secrets
Written in the glassy margins of such books:
She touch'd with unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No 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 vaulcy prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leadsen slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,
That wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to ab-

Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death sup-
posed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
For what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and unlose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich
gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;
 Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth
 cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hiftul days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and
still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm:
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falcon on a flint he softly smiteh,
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 enforced this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise

His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine: 191
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.

'Yes, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote:
That my posterity, shamed with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been, 210

'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? 220
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blurt to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

'O, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints
shake,
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly; 230
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:
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love; but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe,'
...within his thought those heavens collate; in his eye which looks on her, his soul is livid. 

And there are those who dare to view it as the heart. 

Urging on, until poor mad Lucrece is taken to the worst part. 

And so it happens, as through the best and purest locks, he is driven by desire. 

The Roman lord marches to Lucrece's bed. 

Then love is not, but hate and woe. 

In the midst of the unwise prayer, 

And the dove绶内科are not together, 

Love and peace be my gods, my guide! 

Covers the shame that follows sweet delight. 

So, so, quoth he, these last words to the time, 

Like little notes that some sweet sound 

By means of the sweetest and purest lock. 

The men in the halls, in her ear, 

The cook with the latest order, 

From her heart's deep, deep spring.
LUCRECIA.

But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame sup-
posed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves en-
closed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill; 380
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lady hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hils her head entombed is: 390
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their
light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her
breath; 400
O modest wantons! wanton modestly!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of modest worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured. 410
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly tasted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admired

Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by 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 delighting, 430
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 desitute and pale. 440

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear government and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and con-
troll'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 worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, headely doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries; 460
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart—poor citizen!—distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin 470
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale: 430
Under that colour am I come to see
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred. 490

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting:
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will be deaf and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dothes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies:
So under his insulging falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells 570
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

'Lucretia,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unactued;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockpit's dead-killing eye 540
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,
Heads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gest doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their bid-ing,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but 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 grangeth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with rain-ing. 560

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place;
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love, 570
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thou shoot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow 580
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 weakening; 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 moved 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 true respect will prison false 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 not on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage,
What darest thou not when once thou art a king?
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wiped away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed will make thee only loved for fear; 610
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou performst must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove
If but for fear of this, thy will will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And makest fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will;
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou 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 wrap-p'd in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash reliever:
I sue for exiled 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 eye,
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.'

'Have done,' quothe he: 'my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.

Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

'Thou art,' quothe she, 'a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—
'No more,' quothe he; 'by heaven, I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies;
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries:
Till with her own white fleece her voice contr'voll
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
Till like a jade Self-will himself doth tire.
And then with lank and lean discoulour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek, 710
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Doth fight with Grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faithful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares, 720
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:
Which in her presence she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a weared lamb lies panting there;
He scowls and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear; 740
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night:
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless castaway;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day.

'For day,' quoth she, 'night's escapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practised how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.'

'They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my checks what helpless shame I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind. 761

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 despair!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my curseless 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 damp ravish the morning air;
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-side tide;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smokey 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 detain;
Her twinkling handmaidens too, by him defiled,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again;
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woes 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
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

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'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: 827
If that be made a theme for disputation, The branches of another root are rotted, And undeserved reproach to him allotted That is as clear from this attaint of mine As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace! O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar! Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinius' face, And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar, 830
How he in peace is wounded, not in war. Alas, how many bear such shameful blows, Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me, From me by strong assault it is bereft. My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee, Have no perfection of my summer left, But rob'd and ransack'd by injurious theft: In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept, And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

'Yet an I guilty of thy honour's wrack; 841
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him; Coming from thee, I could not put him back, For it had been dishonour to disdain him: Besides, of weariness he did complain him, And talk'd of virtue: O unlock'd for evil, When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud? Or hateful cuckoo hatch in sparrow's nests? Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud? 850
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 coopers-up his gold Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits; And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold, But like still-pining Tantalus he sitts, And useless burns the harvest of his wits; Having no other pleasure of his gain 860
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 ours Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring; Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers; 870
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing; What virtue breeds iniquity devours: Who 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! 879
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason:

Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get; 880
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spur'st at right, at law, at reason; And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him, Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

'Thou makest the vestal violate her oath; Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd; Thou smoother'st honesty, thou murder'st truth; Thou foul abetter! thou notorious bawd! Thou plantest scandal and displaceth laud: Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief, Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame, 890
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 supplicant's friend, And bring him where his suit may be obtained? 900
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end? Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd? Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd; The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps; The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds; Justice is feasting while the widow weeps; Advice is sporting while infection breeds: Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds: Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages, Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

'When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee, A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid: They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee, He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid As well to hear as grant what he hath said. My Collatine would else have come to me When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft, Guilty of perjury and subornation, Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift, Guilty of incest, that abomination; An accessory by thine inclination To all sins past, and all that are to come, From the creation to the general doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night, Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care, Eater of youth, false slave to false delight, Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare; Thou nurset all and murder'st all that are: O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time! 950
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant, Opportunity, Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to repose, Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchain'd me To endless date of never-ending woes? Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light, 940
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To make the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs, 950
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

'To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends? 961
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright; 971
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,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness. 980

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdain'd scraps to give.

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
For who so base would such an office have As slanderous deathman to so base a slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away; 1010
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 unseen where soe'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: 1020
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 confirmd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame; 1031
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou livest in my shame:
Since thou couldst 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,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no slaughterhouse no tool impurteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath; 1040
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanishest
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life,
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:
So am I now: O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin riled me. 1050

'O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guilty casket where it lay!

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more:
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-flow.

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;
Distresse likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishewell'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 diapsom bear;
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descanst 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.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed, and death reproach's debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Lucrèce.

Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty 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, 1170
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly enraged with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath, 1181
Which by him taint'd shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonour'd.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead;
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shamefull scorn;
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost, 1191
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenged mayst be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgement of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take; 1200
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disburst be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Fear not, fear heart, but stoutly say "So be it;"
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untuned tongue she horridly calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies,
Poor Lucrèce cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter maids 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, 1221
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 moisten'd like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops gun wet
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky, 1230

Who in a salt-wave 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 lustily 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, 1240
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a kindly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep: 1250

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 hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrèce view, 1261
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrèce speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining? 1271
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went — and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan — 'Tarquin from hence!' 1280
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,
The more to blame my sluggishard negligence;
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense:
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.
The homely villain court'sies to her low;
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Paw'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wisely on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish'd,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy:
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reck'd, to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrimed with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interfaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble;
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold?
Of what she was no semblance did remain;
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed.
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the belam'd woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong.
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long:
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.'

'Show me the trumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heart of lust, fond Paris, did so
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many more?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be free 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 Heclor faints, here Troilus swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the 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 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 wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so.
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so enconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skil'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Simon, whose enchanting story 1522
The cedrus old Priam after slew;
Whose words like wildfire burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilium, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Simon's was abused;
So fair a form lodgeth not a mind so ill: 1530
And still on him she gazed; and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile!"—
She would have said "can lurk in such a look;"
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue "can lurk" from 'cannot' took:
"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:"

"For even as subtle Simon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguiled
With outward honesty, but yet defiled
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Simon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise? 1550
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleed:"
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 Simon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold;
So Priam's trust false Simon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enraged, such passion her assailst,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Simon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er:
"Fool, fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be 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 overspill'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It caseth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company:
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black:
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares: 1591
Her eyes, though sad in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attired in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is a 'ta'en prisoner by the foe:
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me 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:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay:
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined:
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,  
And softly cried "Awake, thou Roman dame,  
And entertain my love; else lasting shame  
On thee and thine this night I will inflict, 1630  
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"'For some hard-favour'd gnom of thine," quoth he,  
"Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slay thee  
And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill  
The lechers in their deed: this act will be  
My fame and thy perpetual infamy."

'With this, I did begin to start and cry;  
And then against my heart he sets his sword, 1640  
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,  
I should not live to speak another word;  
So should my shame still rest upon record,  
And never be forgot in mighty Rome  
'Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her gnom."

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
And far the weaker with so strong a fear!  
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;  
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:  
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear 1650  
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes:  
And when the judge is robb'd the prisoner dies.

'O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!  
Or at the least this refuge let me find;  
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,  
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;  
That was not forced; that never was inclined  
To accessory yeldings, but still pure  
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss, 1660  
With head declined, 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 forced him on so fast; 1670  
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:  
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,  
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,  
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:  
'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.  
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh  
More feeling-painful: let it then suffice 1679  
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, 1690  
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, 1699  
The protestation stops. 'O, speak,' quoth she,  
'How may this forced stain be wiped from me?'

'What is the quality of mine offence,  
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?  
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
My low-declined love's sparing honour to advance?  
May any terms acquit me from this chance?  
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;  
And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say,  
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears: 1710  
While with a joyless smile she turns away  
The face, that map which deep impression bears  
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.  
'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame, hereafter living,  
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says,  
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak;  
Till after many accents and delays,  
Untimely breathings, sick and short essays, 1720  
She utter's this, 'He, he, fair lords,' 'tis he,  
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathe:  
That blow did bal' it from the deep unrest  
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:  
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd  
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly  
Life's last'ing date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed, 1730  
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;  
'Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,  
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;  
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,  
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
Circles her body in on every side,  
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood 1740  
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,  
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin  
stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,  
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:  
And ever since, as pitting Lucrece' woes,  
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;  
And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
Blushing at that pride which is so putrid.  

'Yet,' said the child, 'my father's image lies,  
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?  
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.  
If children pre-decease progenitors,  
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;  
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,  
Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn:  
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,  
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,  
That I no more can see what once I was!

'O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,  
If they surcease to be that should survive.  
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger  
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?  
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:  
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see  
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!'  

BRUTUS.

LUCRECE.

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,  
And bids Lucrece give his sorrow place;  
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream  
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
And counterfeit's to die with her a space;  
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath  
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;  
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,  
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
Beginning to talk; but through his lips do throng  
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,  
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,  
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.  
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;  
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:  
Then son and father weep with equal strife  
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
The father says 'She's mine.'  
'O, mine she is,'  
Replies her husband: 'do not take away  
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say  
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'  

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life  
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'  
'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife,  
I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.'  
'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamours fill'd  
The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,  
Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my wife,'  
Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.  
He with the Romans was esteemed so  
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,  
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,  
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;  
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,  
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.  
'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise:  
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,  
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.  

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?  
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?  
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow  
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?  
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:  
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.  

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart  
In such relenting dew of lamentations;  
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part,  
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations;  
That they will suffer these abominations,  
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,  
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,  
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,  
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,  
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,  
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd  
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,  
We will revenge the death of this true wife,'  

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;  
And to his protestation urged the rest,  
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:  
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow:  
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,  
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence:  
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence;  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.
SONNETS.

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF THESE INSUING SONNETS
MR. W. H. ALL HAPPINESSE
AND THAT ETERNITIE
PROMISED BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET
WISHETH THE WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER IN SETTING FORTH T. T.

I.
From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buried thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery 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 couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving thy beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.
Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unblest some mother.
For where is he so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdares the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see
Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.
Unthriftiness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest nothing but doth lend,
And being frank she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of suns, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th'o' executor to be.

V.
Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'erthrown and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisonry in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was;
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.


SONNETS.

VI.
Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some rial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, till it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refuged thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

VII.
Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up its burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having clim'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why loveth thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy mother
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

IX.
Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife; The world will be thy widow and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shirts 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 com- mits.

X.
For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprov'dient.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lov'est is most evident:
For thou art so posses'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.
As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;
Without this, folly, age and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh featureless and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish;
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII.
When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.
O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unufrits! Dear my love, you know
You had a father: let your son say so.
SONNETS.

XIV.
Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dears, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortunate to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And constant stars, in them I read such art
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.
When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence commote;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engrat you new.

XVI.
But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens yet unset
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.

XVII.
Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say 'This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
So should my papers yellow'd with their age
Be scor'd like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice; in it and in my rhyme.

XVIII.
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

XIX.
Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck up the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whatsoever thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime;
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.
A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all 'hues' in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for 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 couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondere hem.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII.
My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou art 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 seenly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage
Who with his fear is put beside 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'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be but 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 pictured lies;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art;
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foill'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 beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee 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 mayst prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work expires:
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see;
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in glistening night,
Makes blackness beautify and her old face new.
Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
And night's oppression is not eased 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 strength seem stronger.

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself most despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep a fresh 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 restored and sorrows end.

xxx.
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 removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

xxxii.
If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

xxxiii.
Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;-
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdained;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun
Staineth.

xxxiv.
Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'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 grieved at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver foundations;
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 commences;
Such civil war is in my love and hate
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet theft which sourly robs from me.

xxxvi.
Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blasts that do with me remain
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

xxxvii.
As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crown'd sit,
I make my love 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 wish I have; then ten times happy me!

xxxviii.
How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.
O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And is it thine when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not 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 hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Libevious 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 betits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.
That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye;
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross;
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIIL.
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 wouldst thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV.
If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then despite of space I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
And nimble thought can jump both sea and land
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah! I thought kills me that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought
I must attend time's leisure with my moan,
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.
The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again and straight grow sad.

XLVI.
Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—
A closet never piercèd with crystal eyes—
But the defendant doth that plea deny
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impaneled
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 thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.
Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
### XLVII.

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 present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

### XLIX.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under trust to bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay.

From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.

Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thiefish for a prize so dear.

### 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 sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—
Against that time do I 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 allege no cause.

### LII.

Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged speed no motion shall I know;
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

### LIII.

Is.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-looked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.

Therefore are feats 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 best,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

### LIV.

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 poison 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.

### LV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds disclose:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

### LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmeard 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.
SONNETS.

'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 judgement that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.
Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view:
Else call it winter, which being full of care
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
more rare.

LVII.
Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, 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 suffrance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so he hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.
If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second 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;
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wis of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.
Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumber 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 whilst thou dost wake elsewhere;
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.
Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart,
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beautied and chopp'd with tanned antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.
Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed  
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'er-sways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?  
O fearful meditation! where, alack,  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?  
O, none, unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill:  
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,  
And with his presence grace impiety,  
That sin by him advantage should achieve  
And lace itself with his society?  
Why should false painting imitate his cheek  
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?  
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?  
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,  
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?  
For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
And, proud of many, live upon his gains.  
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had  
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,  
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,  
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,  
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;  
Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head;  
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:  
In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
Without all ornament, itself and true,  
Making no summer of another's green,  
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;  
And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;  
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,  
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.  
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 farther than the eye hath shown.  
They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds:  
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes  
were kind,  
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:  
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
The solve is this, that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,  
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;  
The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
Thy worth the greater, being wool'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 entwined;  
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,  
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst  
owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.  
Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it; for I love you so  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse  
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love even with my life decay,  
Lest the wise world should look into your moan  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite  
What merit lived in me, that you should love
SONNETS.

After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you 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 shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin’d choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou 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 glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consumed with that which it was nourish’d by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love
more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIII.

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.
And thou shalt find them, which 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:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch’s knife,
Too base of thee to be remember’d.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXIV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season’d showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such store
As ‘twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
Now proud as an enjoyer and anon
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;
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or glutoning on all, or all away.

LXXV.

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 mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial’s shady stealth mayst know
Time’s thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory can not contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver’d from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poetry disperse.
Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly
Have added feathers to the learned’s wing
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee:
In others’ works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced 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 willingly appear.
SONNETS.

Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreak'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.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you 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 to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse
And therefore mayst without attain't o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wilt truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

I never saw that you did painting need
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt;
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself being extant well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed,
I think good thoughts whilst other write good words,
And like unletter'd clerk still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say 'Tis so, 'tis true,
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,
Above the mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compers by night,
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence,
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate;
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again; on better judgement making;
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attained,
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
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 myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.
Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scape this sorrow,
Come not in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpose overthrown.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might,
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.
Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away and me most wretched make.

XCII.
But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine,
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me with inconsistent mind,
Since that my life on thy revolv 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 mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCVIII.
So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem fair, 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 wrinkled strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCV.
They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCVI.
How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot disgrace but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege,
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVII.
Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a crowned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
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.

XCVIII.
How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
### SONNETS.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Sonnet</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>XCVIII.</td>
<td>What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen! What old December's bareness every where! And yet this time removed was summer's time, The seeming autumn, big with rich increase, Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime, Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease; Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit; For summer and his pleasures wait on thee, And, thou away, the very birds are mute; Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.</td>
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<tr>
<td>XCVIII.</td>
<td>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 leap'd with him. Yet nor the lyes 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:</td>
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<tr>
<td>C.</td>
<td>The forward violet thus did I chide: Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet That smells, If not from my love's breath? The purple pride Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed. The lily I condemned for thy hand, And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair: The roses fearfully on thorns did stand, One blushing shame, another white despair; A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath; But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth A vengeful canker eat him up to death. More flowers I noted, yet I none could see But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C.</td>
<td>Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long To speak of that which gives thee all thy might? Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song, Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light? Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem In gentle numbers time so idly spent; Sing to the ear that doth thy lay esteem And gives thy pen both skill and argument. Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey, If Time have any wrinkle graven there; If any, be a satire to decay, And make Time's spoils despised everywhere. Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life; So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.</td>
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<tr>
<td>CI.</td>
<td>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't lies in thee To make him much outlive a gilded tomb, And to be praised of ages yet to be. Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how To make him seem long hence as he shows now.</td>
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<tr>
<td>CII.</td>
<td>My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming; I love not less, though less the show appear; That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming The owner's tongue doth publish every where. Our love was new and then but in the spring When I was wont to greet it with my lays, As Philemon 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's every bough And sweets grown common lose their dear delight. Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue, Because I would not dull you with my song.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CIV.</td>
<td>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.</td>
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<tr>
<td>CIV.</td>
<td>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 summer's pride. Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd In process of the seasons have I seen, Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd, Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green. Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand, Steal from his figure and no pace perceived; So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand, Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived: For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbrid: Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.</td>
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<tr>
<td>CV.</td>
<td>Let not my love be call'd idolatry, Nor my beloved as an idol show, Since all alike my songs and praises be To one, of one, still such, and ever so.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;

Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.

'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.

'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CIV.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefurging;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.

The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Uncertainties now crown themselves assured
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.

Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:

And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may characterize
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love or thy dear merit?

Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I 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 ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,

Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.

Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;

For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new:

Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenchings gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.

Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;

Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.

Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth 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 shame 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 are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;

For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,  
The most sweet favour or deformed st creature,  
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:  
Incaptive of more, replete with you,  
My most true mind thus makes mine eye untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with  
you,  
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?  
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,  
And that your love taught it this alchemy,  
To make of monsters and things indigent  
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
Creating every bad a perfect best,  
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,  
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:  
Mine eye well knows what with his gout is 'greeing,  
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:  
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin  
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,  
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:  
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why  
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents  
Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of kings,  
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharpest intents,  
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;  
Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,  
Might I not ther say 'Now I love you best,'  
When I was certain o'er certainty,  
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 sike's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all  
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,  
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
Whereeto all bonds do tie me day by day;  
That I have frequent been with unknown minds  
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;  
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.

Book both my 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- 
ness,  
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding  
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness  
To be diseased ere that there was true needing.  
Thus policy in love, to anticipate  
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured  
And brought to medicine a healthful state  
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured;  
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,  
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,  
Still losing when I saw myself to win!  
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!  
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted  
In the distraction of this madding fever!  
O benefit of ill! now I find true  
That better is by evil still made better;  
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
So I return rebuked to my content  
And gain by ill 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 remember'd  
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,  
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd  
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!  
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;  
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,  
When not to be receives reproach of being,  
And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd  
Not by our feeling but by others' seeing:  
For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
Which in their wills comit bad what I think good?  
No, I am that I am, and they that level  
At my abuses reckon up their own:
SONNETS.

I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain
Beyond all date, even to eternity;
Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist:
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow and this shall ever be;
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereeto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruin?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrifters, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slanderous creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry condur that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despisèd straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.

66—2
SONNETS.

All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But the true rose never did fancy bear;
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 judgement's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseech thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gait:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me
Under that bond that he as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him 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 or twice safe 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, full.
'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest 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,
Whereunto the judgement of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
SONNETS.

That she might think me some untutor'd youth, 
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties, 
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young, 
Although she knows my days are past the best, 
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:  
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd. 
But wherefore says she not she is unjust? 
And wherefore say not I that I am old? 
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust, 
And age in love loves not to have years told: 
Therefore I lie with her and she with me, 
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXIX. 
O, call not me to justify the wrong 
That th'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 lovest elsewhere, but in my sight, 
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside: 
What need'st thou wound with cunning when 
thy might 
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide? 
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows 
Her pretty looks have been 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.

CXXX. 
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 belied, 
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXXXI. 
In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes, 
For they in thee a thousand errors note; 
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise, 
Who in despite of view is pleased to see; 
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 
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee, 
Who leaves unsaw'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.

CXXXII. 
Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate, 
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving: 
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state, 
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving; 
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine, 
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments 
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine, 
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents. 
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those 
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee: 
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows 
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be. 
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide, 
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLIII. 
Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch 
One of her feather'd creatures broke away, 
Sets down her babe and makes all 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 prizes her poor infant's discontent; 
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee, 
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind; 
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me, 
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind: 
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will,' 
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV. 
Two loves I have of comfort and despair, 
Which like two spirits do suggest me still: 
The better angel is a man right fair, 
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill. 
To win me soon to hell, my female evil 
Tempeth 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.

CXLV. 
Those lips that Love's own hand did make 
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate' 
To me that languish'd for her sake; 
But when she saw my woeful state, 
Straight in her heart did mercy come, 
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet 
Was used in giving gentle doom, 
And taught it thus anew to greet; 
'I hate' she alter'd with an end, 
That follow'd it as gentle day 
Doth follow night, who like a fiend 
From heaven to hell is flown away; 
'I hate' from hate away she threw, 
And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

CXLVI. 
Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth, 
...... these rebel powers that thee array, 
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth, 
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay? 
Why so large cost, having so short a lease, 
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend? 
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess, 
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
SONNETS.

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.

CXVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please,
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen’s are,
At random from the truth vainly express’d;
For I have sworne thee fair and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgement fled,
That censureth falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love’s eye is not so true as all men’s ‘No,’
How can it? O, how can Love’s eye be true,
That is so vex’d with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep’st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forget
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 lovest, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?

O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldest not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved 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 reason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no further reason;
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her ‘love’ for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know’st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths’ breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur’d most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee
And all my honest faith in thee is lost,
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjur’d I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian’s this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow’d from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against my maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress’ eye Love’s brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper’d guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire—my mistress’ eyes.

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow’d chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm’d;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm’d.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love’s fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased; but I, my mistress’ thrall,
Came there for cure, and there by that I prove,
Love’s fire heats water, water cools not love.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-warded
A pleasant story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;
Ere long 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: 11
Time had not scythed all that youth begun;
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laudering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometimes diverted their poor balls are tied
To the orbed 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 sheaves hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did ride,
And true to bondage would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty full
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With slain silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried 'O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!'

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh—
Sometimes a blusterer, that the ruffle knew—
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew—
Towards this afflicted fancy 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 promised in the charity of age.

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgement I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself and to no love beside.

'But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged and newly defiled.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind'
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will apply find;
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sown.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix down began but to appear
Like unsorn velvet on that terrorskin
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, untruly though they be,
His rudeness so with his authorized youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
A Lover's Complaint.

Proud of subject, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what cause,
Stop he makes!" And controversy hence a question takes, 110 Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

"But quickly on this side the verdûc went; His real habitude gave life and grace To appertainings and to ornament, Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case: All aids, themselves made fairer by their place, Came for additions; yet their purposed trim Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue, All kind of arguments and question deep, All replication prompt, and reason strong, For his advantage still did wake and sleep: To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep, He had the dialect and different skill, Catching all passions in his craft of will:

"That he did in the general bosom reign Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted, To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain In personal duty, following where he haunted: 130 Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted; And dialogue'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 th' imagination set The goodly objects, which abroad they find Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd: And laboured in moc pleasures to bestow them Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them: 140

"So many have, that never touch'd his hand, Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart. My woeful self, that did in freedom stand, And was my own fee-simle, not in part, What with his art in youth, and youth in art, Threw my affections in his charmed power, Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did, Demand of him, nor being desired yielded; Finding myself in honour so forbid, With safest distance I mine honour shielded: Experience for me many bulwalks builded Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

"But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent The destined ill she must herself assay? Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content, To put the by-past perils in her way? Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay; For when we rage, advice is often seen 160 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 judgement 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 untruer," And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling; 170 Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew, Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling; Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling; Thought characters and words merely but art, And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

"And long upon these terms I held my city, Till thus he gan besiege me: "Gentle maid, Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity, And be not of my holy vows afraid: That's to ye sworn to none was ever said; 180 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 futre 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, 190 Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd, Or my affection put to the smallest teen, Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd: Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd; Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free, And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me, Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood; Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me Of grief and blushes, aptly understood In bloodless white and the encrin'd mood; Effects of terror and dear modesty, Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly. 200

"And, lo, behold these talents of their hair, With twisted metal amorously impleach'd, I have received from many a several fair, Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd, With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd, And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality. 210

"The diamond,—why, 'twas beautiful and hard, Whereeto his invised properties did tend; The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend; The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend With objects manifold: each several stone, With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some moan.

"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot, Of pensived and subdued desires the tender, Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not, 220 But yield them up where I myself must render, That is, to you, my origin and ender;
A LOVER’S COMPLAINT.

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
distinct passions in combined sums.

"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

"But, O my sweet, what labour is’t to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves? She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle ’scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

"O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion’s eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
And now, to temp, all liberty procured.

"How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among;
I strong o’er them, and you o’er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to plysice your cold breast.

"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else 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 pangs it bears,
The ales of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And suppliant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make ‘gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my 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 fount
With brinish current downward flow’d apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glaz’d with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extinture hath.

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daft’d,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison’d me, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plenteous of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either’s aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:

"That not a heart which in his level came
Could ’scape the hail of his all-hurtii, aim.
Showing 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 praised cold chastity.

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover’d;
That th’ unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which like a cherubin above them hover’d.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover’d?
Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek do glow’d,
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow’d,
O, all that borrow’d motion seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray’d,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!”
The Passionate Pilgrim.

I.
When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although I know my years be past the best,  
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,  
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.  
But wherefore says my love that she is young?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,  
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.  
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,  
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

II.
Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,  
That like two spirits do suggest me still;  
My better angel is a man right fair,  
My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side;  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her false pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:  
For being both to me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell;  
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III.
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
A woman I foreswore; but I will prove,  
Thou being a goddess, I foreswore not thee:  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace being gain'dcures all disgrace in me.  
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;  
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,  
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is;  
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.  
If by me broken, what fool is not so wise  
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV.
Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook  
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,  
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.  
She told him stories to delight his ear;  
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;  
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there,—  
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.  
But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,  
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:  
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:  
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

V.
If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?  
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:  
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove:  
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.  
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes  
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend  
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice:  
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:  
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder:  
Which 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.
Scarse had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
And scarce the hedges 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 used to cool his spleen:  
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look  
For his approach, that often there had been.  
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:  
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,  
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.  
He, spying her, bounced 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 joined,  
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!  
How many tales to please me hath she coined,  
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 framed the love, and yet she foil'd the fram-
ing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning. 100
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 lovest the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence. 120
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly d'vird
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,

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

[xvi.]
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 practive either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsels!
But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
Alas, she could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away:
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XVII.
On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,
"Air," quoth he, "th' 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 love would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for love,
Turning mortal for thy love;

[xviii.]
My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:

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.

Love's denying,
Faith's denying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss:
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding,
Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none.
When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike, 300
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy partial might:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwise.

And when thou comest thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt;—
But plainly say thou lovest her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night:
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and 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,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman’s say doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age doth them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough, too much, I fear;
Lest that my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to round me i’ the ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long;
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray’d.

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider’d all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE’S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd’s tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish mean,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean’d her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefulst ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
’Tis, fie, fie, fie,’ now would she cry;
’Tereu, tereu!’ by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou morn’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.
Wist as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind:
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast herewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
‘Pity but he were a king.’

[xx.]
THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE.

If he be addihto vice, He that is thy friend indeed, Quickly him they will entice; He will help thee in thy need; If to women he be bent, If thou sorrow, he will weep; They have at commandement: If thou wake, he cannot sleep; But if Fortune once do frown, Thus of every grief in heart Then farewell his great renown; He with thee doth bear a part. They that fawn'd on him before These are certain signs to know Use his company no more. Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE.

Let the bird of loudest lay, Property was thus appalled, On the sole Arabian tree, That the self was not the same; Herald sad and trumpet be, Single nature's double name To whose sound chaste wings obey. Neither two nor one was called

But thou shrieking harbinger, Reason, in itself confounded, Foul precurrer of the fiend, Saw division grow together, Augur of the fever's end, To themselves yet either neither, To this troop come thou not near! Simple were so well compounded,

From this session interdict That it cried, How true a twain Every fowl of tyrant wing, Saw division grow together, Save the eagle, feather'd king: To themselves yet either neither, Keep the obsequy so strict. Simple were so well compounded,

Let the priest in surplice white, That defunctive music can, Be the death-divining swan, Lest the requiem lack his right. That which hath reason, reason none, And thou treble-dated crow, If what parts can so remain. That thy sable gend'rs makest Whereupon it made this threnos With the breath thou givest and takest, To the phoenix and the dove, 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go. Co-supremes and stars of love, Here the anthem doth commence: As chorus to their tragic scene.

Here the anthem doth commence: Beauty, truth, and rarity, Love and constancy is dead; Grace in all simplicity, Phœnix and the turtle fled Here enclosed in cinders lies. In a mutual flame from hence. Death is now the phoenix' nest; So they loved, as love in twain And the turtle's loyal breast Had the essence but in one; To eternity doth rest, Two distincts, division none; Leaving no posterity: Number there in love was slain. 'Twas not their infirmity, Hearts remote, yet not asunder; It was married chastity. Distance, and no space was seen leaving no posterity: 'Twixt the turtle and his queen: To this urn let those repair But in them it were a wonder. So between them love did shine, That the turtle saw his right To this urn let those repair Flaming in the phoenix' sight; Beauty brag, but 'tis not she; Either was the other's mine. Truth and beauty buried be. For these dead birds sigh a prayer.
GLOSSARY TO SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

Anchor, sb. an anchorite, hermit. Ham. iii. 2.
Ancient, sb. an ensign-bearer. 1 H. IV. iv. 2.
Angel, sb. a coin, so called because it bore the image of an angel. Merry Wives, i. 3.
Aught, adv. by night. As you like it, iii. 4.
Answer, sb. retaliation. Cym. v. 3.
Anthropophagian, sb. a cannibal. Merry Wives, iv. 5.
Antick, sb. the fool in the old plays. R. II. iii. 2.
Antre, sb. a cave. Oth. i. 3.
Apparent, sb. heir-apparent. Wint. Tale, i. 2.
Appeal, sb. accusation. M. for M. v. 1.
Appeal, v. t. to accuse. R. II. i. 1.
Appeared, a. p. made apparent. Cor. iv. 3.
Apple-John, sb. a kind of apple. 1 Hen. IV. iii. 3.
Appointment, sb. preparation. M. for M. iii. 1.
Apprehension, sb. opinion. Much Ado. iii. 4.
Apprehensive, adj. apt to apprehend or understand. J. C. iii. 3.
Approval, sb. probation. Cym. i. 5.
Approve, sb. approbation, proof. All's Well, ii. 2; Temp. iii. 5.
Approve, v. t. to prove. R. II. i. 3. To justify, make good. Lear, ii. 4.
Approver, sb. one who proves or tries. Cym. ii. 4.
Arch, sb. chief. Lear, ii. 7.
Argal, a ridiculous word intended for the Latin ergo. Ham. v. 1.
Argentine, adj. silver. Per. v. 2.
Argier, sb. Algiers. Temp. i. 2.
Argosy, sb. originally a vessel of Ragusa or Ragosa, a Ragosine; hence any ship of burden. M. of V. i. 1.
Argument, sb. subject. Much Ado. ii. 3.
Armiger, a mistake for Armiger, the Latin for Esquire. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Arowint, v. t. found only in the imperat. mood, get thee gone. Mac. i. 3; Lear, iii. 4.
A-row, adv. in a row. Com. of E. v. 7.
Articulate, v. t. to enter into articles of agreement. Cor. i. 9. v. t. to exhibit in articles. 1 H. IV. v. 1.
Ask, v. t. to require. 2 H. IV. i. 2.
Aspeci, sb. regard, looks. A. & C. i. 5.
Aspersio, sb. sprinkling; hence blessing, because before the Reformation benediction was generally accompanied by the sprinkling of holy water. Temp. iii. 3.
Assay, sb. attempt. M. for M. iii. 1.
Assay, v. t. to attempt, test, make proof of. Merry Wives, iii. 2.
Assinego, sb. an ass. T. & Cr. ii. 1.
Assubjugate, v. t. to subjugate. T. & Cr. ii. 3.
Assurance, sb. deed of assurance. Tam. of S. iv. 2.
Assured, a. p. betrothed. Com. of E. iii. 2.
Atom, sb. an atom. As you like it, iii. 2. Used in contempt of a small person. 2 H. IV. v. 4.
Atone, v. t. to put people at one, to reconcile. R. II. i. 1. v. t. to agree. Cor. iv. 6.
Attach, v. t. to seize, lay hold on. Temp. iii. 3.
Com. of E. iv. 1.
Attached, a. p. taken to task, reprehended. Lear, i. 4.
Glossary.
Brach, sb. a hound bitch. Induc. to Tam. of S. Braiid, adj. deceitful. All's Well, iv. 2.
Braid, adj. handsomely, well-dressed. Temp. i. 2.
Brave, sb. boast. John. v. 2.
Bravery, sb. finery. Tam. of S. iv. 3.

Boastfulness. Ham. v. 2.
Brawl, sb. a kind of dance. L's L's L. iii. 1.
Breed-bate, sb. a breeder of debate, a fomenter of quarrels. Merry Wives, i. 4.
Breast, sb. voice. Tw. N. ii. 3.
Breathing, pr. a. exercising. Ham. v. 2.
Breeching, adj. liable to be whipt. Tam. of S. iii. 1.
Breese, sb. the gaffidy. A. & C. iii. 8.
Bribe-buck, sb. a buck given away in presents. Merry Wives, v. 5.
Bring, sb. to attend one on a journey. M. for M. i. 1.
Broch, sb. a bidder, a term of contempt. Tw. N. ii. 5.
Broken, sb. a. having lost some teeth by age. All's Well, ii. 3.
Broken music, the music of stringed instruments. T. & C. x. 1.
Broker, sb. an agent. Two Gent. i. 2.
Brotherhood, sb. trading company. T. & C. i. 3.
Brownist, sb. a sectary, a follower of Brown, the founder of the Independents. Tw. N. iii. 2.
Bruit, sb. noise, report, rumour. 3 H. VI. iv. 7.
Bruit, vb. to noise abroad. Mac. v. 7.
Brinn, sb. rude assault. 2 H. VI. v. 3; Tim. iv. 3.
Buck, sb. suds or lye for washing clothes in. Merry Wives, iii. 3; 2 H. IV. ii. 2.
Buck-basket, sb. the basket in which clothes are carried to the wash. Merry Wives, iii. 5.
Bucking, sb. washing. Merry Wives, iii. 3.
Buck-washing, sb. washing in lye. Merry Wives, iii. 3.
Bug, sb. a bugbear, a specfere. 3 H. VI. v. 2; Cym. v. 3.
Bully-look, sb. a bragging cheater. Merry Wives, i. 3.
Burgonet, sb. a kind of helmet. 2 H. VI. v. 1.
Burst, vb. to break. Ind. to Tam. of S.
Busky, adj. bushy. 1 H. IV. v. 1.
Butt-shaft, sb. a light arrow for shooting at a butt. L's L's L. i. 2.
Buxom, adj. obedient. H. V. iii. 6.
By'rakin, int. by our little Lady: an oath. M. N's Dr. iii. 1.

Caddis, sb. worsted gallon, so called because it resembles the caddis-worm. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
Cade, sb. a cask or barrel. 2 H. IV. iv. 2.
Cage, sb. a prison. Cym. iii. 3.
Cain-coloured, sb. red (applied to hair). Merry Wives, i. 4.
Caitiff, sb. a captive, a slave; hence, a witch. All's Well, iii. 2.
Calculate, vb. to prophesy. J. C. i. 3.
Caliver, sb. a hand-gun. 1 H. IV. iv. 2.
Callet, sb. a trull. Oth. iv. 2.
Calling, sb. appellation. As you Like it, i. 2.
Calum, sb. guilnim. 2 H. IV. iv. 4.
Can, vb. to know, to skillful in. Ham. iv. 7.
Canary, sb. a wine brought from the Canary Islands. Merry Wives, iii. 2.
Candle-wasters, sb. persons who sit up all night to drink. Much Ado, v. 1.

Canakin, sb. a little can. Oth. ii. 3.
Canker, sb. a caterpillar. Two Gent. i. 1. The dog-rose. Much Ado, i. 3.
Cansticke, sb. a candlestick. 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1.
Cangle, sb. a slice, corner. 1 H. IV. iii. 1.
Cantone, sb. a canto. Tw. N. i. 5.
Canvas, vb. to sift; hence, metaphorically, to prove. 2 H. IV. ii. 4.

Capable, adj. subject to. John. iii. 3. Intelligent. T. & C. iii. 3.
Capable of inheriting. Lear, ii. 1. Ample, capacious. Oth. iii. 3.
Capitulate, vb. make head. 1 H. IV. iv. 2.
Capocchia, sb. a simpleton. T. & C. iv. 2.
Capriccio, sb. [Italian] caprice. All's Well, ii. 3.
Capricious, adj. lascivious. As you Like it, iii. 3.
Captive, adj. capacious. All's Well, i. 3.
Carack, sb. a large ship of burden. Com. of E. ii. 2.
Carbonado, sb. meat scotched for broiling. 1 H. IV. v. 2.
Carbonado, vb. to scotch for broiling. Lear, ii. 2.
Card, sb. the paper on which the points of the compass are marked under the mariner's needle. Ham. v. 1.
Carire, sb. the curvetting of a horse. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Carkanet, sb. a necklace. Com. of E. iii. 1.
Carl, sb. a churl. Cym. v. 2.
Carlot, sb. a churl. As you Like it, iii. 5.
Cassilian, sb. a native of Castile; used as a cant term. Merry Wives, ii. 3.

Cattilo vulgo, a cant term, meaning, apparently, to use discreet language. Tw. N. i. 3.
Catalia, adj. a native of Cathay, a cant word. Tw. N. ii. 3.
Catling, sb. cat-gut. T. & C. iii. 3.
Cavalerio, sb. a cavalier, gentleman. 2 H. IV. v. 3.
Caviare, sb. the roe of sturgeon pickled; metaphorically, not appreciated by the vulgar. Ham. ii. 2.
Cautel, sb. deceit. Ham. i. 3.
Cautelous, adj. insidious. Cor. iv. 1.
Cease, vb. to cease. Ham. iii. 3.
Cease, vb. put off, made to cease. Tim. ii. 1.
Censure, sb. judgement. 1 H. VI. ii. 3.
Censure, vb. to judge, criticise. Two Gent. i. 2.
Century, sb. a hundred of any thing, whether men, prayers, or anything else. Cor. i. 7; Cym. iv. 2.
Ceremony, sb. a ceremonial vestment, religious rite, or anything ceremonial. J. C. i. 1; Mac. iii. 4.

Cerises, adj. certainly. Oth. i. 1.
Cess, sb. rate, reckoning. 1 H. IV. ii. 1.
Chace, sb. a term at tennis. H. V. i. 2.
Chamber, sb. a species of great gun. 2 H. IV. iv. 4.
Chamberer, sb. an effeminate man. Oth. iii. 3.
Chanson, sb. a song. Ham. ii. 2.
Charact, sb. affected quality. M. for M. v. 1.
Character, sb. a letter, handwriting. Lear, i. 2.
Character, vb. to carve or engrave. Two Gent. ii. 7; Ham. i. 3.
Characterly, sb. handwriting. Merry Wives, v. 5.

That which is written. J. C. ii. 1.
Chare, sb. a turn of work. A. & C. iv. 13.
Charge-house, sb. a free-school. L's L's L. iv. 2.
Charles' wain, sb. the constellation called also Ursa Major, or the Great Bear. 1 H. IV. ii. 2.

Charmecon, sb. a species of sweet wine. 2 H. VI. ii. 3.
Chaudron, sb. entrails. Mac. iv. 7.
GLOSSARY.

Cheater, sb. for escheater, an officer who collected the fines to be paid into the Exchequer. Merry Wives, i. 3. A decoy. 2 H. IV. ii. 3.

Check, v. t. a technical term in falconry; when a falcon flies at a bird which is not her proper game, she is said to check at it. Tw. N. ii. 5.

Checks, sb. perhaps intended for ethics. Tam. of S. i. 1.

Cheer, sb. fortune, countenance. Temp. i. 1.

Cherry-pit, sb. a game played with cherry-stones Tw. N. iii. 4.

Cheveril, sb. kid leather. R. & J. ii. 4.

Chewit, sb. tough. I H. IV. v. 1.

Childing, adj. pregnant. M. N's Dr. ii. 2.

Chill, sb. vulgar for 'I will.' Lear, iv. 6.

Chirurgeonly, adv. in a manner becoming a surgeon. Temp. ii. 1.

Chopin, sb. a high shoe or clog. Ham. ii. 2.

Christom, adj. clothed with a chrisom, the white garment which used to be put on newly-baptized children. H. V. ii. 3.

Christendom, sb. the state of being a Christian. John, iv. x. Name. All's Well, i. 1.

Chuck, sb. chicken, a term of endearment. Mac. iii. 2.

Chuck, sb. a coarse blunt clout. I H. IV. ii. 2.

Clique, sb. a kind of dance. Much Ado, iv. i.

Cipher, v. t. to decipher. Lurc. 811.

Circumstance, sb. an argument. Two Gent. i. 17; John, ii. 1.

Cital, sb. recital. I H. IV. v. 2.

Cite, v. t. to incite. Two Gent. ii. 4; 3 H. VI. ii. 1.

Cittern, sb. a guitar. L's L's L. v. 2.

Clack-dish, sb. a beggar's dish. M. for M. iii. 2.

Clap I the clout, to shoot an arrow into the bull's eye of the target. 2 H. IV. iii. 2.

Claw, v. t. to flatter. Much Ado, i. 3.

Clepe, v. t. to call. Ham. i. 4.

Cliff, sb. clef, the key in music. T. & Cr. v. 2.

Cling, v. t. to starve. Mac. v. 6.

Clinkuart, adj. glittering. H. VIII. i. i.

Clip, v. t. to enclose. 2 H. VI. iv. 1; Cor. i. 6; Oth. iii. 3.

Clout, sb. the mark in the middle of a target. L's L's L. iii. 4.

Coast, v. t. to advance. V. & A. 870.

Cobble, sb. a big loaf. T. & Cr. ii. 11.

Cock, sb. a cockboat. Lear, iv. 6.

Cock-and-pie, an oath. Merry Wives, i. 1.

Cock, sb. a eumphemism for God. Tam. of S. iv. 2.

Cockle, sb. tares or darning. L's L's L. iv. 3.

Cockeye, sb. a cook. Lear, ii. 4.

Cock-shut-time, sb. the twilight, when cocks and hens go to roost. R. iii. v. 3.

Cog, v. t. to cheat, dissemble. Merry Wives, iii. 3.

Cognizance, sb. badge, token. I H. VI. ii. 4.

Coign, sb. projecting corner stone. Mac. i. 6.

Coil, sb. tumult, tumult. Temp. i. 2.

Collection, sb. drawing a conclusion. Ham. iv. 5.

Cold, p. p. blackened. Oth. ii. 3; M. N's Dr. ii. 1.

Colour, sb. pretence. L's L's L. iv. 2.

Colourable, adj. specious. Ibid.

Colt, v. t. to deafraud, befool. I H. IV. ii. 2.

Co-mart, sb. a joint bargain. Ham. i. 1.


Combine, v. t. to bind. M. for M. iv. 3.

Commodity, sb. interest, profit. M. of V. iii. 3.

Commonty, sb. used ludicrously for comedy. Induction to Tam. of S.

Compact, p. p. compounded, composed. M. N's Dr. v. 1.

Comparative, adj. drawing comparisons. I H. iv. i. 2.

Comparative, sb. rival. I H. IV. iii. 2.

Compare, sb. comparison. T. & Cr. iii. 2.

Compassionate, adj. moving comparison. R. ii. 1.

Competitor, sb. one who seeks the same thing, an associate in any object. Two Gent. ii. 6.

Compel, sb. accomplishment. L's L's L. i. 1.

Complexion, sb. passion. Ham. i. 4.

Compose, v. t. to agree. A. & C. ii. 2.

Composition, sb. composition. Tim. iv. 3.

Compotent, adj. tractable. Tw. n. 5.

Con, v. t. to learn by heart. M. N's Dr. i. 2. To acknowledge. All's Well, iv. 3.

Conceit, sb. conception, opinion. Fancy. Two Gent. iii. 2.

Concute, sb. concubine. T. & Cr. v. 2.

Condition, sb. temper, quality. M. of V. i. 2; Lear, i. 1.

Condolement, sb. grief. Ham. i. 2.

Conduit, sb. escort. John, i. 1.

Confect, v. t. to make up into sweetmeats. Much Ado, iv. 1.

Confound, v. t. to consume, destroy. I H. IV. i. 3; Cor. i. 6; Cym. i. 5.

Conject, sb. conjecture. Oth. iii. 3.

Consign, v. t. to sign a common bond, to confede-rate. 2 H. IV. iv. 1.

Consort, sb. company. Two Gent. iv. 1.

Consort, v. t. to accompany. L's L's L. ii. 1.

Constancy, sb. consistency. M. N's Dr. v. 1.

Constant, adj. settled, determined. Temp. ii. 2; Lear, i. 1.

Constantly, adv. firmly. M. for M. iv. 1.

Conster, v. t. to construe. Tw. N. i. 4.

Contemplative, adj. impression. Much Ado, ii. 3.

Continent, sb. that which contains anything. Lear, iii. 2; M. N's Dr. ii. 2. That which is Included. 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

Continue, adj. uninterrupted. Tim. i. 1.

Contract, sb. marriage contract. Ham. iii. 4.

Contrary, v. t. to oppose. R. & J. i. 5.

Contrive, v. t. to conspire. J. C. ii. 3; v. t. to wear away. Tam. of S. i. 2.

Control, v. t. to confute. Temp. i. 2.

Convent, v. t. To convene, summon. H. VIII. v. 1; v. t. To be convenient. Tw. N. iv. x.

Convert, v. t. To change. Tim. iv. 1.

Converte, sb. a convert. As you Like it, v. 4.

Convoy, v. t. to manage. Lear, i. 2. To fish. Merry Wives, i. 3.

Conveyance, sb. theft, fraud. I H. VI. i. 3.

Convict, p. p. convicted. R. III. i. 4.


Convince, v. t. to conquer, subdue. Cym. i. 5.

Convi, v. t. to feast together. T. & Cr. iv. 5.

Convert, sb. escort. All's Well, iv. 3.

Cony, v. t. to cheat. Tam. of S. v. 1.

Con•catch, pr. p. poaching, pillering. Merry Wives, i. 1.

Cooling card, sb. used metaphorically for an insurmountable obstacle. I H. VI. v. 3.
Glossary.

Copatiai hat, a high-crowned hat. Tam. of S. v. 1.
Cope, v.t. to reward, to give in return. M. of V. iv. 1.
Copped, p.p. rising to a cop or head. Per. i. 1.
Copy, sb. theme. Com. of E. v. 1.
Coraggio (Italian), int. courage! Temp. v. 1.
Coram, an ignorant mistake for Quorum. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Coranto, sb. a lively dance. H. V. iii. 5.
Corinth, sb. a cant term for a brothel. Tim. ii. 2.
Corinthian, sb. a wenchcr. i. H. IV. iv. 3.
Corky, adj. dry like cork. Lear, iii. 7.
Cornto (Italian), sb. a cuckold. Merry Wives, iii. 5.
Corollary, sb. a surplus. Temp. iv. 1.
Corporal, adj. corporeal, bodily. M. for M. iii. 1.
Corporal of the field, an aide-de-camp. L's L's L. iii. 1.
Corrival, sb. rival. i. H. IV. i. 3.
Cosnard, sb. the head. R. III. i. 4.
Costard-monger, adj. peddling, mercenary. 2 H. IV. i. 2.
Cot-queen, sb. an effeminate man, molly-coddi. R. & J. iv. 4.
Cote, v.t. to cage. As you Like it, iii. 2.
Cote, v.t. to quote, instance. L's L's L. iv. 3.
Cote, v.t. to come alongside, overtake. Ham. ii. 2.
Couchings, sb. crouchings. J. C. iii. 1.
Countervail, v.t. to counterfeit, outwight. R. & J. ii. 6.
Country, adj. belonging to one's country. Oth. iii. 3; Cym. i. 5.
Couplement, sb. union. L's L's I. v. 2; Son. 19.
Court holy-water, sb. flattery. Lear, iii. 2.
Covent, sb. a convent. M. for M. iv. 3.
Cover, v.t. to lay the table for dinner. M. of V. iii. 5; As you Like it, ii. 5.
Count confect, sb. a nobleman composed of affection. Much Ado, iv. 1.
Countenance, sb. fair shew. M. for M. v. 1.
Counterfeith, sb. portrait. M. of V. iii. 2. A piece of base coin. i. H. IV. ii. 4.
Counterpoint, sb. a counterpane. Tam. of S. ii. 1.
County, sb. count. earl. R. & J. i. 3.
Courish, adj. cowardly. Lear, iv. 2.
Coward-staff, sb. the staff on which a vessel is supported between two men. Merry Wives, iii. 3.
Cox my passion, an oath, a euphemism for "God's Passion." All's Well, v. 2.
Coy, v.t. to stroke, fondle. M. N's Dr. iv. 1. v.t. to condescend with difficulty. Cor. v. 1.
Coystril, sb. a kestrel, a cowardly kind of hawk. Tw. N. i. 3.
Cozen, v.t. to cheat. M. of V. ii. 9.
Cozenage, sb. cheating. Merry Wives, iv. 5.
Cozenor, sb. a cheatcr. i. H. IV. i. 3.
Cozier, sb. a tailor. Tw. N. iii. 1.
Cracque, v.t. to boast. L's L's L. iv. 3.
Crack, v.t. to make a loud noise. Mac. iv. 1. A forward boy. 2 H. IV. iii. 2.
Crank, sb. a winding passage. Cor. i. 1.
Cranking, pr. t. winding. 2 H. IV. iii. 3.
Crants, sb. garlands. Ham. v. i. A doubtful word.
Crare, sb. a ship of burden. Cym. iv. 2.
Craven, sb. a dungsill cock. Tam. of S. ii. 1.
Create, p.p. formed, composed. H. V. ii. 9.
Credent, adj. creditable. M. for M. iv. 4.
Credible, Wint. Tale, i. 2. Credulous, Ham. i. 3.
Credit, sb. report. Tw. N. iv. 3.
Crescive, adj. increasing. H. V. i. 1.
Crestless, adj. not entitled to bear arms, lowborn. i H. VI. i. 4.
Cross, sb. a piece of money, so called because coin was formerly stamped with a cross. As you Like it, ii. 4.
Crow-keeper, sb. one who scares crows. Lear, iv. 6.
Crowner, sb. a coroner. Ham. v. 1.
Crownest, sb. a coronet. A. & C. v. 2.
Cry, sb. the yelping of hounds. M. N's Dr. iv. 1.
A pack of hounds. Ibid. iv. 1. A company, used contemptuously. Ham. iii. 2.
Cue, sb. the last words of an actor's speech, which is the signal for the next actor to begin. Lear. i. 2.
Cusises, sb. pieces of armour to cover the thighs. i. H. IV. iv. 1.
Cullion, sb. a base fellow. Tam. of S. iv. 2.
Cunning, sb. skill. Induction to Tam. of S. Cunning, adj. skillful. Ibid.
Curl, v.t. to bend, truckle. Ham. iii. 4.
Currents, sb. occurrences. i. H. IV. ii. 3.
Curst, adj. petulant, shrewish. Tam. of S. i. 2.
Curstness, sb. shrewishness. A. & C. ii. 1.
Curtail, sb. a cur. Com. of E. iii. 2.
Curtal, sb. a docked horse. All's Well, ii. 3.
Curtal-axe, sb. a cutlass. As you Like it, l. 3.
Custalorum, a ludicrous mistake for Custos Rotulorum. Merry Wives, i. x.
Custard-coffin, sb. the crust of a custard-pudding. Tam. of S. iv. 3.
Customer, sb. a common woman. Oth. iv. 1.
Cut, sb. a cheat. Tw. N. ii. 3. 'To draw cuts' is to draw lots. Com. of E. v. 1.
Cypress, sb. a kind of crape. Tw. N. iii. 1.

Daff, v.t. to befool. Much Ado, iv. 1. To put off; this seems to be a corruption of 'doff.' Ibid. ii. 3.
Damm, v.t. to condemn. J. C. iv. 1.
Danger, sb. reach, control, power. M. of V. iv. 1.
Dansker, sb. a Dane. Ham. ii. 1.
Dare, v.t. to challenge. 2 H. VI. iii. 2.
Darkling, adv. in the dark. M. N's Dr. ii. 1.
Darraign, v.t. to set in array. 3 Hen. VI. ii. 2.
Daub, v.t. to disguise. Lear. iv. 1.
Daubery, sb. imposition. Merry Wives, iv. 2.
Day-woman, sb. a dairy-maid. L's L's l. i. 2.
Dear, adj. dire. Tim. v. 1. That which has to do with the affections. R. II. i. 1; R. & J. iii. 3.
Defecit, adj. infamous. T. A. iii. 1. Important. Lear. iv. 3.
Debeshed, adj. locally. Per. iii. (Gower).
Debooshed, p.p. debauched, drunken. Tim. iii. 2.
Deck, v.t. to bedew. This is probably a form of the verb 'to dag,' now a provincial word. Temp. i. 2.
Deck, sb. a pack of cards. 3 Hen. VI. v. 1.
Decline, v.t. to enumerate, as in going through the cases of a township. T. & Cr. iii. 3.
Declined, p.p. fallen. T. & Cr. iii. 3.
Deem, sb. doom, judgement. T. & Cr. iv. 4.
GLOSSARY.

Defeat, v.t. to undo, destroy. Oth. i. 3; iv. 2.
Defeat, sb. destruction. Much Ado, iv. 1.
Defeature, sb. disfigurement. Com. of E. ii. 1.
Defence, sb. art of fencing. Tw. N. iii. 4.
Defend, v.t. to forbid. Much Ado, ii. 1.
Defensible, adj. having the power to defend.
2 Hen. IV. ii. 3.
Defety, adv. dexterously. Mac. iv. 1.
Defy, v.t. renounce. R. iv. i. 3.
Degree, sb. a step. J. C. ii. 1.
Delay, v.t. to let slip by delaying. Cor. i. 6.
Demerit, sb. merit, desert. Oth. i. 2.
Denay, sb. denial. Tw. N. ii. 4.
Denier, sb. the 12th part of a French sol. R. iii. i. 9.
Denotement, sb. marking. Oth. ii. 3. Note or manifestation. Ibid. iii. 3.
Deny, v.t. to refuse. Tim. iii. 2.
Depart, sb. departure. 2 H. VI. i. 1.
Depart, v.t. to part. L's L's li. 11.
Departing, sb. parting, separation. 3 H. vii. ii. 6.
Depart, v.t. to be in service. Lear. i. iv.
Derived, v.t. born, descended. Two Gent. v. 4.
Deregate, p.p. degraded, Lear. i. 4.
Descant, sb. a variation upon a melody, hence, metaphorically, a comment on a given theme.
Two Gent. i. 2.
Design, v.t. to draw up articles. Ham. i. 1.
Despatch, v.t. to deprive, bereave. Ham. i. 5.
Desperate, adj. determined, bold. R. & J. iii. 4.
Detect, v.t. to charge, blame. M. for M. iii. 2.
Determine, v.t. to conclude. Cor. iii. 3.
Dich, v.t. optative mood, perhaps contracted for 'to do.' Tim. i. 2.
Diet, sb. food regulated by the rules of medicine.
Two Gent. ii. 1.
Diet, v.t. to have one's food regulated by the rules of medicine. All's Well, iv. 3.
Digressing, pr. p. transgressing, going out of the right way. R. ii. v. 3.
Digression, sb. transgression. L's L's li. 2.
Dig-you-good-den, put; give you good evening.
L's L's li. iv. 1.
Dildo, sb. the chorus or burden of a song. Wint. Tale. iv. 3.
Dint, sb. stroke. J. C. iii. 2.
DIRECTION, sb. judgement, skill. R. iii. v. 3.
Disable, v.t. to disparage. As you Like it, iv. i.
Disappointed, p.p. unprepared. Ham. i. 5.
Disease, v.r. to undress. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
Discontent, sb. a malcontent. A. & C. i. 4.
Discourse, sb. power of reasoning. Ham. iv. 4.
Disdained, p.p. disdainful, 1 H. iv. i. 9.
Disme, sb. a tenth or tithe. T. & Cr. ii. 2.
Dispark, v.t. to destroy a park. R. liii. i.
Disponge, v.t. to squeeze out as from a sponge.
A. & C. iv. 9.
Dispose, sb. disposal. Two Gent. iv. 1.
Disposition, sb. maintenance. Oth. i. 3.
Disputable, adj. disputatious. As you Like it, ii. 5.
Dispute, v.t. to argue, examine. Oth. i. 2.
Dissemblt, sb. used ridiculously for assembly.
Much Ado, iv. 2.
Distaste, v.t. to corrupt. T. & Cr. ii. 2.
Distempered, adj. discontented. John, iv. 3.
Distraction, sb. a detached troop or company of soldiers. A. & C. iii. 7.
Distraught, p.p. distracted, mad. R. iii. iii. 5.
Diverted, p.p. turned from the natural course. As you Like it, ii. 3.
Division, sb. a phrase or passage in a melody. R. & J. iii. 5.
Divulg'd, p.p. published, spoken of. Tw. N. i. 5.
Doffer, v.t. to do off, strip. Tam of S. iii. 2. To put off with an excuse. Oth. iv. 2.
Doit, sb. a small Dutch coin. Temp. ii. 2.
Dole, sb. portion dealt. Merry Wives, iii. 4; 2 H. IV. i. 1. Grief, lamentation. M. N's Dr. v. 1.
Don, v.t. to do on, put on. T. A. i. 2; Ham. iv. 5.
Done, p.p. 'done to death,' put to death. 2 H. vi. iii. 2.
Dosent, sb. one who does, a dotard. Cor. v. 2.
Dout, v.t. to do out, quench. Ham. i. 4.
Dowlas, sb. a kind of coarse sacking. 1 H. IV. iii. 3.
Dowlé, sb. the swirl of a feather. Temp. iii. 3.
Downdeed, adj. hanging down like gyves or fetters. Ham. ii. 1.
Drab, sb. a harlot. Wint. Tale, iv. 2.
Draught, sb. a privy. T. A. v. 1.
Drawn, p.p. drunk, having taken a good draught.
Ibid.
Dribbling, adj. weak. M. for M. i. 4.
Drive, v.t. to rush impetuously. T. ii. 3.
Drollery, sb. a puppet-show. Temp. iii. 3.
Drumble, v.t. to dawdle. Merry Wives, iii. 3.
Dry, adj. thirsty. Temp. i. 2.
Duc-dame; perhaps the Latin duc-ad-me, bring him to me. As you Like it.
Dudgeron, sb. a dagger. Mac. ii. 1.
Dull, adj. soothing. 2 H. iv. iv. 4.
Dullard, sb. a dull person. Cym. v. 5.
Dump, sb. complaint. Two Gent. iii. 2.
Dup, v.t. to do up, lift up. Ham. iv. 5.

Eager, adj. sour. Ham. i. 5. Harsh. 3 H. VI. ii. 6. Biting. Ham. i. 4.
Eanling, sb. a yeaning, a lamb. M. of V. i. 3.
Ear, v.t. to plough. All's Well, i. 3.
Eche, v.t. to eke out. Per. iii. (Gower).
Ecstasy, sb. madness. Temp. iii. 3.
Eft, adj. ready, convenient. Much Ado, iv. 2.
Eisel, sb. vinegar. Ham. v. 1; Son. ix.
Eld, sb. old age. M. for M. iii. 1.
Embosomed, adj. swollen into protuberances. As you Like it, ii. 7. Covered with foam. A. & C. iv. 11.
Embowelled, p.p. disembowed, emptied. All's Well, i. 3.
Embrasure, sb. embrace. T. & Cr. iv. 4.
Eminence, sb. exalted station. Mac. iii. 2.
Empery, sb. empire. H. V. i. 2.
Emulation, sb. jealousy, mutiny. T. & Cr. ii. 2.
Emulous, adj. jealous. T. & Cr. i. 4.
Encave, v.r. to place oneself in a cave. Oth. iv. i.
End, sb. 'Still an end,' continually for ever.
Two Gent. iv. 4.
Enfeoff, v.t. to place in possession in fee simple. 1 H. IV. iii. 5.
Engine, sb. a machine of war. T. & Cr. ii. 3.
Englut, v.t. to swallow speedily. Tim. ii. 2.
Engross, v.t. to make gross or fat. R. III. iii. 7.
Engrossment, sb. immoderate acquisition. 2 H. IV. iv. 4.
Enkindle, v.t. to make keen. Mac. i. 3.
Emmew, v.t. to shut up, as a hawk is shut up in a mew. M. for M. iii. 1.
Enconce, v.t. to cover as with a sort. Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Enseamed, p.p. fat, rank. Ham. iii. 4.
Enterain, v.t. encounter. H. V. i. 2. Experience. A. & C. ii. 7.
Entreatments, sb. interviews. Ham. i. 3.
Ephesian, sb. a toper, a cant term. Merry Wives, iv. 5.
Equepage, sb. attendance. Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Erewhile, adv. a short time since. As you Like it, ii. 4.
Escot, v.t. to pay a man's reckoning, to maintain. Ham. ii. 2.
Esperance, sb. hope, used as a war-cry. 1 H. IV. v. 2; T. & Cr. v. 2.
Espial, sb. a scout or spy. 1 H. VI. iv. 3.
Estimation, sb. conjecture. 1 H. iv. 1.
Estridge, sb. ostridge. 1 H. IV. iv. 1.
Eternal, adj. eternal. Mac. iii. 2.
Even, v.t. to equal. All's Well, i. 3; Cymb. iii. 4.
Examine, v.t. to question. All's Well, iii. 5.
Excrement, sb. that which grows outwardly from the body and has no sensation, like the hair or nails. Ls's L's L. v. 1; Ham. iii. 4. Any outward show. M. of V. iii. 2; Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
Exeuctor, sb. an executor. H. V. i. 2.
Exempt, v.t. excluded. 1 H. VI. ii. 4.
Exercise, sb. a religious service. R. III. iii. 2.
Exhale, v.t. to hale or draw out. R. III. i. 2; v.t. to draw the sword. H. V. ii. 1.
Exhibition, sb. allowance, pension. Two Gent. i. 3.
Exgent, sb. death, ending. 1 H. VI. ii. 5.
Exion, sb. ridiculous used for “action.” 2 H. IV. ii. 1.
Expeft, sb. expectation. T. & Cr. i. 3.
Expiate, v.t. completed. R. III. iii. 3.
Expostulate, v.t. to expound, discuss. Ham. ii. 2.
Exposure, sb. exposure. Cor. iv. 1.
Express, v.t. to reveal. Wint. Tale, iii. 2.
Expulse, v.t. to expel. 1 H. VI. iii. 3.
Exsufficate, adj. that which has been hiss'd off, contemptible. Tw. N. iii. 3.
Exhibit, v.t. to seize. A. & C. i. 2.
Extent, sb. a seizure. As you Like it, iii. 1.
Extearn, adj. outward. Oth. i. 1.
Extrirp, v.t. to extirpate. M. for M. iii. 2.
Extracting, adj. distracting. Tw. N. v. 1.
Extraught, part. extracted, descended. 3 H. VI. v. 2.
Extravagant, adj. foreign, wandering. Oth. i. 1.
Eyas, sb. a nestling hawk. Ham. ii. 2.
Eyas-musket, sb. a nestling of the musket or

merlin, the smallest species of British hawk. Merry Wives, iii. 2.
Eye, sb. a glance, osilad. Temp. i. 2.
Eye, sb. a shade of colour, as in shot silk. Temp. ii. 1.
Eyne, sb. pl. eyes. L's L's L. v. 2.

Facinorous, adj. wicked. All's Well, ii. 3.
Faci, sb. guilt. Wint. Tale, iii. 2.
Facious, adj. instant, importunate. J. C. i. 3.
Faculty, sb. essential virtue or power. H. V. i. 1.
Fadge, v.t. to suit. Tw. N. ii. 2.
Fading, sb. a kind of ending to a song. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
Fain, adj. glad. 2 H. VI. ii. 1.
Fain, adv. gladly. Lear, i. 4.
Fair, sb. beauty. As you Like it, iii. 2.
Fairer, adj. to a traitor. 2 H. IV. ii. 4.
Falling, v.t. to let fall. Temp. ii. 1.
Fallow, adj. fawn-coloured. Merry Wives, i. 1.
False, sb. falsehood. M. for M. ii. 4.
Falsing, adj. deceptive. Com. of E. ii. 2.
Familiar, sb. a familiar spirit. 2 H. VI. iv. 7.
Fancy, sb. All's Well, v. 3.
Fancy-free, adj. untouched by love. M. N's Dr. iii. 2.
Fang, v.t. to seize in the teeth. Tim. iv. 3.
Fantastic, sb. a fantastical person. R. & J. ii. 4.
Fap, adj. drunk. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Far, adv. farther. Wint. Tale, iv. 4.
Farced, v.t. to stuff. H. V. iv. 1.
Fardel, sb. a burden. Wint. Tale, iv. 4.
Fartious, adj. used ridiculously for “virtuous.” Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Fast, adv. assuredly, unalterably. M. for M. i. 3; 2 H. VI. v. 2.
Fat, adj. dull. x H. IV. i. 2.
Favour, sb. contenance. M. for M. iv. 2. Complexion. T. & Cr. i. 2. Quality. Lear, i. 4.
Fear, sb. the object of fear. Ham. iii. 3.
Fear, v.t. to affright. A. & C. ii. 6.
Fearful, adj. subject to fear. Timor. Temp. i. 2.
Feat, adj. dexterous. Cymb. v. 5.
Fester, adj. comp. degree, more neatly. Temp. ii. 1.
Feet, v.t. to make fine. Cymb. i. 1.
Featly, adv. nimbly, daintily. Temp. i. 2.
Feature, sb. beauty. Cymb. v. 5.
Federary, sb. confederate. Wint. Tale, ii. 1.
Fee-griev, sb. a grief held, as it were, in fee-simple, or the peculiar property of him who possesses it. Mac. iv. 3.
Feeder, sb. agent, servant. As you Like it, ii. 4.
Feere, sb. a companion, husband. T. A. iv. 1.
Fehemently, adv. used ridiculously for “vehemently.” Merry Wives, iii. 1.
Fell, sb. the hide. As you Like it, iii. 2.
Fence, sb. art or skill in defence. 2 H. VI. ii. 1.
Feodary, sb. one who holds an estate by suit or service to a superior lord; hence one who acts under the direction of another. Cymb. iii. 2.
Fester, v.t. to rankle, grow virulent. Cor. i. 9.
Festinately, adv. quickly. L's L's Lost, iii. 1.
Fico, sb. a fig. Merry Wives, iii. 3.
Fielded, adj. in the field of battle. Cor. i. 4.
Fig, v.t. to insult. 2 Hen. IV. v. 3.
Glossary.

Fights, sb. clothes hung round a ship to conceal the men from the enemy. Merry Wives, ii. 2
File, sb. a list or catalogue. Mac. v. 2
File, v.t. to defile. Mac. iii. i. To smooth or polish. L’s L’s L. To make even. H. VIII. i. 2
Fill-horse, sb. shaft-horse. M. of V. ii. 2
Filts, sb. the shafts. T. & Cr. iii. 2
Filth, sb. a whore. Tim. iv. 1
Fine, sb. & v.t. to make fine or specious H. V. i. 2
Fineless, adj. endless. Oth. iii. 3
Firago, sb. ridulously used for ‘Virago.’
Tw. N. iii. 4
Fire-drake, sb. Will o’ the Wisp. H. VIII. v. 3
Fire-new, adj. with the glitter of novelty on, like newly-forged metal. R. III. i. 3
Firk, v.t. to chastise. H. V. iv. 4
Fit, sb. a canto or division of a song. T. & Cr. iii. 1. A trick or habit. H. VIII. i. 3
Fitchew, sb. a polecat. Lear, iv. 6
Fives, sb. a disease incident to horses. Tam. of S.
Flap-dragon, sb. raisins in burning brandy. L’s L’s L. v. 1
Flap-jack, sb. a pan-cake. Per. ii. 1
Flat, adj. certain. 1 H. IV. iv. 2
Flatness, sb. lowness, depth. Wint. Tale, iii. 2
Flaw, sb. a gust of wind. 2 H. IV. iv. 4. Metaph. sudden emotion, or the cause of it. Mac. iii. 4
A. & C. iii. 10
Flaw, v.t. to make a flaw in, to break. H. VIII. ii. 2
Flecked, p. p. spotted, streaked. R. & J. ii. 3
Fleet, v.t. to float. A. & C. iii. ii. To pass away. A. & C. i. 3. v.t. to pass the time. As you Like it, i. 1
Fleeting, pr. p. inconstant. R. III. i. 4
Fleshment, sb. the act of fleshing the sword, hence the first feat of arms. Lear, ii. 2
Flew, adj. furnished with hanging lips, as hounds are. M. N’s Dr. iv. 1.
Flight, sb. a particular mode of practising archery. Much Ado. i. 1
Flirt-gill, sb. a light woman. R. & J. ii. 4
Flourish, sb. an ornament. L’s L’s L. iv. 3
Flourish, v.t. to ornament, disguise with ornament. M. for M. iv. 1
Flote, sb. wave, sea. Temp. i. 2
Flush, adj. fresh, full of vigour. A. & C. i. 4
Foal, sb. defeat, disadvantage. Temp. iii. i.
Foin, v.t. to fence, fight. Merry Wives, ii. 3
Poison, sb. plentiful. Temp. ii. 1
Fond, adj. foolish, foolishly affectionate. Oth. i. 3; iv. 1
Foot-cloth, sb. a saddle-cloth hanging down to the ground. 2 H. VI. iv. 7
For, conj. for that, because, M. for M. ii. 1
Forbid, p. p. accused, outlawed. Mac. i. 3
Forbidden, p. p. forbidden. Lover’s Com. 164
Force, v.t. to stuff, for ‘farce.’ T. & Cr. v. 5
Forced, p. p. falsely attributed. Wint. Tale, iii. 5
Foro, v.t. to kill, destroy. Lear, v. 3. To weary. M. N’s Dr. v. 2
Forfeiend, v.t. forbid. Wint. Tale, iv. 3
Foreign, adj. obliged to live abroad. H. VIII. i. 2
Forespot, adj. former. All’s Well, v. 3
Foerslow, v.t. to delay. 3 H. VI. ii. 3
Forgetive, adj. inventive. 2 H. IV. iv. 3

Forked, adj. horned. Wint. Tale, i. 2; Oth. iii. 3.
Formal, adj. regular, retaining its proper and essential characteristic. Com. of E. v. i; A. & C. ii. 5.
Forspent, p. p. exhausted, weary. 2 Hen. IV. i. 2.
Forspeak, v.t. to speak against. A. & C. iii. 7.
Fortright, sb. a straight path; forthrights and meanders, straight paths and crooked ones. Temp. iii. 3.
Forsweary, v.t. to weary, exhaust. John, ii. 11.
Fosset-seller, sb. one who sells the pipes inserted into a vessel to give vent to the liquor, and stopped by a spigot. Cor. ii. 11.
Fox, sb. a sword; a cant word. H. V. iv. 4.
Foxship, sb. the cunning of the fox. Cor. iv. 2.
Frapmold, adj. peevish, unquiet. Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Frank, sb the feeding place of swine. 2 H. IV. iv. 3.
Franked, p. p. confined. R. III. i. 3.
Franklin, sb a freeholder, a small square. Cym. iii. 2.
Fraughtage, sb. freight. Com. of E. iv. 1.
Fraughting, pr. p. of v. to fraught: loading or constituting the cargo of a ship. Temp. i. 2.
Fresh, sb. a spring of fresh water. Temp. iii. 2.
Fret, sb. the stop of a guitar. Tam. of S. ii. 1.
Fret, v.t. to wear away. R. II. ii. 3; Lear, i. 4.
To variegate. J. C. i. 1.
Friend, v.t. to befriend. H. VIII. i. 2.
Frippery, sb. an old-clothes shop. Temp. iv. 1.
From, prep. contrary to. Ham. iii. 2.
Front, v.t. to afront, oppose. A. & C. ii. 2.
Frontier, sb opposition. 1 H. IV. i. 3.
Frontlet, sb. that which is worn on the forehead. Lear, i. 4.
Fruish, v.t. to break or bruise. T. & Cr. v. 6.
Fub, v.t. to put off. 2 H. IV. ii. 1.
Fufill, v.t. to fill fully. Proc. to T. & C.
Full, adj. complete. Oth. ii. 1.
Fullam, sb. a loaded die. Merry Wives, i. 3.
Pulsoime, adj. lustful. M. of V. i. 3.
Furniture, sb. a furniment, an herb. Lear, iv. 4.
Gaberdine, sb. a loose outer coat, or smock frock. Temp. ii. 2; M. of V. i. 3.
Gand, sb. a pointed instrument, a goad. T. A. iv. 1.
Upon the gad, with impetuous haste, upon the spur of the moment. Lear, i. 2.
Gain-giving, sb. misgiving. Ham. v. 2.
Gaith, sb. going, steps. Tw. N. i. 4.
Galliard, sb. a kind of dance. Tw. N. i. 3.
Gallissee, sb. a kind of ship. Tam. of Sh. ii. 1.
Gallimaufrj, sb. a ridiculous medley. Wint. Tale, iv. 4.
Gallow, v.t. to scare. Lear, iii. 2.
Gallowglass, sb. the irregular infantry of Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland. Mac. i. 2.
Gamer, sb. a frolicsome person. H. VIII. i. 4.
A loose woman. All’s Well, v. 3.
Gamboll, sb. disorder, uproar. A. & C. i. 3.
Garish, adj. gaudy, staring. R. III. iv. 4.
Garnier, v.t. to lay by, as corn in a barn. Oth. iv. 2.

All’s Well, v. 3.
Foerslow, v.t. to delay. 3 H. VI. ii. 3
Forgetive, adj. inventive. 2 H. IV. iv. 3

Goad, v.t. to prod. H. V. i. 3.
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Home, adv. to the utmost. Cor. ii. 2; Cym. iii. 5; Lear, iii. 3.
Honest, adj. chaste. Oth. iv. 2.
Honesty, sb. chastity. As you Like it, iii. 3.
Honey-stalks, sb. the red clover. T. A. iv. 4.
Hoofman-blind, sb. the game now called blind-
man's-buff. Ham. iii. 4.
Horn-mad, adj. probably, 'harn-mad,' that is, brain-mad. Merry Wives, i. 4.
Horologe, sb. a clock. Oth. ii. 3.
Hot-house, sb. a brethel. M. for M. ii. 1.
Hox, v.t. to hamstring. Wint. Tale, i. 1.
Hugger-mugger, sb. secrecy. Ham. iv. 5.
Hull, v.i. to drift on the sea like a wrecked ship. H. VIII. ii. 4.
Humourous, adj. fitful, or, perhaps, hurried. R. & J. ii. 1.
Hunt-counter, v.i. to follow the scent the wrong way. 2 H. IV. i. 2.
Hunts-up, sb. a holla used in hunting when the game was on foot. R. & J. iii. 5.
Hurly, sb. noise, confusion. Tam. of S. iv. 1.
Hurtle, v.i. to clash. J. C. ii. 2.
Hurling, sb. noise, confusion. As you Like it. iv. 3.
Husbandry, sb. frugality. Mac. ii. i. Man-
agement. M. of V. iii. 4.
Huswife, sb. a jilt. Cor. i. 3.

Ice-brook, sb. an icy-cold brook. Oth. v. 2.
Flecks, int. in faith, a euphemism. Wint. Tale, i. 2.
Ignomy, sb. ignominy. 1 H. IV. v. 4.
Image, sb. representation. Ham. iii. 2.
Imbarea, v.t. to bare, lay open. H. V. i. 2.
Immediacy, sb. close connexion. Lear. v. 3.
Immoment, adj. unimportant. A. & C. v. 2.
Imp, v.t. to graft, to splice a falcon's broken fea-
thers. R. II. ii. 1.
Imp, sb. a scion, a child. 2 H. IV. v. 5.
Impawn, v.t. to stake, compromise. H. V. i. 2.
Impeach, v.t. to bring into question. M. N's Dr.
ii. 2.
Impeach, sb. impeachment. C. of E. v. 1.
Impeachment, sb. cause of censure, hindrance.
Two Gent. i. 3.
Imperceiverand, adj. dull of perception. Cym.
iv. i.
Impeticos, v.t. to pocket. Tw. N. ii. 3.
Importance, sb. importance. Tw. N. v. 1.
Important, adj. important. C. of E. v. 1;
Lear. iv. 4.
Importing, adj. significant. All's Well, v. 3.
Impose, sb. imposition, meaning command or task
imposed upon any one. Two Gent. iv. 3.
Imposition, sb. command. M. of V. i. 2.
Imprese, sb. a device with a motto. R. II.
iii. 1.
Impress, v.t. to compel to serve. Mac. iv. 7.
Incachable, adj. unconscious. Ham. iv. 7.
Incarnadine, v.t. to dye red. Mac. ii. 2.
Inch-meal, sb. by inch-meal, by portions of inches.
Temp. ii. 2.
Inclining, adj. compliant. Oth. ii. 3.
Inclining, sb. inclination. Ham. ii. 2.
Inclip, v.t. to embrace. A. & C. ii. 7.
Include, v.t. to conclude. Two Gent. v. 4.
Incony, adj. fine, delicate. L's L's L. iii. 1.

Incorrect, adj. ill-regulated. Ham. i. 2.
Ind, sb. India. Temp. ii. 2.
Indent, v.t. to compound or bargain. 1 H. IV.
i. 3.
Index, sb. a preface. R. III. iv. 4; Ham. iii. 4.
Indifferent, adj. ordinary. Ham. ii. 2.
Indigest, adj. disordered. Son. 114.
Indite, v.t. to invite. R. & J. ii. 4. To convict.
Ham. ii. 2.
Induction, sb. introduction, beginning. 1 H. IV.
iii. 1.
Indurance, sb. delay. H. VIII. v. 1.
Infinite, sb. infinite power. Much Ado, ii. 3.
Ingraff, part. of v. to engraff, engratied. Oth.
ii. 3.
Inhabitability, sb. uninhabitable. R. II. i. 1.
Inheritance, v.t. to possess. Two Gent. iii. 2.
Inhooped, p.p. penned up in hoops. A. & C. ii. 3.
Inkornate, sb. a contemptuous term for an
eclesiastical, or man of learning. 1 H. VI. iii. 1.
Inkle, sb. a kind of narrow fillet or tape. Wint.
Tale, iv. 3.
Inland, adj. civilized, well-educated. As you
Like it, iii. 2.
Inlay, v.t. inward. Two Gent. ii. 7.
Inley, adj. inwardly. Temp. v. 1.
Inquisition, sb. enquiry. Temp. i. 2.
Insane, adj. that which causes insanitary. Mac.
i. 3.
Insonce, v.t. to arm, fortify. Com. of E. ii. 2.
Instance, sb. example. Tw. N. iv. 3. Informa-
tion. 2 H. IV. iii. 1. Reason, proof. H. V.
i. 2; Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Intent, v.t. to pretend. Tam. of S. iv. 1.
Intending, pr.p. regarding. Tim. ii. 2.
Intendment, sb. intention. Oth. iv. 2.
Intently, adv. attentively. Oth. i. 3.
Interessed, p.p. allied. Lear. i. 2.
Intermission, sb. pause, delay. Mac. iv. 3.
Intrenchment, adj. not capable of being cut.
Mac. v. 7.
Intrinse, adj. intricate. Lear. ii. 2.
Intransicante, adj. intricate. A. & C. v. 2.
Invention, sb. imagination. Mac. iii. 1.
Inwardhalf, v.i. to press intimate, frie.
T. M. for M. iii. 2. adj. intimate. R. III. iii. 4.
Inwardness, sb. intimacy. Much Ado, iv. 1.
Irregulous, adj. lawless, licentious. Cym. iv. 2.
Iteration, sb. reiteration. 1 H. IV. i. 2.

Jack, sb. a mean fellow. R. III. i. 3.
Jack-a-lent, sb. a puppet thrown at in Lent.
Merry Wives, v. 5.
Jack guardian, sb. a jack in office. Cor. v. 2.
Jade, v.t. to whip, to treat with contempt. H.
VIII. iii. 2; A & C. iii. 1.
Jar, sb. the ticking of a clock. Wint. Tale, i. 2.
Jar, v.t. to tick as a clock. R. ii. v. 5.
Juncture, v.t. to prance. R. ii. v. 5.
Juss, sb. a strap of leather attached to the
talons of a hawk, by which it is held on the
fist. Oth. iii. 3.
Jest, v.t. to tilt in a tournament. R. II. i. 3.
Jet, v.t. to strut. Tw. N. ii. 5.
Jovial, adj. appertaining to Jove. Cym. v. 4.
Journey, adj. daily. Cym. iv. 2.
Judicious, adj. critical. Merry Wives, i. 3.
Jump, v.t. to agree. 1 H. IV. ii. 2. v.t. to haz-
ard. Cym. v. 4.
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Jump, adv. exactly, nicely. Oth. ii. 3.
Jug, sb. a jug. Lear, iii. 6.
Jut, v.i. to encroach. R. III. ii. 4.
Juty, sb. a projection. Mac. i. 6.
Jutty, v.i. to jut out beyond. H. V. iii. 1.
Juvenal, sb. youth, young man. L's L's l. 1.

Kam, adj. crooked. Cor. iii. 1.
Keckyeb, sb. hemlock. H. VIII. v. 2.
Keech, sb. a lump of tallow. H. VIII. i. 1.
Keel, v.t. to skim. L's L's L. v. 2.
Keep, v.r. to restrain. Two Gent. iv. 4.
Keep, v.i. to keep. Custody. T. S. i. 2.
Kesiar, sb. Caesar. Emperor. Merry Wives, i. 3.
Kern, sb. the rude foot soldiers of the Irish. Mac. i. 2.
Kibe, sb. a chillblain. Temp. ii. 1.
Kickshaw, sb. a made dish. 2 H. IV. v. 1.
Kickywicksy, sb. a wife, used in disdain. All's Well, ii. 3.
Klin-hole, sb. the ash-hole under a kiln. Merry Wives, iv. 2.
Kind, sb. nature. A. & C. v. 2; T. A. ii. 1.
Kindle, v.t. to bring forth young; used only of bees. As you Like it, iii. 2.
Kindless, adj. unnatural. Ham. ii. 2.
Kirtle, sb. a gown. 2 H. IV. ii. 4.
Kneave, sb. a boy. J. C. iv. 3. A serving-man.
All's Well, ii. 4.
Knape, v.t. to snap, crack. M. of V. iii. 1.
Knob, sb. a figure in garden beds. R. II. iii. 4.
Knave, v.t. to acknowledge. Mac. ii. 2.

Labras, sb. lips. Merry Wives, i. 2.
Laced-mutton, sb. a courtezan. Two Gent. i. 1.
Lag, sb. the lowest of the people. T. A. iii. 6.
Lag, adv. late, behindhand. R. III. ii. 1; Lear, i. 2.
Lakin, sb. little lady, an endearing term applied to the Virgin Mary in the oath. “By our lakin.” Temp. iii. 3.
Land-damn, v.t. perhaps to extirpate; Hammer thinks it means to kill by stopping the urine. Wint. Tale, ii. 1.
Lapsed, adj. taken, apprehended. Tw. N. iii. 3.
Large, adj. licentious, free. Much Ado, iv. 1.
Largess, sb. a present. Tam. of S. i. 2.
Latch, v.t. to smear. M. N's Dr. iii. 2. To catch.
Mac. iv. 3.
Lated, adj. belated. A. & C. iii. 95.
Latten, adj. made of brass. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Laund, sb. lawn. 3 H. VI. iii. 1.
Lavolta, sb. a dance. H. IV. iii. 5.
Lay, sb. wager. Oth. ii. 3.
League, sb. besieging army. All's Well, iii. 6.
Leasing, sb. lying. Tw. N. i. 5.
Leather-coats, sb. a kind of apple. 2 H. IV. v. 3.
Lecch, sb. a physician. T. A. v. 4.
Lear, sb. countenance, complexion. As you Like it, iv. 1; T. A. iv. 2.
Leet, sb. a manor court. Oth. iii. 3.
Legerity, sb. lightness. H. IV. iv. 1.
Lege, v.t. to allege. Tam. of S. i. 2.
Leiger, sb. an ambassador resident abroad. M. for M. iii. 1; Cymb. i. 6.
Leman, sb. a lover or mistress. 2 H. IV. v. 3.

Lenten, adj. meagre. Ham. ii. 1. That which may be eaten in Lent. R. & J. ii. 4.
L'envoy, sb. the farewell or moral at the end of a tale or poem. L's L's L. iii. 1.
Let, v.i. to hinder. Tw. N. v. 1; v.t. to hinder.
Ham. i. 2.
Let, sb. hindrance. H. V. v. 2.
Lethes, sb. death. J. C. iii. 1.
Level, v.t. to aim. M. of V. i. 2; R. III. iv. 4.
Level, sb. which is aimed at. H. VIII. i. 2.
Lewd, adj. ignorant, foolish. R. III. i. 3.
Lewdly, adv. wickedly. 2 H. VI. ii. 1.
Lewdster, sb. a lewd person. Merry Wives, v. 3.
Libbard, sb. a leopard. L's L's L. v. 2.
Liberal, sb. licentious. Two Gent. iii. 1; Oth. ii. 1.
License, sb. licentiousness. M. for M. iii. 2.
Lief, adj. dear. 2 H. VI. iii. 1.
Lifter, sb. a thief. T. & C. i. 2.
Light o' love, sb. a tune so called. Two Gent. i. 2.
Lightly, adv. easily, generally. Com. of E. iv. 4; R. III. iii. 1.
Like, v.t. to please. R. III. iii. 4; Lear, ii. 2.
Like, v.i. to liken, compared. H. VI. iv. 6.
Like, adj. likely. M. for M. v.
Likelihood, sb. promise, appearance. R. III. iii. 4.
Liking, sb. condition. H. IV. iii. 3.
Limbbeck, sb. an alembick, a still. Mac. i. 7.
Limbo, or Limlfo patrum, sb. the place where good men under the Old Test. were believed to be imprisoned till released by Christ after his crucifixion. All's Well, v. 3; H. VIII. v. 3.
Lime, v.t. to entangle as with bird-lime. Tw. N. iii. 4. To smear with bird-lime. 2 H. VI. i. 3.
To mix lime with beer or other liquor. Merry Wives, v. 3.
Linn, v.t. to draw. As you Like it, ii. 7.
Line, v.t. to cover on the inside. Cymb. iii. 2.
To strengthen by inner works. 2 H. IV. ii. 3; 2 H. IV. i. 3.
Linstock, sb. a staff with a match at the end of it, used by gunners in firing cannon. H. V. iii. Chorus.
List, sb. a margin, hence a bound or enclosure. Tw. N. iii. 1; H. IV. iv. 1.
Lither, adj. lazy. H. VI. iv. 7.
Little, sb. miniature. Ham. ii. 2.
Livelihood, sb. appearance of life. All's Well, i. 7.
Livery, sb. a law phrase, signifying the act of delivering a freehold into the possession of the heir or purchaser. R. III. ii. 3.
Living, adj. lively, convincing. Oth. iii. 3.
Loach, sb. a fish so called. H. IV. iii. 1.
Lob, sb. a looby. M. N's Dr. ii. 1.
Lockram, sb. a sort of coarse linen. Cor. ii. 1.
Lode-star, sb. the leading-star, pole-star. M. N's Dr. i. 1.
Loffe, v.i. to laugh. M. N's Dr. ii. 1.
Loggats, sb. the game called nine-pins. Ham. v. 1.
Longly, adv. longingly. Tam. of S. i. 1.
Loof, v.t. to huff, bring a vessel up to the wind. A. & C. iii. 8; G. iii. 3.
Loon, sb. a low contemptible fellow. Mac. v. 3.
Lot, sb. a prize in a lottery. Cor. v. 2.
Lottery, sb. that which falls to a man by lot. A. & C. ii. 2.
Lowl, sb. a clown. Cor. iii. 2.
GLOSSARY.

Lowe, vi. to treat one as a lowt, with contempt. 1 H. VI. iv. 3.
Lozef, sb. a spendthrift. Wint. Tale, ii. 3.
Lubber, sb. a leopard. 2 H. IV. ii. 1.
Luce, n. the pipe or jack, a fresh-water fish. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Lumpish, adj. dull, dejected. Two Gent. iii. 2.
Lunes, sb. fits of lunacy. Wint. Tale, ii. 2.
Lurch, vi. to defeat, to win. Cor. ii. 11.
Lurch, vi. to shift, to play tricks. Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Lure, sb. a thing stuffed to resemble a bird with which the falconer allures a hawk. Tam of S. iv. 1.
Lust, adj. juicy, luxuriant. Tem. ii. 1.
Lustig, adj. lusty, cheerful. All's Well, iii. 2
Luxurious, adj. lascivious. Much Ado, iv. 1.
Luxury, sb. lust. Lear, iv. 6.
Lyn, sb. a limner or slow hound. Lear, iii. 6.
Made, pp. having his fortune made. Tw. N. iii. 4.
Magnifico, sb. the chief magistrate at Venice. Oth. i. 2.
Magot-pie, sb. a magpie, a pie which feeds on magots. Mac. iii. 4.
Mailled, pp. covered as with a coat of mail. 2 H. VI. ii. 4.
Main-course, sb. a sea-term. Temp. i. 2.
Make, vi. to do up, bar. Com. of E. iii. 1. To do. L's L's L. iv. 3; R. III. i. 3.
Malkin, sb. a familiar name for Mary; hence a servant wench. Cor. ii. 1.
Mallecho, sb. mischief. Ham. iii. 2.
Mammering, pr. p. hesitating. Oth. iii. 2.
Mammets, sb. a woman's breasts. 1 H. IV. ii. 3.
A doll. R. & J. iii. 5.
Mammock, vi. to break, tear. Cor. i. 3.
Man, vi. to tame a hawk. Tam. of S. iv. 1.
Manage, sb. management. Temp. i. 2.
Mandrakora, sb. a plant of soporiferous quality.
Mandrake, sb. supposed to resemble a man. Oth. iii. 3; 2 H. IV. i. 2.
Mankind, adj. having a masculine nature. Wint. Tale, ii. 3.
Marches, sb. frontiers, borders. H. V. i. 2.
Marchpane, sb. a kind of sweet biscuit. R. & J. i. 5.
Margent, sb. margin. L's L's L. ii. 1.
Marry trap, int. an oath. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Martlemas, sb. the Feast of St Martin, which occurs on the 11th of Nov. when the fine weather generally ends; hence applied to an old man. 2 H. IV. ii. 2.
Match, sb. an appointment. 1 H. IV. i. 2.
Mate, vi. to confound, dismay. Mac. v. 1.
Meacoak, adj. tame, cowardly. Tam. of S. ii. 1.
Mean, sb. instrument used to promote an end. Two Gent. iv. 4.
Mean, sb. the tenor part in a harmony. Two Gent. i. 2.
Mean, sb. opportunity, power. H. VIII. v. 2.
Measure, sb. reach. Two Gent. v. 4. A stately dance Much Ado, ii. 1.
Meazel, sb. a leper, spoken in contempt of a mean person. Cor. iii. 2.
Moral, sb. a portrait in a locket. Wint. Tale, i. 3.
Medicine, sb. a physician. All's Well, ii. 1.
GLOSSARY.

Mow, v.i. to make grimaces. Temp. II. 2.
Moy, sb. a coin, probably a moidore. H. IV. iv. 4.
Muck, sb. significant of contempt. 2 H. IV. ii. 11.
Much, adj. used ironically. As you Like it, iv. 3.
Mure, sb. a wall. 2 H. IV. iv. 4.
Must, sb. a scramble. A. & C. III. 11.
Mutine, sb. a mutineer. Ham. v. 2.

Napkin, sb. a handkerchief. As you Like it, iv. 3.
Natural, sb. an idiot. Temp. III. 2.
Nayword, sb. a catch-word, by-word. Merry Wives, II. 2.
Neb, sb. the fellow. Wint. Tale. i. 2.
Neeld, sb. a needle. M. N’s Dr. III. 2.
Neif, sb. hand. M. N’s Dr. iv. 1.
Nephew, sb. a grandson. Oth. i. 1.
Nether-stocks, sb. stockings. Lear, ii. 4.
Next, adj. nearest 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1.
Nice, adj. foolish. Tam. of S. III. 11.
Nick, sb. score or reckoning. Two Gent. iv. 2.
Nis, sb. to brand with folly. A. & C. iii. 11.
Nighted, p.p. black as night. Ham. i. 2.
Night-true, sb. nightly solemnity. M. N’s Dr. III. 2.

Nine men’s morris, sb. a place set apart for a Moorish dance by nine men. M. N’s Dr. ii. 2.
Ninny, sb. a fool, jester. Temp. iii. 2.
Nobility, sb. nobleness. Ham. i. 2.
Noble, sb. a coin, worth 6s. 8d. R. II. 1.
Noddy, sb. a dolt. Two Gent. i. 2.
Nonsense, sb. for the nonce, corrupted from ‘for then once.’ for the occasion. 1 H. IV. i. 2.
Nook-shotten, adj. indented with bays and creoks. H. V. III. 5.
Nourish, sb. nurse. 1 H. VI. i. 1.
Novum, sb. a game at dice. L’s L’s L. v. 2.
Nowl, sb. head. M. N’s Dr. iii. 2.
Nuthook, sb. a hook for pulling down nuts, hence a thief. Merry Wives, i. 1.

O, sb. a circle. M. N’s Dr. iii. 2.
Oar, v.t. to row as with oars. Temp. ii. 1.
Obsequious, adj. behaving as becomes one who attends funeral obsequies. Ham. i. 2.
Obsequiously, adv. funerally. R. III. i. 2.
Obstacle, adj. ridiculously used for ‘obstruct.’ 1 H. VI. v. 4.
Occupation, sb. persons occupied in business. Cor. iv. 6.
Occurrent, sb. an incident. Ham. v. 2.
Od’s body, interj. 1 H. IV. ii. 1.
Od’s hearlings. Merry Wives, iii. 4.
Od’s pittikins. Cym. iv. 2.
Od’s plesed will. Merry Wives, i. 1.

Osellad, sb. an amorous glance. Merry Wives, iv. 4.
O’erparted, p.p. having too important a part to act. L’s L’s L. v. 2.
Overtasked. Ham. i. 1.
Office, sb. benefit, kindness. All’s Well, iv. 4; use, function. H. V. II. 2.

Old, adj. a cant term for great, as we say fine, or pretty. Merry Wives, i. 4; Mac. ii. 3.
Once, adv. some time. Merry Wives, iii. 4.
Overy, sb. a banker. 1 H. IV. ii. 1. A doubtful word.
Ope, adv. open. Com. of E. iii. 1.
Ope, v.t. to open. 3 H. VI. ii. 3. v.t. to open. M. of v. i. 1.
Open, v.t. to give tongue as a hound. Merry Wives, iv. 2.
Operant, adj. active. Tim. iv. 3.
Opinioned, p.p. used ridiculously for pinioned.
Much Ado, iv. 2.
Opposite, sb. adversary. Tw. N. iii. 4.
Opposition, sb. combat. Cym. iv. 1.
Or, adv. before. Mac. iv. 3.
Order, sb. measures. Com. of E. v. i; H. IV. v.

Ordinance, sb. rank, order. Cor. iii. 2.
Ongulous, adj. proud. Pro. to T. & C.
Ort, sb. leaving, refuse. Tim. iv. 3.
Ostent, sb. show, appearance. M. of V. ii. 2.
Ostentation, sb. show, appearance. Much Ado, iv. 1; Cor. i. 6.
Ounce, sb. a beast of prey of the tiger kind. M. N’s Dr. ii. 3.
Oupe, sb. a fairy. Merry Wives, iv. 4.
Ousel-cock, sb. the blackbird. M. N’s Dr. iii. 1.
Out, adv. all out, fully. Temp. i. 2.
Outlook, v.t. to face down. John. v. 2.
Outward, adj. not in the secret of affairs. All’s Well, iii. 1.
Outward, sb. outside. Cym. i. 1.
Owe, v.t. to own. Temp. i. 1.

Pack, v.t. to practise unlawful confederacy. Much Ado, v. 1; Tam. of S. v. 1.
Pack, sb. a number of people confederated. R. III. iii. 3.
Paddock, sb. a toad. Mac. i. 1.
Palabras, sb. words, a cant term, from the Spanish.
Much Ado, iii. 5.
Pale, v.t. to enclose. A. & C. ii. 7; H. V. v. Ch.
Fall, v.t. to wrap as with a pall. Mac. i. 5.
Palmer, sb. one who bears a palm-branch, in token of having made a pilgrimage to Palestine. R. & J. i. 5.
Palmy, adj. victorious. Ham. i. 1.
Parcellled, p.p. belonging to individuals. R. III. ii. 2.
Pard, sb. the leopard. Temp. iv. 1.
Partitur, sb. an apparitor. L’s L’s L. iii. 1.
Parle, sb. talk. Two Gent. i. 2.
Parlous, adj. perilous. As you Like it, iii. 2; keen, shrewd. Rich. III. iii. 1.
Parted, p.p. endowed, gifted. T. & C. iii. 3.
Partizan, sb. a pike. R. & J. i. 1.
Pass, v.t. to strike violently, to bruise, crush. T. & C. ii. 3.
Pass, v.t. to practise. Tw. N. iii. 1; Lear, iii. 7.
To surpass expectation. Merry Wives, iv. 2.
Passant, p.p. a term of heraldry, applied to animals represented on the shield as passing by at a trot. Merry Wives, i. 1.
GLOSSARY.

Passing, *adj.* surpassingly, exceedingly. M. N's Dr. ii. 1.
Passion, *v.t.* to have feelings. Temp. v. 1.
Passionate, *v.t.* to suffer. T. A. iii. 2.
Pasty, *sb.* the term where pastry was made.
R. & J. iv. 4.
Patch, *sb.* a mean fellow. Temp. iii. 2.
Patchery, *sb.* trickery. T. & Cr. ii. 3.
Path, *v.t.* to walk. J. C. ii. 1.
PATHETICAL, *adj.* affected, hypocritical. As you like it. iv. 1.
Patient, *v.r.* to make patient, to compose. T. A. i. 2.
Patine, *sb.* the metal disc on which the bread is placed in the administration of the Eucharist.
M. of V. v. 1.
Pauca verba, few words. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Paucaus, *adj.* few, a cant word. Ind. to Tam. of S. Pavin, *sb.* a dance. Tw. N. v. 1.
Pax, *sb.* a small image of Christ. H. V. iii. 6.
Peat, *sb.* a term of endearment for a child. Tam. of S. i. 1.
Peer, *v.t.* to peep out. R. & J. i. 1.
Peize, *v.t.* to balance, weigh down. John, ii. 2; R. III. v. 3.
Perdu, *adj.* lost. Lear, iv. 7.
Perdurable, *adj.* durable. H. V. iv. 5.
Perfect, *adj.* certain. Wint. Tale, iii. 3.
Periapt, *sb.* to inform perfectly. M. for M. iv. 3.
Periapts, *sb.* charms wound round the neck. 1 H. VI. v. 3.
Perjure, *sb.* a perjured person. L's L's L. iv. 3.
Persever, *v.t.* to persever. Two Gent. iii. 2.
Perspective, *sb.* a telescope, or some sort of optical glass. Tw. N. v. 1.
Phezeze, *v.t.* to comb, fleece, curry. Ind. to Tam. of S.; T. & Cr. ii. 3.
Pla-mater, *sb.* the membrane covering the brain, the brain itself. Tw. N. i. 5.
Pick, *v.t.* to pitch, throw. H. VIII. v. 3.
Picked, *adj.* chosen, selected. John, i. 1.
Pickers (and stealers), *sb.* the fingers, used ridiculous.
Ham. iii. 2.
Picking, *adj.* insignificant. 2 H. IV. i. 1.
Picket-hatch, *sb.* a place noted for brothels. Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Pied, *adj.* motley-coated, wearing the motley coat of a jester. Temp. iii. 2.
Pieded, *p.p.* shaven. 1 H. VI. i. 3.
Pin, *sb.* a malady of the eye. Lear, iii. 4.
The centre of a target. L's L's L. iv. 1; R. & J. ii. 4.
Pinfold, *sb.* a pound, a place to confine lost cattle.
Two Gent. i. 1.
Plain song, *sb.* a simple air. H. V. iii. 2.
Plantation, *sb.* colonizing, planting a colony.
Temp. ii. 2.
Plausible, *adj.* plausible. All's Well, i. 2.
Pleased, *adj.* interwoven. Much Ado, i. 2.
Point, *sb.* a face furnished with a tag by which the breeches were held up. 1 H. IV. ii. 4.
Point-de-vice, *adj.* derived from the French, faultless.
Tw. N. ii. 5.
Lear, ii. 1.
Poor-john, *sb.* a herring. Temp. ii. 2.
Popinjay, *sb.* a parrot. I H. IV. i. 3.
Port, *sb.* pomp, state. Tam. of S. i. 3.
Port, *sb.* a gate. 2 H. IV. iv. 4.
Portable, *adj.* bearable. Mac. iv. 3.
Portance, *sb.* conduct, behaviour. Cor. iii. 2.
Possess, *v.t.* to inform. Tw. N. ii. 3.
Push, *v.t.* to push violently. Cor. i. 10.
Potent, *sb.* a potentate. John, ii. 2.
Poultice-box, *sb.* a box for holding perfumes. 1 H. IV. i. 3.
Power, *sb.* forces, army. 2 H. IV, i. 1.
Practisant, *sb.* a confederate. 1 H. VI. iii. 2.
Prank, *v.t.* to dress up. Wint. Tale, iv. 3; Cor. iii. 1.
Precept, *sb.* a justice's summons. 2 H. IV. v. 1.
Preciously, *adv.* in business of great importance.
Temp. i. 2.
Pregnancy, *sb.* fertility of invention. 2 H. IV. i. 2.
Ready. Ham. iii. 2. Obvious. M. for M. ii. 1.
Prenominate, *v.t.* to name beforehand, to prophesy. T. & Cr. iv. 5.
Pre-ordinance, *sb.* old-established law. J. C. III. 1.
Presence, *sb.* the presence-chamber. H. VIII. iii. 1.
High bearing. M. of V. iii. 2.
Pretend, *v.t.* to pretend. H. IV. iv. 1.
To intend. Mac. ii. 4.
Prevent, *v.t.* to anticipate. J. C. v. 1.
Prick, *sb.* the mark denoting the hour on a dial.
R. & J. ii. 4.
Prick, *v.t.* to incite. Tam. of S. iii. 1.
To choose by prickng a hole with a pin opposite the name.
J. C. iii. 1.
Prick-song, *sb.* music sung in parts by note. R.
& J. ii. 4.
Pride, *sb.* heat. Oth. iii. 3.
Prime, *adj.* rank, lecherous. Oth. iii. 3.
Primer, *adj.* more-important. H. VIII. ii. 2.
Principality, *sb.* that which holds the highest place.
Two Gent. ii. 4.
Prize, *sb.* a prize-fighter. As you Like it, ii. 3.
Procure, *v.t.* to bring. R. & J. iii. 5.
Profane, *interj.* much good may it do you. 2 H. IV. v. 3.
GLOSSARY.

Profane, adj. outspoken. Oth. ii. 1.
Progress, sb. a royal ceremonial journey. Ham. vi. 2.
Project, v. t. to shape or contrive. A. & C. v. 2.
Promipute, sb. suggestion. M. for M. ii. 4.
Prone, adj. ready, willing. Cym. v. 4; M. for M. i. 3.
Proof, sb. strength of manhood. Much Ado, iv. r.
Propagate, v. t. to advance, to forward. Tim. i. 1.
Propagator, sb. obtaining. M. for M. i. 3.
Proper-false, sb. natural falsehood. Tw. N. ii. 2.
Propertied, p, p. endowed with the properties of A. & C. v. 2.
Properties, sb. scenes, dresses, &c. used in a theatre. Merry Wives, iv. 4.
Property, v. t. to take possession of. John. v. 2.
Propose, v. t. to suppose, for the sake of argument. 2 H. IV. v. 2. To converse. Much Ado, iii. i.
Propose, sb. conversation. Much Ado, iii. r.
Prorogue, v. t. to defer. R. & J. ii. 2.
Prov'd, sb. provender. Cor. ii. 1.
Provision, sb. forecast. Temp. iv. 2.
Pucelle, sb. a virgin, the name given to Joan of Arc. i H. VI. v. 4.
Pudency, sb. modesty. Cym. ii. 5.
Pull, v. t. to pound. T. & Cr. ii. 1.
Purchased, v. t. to acquire, win. As you Like it, iii. 2.
Purchase, sb. gain, winnings. 1 H. IV. ii. 1.
Put, v. t. to compel. M. for M. i. 3.
Putter-on, sb. an instigator. H. VIII. i. 2.
Putter-out, sb. one who lends money at interest. Temp. iii. 3.
Putting-on, sb. instigation. M. for M. iv. 2.
Puttock, sb. a kite. Cym. i. 2.

Quail, v. t. to faint, be languid, be afraid. As you Like it, ii. 2. v. t. to cause to quail. A. & C. v. 2.
Quaint, adj. curiously beautiful. Temp. i. 2.
Quake, v. t. to cause to quake or tremble. Cor. i. 9.
Qualify, v. t. to moderate. Much Ado. v. 4.
Quality, sb. those of the same nature. Temp. i. 2.
Rank or condition. M. for M. ii. r; 2 H. IV. v. 2.
Quarrel, sb. a suit, cause. 2 H. VI. iii. 2.
Quarry, sb. game, a heap of game. Ham. v. 2.
Cor. i. 1.
Quart d'écu, sb. a quarter crown. All's Well, iv. 3.
Quarter, sb. the post allotted to a soldier. Tim. v. 5.
Quat, sb. a pimple; used in contempt of a person. Oth. v. 1.
Quasy, adj. squeamish, unsettled. Much Ado, ii. 1; Lear, ii. 1.
Quell, sb. murder. Mac. i. 7.
Quench, v. t. to grow cool. Cym. i. 6.
Quern, sb. a hand-mill. M. N's Dr. ii. 1.
Quest, sb. enquiry, search, inquest, jury. M. for M. iv. 1; R. III. i. 4; Ham. v. 1.
Querist, sb. one who goes in search of another. Lear, iii. 7.
Quick, adj. so far gone in pregnancy that the child is alive. L's L's L. v. 2.
Quicken, v. t. to come to life. Lear, iii. 7.
Quiddit, 2 sb. a subtle question. Ham. v. 1.
Quiddity, 3 H. IV. i. 2.
Quillet, sb. quiddibet, a subtle case in law. L's L's L. iv. 3.
Quintain, sb. a post for tilting at. As you Like it, i. 2.
Quip, sb. sharp jest, a taunt. Much Ado, ii. 3.
Quire, v. t. to sing in concert. M. of V. v. 1.
Quit, v. t. to require, respond. Lear, iii. 7; Ham. i. 2.
Quit, v. t. past tense of the verb to quit, quitted. Cym. i. 1.
Quitance, sb. requital. H. V. ii. 2.
Quiver, adj. active. 2 H. IV. iii. 2.
Quote, v. t. to note. R. & J. i. 4.

Rahoto, sb. a ruff. Much Ado, iii. 4.
Rabbit-sucker, sb. a weasel. i H. IV. ii. 4.
Race, sb. breed; inherited nature. Temp. i. 2.
Rack, v. t. to enhance the price of anything. Much Ado, iv. 1; Cor. v. 1. v. t. to drive as clouds. 3 H. VI. i. 1.
Rag, sb. a term of contempt applied to persons. Tim. iv. 3.
Rake, v. t. to cover. Lear, iv. 6.
Rapt, p. p. transported with emotion. Mac. i. 3.
Rapture, sb. a fit. Cor. ii. 1.
Rascal, sb. a lean deer. J. C. iv. 3.
Rash, adj. quick, violent. Wint. Yale, i. 2.
Rate, sb. opinion, judgement. Temp. ii. 1.
Rate, v. t. to assign, to value. A. & C. iii. 6; Cym. i. 5. To scold. M. of V. i. 3.
Ratolorum, a ludicrous mistake for Rotalorum. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Ravin, adj. ravenous. All's Well, iii. 2.
Ravin, v. t. to devour. Mac. ii. 4.
Raught, past tense of v. to reach. H. V. iv. 6.
Rawness, sb. unprovided state. Mac. iv. 3.
Razed, p. p. slashed. Ham. iii. 2.
Rear-mouse, sb. the bat. M. N's Dr. ii. 3.
Rebate, v. t. to deprive of keenness. M. for M. i. 5.
Rebeck, sb. a three-stringed fiddle. R. & J. iv. 5.
Receipt, sb. money received. R. ii. 1.
Receiving, sb. capacity. Tw. N. iii. 1.
Recheat, sb. a point of the chase to call back the hounds. Much Ado, i. 2.
Record, v. t. to sing. Two Gent. v. 4.
Recorder, sb. a flute. Ham. iii. 2.
Recure, v. t. to cure, recover. R. iii. iii. 7.
Red-lattice, adj. suitable to an ale-house, because ale-houses had commonly red lattices. Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Red-plague, sb. cryspelas. Temp. i. 2.
Reduce, v. t. to bring back. R. III. v. 4.
Reechy, adj. smoky, dirty. Cor. ii. 1.
Refell, v. t. to refuse. M. for M. v. 1.
Refer, v. r. to reserve to. M. for M. iii. 1.
Regiment, sb. government. A. & C. iii. 6.
Regret, sb. a salutation. M. of V. ii. 9.
Regret, v. t. to salute. R. ii. i. 3.
Reguerdon, sb. requital. i H. VI. iii. 1.
Relative, adj. applicable. Ham. ii. 2.
Remember, v. t. to remind. Wint. Yale, iii. 2; M. for M. ii. 1.
Remorse, sb. pity. M. for M. v. 1.
Glossary.

Remorseful, adj. full of pity, compassionate. Two Gent. iv. 3.
Remotion, sb. removal. Tim. iv. 3.
Removed, adj. sequestered, remote. M. for M. i. 4. As you Like it, iii. 2.
Render, v.t. to describe you. As you Like it, iv. 3.
Render, sb. account. Cym. iv. 4.
Reneg, v.t. to renounce, to deny. A. & C. i. 1; Lear, ii. 2.
Repair, v.t. to renovate, comfort. All's Well, i. 2.
Repeal, v.t. to reverse the sentence of exile. Two Gent. v. 4.
Reproof, sb. confusion. 1 H. IV. i. 2.
Repugn, v.t. to resist. 1 H. VI. iv. 1.
Requiem, sb. mass for the dead, so called because it begins with the words, Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine. Ham. v. 1.
Resolve, v.t. to satisfy. 3 H. VI. iii. 2. To dissolve. Ham. i. 2.
Respect, sb. consideration. Much Ado, ii. 3.
Respective, adj. corresponding. Two Gent. iv. 4.
Respectively, adv. respectfully. Tim. iii. 1.
Retreat, sb. retreat. 1 H. IV. ii. 3.
Retire, v.t. to draw back. R. II. ii. 2.
Reverb, v.t. to echo. Lear, i. 1.
Revol, sb. a rebel. John, v. 4.
Rib, v.t. to enclose as within ribs. M. of V. ii. 7.
Rid, v.t. to destroy. Temp. i. 2.
Rift, sb. a split. Temp. i. 2.
Riggish, adj. wanton. A. & C. ii. 2.
Rigol, sb. a circle. 2 H. IV. iv. 4.
Ripe, adj. drunk. Temp. v. i.
Rivage, sb. the shore. H. V. iii. Chorus.
Rival, sb. a partner. Ham. i. 1.
Rivality, sb. equal rank. A. & C. iii. 5.
Rive, v.t. to fire. 1 H. IV. iv. 2.
Road, sb. the high road, applied to a common woman (traviata). 2 H. IV. ii. 2.
Roist, adj. roistering, violent. T. & Cr. ii. 2.
Romage, sb. unusual stir. Ham. i. 1.
Romony, sb. a term of contempt applied to a woman. Mac. i. 3.
Rood, sb. the crucifix. R. & J. i. 3.
Rook, sb. a cheat. Merry Wives, i. 3.
Roper, sb. rouquer. R. & J. ii. 4.
Rope-tricks, sb. tricks such as are played by a rope-dancer. Tam. of S. i. 2.
Round, v.t. to whisper. Oth. i. 3. To become great with child. Wint. Tale, ii. 1. v.t. to finish off. Temp. iv. 1.
Round, sb. a diadem. Mac. i. 5.
Round, adj. unceremonious. Mac. i. 5.
Roundel, sb. a dance or song. M. Dr. ii. 3.
Roundure, sb. an enclosure. John, ii. 1.
Rouse, sb. carousel. Ham. i. 4.
Roynish, adj. merry. As you Like it, ii. 2.
Rubious, adj. ruddy. Tw. N. i. 4.
Ruddock, sb. the redbreast. Cym. iv. 1.
Rush, v.t. to push. R. & J. iii. 3.
Rushing, adj. rustling. Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Sacrificial, adj. reverent, as words used in religious worship. Tim. i. 1.
Sacring-bell, sb. the little bell rung at mass to give notice that the elements are consecrated. H. VIII. iii. 2.
Sad, adj. serious. Two Gent. i. 2.
Saddening, adj. seriously. Much Ado, ii. 3.
Sag, v.t. to hang down. Mac. v. 3.
Salt, adj. lascivious. Oth. ii. 1; III. 3.
Salt, sb. taste. Merry Wives, ii. 3.
Sanded, adj. marked with yellow spots. M. N's Dr. iv. 1.
Sane, prep. without. Temp. i. 2.
Saucy, adj. lascivious. All's Well, iv. 4.
Saw, sb. a moral saying. L's L's L. v. 2.
Say, adj. silken. 2 H. VI. iv. 7.
Say, sb. assay, taste, relish. Lear, v. 3.
Scaffoldage, sb. the gallery of a theatre. T. & Cr. i. 3.
Scald, adj. scurry, scabby. Merry Wives, iii. 1.
Scale, v.t. to weigh in scales. Cor. ii. 3.
Scall, sb. a scab, a word of reproach. Merry Wives, iii. 1.
Scamible, v.t. to scamble. H. V. i. 1.
Scamid, sb. probably a missprint for sea-mel, sea-mer. Ham. ii. 2.
Scan, v.t. to examine subtly. Oth. iii. 3.
Scant, v.t. to cut short, to spare. M. of V. iii. 2.
Scant, adj. scantly, short. Ham. v. 2. adv. scarsely.
Scant, adj. scanty. To. iv. 2.
Scantling, sb. a small portion. T. & Cr. i. 3.
Scape, v.t. to escape. Much Ado, i. 1.
Scape, sb. a sally. M. for M. i. 1.
Scathe, sb. injury. 2 H. VI. ii. 4.
Scathe, v.t. to injure. R. & J. i. 5.
Scathful, adj. destructive. Tw. N. v. i.
Sconce, sb. the head. Ham. v. 1.
Scotch, v.t. to bruise or cut slightly. Mac. iii. 2.
Scrermer, sb. a fencer. Ham. iv. 7.
Scrroyle, sb. a scabby fellow. John, ii. 3.
Scull, sb. a shalow of fish. T. & Cr. v. 5.
Scuryv, adj. scabby; metaph. mean. Temp. ii. 2.
Seal, v.t. to set one's seal to a deed; hence, to confirm. Cor. ii. 3.
Seam, sb. fat. T. & Cr. iii. 2.
Scanny, adj. showing the seam or sewing. Oth. iv. 2v.
Sear, adj. scorched, withered. Mac. v. 3.
Sear, v.t. to stigmatise. All's Well, ii. 1.
Search, v.t. to probe; hence, to apply a healing remedy. Two Gent. i. 2.
Seated, adj. fixed, confirmed. Mac. i. 3.
Seel, sb. a slip or scion. Oth. i. 3. A political party. Lear, v. 3.
Securely, adv. inconsidertely. T. & Cr. iv. 5.
Seel, v.t. to close. Oth. iii. 3.
Seeing, pr. p. closing, blinding. Mac. iii. 2.
Seeming, adj. seemly, becomingly. As you Like it, v. 4.
Seeming, sb. outward manner and appearance. Wint. Tale, iv. 4.
Seen, adj. versed, instructed. Tam. of S. i. 2.
Seld, adj. seldom. T. & Cr. iv. 5.
Self-bounty, sb. native goodness. Oth. iii. 3.
Semblably, adv. alike. 1 H. IV. v. 3.
Seniority, sb. seniority. R. III. iv. 4.
Sennet, sb. a flourish of trumpets. Sepulchre, v.t. to bury. Two Gent. iv. 2.
Sequestration, sb. separation. Oth. i. 3.
Sere, adj. dry. Com. of E. iv. 2.
giddiness: hence any bewildering distress.
Cym. v. 5.
Stain, v.t. to disfigure. Temp. i. 2.
State, v.t. to make stale, deprive anything of its freshness. T. & Cr. ii. 3.
Stand upon, to be incumbent on. R. II. iv. 2.
Staniel, sb. an inferior kind of hawk. Tw. N. ii. 5.
Stark, adv. stiff. Cym. iv. 2.
 Starkly, adv. stiffly. M. for M. iv. 2.
State, sb. a canopied chair. Tw. N. ii. 5.
Station, sb. attitude. Ham. iii. 4. Acı of standing. A. & C. iii. 3.
Statist, sb. a statesman. Cym. ii. 4.
Statau, sb. a statue. R. III. iii. 7.
Statue, sb. image, picture. Two Gent. iv. 4.
Statute, sb. security, obligation. Son. 134.
Statute-caps, sb. woolen caps worn by citizens.
L's L's L. v. 2.
Stay, sb. a check. John. ii. 2.
Stead, v.t. to profit. Temp. i. 2.
Stelled, p.p. (a doubtful word) set or fixed.
Lucr. 1444. Son. 24.
Stremage, sb. steerage, course. H. V. III. Chorus.
Stickler, sb. an arbitrator in combats. T. & Cr. v. 9.
Stigmatic, sb. a deformed person. 2 H. VI. v. 1.
Stigmatical, adj. deformed. Com. of E. iv. 2.
Still, adj. constant. T. A. iii. 2.
Still, adv. constantly. Temp. i. 2.
Stint, v.t. to stop. H. VIII. i. 2. v.t. To stop. R. & J. i. 3.
Stithy, sb. a smith's forge. Ham. iii. 2.
Stithy, v.t. to forge. T. & Cr. iv. 5.
Stoccoado, sb. a stoccata, or thrust in fencing.
Merry Wives, ii. 1.
Stock, sb. a stocking. Tam of S. iii. 2.
Stomach, sb. courage, stubbornness. Temp. i. 2.
Appetite, inclination. Temp. i. 1.
Stone-bow, sb. a cross-bow for throwing stones.
Tw. N. ii. 5.
Stoup, sb. a cup. Tw. N. ii. 3.
Stout, adj. strong, healthy. Tim. iv. 3.
Stoutly, adv. foldier. Temp. iii. 8.
Trachy, sb. A word of doubtful meaning. Tw.
N. ii. 5.
Straight, adv. immediately. Ham. v. 1.
Strange, adj. foreign. L's L's L. iv. 2. Coy.,
Strangeness, sb. coyness, reserve. T. & Cr.
iii. 3.
Stranger, sb. foreigner. H. VIII. ii. 3.
Strappado, sb. a kind of punishment. 1 H. IV.
ii. 4.
Stricture, sb. strictness. M. for M. i. 4.
Strosters, sb. trowsers. H. V. iii. 7.
Stuck, sb. a thrust of a sword. Ham. iv. 7.
Stuck in, sb. corruption of stocata. Tw. N.
iii. 4.
Stuffed, p.p. filled, stored. Much Ado, i. 1.
Sty, v.t. to lodge as in a sty. Temp. i. 2.

Subscribe, v.t. to yield. Lear, i. 2. v. to succumb. T. & Cr. iv. 5.
Success, sb. issue, consequence. Much Ado. i. 3.
Succession. Wint. Tale. i. 2.
Successive, adj. succeeding. 2 H. VI. iii. 1.
Successively, adv. in succession. 2 H. IV. iv. 4.
Sudden, adj. hasty, rash. As you Like it, ii. 7.
Suddenly, adv. hastily. R. III. iv. 1.
Sufferance, sb. suffering. M. for M. iii. 1.
Suggest, v.t. to tempt, entice. All's Well. iv. 5.
Suggestion, sb. temptation, enticement. Mac. i. 3.
Suited, p.p. dressed. All's Well. i. 1.
Sullen, adj. doleful, melancholy. John. i. 1.
Sumpter, sb. a horse that carries provisions on a journey. Lear. ii. 4.
Suppose, sb. a trick, imposition. Tam of S. v. 1.
Surrease, v.t. to cease. Cor. iii. 2.
Surrease, sb. cessation, end. Mac. i. 7.
Surprise, v.t. to capture by surprise. 3 H. VI.
iv. 2.
Sur-reined, p.p. over-worked. H. V. iii. 5.
Suspect, sb. suspicion. R. III. i. 3.
Suspire, v.t. to breathe. 2 H. IV. iv. 4.
Swabber, sb. a sweeper of the deck of a ship.
Temp. ii. 2.
Swarth, adj. black. John. iii. 1.
Swarth, adj. black. T. A. ii. 3.
Swarth, sb. quantity of grass cut down by one sweep of the scythe. Tw. N. ii. 3.
Swasher, sb. swaggerer. H. V. iii. 2.
Swashing, sb. dashing, washing. R. & J. i. 1.
Swath, sb. The same as 'swarth.' T. & Cr. v. 5.
Swathling, adj. swaddling. 1 H. IV. iii. 2.
Sway, v.t. to move on. 2 H. IV. iv. 1.
Swear, v.t. to adjure. Lear. i. 1.
Swear over, v.t. to out-swear. Wint. Tale. i. 2.
Swift, adj. ready, quick. Much Ado, iii. 1.
Swinge-buckler, sb. a bully. 2 H. IV. iii. 2.

Table, sb. a tablet, note book. Ham. i. 2.
Tables, sb. the game of backgammon. L's L's L.
v. 2. A note-book. Ham. i. 5.
Tabor, sb. a small side-drum. Temp. iv. 1.
Tabors, sb. a player on the tabor. Temp. ii. 1.
Tabourine, sb. tambourine, drum. T. & Cr. iv. 5.
Tag, sb. the rabble. Cor. iii. 1.
Taint, p.p. tainted. 1 H. VI. v. 3.
Tailent, sb. defilement. 2 H. VI. ii. 1.
Take, v.t. to infect, blast, bewitch. Merry Wives, iv. 4; Ham. i. 1.
Take in, v.t. to conquer. A. & C. iii. 7; Cor.
i. 2.
Take out, v.t. to copy. Oth. iii. 4.
Take up, v.t. to borrow money, or buy on credit.
2 H. IV. iv. 7. To make up a quarrel. As you
Like it, v. 4.
Taking, sb. infection, malignant influence. Lear,
iii. 4.
Taking up, sb. buying on credit. 2 H. IV. i. 2.
Tall, adj. strong, valiant. Tw. N. i. 3.
Tale, sb. counting, reckoning. Mac. i. 3.
Tallow-catch, sb. a lump of tallow. 1 H. IV.
ii. 4.
Tang, sb. twang, sound. Tw. N. ii. 1.
Tangle, v.t. to sound. Tw. N. ii. 5.
Tanking, sb. anything tanned by the sun. Cym.
iv. 4.
GLOSSARY.

the dead of night. Temp. i. 2. A gulf. Wint. Tale, i. 7.
Vastity, adv. immensity. M. for M. iii. 1.
Vastly, adv. like a waste. Luc. 1740.
Vasty, adj. vast, waste. 1 H. iv. iii. 1.
Vaunt, sb. the van, that which precedes. T. & Cr. Prol.
Vaunt-couriers, sb. forerunners. Lear, iii. 2.
Vaward, sb. the vanguard, advanced guard of an army. H. v. iv. 3. Hence, metaphorically, the first of anything. M. N's Dr. iv. 1.
Vegetives, sb. herbs. Per. iii. 2.
Velure, sb. velvet. Tam. of S. iii. 2.
Velvet-guards, sb. literally, velvet trimmings; applied metaphorically to the citizens who wore them. 1 Hen. iv. iii. 1.
Venew, sb. a bout in fencing, metaphorically applied to repartee and sallies of wit. L's L's L. v. 1.
Veney, sb. a bout at fencing. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Venge, v. t. to avenge. H. v. i. 2.
Ventes, sb. holes in a flute or flageolet. Ham. iii. 2.
Verbal, adj. wordy. Cym. iii. 3.
Very, adj. true, real. Two Gent. iii. 1.
Via, int. off with you! Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Vice, v. t. to screw. Wint. Tale, i. 2.
Vice, sb. the buffoon in the old morality plays. Ham. iii. 1.
Vie, v. t. to challenge; a term at cards. A. & C. v. 2. To play as for a wager. Tam. of S. ii. 1.
Viewless, adj. invisible. M. for M. iii. 1.
Villain, sb. a lowborn man. As you Like it, i. 1.
Viole-de-gamboys, sb. a bass viol. Tw. N. i. 3.
Virginal, p. p. playing as on the virginals, a kind of a spinet. Wint. Tale, i. 2.
Virtue, sb. the essential excellence. Temp. i. 2.
Valour. Lear, v. 3.
Virtuous, adj. excellent. M. N's Dr. iii. 2. Endowed with virtues. As you Like it, i. 3.
Vizament, sb. advice. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Voluble, adj. fickle. Oth. ii. 1.
Voluntary, sb. volunteer. John, ii. i.
Votarist, sb. voter, one who has taken a vow. M. for M. i. 5.
Vulgar, sb. the common people. L's L's L. i. 2.
Vulgar, adj. common. John, ii. 2.
Vulgarily, adv. publicly. M. for M. v. i.
Unaneled, p. p. without extreme unction. Ham. i. 5.
Unavoided, adj. unavoidable. R. III. iv. 4.
Unbarbed, p. p. untrimmed. Cor. iii. 2.
Unbolt, v. t. to disclose. Tim. i. i.
Unbolted, p. p. unslifted, unreformed. Lear, ii. 2.
Unbreathed, p. p. unpractised. M. N's Dr. v. 1.
Uncape, v. t. to throw off the hounds. Merry Wives, iii. 1.
Uncharged, p. p. undefended, applied to the gates of a city. Tim. v. 4.
Unclew, v. t. to unravel, undo. Tim. i. 1.
Undergo, v. t. to undertake. Tim. iii. 5.
Undertaker, sb. one who takes up another's quarrel. Tw. N. iii. 4.

Unearth, adv. hardly. 2 H. VI. iii. 4.
Unexpresse, adj. inexpressible. As you Like it, iii. 2.
Unfair, v. t. to deprive of beauty. Son. 5.
Unhappily, adv. censoriously. H. VIII. i. 4.
Unhappy, adj. mischievous. All's Well, iv. 5.
Unhouseled, p. p. without receiving the sacrament. Ham. i. 5.
Unimproved, p. p. unreproved. Ham. i. 7.
Union, sb. a pearl. Ham. v.
Unjust, adj. dishonest. 1 H. IV. iv. 2.
Unkind, adj. unnatural. Lear, iii. 4.
Unlived, adj. bereft of life. Lucr. 1754.
Unmanned, p. p. untamed, applied to a hawk. R. & J. iii. 2.
Unpregnant, adj. stupid. M. for M. iv. 4.
Unproper, adj. common to all. Oth. iv. 1.
Unquestionable, adj. not inquisitive. As you Like it, iii. 2.
Unready, adj. undressed. 1 H. VI. ii. 7.
Unrespective, adj. inconsiderate. R. III. iv. 2.
Unsisting, adj. unresting. M. for M. iv. 2.
Unstanched, p. p. unblunted. Ham. i. 5.
Untended, adj. inexpressible. H. v. v. 2.
Untamed, adj. uncontrollable. Lear, i. 4.
Untraded, adj. unused, uncommon. T. & Cr. iv. 5.
Untrimmed, p. p. spoiled of grace or ornament. Son. 18.
Untrue, sb. untruth. Son. 113.
Unvalued, adj. invaluable. R. III. i. 4.
Upres, adj. reposing. Mac. i. 2.
Wages, sb. wages. Ham. v. 2.
War, v. t. to war, beckon. Ham. i. 4. To turn. Wint. Tale, i. 2.
Wafage, sb. passage. T. & Cr. iii. 2.
Wafu, sb. waffing, beckoning. J. C. ii. 2.
Wage, v. t. to reward as with wages. Cor. v. 5.
Waffil, adj. lamentable. Two Gent. iii. 2.
Wast, sb. the middle of a ship. Temp. i. 2.
Wannon. 'With a wannon' = 'with avengence.' Per. ii. 1.
Wappen, p. p. withered, over worn. Tim. iv. 3.
Warden, sb. a large pear used for baking. Wint. Tale, iv. 2.
Warder, sb. watchman. R. II. i. 3.
Warn, v. t. to summon. R. III. i. 3.
Wassail, sb. a drinking bout. A. & C. i. 4. Festivity. Ham. i. 4.
Wat, a familiar word for a hare. V. & A. 697.
Watch, sb. a watch line. R. III. v. 3.
Wacht, v. t. to tame by keeping constantly awake. Oth. iii. 3.
Water-gall, sb. a secondary rainbow. Lucr. 1588.
Water-work, sb. painting in distemper. 2 H. IV. iv. 3.
Water-rug, sb. a kind of dog. Mac. iii. 1.
Wax, v. t. to grow. H. V. v. 1.
Glossary.

Waxen, v.t. perhaps, to hiccough. M. N’s Dr. ii. 1.
Wear, sb. fashion. As you Like it, ii. 7.
Weather-fend, v.t. to defend from the weather.
Temp. v. 1.
Web and pin, sb. the cataract in the eye. Lear, iii. 4; Wint. Tale, i. 2.
Wee, adj. small, tiny. Merry Wives, i. 4.
Weed, sb. garment. Tw. N. v. 1.
Ween, v.t. to think. x H. VI. ii. 5.
Weigh out, v.t. to outweigh. H. VIII. iii. 1.
Wekel, sb. the sky. Merry Wives, i. 3.
Welkin, adj. sky-blue. Wint. Tale, i. 2.
Well-liking, sb. in good condition. L’s L’s L. v. 2.
Well said, int. well done! 2 H. IV. iii. 2.
Wend, v.t. to go. M. for M. iv. 3.
Wesand, sb. the wind-pipe. Temp. iii. 2.
Whelk, sb. a weal. H. V. iii. 6.
Whelked, p.p. marked with wheals or protuberances. Lear, iv. 6.
When as, adv. when. Son. 49.
Where, adv. whereas. 2 H. VI. iii. 2; Lear, i. 2.
Where, sb. a place. Lear, i. 1.
When, an exclamation of impatience. Tam. of S. iv. 1.
Whiffler, sb. an officer who clears the way in processions. H. v. v. Chorus.
While-ere, adv. a little while ago. Temp. iii. 2.
Whiles, adv. until. Tw. N. iv. 3.
Whip-stock, sb. handle of a whip. Tw. N. iii. 2.
Whist, adv. hushed, silent. Temp. i. 2.
White, sb. the centre of an archery butt. Tam. of S. v. 2.
Whitling-time, sb. bleaching time. Merry Wives, iii. 3.
Whister, sb. bleacher. Merry Wives, iii. 3.
Whitely, adj. pale-faced. L’s L’s L. iii. 1. A doubtful word.
Whittle, sb. a clasp knife. Tim. v. 3.
Whoop, v.t. to cry out with astonishment. H. v. ii. 2. Comp. As you Like it, iii. 2.
Wicked, adj. noisome, baneful. Temp. i. 2.
Widow, v.t. to give a jointure to. M. for M. v. 1.
Widowhood, sb. widow’s jointure. Tam. of S. ii. 1.
Wight, sb. person. Oth. ii. 1.
Wild, sb. weald. i H. IV. ii. 1.
Wilderness, sb. wildness. M. for M. iii. 3.
Window-bars, sb. lattice-work across a woman’s stomacher. Tim. iv. 3.
Winding, pr.p. winding. Temp. iii. 3.
Winter-ground, v.t. to protect (a plant) from frost. Cym. iv. v. 2.

Wis, in the compound ‘I wis,’ certainly. R. III. i. 3.
Wish, v.t. to commend. Tam. of S. i. 1.
Wistly, adv. wistfully. R. II. v. 4.
Wit, sb. knowledge, wisdom. M. of V. ii. 1.; J. C. iii. 2.
Without, prep. beyond. M. N’s Dr. iv. 1.
Wits, five, the five senses. Much Ado, i. 1.
Wittol, sb. a contented cuckold. Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Witty, adj. intelligent. 3 H. VI. i. 2.
Woman-tired, adj. hen-pecked. Wint. Tale, ii. 3.
Wood, adj. mad. Two Gent. ii. 3.
Woodcock, sb. a simpleton. Tam. of S. i. 2.
Woodman, sb. a forester, huntsman. Cym. iii. 6.
A cant term for a wencher. M. for M. iv. 3.
Woolward, adj. shirtless. L’s L’s L. v. 2.
Word, v.t. to flatten or put off with words. A. & C. v. 2. To repeat the words of a song. Cym. iv. 2.

World. ‘To go to the world’ is to get married.
Much Ado, ii. 1. So ‘a woman of the world’ is a married woman. As you Like it, v. 3.
Worm, sb. a serpent. M. for M. iii. 1.
Worship, v.t. to honour. H. V. i. 2.
Worth, sb. wealth, fortune. Tw. N. iii. 3.
Worts, sb. cabbages. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Wot, v.t. to know. Two Gent. iv. 4.
Wreak, v.t. vengeance. Cor. iv. 5.
Wreak, v.t. to avenge. T. A. iv. 3.
Wreakful, adj. revengeful, avenging. Tim. iv. 3.
Wrest, sb. an instrument used for tuning a harp. T. & C. iii. 3.
Writ, sb. gospel, truth. Per. ii. (Gower).
Writhe, p.p. shrivelled. 1 H. VI. ii. 3.
Wroth, sb. calamity, misfortune. M. of V. ii. 9.
Wry, v.t. to swerve. Cym. v. 1.
Wring, p.p. twisted, strained. 1 H. IV. ii. 1.

Yare, adj. ready. Used as an int., ‘be’ being understood. Temp. i. 1.
Yarely, adv. readily. Temp. i. 1.
Yean, v.t. to grieve, vex. Merry Wives, iii. 5; R. II. v. 5.
Yeomen, sb. a sheriff’s officer. 2 H. IV. ii. 1.
Yond, adv. and adv. yonder. Temp. i. 2.

Zany, sb. a clown, gull. L’s L’s L. v. 2.

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